

Appeal For Binoculars



MAJOR-GENERAL PUTTICK, Chief of General Staff, broadcasting at Trentham Racecourse, when the appeal for binoculars was inaugurated

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explains, that the glasses are quite worthless, or that they do not appreciate the gesture. It is simply not possible to turn them to good use. In the meantime, every gift is welcome, whatever its value.

Many of the instruments date from the last war, which does not mean that they are obsolete or beyond repair. The German instruments, of course, are trophies. The British ones are usually accompanied by a note explaining that they were purchased at dispersal sales after the Armistice.

AN EXAMPLE

AS an example of the kind of story behind some of these binoculars, a speaker from the National and Com-

mercial stations the other night gave this reminiscence:

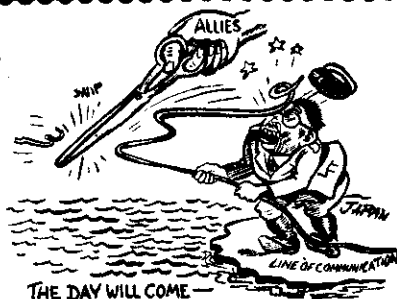
"My company had been ordered to take the road in front of a town called Cawdry and to establish a defensive flank with one platoon. I was allotted only one officer who had seen very little active service, and none of the company had field glasses. Without glasses we had no option but to send a man ahead to act as the eyes of the company, and so lose a great deal of valuable time. By 10 p.m. that night we had covered another mile, and it was not until 3 a.m. that we had our dinner and went to sleep. At daybreak I took the sergeant to his defensive flank—some old disused trenches—when suddenly he whispered hoarsely to 'Look, look, Germans.' I looked across to where his finger pointed, and gasped quickly, 'Put a shot into them, you ass! I haven't got my revolver.' 'Well,' said the sergeant, 'that's fine. I haven't brought my rifle.'

"Acting on the spur of the moment, I waved a stick hopefully in their direction, and to my astonishment, up went their hands. 'What are we to do now?' I said to my sergeant. But he was even more astonished than I, so I instructed him to go over and collect them. When the sergeant found his voice he suggested that perhaps it would be advisable for me to go over, as I was the possessor of at least a stick. So putting on a very brave front, I set out with the sergeant close on my heels, and we managed to round up the party. Then we replenished our stocks of revolvers and ammunition, and to my dismay, the sergeant made straight for a beautiful pair of Zeiss field glasses. I was sorry to see that splendid pair of binoculars go to the sergeant, but I managed to secure another jolly good pair of glasses, not quite as good as the Zeiss, from a man of lesser rank. Now I am handing them over to help the boys to win the present war."

LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by
KEN ALEXANDER

THIS war has been called "The War of Conquest," "The Oil War" and, a long time ago, "The Bore War." Now it is clearly a War of Communications. The line of communication is the life-line—the life-and-death line—of both sides. The proof is in Russia, Libya, and will be even more so in the Japacific Ocean. The line of communication is elastic but, when over-stretched, flies back to hit its owner in the eye. Hitler knows; he is likely to be catapulted back into Germany by the force with which his line has recoiled and hit him where he lives. Our army in Libya chased Rommel up the desert until we found ourselves too far away from the bread line and the hardware supplies. Now Rommel is pushing us back—until he, too, will find that he is too far from the cookhouse door and the supply dump. Then we will strike him hard in the bread-basket and he will make off to the spot marked X-trication. And so it may go on, so long as each side has sufficient air force to beat up the other side's transport. But apart from regrettable losses in men, it may serve the



Allies' purpose to keep Rommel running up and down the desert dirt-track until his boss finally cracks up in the hug of the Soviet bear.

The Japanese are looking for trouble in the same way. They have too little jam and too much bread to spread it over. Their chances of replenishing the jam are not very rosy. They are more likely to get the raspberry than the jam in the long run. What they're after is a short run. The Jap's lines of communications are "made in Japan" and can only stand the strain until Uncle Sam gets to work on them with his naval cutters.

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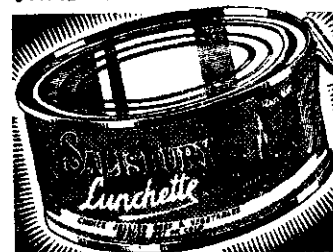
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