

CURRENT EVENTS

OLD AND NEW HATREDS

DURING the long-drawn-out negotiation and wrangling of the conferences which made the peace treaties after the last war, Mr Lloyd George explained how Europe's old hatreds had made difficult the work of the treaty makers.

They are legion these quarrels. Hardly a single nationality on the Continent but has been engaged at one time or another in hostilities against every one of the others, the combinations changing endlessly.

German, Hungarian, Pole, Czech, Serb, and Italian have quarrelled and clashed for centuries, with the Turks and Russians with the French occasionally taking a hand in the strife.

Even Hitler's efficient and enormous armies have not been enough to impose peace on the peoples who have submitted to him; and one of his quarrels threatens to break out afresh at the moment when he is striving to get every possible soldier from his duped Allies in order to resume his invasion of Russia.

It began when, having overawed Rumania and desiring to secure the goodwill of Hungary, the Nazis gave back to the Hungarians a big slice of the territory

which had been made Rumanian by the last peace treaties. Hungary thought she did not get enough and Rumania resented having to give up any.

The dispute died down, but for some reason or other Germany has recently allowed it to break out again and a prominent Rumanian statesman to voice loudly "discontent with the sacrifices compelled from his country."

And that has flattered the Hungarians, with whom the Italians under Mussolini are now said to have joined in order to get a bigger share than has yet fallen to either of the Balkan spoils.

In the old Austrian Empire, the Hungarians were the only subject nationality to make head against the dominant Germans, and Hungary has not forgotten Kossuth or the defeats which balked her bid for complete independence so late as the middle of last century.

The quarrel may not go very far, though even those peoples who are helping Hitler must wonder what is to be their share and place in his New Europe.

But from the old hatreds new ones are being born. Behind all the present subservience to Germany, even among her allies, there must be discontent about the fashion in which she is brutally exploiting them in the interest of her own dominion.

And in the conquered countries, who are being bled white to help her war effort, and tortured to prevent their revolt, a new execration of the Germans and the German name has ample reason for spreading wide. It may well swallow up some of the old emities.

At a Polish H.Q. in Scotland

Making of a Paratrooper

AT the headquarters of the Polish Paratroops in Scotland one part of the estate is called "The Monkey Grove."

This is where the first tricks are learned. If shins are bruised and bones ache, that's all part of the fun.

Skimming up the gnarled trees, and sometimes falling on their outspread, kindly branches, with the parachute flopping over you, gives an idea how that spot got its name.

The first thing attended to is body-building, especially the back muscles. Then on to jujitsu.

In one exercise I saw a soldier being held up by loaded revolver from behind. By one lightning action that revolver was sent spinning and the attacker was flying over his own head. That's how tough they make them.

Next step is to jump from a height of four feet into a sand heap. This jumping is done both backwards and forwards.

From there the would-be paratroopers go to the roof of a shed.

A hole is in the roof—the same size as the hole in the plane. They slide on to the edge of the hole and jump six feet.

One lad—wearing his paratroop badge now—confessed to me that he was scared stiff first time he made that jump.

Jump from Dummy Plane

AFTER that they get into their harness and by a clever swing contrivance are pulled up to a high branch of a tree.

Here they are taught to balance themselves while swinging. A twist of a strap will pull them right or left about. This is of vital importance while making the actual descent from the air. And they are as happy as monkeys swinging by their tails.

The parachute squad I saw consisted of ten men. The leader is always No. 5 and he drills his squad on the ground by standing in the centre of the first row.

Fully armed, they now march to a dummy plane and sit five-and-a-half with legs stretched out and backs to the wall.

One after the other they respond to the call of their number and leap through the hole into the sand beneath.

Then they must learn to handle their great "umbrella," which consists of 28 separate pieces of strong silk. If one piece is damaged it does not materially affect the usefulness of the chute.

Open parachutes are given to the trainees. They run with them before the wind. The chutes can be collapsed by the pull of a rope or, if the ropes and race round so that he pulls the back of the chute into the wind. Then the chute collapses.

100 Feet with Open Chute

NOW the soldier is ready for the big step forward—the step before the actual plane jump. He goes to the top of a 100 feet steel jumping tower. It's a bit windy up there, but the swaying tower gives him his first stroboscopic feeling, not what you would call pleasant.

The great parachute floats overhead controlled by a cable running from the tower to the ground. The jumper looks over the edge of the tower and the fellows on the ground look like pigmies. The parachute is hooked to his harness and the barrier is removed from the tower. He sits on the edge and grips his trousers.

Hold the sides of your trousers for a split second after you jump," whispers the instructor. "And then grip the hanging straps overhead. Now—away."

He throws himself into space and hopes for the best. He goes down, and down, and he gasps just as he used to do when jumping into the sea. He wonders when he is going to stop.

