

QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN

DON'T ALLOW HEADACHE TO CHECK WAR WORK



It's a national duty to keep fit these days. Counteract nerve strain by taking Vincent's genuine pink Tablets, which are a scientific combination of Aspirin and Phenacetin. Vincent's Tablets give prompt relief from headache, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism and all nerve and muscular pain. Thousands of homes keep them handy. Ask for — and see that you get — Vincent's genuine pink Tablets.



SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

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PLENTY OF EGGS!

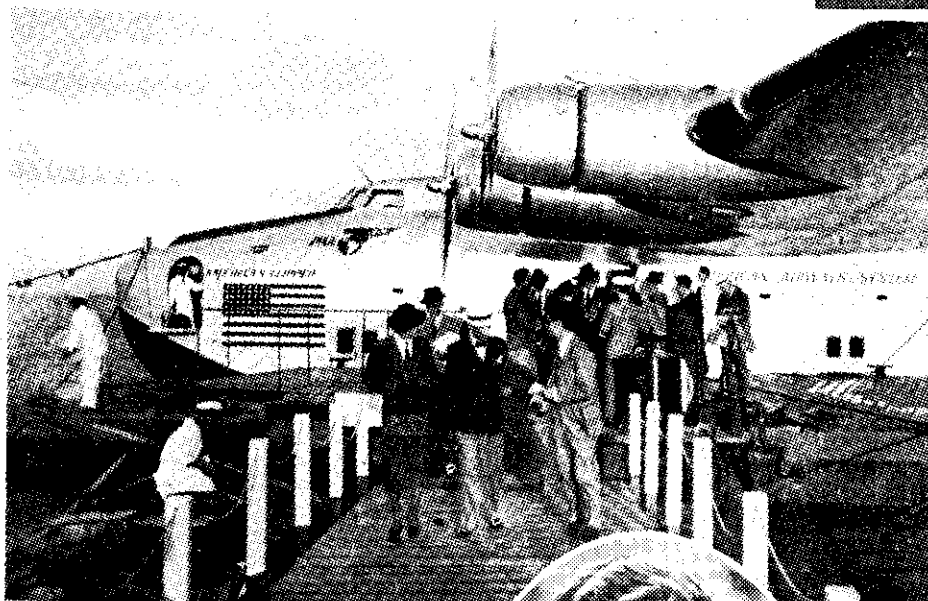
Easy Home Production

If you've a sunny corner in your garden — why not put in a small hen-house and keep a few laying hens! It's really easy — and widely encouraged today by the authorities. Buy good laying breeds, feed them well and see that they are kept in the pink of condition by a regular amount of Laymor Poultry Tonic in their morning mash. Laymor is not a fierce egg-forcing spice — it is a tonic to maintain hens in perfect health, and so promote regular laying. Laymor is particularly important during moulting weeks and winter. Your grocer or store has Laymor Poultry Tonic. L.S.3

THROUGH LISBON'S ESCAPE HATCH

Is The Door Still Open?

FOR the first time since the war started a civilian plane travelling from Lisbon to London has been deliberately shot down by the enemy. Perhaps this means that the kind of gentlemen's agreement which has been maintained for nearly four years exists no longer. Perhaps it means no more than that the enemy's information service failed. Mr. Churchill had been tracked to Gibraltar. It may have been supposed that he was using civilian transport back to London. Whatever the reason was for the attack on this particular plane, it is a fact that there has been no disposition on one side or the other to close what correspondents call the "escape hatch of Europe."



(Above) She still knows peace: A typical woman of Lisbon

(Left) On the Way In: A Pan-American Clipper brings diplomats, journalists, and businessmen from New York to Lisbon

(Below) Leslie Howard, the film and radio star, who is reported missing. He was on the civilian plane shot down by the enemy while flying from Lisbon to London

NATIONS at war like to have a pipeline into each other's territory. They need a way of getting their agents back and forth. They like to get each other's newspapers. It is also convenient to have a means for the exchange of prisoners and for the passage of civilians whom neither side wishes to hold.

Lisbon has provided that link. It is the only large European city that offers a land, sea, and air way from one belligerent camp to the other. The question is: Has the way now been closed? If it has, there is no other door that can be opened, since the only other European countries not in the war — Turkey, Sweden, and Switzerland — are all inaccessible in greater or less degree.

Lisbon To-day

Meanwhile a few glimpses of Lisbon as it is to-day will show what being Europe's gateway means. Here are some passages from an article written by Harvey Klemmer for the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington):

"The best connexion between Lisbon and the belligerents to-day is by air. The British maintain a first-rate service of both land planes and sea planes. The Germans, Italians, and Spanish also



maintain services. They all use the same airport.

"Sintra aerodrome, outside of Lisbon, is the most international airport in operation anywhere in the world to-day. When you enter the office you see five signs:

AERO PORTUGUESA
TRAFICO AERO ESPANOL
DEUTSCHE LUFTHANSA
BRITISH AIRWAYS
ALA LITTORIA

"You get even more of a shock when you go on the field and see English, German, and Italian planes drawn up together. It would make a better story if I could report that the crews mingle in Lisbon's bars. But they don't. Each group

keeps to itself and, so far as I could see, pays no attention to the others."

Swarms of Refugees

Lisbon necessarily swarms with refugees. The accommodation question is in fact so acute that no one is admitted unless, with his passport, he can show a plane or steamship ticket out of the country. To quote Mr. Klemmer again:

"The hotel lobbies are a babel of tongues. They talk about many things, but mostly they talk about boats and planes. These two things, which we take for granted in times of peace, have suddenly become possessed of magical powers.

"There's a Basque fisherman who, for 20,000 escudos, will run passengers to North Africa. You had better get friendly with him, in case the Germans come."

"Have you heard about the Greek passenger ship going to New York?"

"My brother knows a man at the American Express; he says the Portuguese are going to put on another boat."

"My hotel porter says a Spanish freighter is in port, loading for South America."

"So it goes—gossip and rumour, and hope, and despair, running through the life of Lisbon like some restless refrain out of the city's fevered past. . . . Racketeers, unfortunately, have got loose among the refugees. There has been some traffic in visas, and steamship tickets have been known to change hands—for a consideration. There have even been examples of refugees giving their all to secure passages on non-existent vessels."

Fifth Column

How much fifth column work is carried on in Lisbon it is difficult to say. Mr. Klemmer thinks that "the spy ring has been greatly over-publicised." He thinks that the "suave young men and beautiful young woman" who loiter about the

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