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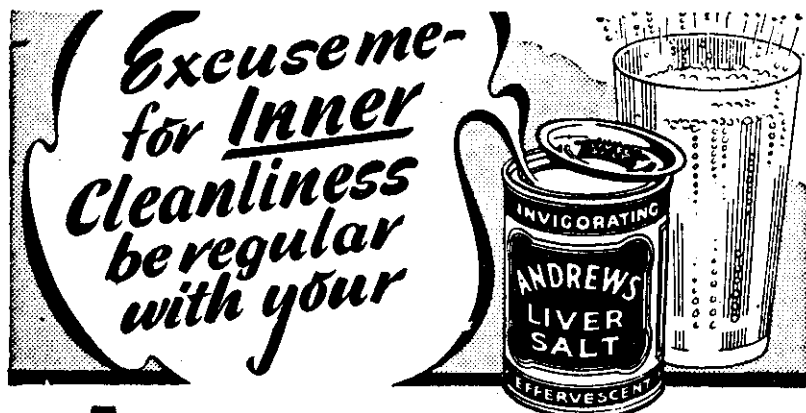


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"LILI MARLEEN"

*Sweetheart Of Both Sides In
This War*

ONE of the first great songs of this war ("Roll out the Barrel") came from Czechoslovakia. Now another one, perhaps the "Tipperary" of the Second World War, has come out of Germany. Like "Roll out the Barrel" the new "Lili Marleen" is simple and catchy, and last April the soldiers of both sides were singing it from Smolensk to Tunis.

German troops were singing it, and the British soldiers were listening to it on enemy broadcasts and inventing English words. The German words run something like this:

*In front of the barracks, before the heavy gate
There stood a lamp-post, and if it's standing yet
Then we shall meet there once again,
Beside the lamp-post in the rain,
As once Lili Marleen, as once Lili Marleen.
The lamp-post knows your footsteps, so lovely
and so free,
For you it burns unceasing but it's forgotten me,
And if I don't return again, who'll stand beside
you in the rain?
With you Lili Marleen, with you, Lili Marleen.*

The rhythm of "Lili Marleen" is martial, but its tune has already been found adaptable to different moods. As one magazine said recently:

"With an um-pah accompaniment it is a march. Changed to um-da-dum-dump it becomes a tango. In either case the strains are of a kind which easily attach themselves to romantic memories and the pathos of separation."

It was written in 1938 by a Nazi songwriter, Norbert Schultze. Its words were by Hans Leip, a minor poet who had a small reputation during the Weimar Republic. After about 30 music publishers had rejected it, "Lili Marleen" finally found its way on to a gramophone record, and thence to German audiences by a curious trick of circumstance. In August, 1941, when the Nazis were taking over the Belgrade radio station they discovered that only three records remained in the place, and one was "Lili Marleen." By January of this year, they had played it twice nightly for 500 nights, and fan mail, which even came from German submarines off the Atlantic coast of the U.S.A., had mounted to hundreds of thousands of letters.

In the meantime the actress Emmy Sonnemann (Herman Goering's wife) sang it for the Nazi chiefs in a concert

given in the Kroll Opera House in Berlin, and the Swedish singer Lala Andersson had made "Lili Marleen" the rage of Berlin cabarets.

Soon the Nazis in Belgrade began to feel the tune was perhaps being overplayed, and decided to try a new and more hopeful theme song, *Es geht Alles vorueber, es geht Alles vorbei* ("Everything will be over, everything will be past"). But subversive parodies of this song soon caused the Propaganda Ministry to put "Lili Marleen" back on the air.

Outside the Third Reich "Lili Marleen" has appeared in varied forms. The Danes and Norwegians made up verses in which Marleen's Lamp-post was a gallows for Hitler. Now the U.S. Office of War Information has provided verses in German for possible future use in propaganda broadcasts.

SIMPLE STORIES

HE BOUGHT A TRAMCAR

YOU will laugh, but this is true. For the first time in his life an old peasant from Upper Egypt arrived in Cairo with almost £100, his life's savings. It was such a fabulous sum that he felt important, and talked. In a cafe he made the acquaintance of two men who told him of fortunes to be made in Cairo. Thereupon he expressed the wish to invest his savings.

His new friends had a friend who sold tramcars. The enthusiastic Fellah was conducted into the office of the seller of tramcars, who drew up an agreement and wrote out a receipt for £95, and handed them to the new and proud possessor. Then he was taken to a busy intersection where he made his choice of a well-crowded vehicle.

His two friends boarded the centre of the car while he rode on the rear platform eagerly eyeing the conductor as he gathered the fascinating coins from the passengers. At the end of the return journey he commanded the conductor to hand over his takings. The latter naturally refused.

The owner rushed through the tram looking for his two friends, but they had departed. Excitedly he called a policeman to arrest the conductor for keeping the takings; the car was his; he had an agreement and receipts, both of which he produced.

But the stones of the desert grow cold. After much arguing with the arm of the law and the tramway management, a poorer but wiser Fellah found his way home.

There the story should have ended. But it didn't. This time he did not merely talk. He lifted up his voice and wailed. A few weeks later an understanding Bey with a large heart sent this unfortunate fool the sum of £95.



GENERAL FREYBERG recording a message to returned soldiers which was broadcast in the Diggers' session of the ZB stations

Craufurd And His Division

IN one of his recent addresses, General Freyberg said that the New Zealand Division would have the place in military history that Craufurd's Light Division won in the Peninsular War. Several people have asked us who Craufurd was, and for information about his Division.

THE article on Craufurd in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* describes him as "one of the quickest and most brilliant of Wellington's lieutenants in the Peninsular War." He was born in Newark, Ayrshire, on May 5, 1764, entered the 75th Foot in 1779, and saw service in India (1790-92), and with the Austrians in 1793. In 1799 he was at the Russian headquarters in Suvarov's Swiss Campaign. Nine years later, he held a big command in the Corunna Campaign, and then in 1809 he was sent to Spain in command of the 43rd, 52nd and 95th Battalions, which were soon to become famous as the Light Brigade (Subsequently created a division by Wellington, as an honour).

Fortescue's *History of the British Army* describes the man himself, and his methods of training: "Craufurd's temper was fiendish, and his instincts were tyrannical. Before he had been with the army six months, complaints reached the Horse Guards of his unusual severity to the men."

Craufurd added to the efficiency of the Light Brigade, which had been trained under Sir John Moore, by drawing up regulations which would enable him to reckon exactly the time that would be required for any given march or other operation. For instance, the men were forbidden while on the march to step a foot out of their way to avoid a puddle or other unpleasant obstacle; rules like this, Fortescue says, were at first vexatious to the men, but soon they saw the object of the code.

"Seven minutes sufficed for the Division to get under arms in the middle of the night, and 15 minutes, by day or

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