

VOICE OF THE PRESS

Lizzie L. De Mess

The story is told of the farmer who went to the air station and enquiring for his daughter was informed that she was in the mess. "That would be Lizzie," he said, "she was always in a mess around home." But to offset that, a girl came out of the city to help on the farm and she was taken into the cow byre to be shown how to milk a cow. She looked the big cow over with much trepidation and then turning to the farmer said, "Could I not start on a little calf first?" —Trenton Courier-Advocate.

Make It Unanimous

The putting into circulation of the new five-cent piece with its 12 sides has allowed the Government to save 60 tons of nickel a year, an appreciable saving. Now if, for their part, the citizens will save the five cents, everybody will be better off. —Le Progres de Hull.

How Rumors Grow

The trouble with rumors is that instead of going in one ear and out the other, they go in both ears and out the mouth, and shortness of the journey does not prevent them growing en route.

Slak and Slacks

"Don't Call 'Em 'Factory Girls,' Engineer Told; They're 'Industrial Workers' Who Cry for More Work." There's nothing slak about 'em but the slacks, and sometimes even the slacks aren't so slak. —Windsor Star.

Be Careful, Girls

A well-known writer of things for the lovelorn tells her clients that it's "a misfortune to marry an icicle." That's right, girls; he's almost sure to become a drip. —Ottawa Citizen.

Britain's Preference

It's said people in Boston prefer brown-shelled eggs; people in New York white. In Britain they prefer eggs—if they can get them. —Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Personal Item

Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, who has been spending the winter on the south shore of the Mediterranean, is expected soon to leave for home. —Christian Science Monitor.

Make Ice Cream In Flying Fort

American Fliers' Method of Making Their Favorite Dessert

First he walks, then he talks, and the first two words he puts together are ice cream. That is, if he's an American youngster. From then on, it's his favorite dessert. And now he thinks of it — mountains of it — when he's fighting in Africa, or building airfields in the jungles.

The story is told of a Marine in Guadalcanal who discovered an ice cream freezer. There was high excitement in the camp. Someone rushed for ice which he found in an ice-house abandoned by the Japanese. Everyone fought for a chance to turn the freezer.

There was a gallon and a half to be divided between 55 Marines. It wasn't much. It wasn't frozen very stiff, "but it was the best thing we ate on the island," vowed one Marine.

American fliers in Britain have discovered an ingenious way to make their favorite dessert. They mix the ice cream in a large tin can and anchor it in the gunner's compartment of a Flying Fortress. Soaring high over enemy territory, it is well shaken and frozen to perfection. Upon return to base, a successful raid is celebrated in true American style.

The Flowers Bloom Where Women Work

British women may not be better soldiers than men; but they are beyond question tidier in some regards. Their greatest triumph was seen in their taking over of searchlight stations. A good many of these are set in lonely and muddy fields; but since the women were installed these patchwork deserts have begun to blossom like the rose. The paths grow neat and tidy; and besides the potager, proper, where vegetables are being grown successfully, small cottage-like flower gardens embrace the army huts.

Desert Greeting: 'Hello, You Limey'

American Affectionately Halts Briton in Tunisian Desert

"Hello, you limey!" That was the affectionate hail given by Sgt. Joseph Randall of State Center, Iowa, to Sgt. A. W. Acland of Maida Vale, London, as reconnaissance patrols of the British 8th Army and armored forces of the U. S. 2nd Army Corps met in a historic juncture on the hard-surfaced road amid desert wastes 42 miles from Gabes last week.

"Very glad to see you," answered Acland, with typical British restraint.

First Formal Contact

These two men—the helmeted, grinning American and the freckled, red-haired Briton with blue beret, stepped forward and shook hands for the first formal contact uniting British forces which had pursued Field Marshal Erwin Rommel 1,500 miles and the Americans who drove the Germans back 119 miles from Kasserine Pass.

