

WHERE EVEN CAMELS NEVER TROD!

—“In a cruel, fantastic land where you feel you are in another world, resembling the mountains of the moon”

by RICHARD D. McMILLAN
British United Press Correspondent
in the Middle East.

With the Eighth British Army in the Libyan Desert (By Cable)—Lusting for power over all the southern valley of the Nile and the desert beyond, Persian King Cambyses once sent an army to extend his sway over the Siwa Oasis. His army never was seen again. It was swallowed up in the desert sands without trace.

In the campaign of 1917 against Senussi tribesmen, a British patrol followed in the footsteps of King Cambyses' warriors. But his cars were ill-equipped to conquer the uncharted sands and broke down. The men of the gallant patrol died of thirst.

Now, after two years of war, the British Eighth Army not only has mastered the desert, but it has turned forbidding wastes into a network of highways—byways as familiar to the desert troops as a London bus route. The men who mapped the desert had the heart of Empire in mind, and names like Knightsbridge appear on remote signposts where British history is being relived.

Many miracles of the desert are now accepted as commonplace, but one miracle still stands out. I've travelled 50,000 miles over the desert and I have marvelled at the stamina of our motor transports. I've ridden a Canadian-built Chevrolet and seen it take the terrific beating only the desert can give.

I would like to see the Canadian workers who built her. I would like them to see how this car could take it—in the dash out of Tobruk, shells and bombs bursting all around, and sprayed with machine gun bullets as she sped along, out into Cyrenaica and to Mekili, and up and down the Gazala line. Every inch of the way you hit a boulder or a wheel dropped into a drift of sand. She was waiting outside Bir Hakeim where we watched Rommel's Africa Corps hammering against a desert fort. She passed through Libyan wire

entanglements beyond the Omars where even camels never trod—down south where the sun really gets molten and you spend half your time digging out of the sands and the other half blowing your breath on the radiator, the only air you can find in this burning cauldron.

I have watched convoys of Canadian-built trucks rumbling across the desert under the Stuka dive-bombers and the rain of shells from long range German artillery, but still carrying forward the sinews of war to the troops in the front line.

The Libyan dust makes you look like a vaudeville comedian and makes you feel—well you want to lie down under the lash of a sandstorm and die—but those drivers take a gulp of tepid water, fight on, and their trusty trucks never let them down.

On an Axis street near El Adem, I have watched a convoy of tank transporters negotiate a stiff escarpment. A desert Khamseen was blowing, making the desert like a London blackout. I called it a day, but not those lads. They ploughed through the packed dust and crawled up the escarpment, hauling General Grants and General Lees, like steel mastodons, to the front.

It is hard going in the desert, but many times a truck got me there. One even got me there along the Qattara depression where you feel you are in another world, resembling the mountains of the moon. It's the ideal desert vehicle.

The Eighth Army needs guns and tanks and planes, but it also needs the right kind of vehicles. So workers of Canada, if you have more to spare, send them over! Send them soon! Then maybe we'll get to Tripoli and drive down the Victory road—through Italy.

