



The care of the Eyes in Industry

There are many men and women, now working in factories for the first time, who suffer from headaches and tired eyes. Here are a few tips which will help them.

- (1) If you are provided with goggles, wear them.
- (2) Try to work with the light on the job and not on eye level.
- (3) Get as much fresh air as you can.
- (4) If you get a foreign body in your eye, report at once to the First Aid department. Don't rub the eye.
- (5) Bathe your eyes night and morning with an approved medicated lotion. Optrex is used by thousands of workers. It helps keep the eyes healthy and comfortable.
- (6) If headaches persist and your eyes continue to ache, water or irritate, consult a Qualified Practitioner.

Issued by the makers of



EYE LOTION

In the interests of Ocular Hygiene

Optrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex, England. 9.4

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HITLER IS ECONOMICAL

How The Wehrmacht Ekes Out Its Manpower

(Written for "The Listener" by CAPTAIN M. J. MASON)

"NO, don't shoot those two, they're not Germans," said Bill.

"But they're wearing German uniforms," replied Pasquale, the Montenegrin.

"Yes," rejoined Bill, an ex-corporal of the Durham Light Infantry, "but look, they're not carrying arms, so they're probably Russians or Poles. No, it's best to let them go."

Pasquale shrugged his shoulders. To him all men in German uniform were Nazis, and all deserved the one fate. Hadn't they burned down his native Yugoslav village, and handed him over to the Italians, to languish for two and a-half years in a prison camp near San Sepolcro? And hadn't they perpetually hunted all escaped prisoners-of-war, not only him and his countrymen, but also the British ever since the Italian Armistice? Well, then, why all this discussion as to whether they were or were not true Germans—they all belonged to the Wehrmacht, and that was enough for him.

But Bill was right, so we lowered our rifles, crouched a bit lower in the scrub, and allowed them to pass unharmed. After all, there were plenty of real Nazis using that road high up in the Apennines and Pasquale could have all the sport he wanted later on. The retreat from the Gustav and the Adolf Hitler Lines had just begun, and the defeated and routed Germans, slogging their weary way north on foot, would provide all the partisans in the mountains with enough killing and to spare. We four British had had our fill already, but then the three Slavs always had reckoned that the British have not got the right temperament for war and don't go in for sufficient butchery.

An Odd Mixture

Those were the hopeful days at the end of May, 1944, when at long last it looked as if we would reach our own people again. Nine months of posing as a peasant in occupied Italy is more than enough for any man, and the sight of these defeated members of the German Army was heartening evidence that things were looking up for the Allies in that theatre.

Those stragglers were certainly an odd mixture. The German transport situation must have been very critical, and the Wehrmacht must have taken a terrific beating at the front, because the troops were coming back in groups of twos and threes, all mixed up, and in no semblance of military order. Here there would be a few infantrymen, there a handful of sappers, elsewhere three or four artillerymen, all dust-covered, unshaven and bedraggled. Their orders were to make their own way, on foot, to such and such a town, where further directions would be given. They were told that they would be given food at kitchens which were to be set up en route, that they were to sleep where they could find shelter, and, when in doubt, to keep moving north.

Now it so happened that two of these soldiers had stopped one night at the



"German" prisoners taken in Normandy—Czechs, Poles, Russians, Croats and others were among the captured.



This Russian boy was taken by the Germans as their mascot. He fell into British hands in Normandy.

house of an Italian peasant called Santino, who had always befriended prisoners-of-war, and who was in constant touch with me. He had produced that evening, probably under duress, some rather precious wine for the two men, and the net result was that the three had drunk rather more than was good for them. Under the influence of the liquor, the soldiers had talked in a most astounding way for men in German uniform, and, since they intended to stay another night there, Santino arranged that I should come over after supper and hear for myself.

An Amazing Conversation

What I heard amazed me. The two soldiers were Russians, and had been in the German Army for about two years. Taken at Kiev in 1941, they had been starved to near-death in a German prison camp. One day the commandant asked nearly all of them if they would like to join the Wehrmacht, and receive the same food, pay, privileges, etc., as an ordinary German soldier. With thoughts

of escaping in their minds, and mindful of the grim alternative, they all agreed. They were then taken to comfortable barracks, fed well, given uniforms, and, although under constant surveillance, treated well. After about three months' training, and just before they were due to go on active service, they were individually interviewed and advised not to try to desert or escape, because such would mean death to their wives, mothers, sisters, etc. They were also told the full names, ages, and addresses of these relations, and since the men had not disclosed this information, they saw that the Germans were not bluffing, and that their hands were tied. They could only therefore continue in the Army and hope that something might happen in the future to solve their problem.

Threats only were not enough for the thorough-going Germans, however. They took no chances of uprisings or massacres, and although these pressed men were ostensibly fighting soldiers, they were never treated as such unless in the very front line. Before going up to forward positions they were solemnly issued with rifles, bayonets, pistols, etc., and, when their tour of duty was over, they queued up to be searched and to hand these arms in again. All the time they were under constant watch of the Germans, both n.c.o.'s and privates, and the punishment for the slightest infraction of discipline was terribly severe. In the front line, of course, authority was even harsher still, and a little slowness, or lack of smartness, even when justifiable, was sometimes rewarded by summary execution of the offender. The foreigner never got the benefit of any doubt; to the Germans there was no doubt at all.

The Men Behind the Guns

But the way the Nazis eked out their own manpower was even fouler still. Not only were Russians starved into the Nazi war machine, but Poles, Norwegians, French, Czechs, Danes, Dutch, etc., were all co-opted, so that, for example, an infantry section of ten men would consist of a German n.c.o., a German to fire the machine-gun, and eight foreigners to

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