This is Acland's own story of the meeting, which soldiers of both organizations had been awaiting eagerly for weeks:

"At first we thought you were Jerries because of your helmets. We had been having trouble with Jerry all the night before and all this morning we had been picking up Italian prisoners.

"We were seriously considering opening fire on you, especially when we saw a big gun sticking out of your armored lorries. Then we got the idea it was you. We remembered everybody yesterday was saying we would meet the Yanks today and when you fellows started running out of your vehicles we recognized you.

"Then everything happened at once. We were in a big stretch of wasteland in the middle of nothing. There were five armored cars on your side—your half tracks with 75-millimeter guns—and we had three armored dingos or scout cars, each holding two persons.

Lot of Handshaking
"There was a lot of handshaking. A small community took form on the spot. Some of the Yanks started offering us American cigarettes as soon as they saw us and one even passed around a flask. Some of the boys started exchanging lugers and other captured equipment.

"One Yank hollered, 'What's this?' Then he saw everyone ahead of him start throwing their arms around each other. All of us were chuckling. I am a British Army photographer so I already was busy taking pictures of the scene.

"We met exactly at 3.25 p.m. I looked at my watch to note the time. The handshaking lasted only 15 minutes. The commanders of our two parties already were in the middle of the road with their maps out and talking business.

"As soon as they had finished discussing positions we started off together, both heading north by the Mansou mountains. We had been waiting for this a long time, but we had to go on with the war."

Why Has 8th Army Become Invincible?

Never Knew It Was Beaten, Says New York Times

The British Eighth Army has come out of the wilderness into the land of Canaan, says the New York Times. It has come with tanks, some of them made in America, protected by planes, many of them made in America, but it has come with men produced in Britain, in Australia, in New Zealand, in Ireland and in the mountains of India. The Nazis were tough. The Eighth Army is tougher. It comes triumphant to this dress rehearsal for victory.

More Than Two Years
The men of the Eighth Army went to no easy and simple school. The masters who taught them were cold, heat, dust, pain, defeat and death. They have had two and a half years of it. It is that length of time since Graziani, sent to stab Britain in the back after stabbing France, led a quarter of a million men into the Libyan sands. It is about two years since Wavell took Benghazi. It is about a

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



NEXT: No place like home... for accidents.

year since Rommel started the great offensive that by July, 1942, had cost the Eighth Army half its men and most of its tanks. Nine months ago the guns of El Alamein could be heard in Alexandria and Winston Churchill admitted in Parliament that Egypt and the Empire were in "mortal peril." What of Spex then? And if Spex were to go, what of the whole Near East, and what of India?

Real Explanation
The tide turned during the last week of October, 1942. The Eighth Army suffered no decisive defeats after that week. Under Alexander and his lieutenant, Montgomery, it went forward. There may be many explanations as to why this beaten army suddenly became invincible: a new and inspiring leadership, tanks that could outrange the Germans, superiority is that the Eighth Army never knew that it was beaten and therefore never was beaten. It lost 20,000 men at Tobruk. Very well, it took 30,000 Italian prisoners and 20,000 Germans as it rolled past Tobruk, past Tripoli, into Tunis. It made the desert a dump heap of enemy equipment. It strewn the sand with enemy dead. The Axis had twenty years in Italy, ten years in Germany, to teach its young men to kill. The Eighth Army learned how in two years and a half. It killed more than the bodies of men. Sharing that glory with the Russians, it killed the myth of the superior military virtue of the Axis armies.

The Hurricanes Saved Britain

Letter to London Daily Telegraph.
Sir:—During the Battle of Britain there were five Hurricanes for every Spitfire, and the Hurricanes shot down more enemy aircraft than did all the other fighters our own and the enemy's put together.

This is due not only to Mr. Camm, the designer, but to Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith who, while the Air Ministry were wondering whether to order a couple of dozen Hurricanes or a couple of hundred, signed an order to the works to produce 1,000 Hurricanes.