Then he feels a strong pull over his shoulders, and he seems to be held suspended in mid air. The parachute has taken control and he grasps at the straps overhead. He begins to fall gently down, and the mental reaction is a soothing and pleasant one. Nothing like these old boyhood wards at a hundred miles a minute.

He has a quick look round. The sky is falling away very rapidly and the ground coming up to meet him. He was told to keep his legs under control, but they seem to be wriggling all over the place. He is quite sure he looks pretty foolish suspended so helplessly in mid air.

Then the ground comes up quickly. He measures the distance. The balls of his feet—both feet on the ground at once please—touch earth. He relaxes and falls over and over in the somersault he was taught earlier on—he has had his first big jump. After twelve of these he'll go into a real plane, and he'll have all the confidence in the world.

Day by Day

"Papa, when you see a cow, aren't you afraid?"
"Of course not, Evelyn."
"When you see a great big worm, are you afraid?"
"No, of course not."
"When you see a horrid, monstrous bumblebee, aren't you afraid?"
"No, certainly not."
"Aren't you afraid when it thunders and lightnings?"
"No, no, you silly little child."
"Papa, aren't you afraid of nothing else in this world 'ceptin' mamma?"

An extract from a novel reads:—
"He gazed at her with hungry, impatient eyes."
This story must have been written in our restaurant.

There seems to be an inclination to return to the old-fashioned white tablecloth," states a woman writer. That is, of course, if one has influence at the laundry.

"The Human Equation" wife plus sales equals bank overdraft.

An artist says the Royal Academy is as barren of ideas as a goods yard. A goods porter replies that the goods yard is as barren of beauty as a Royal Academy Exhibition.

End Rheumatism While you Sleep

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are: Burning, Itching Passages, "Getting up Night," Backache, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Puffy Ankles, Grotes under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Agitation etc. Ordinary medicines can't help unless you must kill the germs which are attacking blood—Blood-purifying with acids and poisons, harmful energy, ruining health. Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/- and 6/- on Guaranter. Plus Post, to put you right or money back. Act now! This Guarantee protects you.

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Amusement Guide

CINEMAS

ASTORIA—Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson in Meet Boston Blackie (A). Also Jack Holt in The Great Plane Robbery.
BROADWAY (Arthurstone Tce.)—Evens, from 6, Sats. from 2. The Invisible Ghost (A). Also Emergency Landing.
CINERAMA (Gay St.)—Alice Faye and Don Ameche in The Night in Rio. The Glamour Musical of the Year.
EMPIRE—Cont. from 6 p.m. Abbott and Costello, Dick Powell, Andrews Sisters in In the Navy (U). Showing 6.50 and 9.5.
FOREST PARK (Forest Park Road)—Cesar Romero in Tall, Dark and Hand-some (A), with Virginia Gilmore.
GRAYS (Shepherd's Loan)—Walter Pidgeon in Manhunt (A), with George Sanders. Full supporting programme.
KING'S—To-day, open 1. Cont. 1.15. John Clements, Jane Baxter in Ships With Wings (A), 1.18, 3.49, 6.18, 8.49.
KINNAIRD—Cont. 2.25. Red Skelton in Whistling in the Dark (A), 3.45, 6.20, 9. Private Nurse (U), 2.30, 5.30, 7.45.
LA SCALA—Open 1.35, Cont. 1.45. John Wayne, Lady From Louisiana (A), 3.16, 6.16, 9.16. Ridin' on a Rainbow (U).
NEW CINEMA (Morgan Street)—Carroll Gibbons and Sandy McPherson in Common Touch. Full supp. programme.
ODEON—Cont. from 6 p.m. Abbott and Costello, Dick Powell, Andrews Sisters in In the Navy (U). Showing 6.50 and 9.5.
PALLADIUM (Alexander St.)—Cont. from 2. Dick Foran The Mummy's Hand (A). Burgess Meredith, San Francisco Rocks.
PLAYHOUSE (Nethergate)—Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor in When Ladies Meet (A), 1.30, 4, 6.30, and 9 o'clock.
PLAZA (Hilltown)—Blossoms in the Dust (A). Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Marsha Hunt. Full supp. programme.
PRINCEPS (Hawthorn)—Cont. from 5 p.m. Saint Meets the Tiger (A). Also They Meet Again (U). Full supporting prog.
REGAL (Small's Wynd)—Cont. from 2 p.m. Humphrey Bogart in High Sierra (A). Full supporting programme.
REGENT (Top of Hilltown)—Greer Garson in Blossoms in the Dust (A) (in Technicolor), with Walter Pidgeon.
RIALTO (High Street, Lechee)—Arthur Askey and Richard (Sinker) Murdoch in The Ghost Train. Full supporting prog.
ROYAL (Arthurstone Tce.)—Adolphe Menjou in Father Takes a Wife (A). Also "Dr Christian" in They Meet Again (U).
ROYALTY (Baffin St.)—Cont. from 6.15. Errol Flynn and David Niven in The Dawn Patrol, with Basil Rathbone.
STATE (Beilfield Street)—Cont. from 6.15. Errol Flynn and David Niven in The Dawn Patrol, with Basil Rathbone.
TIVOLI (Bennybank Rd.)—Hugh Herbert, The Black Cat (H). Johnny Mack Brown in Boss of Bullion City (U).
THE VIC—Daily from 1.30. Jas. Cagney in The Strawberry Blonde (A). And the band played on—At 1.40, 4.3, 6.26, 8.49.