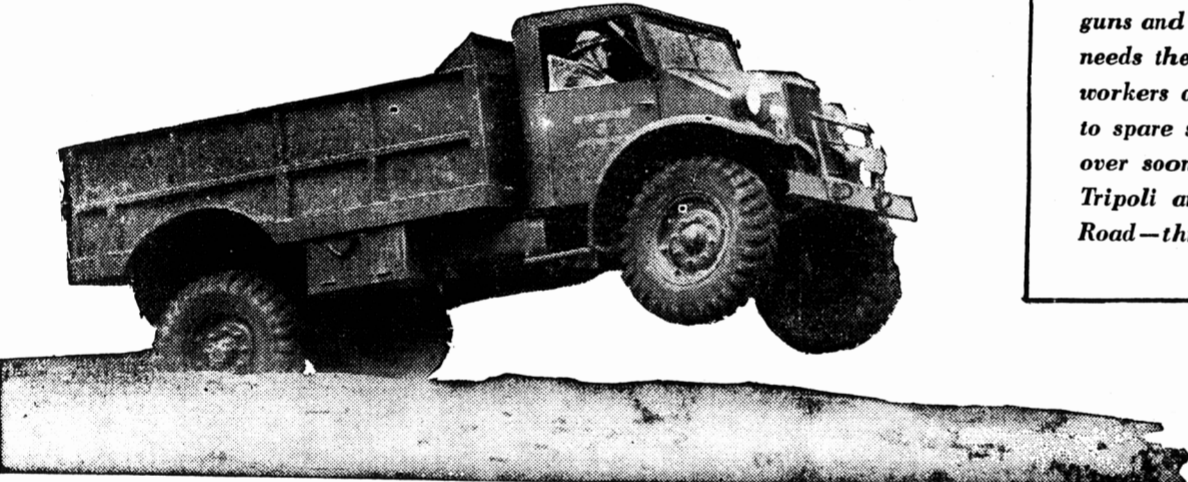


"Dick" McMillan who has served as war correspondent for BUP on many fronts. He has earned the reputation of being one of the most accurate and prophetic reporters of the war.



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● This direct cable from the famous British United Press correspondent with the Eighth British Army in Libya explains why our fighting men all around the world are clamouring for vehicles built in Canada. Modern military strategy demands their use in overpowering numbers, regardless of transport conditions in the bad lands of every continent. Thousands of these vehicles, we are proud to say, are built in the plants and shops of General Motors of Canada, where men and women stand devotedly to their tasks, for... VICTORY IS THEIR BUSINESS!



CANADIAN-BUILT



WAR PRODUCTS ARE SERVING IN EVERY THEATRE OF WAR

GM-47

Met Islanders Overseas In "North Novas"

By J. R. H. Sutherland, editor of the Evening News, New Glasgow, N.S., Maritime member of the Canadian Press party recently returned from England.

Members of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders, including men from Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, are fighting it and ready for any action that may come—and they're a bit jealous they weren't picked to take part in the Dieppe raid. They were the only Maritime regiment it was possible for me to see but I was told the others were in equally fine condition.

Regular weekend schemes are practised and in between the men are constantly kept trained to top-notch calibre. Lean and hardy, they told me that was from exercise and not from lack of food.

Typical of their schemes was

the one they had just recently come off when I arrived—a twenty-two mile march, a practise "attack" with live ammunition, and a return after sleeping in the open and all in less than 48 hours.

Commando training has been going on for some time.

Despite the long hours of military work, the men are in such physical shape they still enjoy their sports and "A" Company, largely made up of Pictoulians, is the recently declared winner of the Mitchell Softball Trophy.

All of the boys are a bit restless. Universally they "wished" they could come back home with me, equally universally they quickly added "only for a visit."

It seems one of the boys did get back as instructor, got fed up soon and deliberately went A. W. L. to lose his stripes and be sent back to England—that made an impression on the rest.

Hungry For News

They are hungry for news, especially home town news; things about the family and things about the neighbors, how the mayor is getting along and what changes have taken place. All of them asked for clippings from the local papers to be sent along with letters.

The officer commanding the unit is not a Maritimer—and although he didn't know it, a tough time was decided for him when his appointment was announced. Maritime pride having been touched. However he turned out to be such a fine chap that the lads had to relent on the practical opposition although they still hold out for the principle that some of the Maritime units should have Maritime officers commanding.

Naturally the unit's training couldn't stop for my arrival so only saw some of the men. But I managed to meet a pretty representative lot from the various sections.

W. A. Babineau, River Herbert and J. R. Davis, Springhill, met me at the station and drove me to the camp, situated in large and beautiful grove in Southern England. For the time men and officers are in tents—officers' and sergeants' messes being in the hunting lodge of some wealthy owner. They are quite a few miles from the coast but are ready to move there at once should any trouble arise. They will winter in huts.