I believe the Hurricane saved Britain in her darkest hour and not the Spitfire.

HUGH MITCHELL, Midhurst.

Poles Drop Bombs

The Polish Air Force has dropped more than 11,500 tons of bombs on axis targets and destroyed 518 enemy planes, according to Polish circles here.

Divers of R.C.A.F. Salvage Aircraft

When you think of the R.C.A.F. you visualize snarling fighters and rumbling bombers knifing through the sky, but there's one little-known branch of the service that goes its quiet way about a vital job 10 and 15 fathoms beneath the surface of the sea. That's the deep-sea diving unit of the marine branch at an Eastern Canadian base.

From a fledgling outfit depending on the navy and civilian diving crews for nearly all undersea work on foundered aircraft to a complete salvage and rescue unit in little more than a year—that's the record of the group of alert young divers at an eastern Canadian R.C.A.F. station.

The diving base is unique on the Eastern Canadian coast, and possibly in Canada. Ready to handle any job, big or small, the divers are responsible for raising and salvaging any aircraft or R.C.A.F. boats that come to grief along the rugged Atlantic coast from Cape Sable to northernmost Labrador.

What Do You Think You Are Worth?

What are you worth? Even if you have not a penny in your pockets you are always worth a certain amount of cash.

Just you, yourself. The human body is a bundle of chemicals, and chemicals have their cash value.

Three-quarters of your physical make-up is water, which does not fetch much. You have, however, enough albuminoids to make a couple of dozen eggs. You contain enough salt to fill an ordinary salt-cellar, enough grease to make seven bars of soap, and enough iron to make a respectable paper-weight.

You are quite correct in referring to your own sweet self, for the human body contains quite an egg-cupful of sugar.

Now what do you think about it?

German Fliers Try Two New Wrinkles

The Moscow News said German night fighters were using two new tricks on the Russian front but that they were gaining them nothing.

It said the Germans had mounted searchlights on planes to hunt the skies for Russian planes. The other wrinkle, it said, was the use of signal lights on the tails by which an airman blinced code directions to colleagues following him on the location of Russian planes.

The Brain Behind 8th Army Supplies

Staggering Amount of Equipment Shipped Thousands of Miles

The Eighth Army's drive has been one of the most remarkable campaigns in the history of this or the last war. And not the least remarkable aspect of that campaign was the amazing efficiency and imagination of the supply organization which backed up Britain's fighting men.

Unlike the Axis, who were separated from their home bases by a few hundreds of miles of sea, every single item of equipment needed by Britain's forces—from paper clips to two-ton bombs—had to be shipped across thousands of miles of ocean. Towards the end of the campaign they had also to be hauled over vast stretches of desert or shipped through the dangerous waters of the Mediterranean.

The man behind the supply services was Lieut.-General Sir Wilfred Lindsell.

Lieut.-General Lindsell, reached the desert in August, at a crucial time when Montgomery and Rommel faced each other across the minefields of El Alamein, and the fates of Egypt and Libya hung in the balance. All his organizing genius went into the preparations of the next two months—preparations which enabled the Eighth Army to keep up virtually a nonstop blitz across 1,700 miles of desert.

It was a staggering task that faced him. As the Eighth Army advanced the stores had to advance with, not behind them. Supply lorries moved far to the van of the great columns which moved along the coast road. Every day thousands of tons of supplies were absorbed—ammunition of every kind, oceans of fuel and water, masses of food, tires, medical supplies, spare parts by the hundreds of thousands. Some went by sea, some by rail, but the majority had to go up that narrow coast road in lorries. Thousands of lorries, each of which itself needed petrol, tires, water and spares.

Water was, of course, priority number one among these supplies, for vast stretches of the desert over which Britain's Eighth Army fought is entirely dry. At times 5,000 tons a day had to be supplied. A large proportion of this was carried as far as Tobruk in the great water pipe-line; later some was shipped to Benghazi and other ports along the route and smaller lighters put water ashore on local beaches. A small proportion was obtained from wells — after they had been cleaned of contamination by the retreating Axis.