THEATRES

PALACE—6.30, 8.30. Wee M'Gregor, with Tommy Morgan and huge cast. Note New Prices—5/-, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/-, Ph. 4061/2.
REPERTORY—Nightly, 7.15. Wed., Sats. 2.30. World-famous comedy, White Parents.
TRAINING COLLEGE HALL—Evs., 7.15; Sat. Mat., 2.30. Dundee Operatic Soc., The Gondoliers. Book Methuen Simpson's.

DANCING

BALLROOM CHALET—Wednesday, 1/- Friday, 1/- Saturday, 1/6 (7.45-10.45). Gas masks essential.
BALLROOM EMPRESS (Royal Arch)—To-night, 8-11, 1/6. Wednesday, 8-11, 1/6. Thurs., 8-11, 1/6. Gas masks essential.
BALLROOM LOCARNO—To-night, 8-11, 1/6. Wed. aft., 5.30-8.0; 8-11, 1/6. Thursday, 8-11, 1/6; Friday, 8-11, 2/-.
DANCE PALAIS (Gay St.)—To-night, requests, 7.30-11, 1/-, Wed. aft., 5.30-8.0; 8-11, 1/6. Thurs., club, 7.30-11, 1/6.
WEST END PALAIS—To-night, adult class instruction 7-8, practice 8-11. Wednesday night, 7.45 to 11 p.m., 1/-.
ICE RINK—Tues. 31st, at 7.30 p.m. Hockey Match. Canadian Army Champions v. Scot. Select. 3s to 1s. New Booking, Ph. 85222.

RADIO

HOME SERVICE.
203.5 m., 391.1 m., 449.1 m., 49.34 m.
3.0—Rhythmic Records, 3.30—Evening.
3.0—R.C.A.P. Concert, 3.30—BBC Revue Orchestra, 4.15—Vera Lynn, 4.45—These You Have Loved, 5.30—World at War, 5.45—John Hillon.
6.0—News, 6.30—News in Norwegian, 6.45—6.0—News, 6.30—Intimate Reve—1914-1942, 7.45—Gaelic Music, 8.15—Beins Trust, 9.0—News, 9.25—Living Quilts, 9.45—9.0—News, 9.25—Lighten Our Darkness, 10.40—James Bridie on J. M. Barrie, 11.10—Joe Loss, 12.0—News.
6.0—News, 6.30—Just Judy, 6.45—Billiards—Joe Davis, 7.0—New Zealand and Australian News-Letters, 7.15—Make and Mend, 8.0—9.25—The Ghost Walks on Prags, 10.5—Greetings, Hollywood Burlesque, 10.35—London Studio Playeta, 11.10—Close down.



THE Japanese official news agency announced the other day that "treasure ships" laden with sugar, rice, raw rubber, iron ores, coal, and fertilisers from the wealthy territories conquered in the south-western Pacific had already reached a Japanese port.

There may be something of exaggeration in the Japanese gloating over their spoils. The scorched earth policy, even though it may have been impossible to apply at every point, has certainly deprived them of much that they hoped to gain. But probably there have been rich pickings left and the Japanese are careful gleaners.

The frank avowal that they are out for loot will not raise any moral indignation at Tokio. Even less than the Germans do the Japanese worry about the ethics of pinching other people's property. "To the victors the spoils."

But something else may be troubling the wiser heads among them. More than one battle has been lost because an initial success threw open the treasures of the enemy's camp and excited prematurely the soldiers' appetite for pillage.

If the Japs pay too much attention to securing their ill-gotten gains, they may be caught by their enemies unready to defend their conquests.

Dog Eating Dog

TWO Italian submarines have been sunk by British submarines in the Mediterranean.

Battles between submarine and submarine have taken place before now. If memory does not err, there was at least one such encounter in the last war. But they are rare enough to rank among instances of dog eating dog.

The submarine's lawful prey and its most dangerous opponent is the surface vessel. We are not told the details of the actions which resulted in the loss of the two Italian craft, but it would not be surprising if they were caught on the surface by their opposite numbers.

For, like the whales, they have to come to the top at intervals, if not to breathe to charge the batteries which drive them when submerged, and in that position both are vulnerable.

If they really fought in the depths, the combat must have been grim indeed.



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