I couldn't pick up personal messages from them all but here are a few Pictou County boys met, all in good cheer: Francis Avery, John Davey, Edward "Red" MacCallum, Royce Kellock, David Lewis, Jim Worthlyke, Sgt. John L. MacLean, all of New Glasgow; John Wright, P. Dalling, Cpl. John MacNeil and Sgt. Dave Wilson, Westville, Charlie Smith, Stellarton; Robert Higgins, Trenton; William Gammon, River John; Q. M. S. Sgt. Gordon MacCallum, Scotsburn, as well as numerous men from Pictou Town—Cpl. E. L. Heighston, Burford Gravestock, Warren "Red" MacPhee, Sgt. Carson Morrison, Bennett Perry.

Some of the County officers I met were Capt. L. M. Rhodenizer and Capt. D. R. Gilchrist but I missed C. S. M. Donald Grant of Lunenburg who spent last winter in Iceland instructing British troops in skiing and such like—and was told he had many "hair-raising" experiences. Don Forbes, Tatamagouche, Cecil Melson, Truro and Alan Nicholson, F. E. I., were other officers I met.

Proud Of Their Men

Lieut. Bill Burnett of Charlottetown helped me get around the camp meeting the men but he had to leave after lunch with a Cape Breton group to provide "opposition" to some British soldiers practising an "attack" nearby.

In the group were Sgt. Larry Leslie, Port Hawkesbury, Lt-Cpl.

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MARGATE SCHOOL

The following is the report of Margate School for the month of September.

Grade VIII-1, Phillip Henderson; 2, Wallace Henderson; 3, Ruby Henderson; 4, Ross Woodside; 5, Louise Crane.

Grade VI-1, Helen Semmie; 2, Clair Mayhew; 3, Lorne Adams; 4, Gene Crane.

Grade V-1, Royden Dymont; 2, Shirley Henderson; 3, Arthur Henderson; 4, Gene Crane.

Grade III-1, Freda Mayhew; 2, Bonnie Woodside; 3, Barbara Woodside.

Grade I Sr-1, Beryl Woodside; 2, Shirley Henderson; 3, Floyd Crane.

Grade I Jr.—No tests.

Perfect attendance—Beryl Woodside, Don Woodside.

Prizes for Stars—Grade VI, VII, VIII—Ross Woodside; Grade III, IV, and V—Freda Mayhew.

Grade II—Mary Kaye Mayhew and Barbara Woodside.

Marion L. Bell—Teacher.

J. F. MacIntyre, Sydney Mines, Jack Metcalfe, Tom Buckley, George Lambert, Ron Parsons, Glace Bay, Jim Webster, William Brown, Sydney Mines, Archie McQueen, Sydney, Freeman Campbell, Port Hawkesbury, and Tom Macdonald, Bay St. Lawrence.

Elsewhere I met Frank Legatto, Sydney Mines and saw Sgt. D. C. MacKinnon of Cape Breton putting a squad through its paces.

Capt. L. M. Rhodenizer, commanding the Cape Breton Company, told me he was confident MacKinnon would soon be taking an Officers' Training Course and was remarkable throughout the brigade for his "hair-raising" memory, having the ability instantly to give the regimental number of practically any man in the battalion.

Some of the others I met during the few hours I had with the North Novias were Lt. Dan Nicholson, Montague, Lt. Cecil Melson, Truro, Cpl. Robert Quinn, River Herbert, Sgt. Viril Bartlett, Truro, Cpl. Marshall Jackson, Murray Harbor, Harold Goodwin, Bai Vertie, Winston Charlton, Truro, and Cecil Goldrich, Springhill.

And of course I had a talk with the officer commanding—the censor forbids using his name—and Major Dave Stewart of Charlottetown, second in command. Both are proud of their men—as the men are of them.

New Glasgow and Vicinity

Pte. George Brown spent the week end at his home here.