Even more petrol than water, probably, was needed by Britain's highly mechanized land forces and by the R.A.F. Sea tankers followed up the land advance and great road "tankers" went forward with each column.

The food supply for hundreds of thousands of men was complicated by the necessity, as the advance

continued, of planning the feeding of the great numbers of Italian civilians, prisoners and of natives abandoned without food by the Nazis in the towns along the route. At one time thousands of tins of milk were being rushed up along with shells and bombs, so that the children of Tripoli should not go short.

The expenditure of ammunition during an offensive like that of Britain's Eighth Army is colossal. During the bombardment at El Alamein, for instance, the British field guns alone were eating shells at the rate of 1,000 tons an hour. A battery of 37 A.A. guns will use about 100 rounds in a minute of hard firing—or enough to fill a 3-ton lorry.

On top of this, hundreds of tons of aerial bombs are dropped in one day of intensive blitzing, and the expenditure of small-arms ammunition reaches astronomical figures.

Many estimates have been published of the vast numbers of motor vehicles needed to transport the Eighth Army's supplies. Some put the total at 50,000, others higher. The "Yorkshire Post" estimated (January 25, 1943) that Lieut.-General Lindsell may have had to use 100,000 trucks in all.

Behind all this massive, detailed organization of supply Lieut.-General Lindsell and his men laid their plans and pulled their wires, with a mixture of genius, patience and hard slogging work. Their reward will come with their next two big jobs—the invasion of Europe from Africa, and the re-embarkation of the Eighth Army for home.

The "Seeing Eyes" Of Royal Air Force

A picked group of young Empire pilots, flying in what the R. A. F. calls photographic reconnaissance units, now is doing a job which is one of the most dangerous and exacting done in the air.

Pilots of these units are the "seeing eyes" of the R.A.F. They are especially equipped for their work, and the enemy knows a little about them. He knows that they pop up many hundreds of miles from their bases; that their jobs is to avoid fights, not to seek them, and that one British P.R.U. safely returned to its own base may mean more grief for the Luftwaffe and its earthbound comrades than a whole squadron of fighters or bombers.

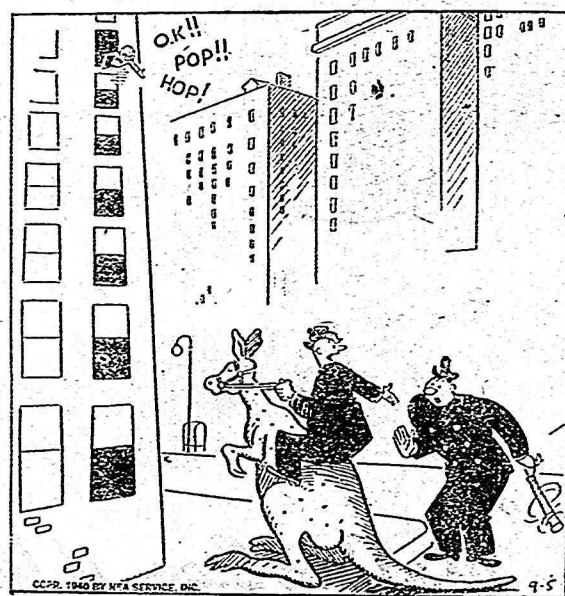
But thanks largely to the profound secrecy with which the Air Ministry has surrounded these fliers and their equipment, the enemy, while fully alive to their menace, can't do much about them.

Blind War Workers

Sixteen blind men at a New South Wales munitions plant have achieved such high production figures that the factory has asked for more blind men—and women—to do the same work.

The men are checking component parts with fixed gauges.

FUNNY BUSINESS



REG'LAR FELLERS—The Midas Touch



By GENE BYRNES



By GENE BYRNES

