"My
COLD
FEELS
BETTER

already, Mummy!"

chest and back.

ANOTHER COLD, MOTHER? Don't make

your child wait hours for relief he

needs at once! Use the fast, double-

action treatment trusted by millions of mothers the world over. Just rub Vicks VapoRub on throat,

VapoRub instantly starts work-

ing two ways at once for comfort.

outside, it acts like a poultice to

warm away achy chest tightness.



nal vapours—released by body warmth—clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and relieve coughing. Used at bedtime, VapoRub goes on

working long after your child has

gone to sleep. Often by morning, the worst of the cold is over!

Of course! This simple treatment works

VICKS

INSIDE the air-passages, its medici
WORLD STAND-BY—30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY
VICK PRODUCTS INC., 122E 42nd Street, New York.



The Three Salutes

ONE of the items in the Victory Programme from Station 1ZB was a poem by the Frenchman Henry Micard de Fleurigny, the poet of the two Franco-German wars, who played a distinguished part in the war of 1870. This poem was adapted by his nephew, Etienne Micard (now of Auckland) with the change of only a word or two, to suit the present occasion. The poem is in the nature of a salute to General de Gaulle—a three-fold salute, from the Army, from the workers, and from the writers and thinkers. Here is the English translation, done by M. Micard who, it may be remembered, was interviewed recently in "The Listener."

CHARLES DE GAULLE, to thee the salute of the sword

In the ever-thrilling name of the oldtime epics;

So waft, all ye colours,

Curving and cracking in the breeze;
Ring out, all ye bells,

And make the Cathedrals tremble! So roar, all ye steel cannons;

Blare out, all ye trumpets!
Brightly gleam, helmets of our officers!

Shine, ye metals; flash, ye beacons; Arise, ye knights of old,

On the threshold of your tombs, To wave once more

Your flying banners!

Ye laurels of Remembrance

Entwine the laurels of the Future And as in the far-off days of the epics of old,

Charles de Gaulle to thee the salute of the sword.

CHARLES DE GAULLE, to thee the salute of the anvil

In the name of the workers, denim-clad; So up then, in the farms, Ye shepherds and harvesters;

Stand to in the foundries, Journeymen and colliers;

Designers of machines, Sheet-steel beaters in the flatting-

mills,
Lift up your heads, straighten your

Lift up your heads, straighten you backs,

And wave your black caps; From the workroom and the factory, Muffling the din of the stampers, Breaking through the resinous

fumes, Piercing the dust from the slagheaps,

Let a shout of Hope thunder forth, And from every factory yard in France,

In the name of the workers, denim-clad, Charles de Gaulle—to thee the salute of the anvil.

CHARLES DE GAULLE, to thee the salute of the pen

In the name of the spirit where the Flame is lit;

Thus sing, ye youthful minstrels, To the sound of the harp and the lyre:

lyre;
Let verses that tell of rapture
Blossom from your mind inspired;

Ye, the great master writers, Exalt these symbolical times; Bless the divine enactments, Ye, scholars and speakers the world

o'er;
And join ye all in the same prayer,
For here's the Cross of Lorraine

For here's the Cross of Lorraine Mounting the rim of the sky; Along with the shouted word of our Sponsor

Which will rebound, as from a springboard,

Unto the banks of the Rhine, After that of the Sword and that of the Anvil, General, to thee the salute of the Pen.

PROGRESS TAKES A LEAP AHEAD IN WAR!

Because you cannot get the Rainster you need, don't think that Rainster is slipping. Going without your Rainster is part of your war sacrifice ... most Rainsters go to the Forces. • War is not affecting the Rainster raincoat ... except for the better. Yes, progress takes a leap ahead in war. How? War-need drives science to new wonders; everywhere the Forces speak of their improved ships, planes, tanks, guns. This new life of science is new life to industry too. • Rainster is keeping pace ... already with better method and fabrics.* When peace says Go! you'll have even better Rainsters ... Rainsters which couldn't have been as good only for the war. There'll be one for you. But the war comes first.





O

O