Mr. Robert Stevenson of the staff of the Ross Drug Co., Amherst, N.S., was a recent visitor at his home here accompanied by Mr. Grant White of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chandler, Charlottetown, were visitors here Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Alma Campbell spent a few days in Montague recently.

The New Glasgow Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Dingwall for their October meeting on Monday evening last. The Ode was sung followed by repeating the Club Women's Creed in unison. The Secretary gave the report of the previous meeting and the minutes stood approved. Roll call was answered by each member paying 5 cts. for Institute funds. It was decided that the members would bring Orphanage money to the next meeting and a committee was named to canvas non-members. It was resolved to organize a Girl's sewing class with Miss M. E. Campbell as leader. The Secretary will write the Supervisor regarding same. Ways to raise funds for a musical instrument for the Hall were discussed and it was decided to hold a Bean Supper in the near future. The Committee in charge will be Mrs. Brenton Dickleson, Mrs. M. MacLeod, Mrs. (Dr.) A. B. Stevenson, Mrs. Reuel Dickleson, Miss Esie Laird and Miss Ella Semple. The new committees for the ensuing month are: Sick, Mrs. R. W. Stevenson, Mrs. W. J. Mc-

Leod; Lurch, Mrs. Harold Dickleson and Mrs. Richard Dickleson. R. B. Dickleson; reading, Mrs. P. The November meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. R. E. MacLeod; reading, Mrs. Reuel Dickleson. Eight were appointed to pack boxes for the Boys in the forces. Roll call will be answered by passing in an article for the Red Cross. The Red Cross articles passed in were as follows: 3 prs. socks, Mrs. McKay; quilt, Margaret Rose quilting unit, Mrs. Miss Canadian Women's Army Corps parents, and a direct male line descendant of Mohamed Ali.

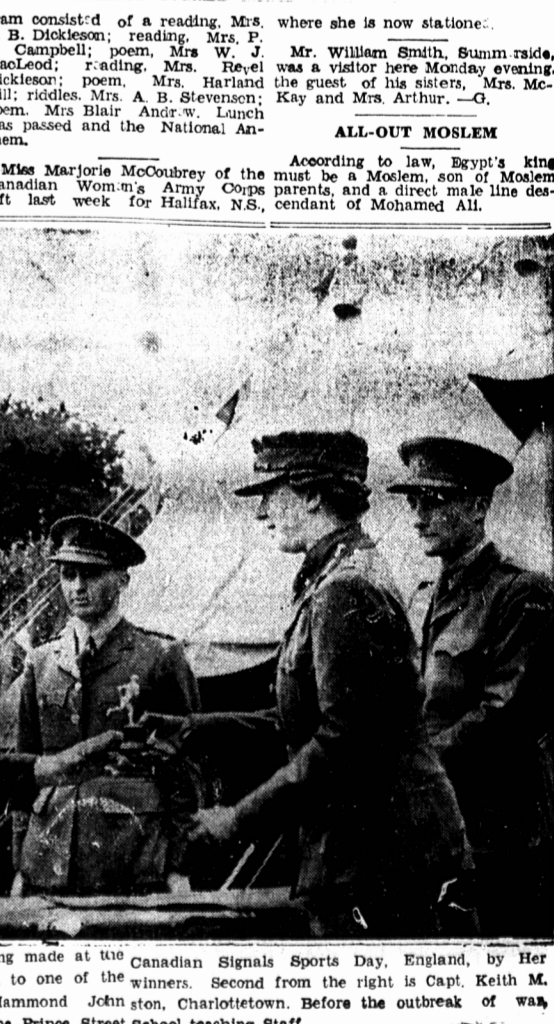
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The above shows a presentation being made at the Canadian Signals Sports Day, England, by Her Royal Highness, the Princess Royal, to one of the winners. Second from the right is Capt. Keith M. Johnston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond Johnston, Charlottetown. Before the outbreak of war, Capt. Johnston was a member of the Prince Street School teaching staff.

