



ON THE WAY OUT: Men of many nationalities—friends and enemies—rub shoulders in Lisbon, many of them seeking the coveted visas and tickets that will take them from Europe. Here is a scene in Pan-American Airways' waiting-room

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hotels would take more pains to hide their identity if they really were dangerous.

"Vendors display, side by side, periodicals of many lands. They play no favourites. You can get the *London Daily Mail* and *New York Times*; you can also get the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Lavora Fascista*, and the *Falangist Arriba*."

Another Picture

The same impression, though with a difference, is conveyed by Louis Fischer in an article in *The Nation*. Here are two paragraphs:

"If you glance at the map, Spain and Portugal look like Europe's gangplank. The gangplank is crowded with people whom Fascism is squeezing out of Europe but who have not yet been able to obtain a ship, and a visa for the free world across the water. For them, every day is a gamble, odd or even, red or black, Hitler or a visa, seventeen or eighteen on a roulette wheel, the Nazis or a berth on a vessel? Hundreds of them play their luck each night at Estoril, an hour outside Lisbon.

"This Casino is the last international. Where else does a German with a sabre gash on his cheek sit elbow to elbow with an Englishman? When the *West Point* disgorged the German and Italian consuls into Portugal, high Nazi officials, led by the former ambassador at Washington, met them at the gangplank, and the next evening they flipped their chips at Estoril. A Nazi official with the typical short-cropped Prussian head, bent over to place his bet in No. 33. As he straightened up, his coat brushed the shoulder of a dark woman who sat next to him. Her eyes were deep and brown, and I had watched her biting her fingernails. 'Pardon,' the Nazi exclaimed, 'pardon, mademoiselle,' and bowed sharply from the waist. The girl was Jewish, from Warsaw. He had sent many like her to the concentration camps. Perhaps he had sent her to the gangplank."

From a Radio Broadcast

Finally, here is a passage from an American news commentator sent to



Lisbon's police are kept busy watching strangers — but "spy ring" stories are exaggerated

Portugal by the Columbia Broadcasting System:

"There is no real British fifth column in Portugal—that wouldn't be 'cricket.' On the other hand, many of Portugal's secret police were trained by Himmler in Berlin. The friends they made there come to see them. Biefurn, sinister assistant to Himmler, arrived at Estoril while I was there. . . . On the same day I recognised a German socialist who had escaped from an Alpine concentration camp with Feuchtwanger. He had been a mild little man, a teacher and writer, when Hitler came to power, but had since climbed the Pyrenees carrying a sick refugee child in his arms. Fear as well as hope had left him. . . . He was on Thomas Mann's list of 120 refugee writers considered worth a special effort to save. Meanwhile he awaited his visa. But when I told him whom I had seen in the Palace Hotel, he turned pale.

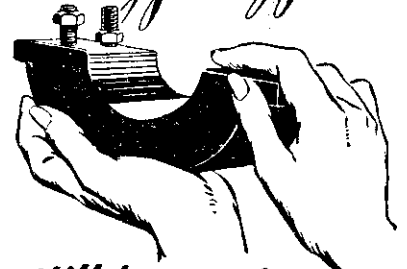
"'To-morrow,' he said, 'I will make some acquaintances among the fishermen who have boats in the harbour.'"

Makers of The Victoria Cross

"EVERY Victoria Cross that's ever been awarded comes from a quiet little jeweller's shop in the West End of London," said Cyril Watling, in a recent BBC talk. "You'd hardly notice it in the ordinary way, unless you called at the bookseller's next door or walked out of the old 'pub' just over the road. But it's to that little shop that the postman every now and again brings a letter marked O.H.M.S. — just the sort of letter you'd write to your tailor and say you wanted another suit. Ever since the Crimean War and right up to the Battle of Tunisia, the making of V.C.'s has been in the hands of the same family, first the founder of the jeweller's shop, then his son, and now his grandson. The first time you see a Victoria Cross, you probably think it would be quite easy to make one, and that any good metal worker could tackle the job. There's just the bronze medal, exactly the same colour as an ordinary penny, and the red ribbon. But look into it more closely and you find why such perfect, such delicate workmanship is necessary. The medal itself is a Maltese Cross, and embossed in the centre is the Royal Crown. On the Crown stands a lion. Every detail, even down to the lion's nostrils, is absolutely flawless, every line and every curve is perfection itself. Under the Crown are the two words 'For Valour.' Then there's the ribbon itself. It's a deep blood red, a lovely glowing colour like a summer rose. And all this is built by the jewellers into an insignia that's only just over three inches long and an inch and a-half wide, and weighs about as much as two half-crowns. And strangely enough, its intrinsic value isn't even one half-crown; it's about sixpence. Of course you couldn't buy one for that.

"As soon as the Service chiefs have decided that a V.C. is to be awarded, a letter is sent to the little jeweller's shop. It's just an ordinary typed letter saying 'Please supply one V.C.,' giving the man's name and rank for the inscription, and telling them where to send the account."

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