

# AVOID double O

★ Offensive Breath  
★ Offensive Looking Teeth



It is easy to offend with the "Double O" and not know anything about it... yet the remedy is pleasant and certain. For whiter, sparkling teeth that make a smile so attractive use Listerine Tooth Paste. To make sure your breath is pure and sweet, use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth wash. To make and keep yourself attractive, don't overlook the ever present threat of "Double O."



**Ladies & Gentlemen—**  
public speakers, singers and  
everyone with strained vocal  
chords need



Wash Away  
**GRAY  
HAIR**  
...and Look 10  
Years Younger

NOT A DYE,  
TINT OR STAIN.  
But a natural, hair-  
colour restorative  
that revitalises every  
hair strand, and  
brings back soft  
gleaming lustre.

**PRIMROSE  
Hair Dressing**

Woolworths, Toiletory Counters  
and Elsewhere.

## THE CITY IN THE RING

**Will History  
Repeat  
Itself At  
Stalingrad?**

(Written for "The Listener" by A.M.R.)

**S**TALIN has gone to Stalingrad. What has been done once can be done again, say the Russians. That is why.

For, endangered as the Soviet system is to-day, it has been harder pressed before. In 1918 particularly. Then the foreign foe was nearly as near to Leningrad as now; and only forbearing to scoop it up because the dissensions and murders and raids between its rival "Revolutionary Governments of Russia" seemed to make it more valuable untaken than occupied. The Ukraine right up to Rostov was in German hands. Anti-Bolshevist Cossacks held the North Caucasus and were striking northward. Names like Tula, Orel, and Kursk were familiar then as to-day, where the White generals were pushing on toward Moscow. One Winston Churchill was becoming as interested as now in sending soldiers and supplies to Murmansk and Archangelsk. And in Siberia the Czech and Slovak regiments that had in 1915 deserted Austria en masse, crossing No Man's Land singing to greet their Slavic brothers, were, under fear of being "repatriated" (i.e., sent home to be shot), beginning to sweep Siberia clean of "Reds" as far westward as the Volga itself.

### At Wits' End

In the strip of Russia remaining between the tidal flood of enemies and the Northern forests and swamps, Lenin—pummelling a very new New Order into form against apathy, ignorance, incompetence, and even active revolt within the Party itself—was at his wits' end. Trotsky was flying hither and thither organising a Red army into existence out of "radish officers" (i.e., ex-Tsarist Staff still White at heart) and out of the peasant rank and file that was hurriedly voting for peace and home with its feet. But all would be waste effort and worse unless both New Army and New Order could be fed. Casting round for someone to send to the South to hold what harvest land remained and gather in its crops, Lenin's eye rested speculatively on the rather stolid and indeed almost benevolent features of Josef Djughashvili.

A grand fellow in a scrap, a faithful, humble, unambitious henchman among all those brilliant quarrelling Jews, he thought, but has he the ability? Not long before, when someone had objected that



"FIERY YEARS" was the title of the Soviet film from which this dramatic study is taken

the "Junior Cabinet Post" of Commissar of Nationalities needed an active and intelligent man, Lenin had laughed. "No intelligence is needed. That's why we put our 'Man of Iron' there."

Stalin it was, nevertheless, who was sent to save the wheat. That meant first saving Tsaritsin, the strategic communications town in the neck of land where the Don and Volga elbows nearly touched. And Tsaritsin was nearly lost already. Arriving with two armoured cars and one hundred or so Red Guards, the Georgian in the private's uniform with the title of "Military Dictator of the North Caucasus" found pubs and cafés open, music, dancing, promenading and flirtation in the public gardens, white buttonholes in the streets—in short general public rejoicing at the near prospect of being captured by the Cossacks. Even the garrisons and the Unions were fearful or disaffected.

### None Too Soon

Somewhere behind him came an army of sorts—Klementi Voroshilov, a provincial locksmith of no military experience, at the head of fifteen hundred Donetsk miners armed with old sporting guns and pitchforks and mine tools. But the Cossacks would arrive first. So by nothing but his own sheer will power and the terror by night of his small forces, the new Commissar must turn Tsaritsin the gay and welcoming into Stalingrad the grim and impregnable. The cafés had their doors closed, the churches their bell towers, the people their mouths. Armed sentries stood in the street corners, G.P.U. recruits examined all antecedents and passports.

It was none too soon. Within a fortnight Tsaritsin was indeed "The City in the Ring" as one student, dramatically repelling Cossacks in these thrilling

(Continued on next page)