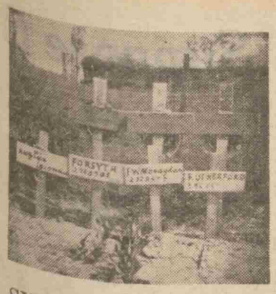

Well Done, Monsieur V

SUNDAY

DEAR Francis Gay,—I have just received this photograph of my brother's grave at Violaines, near La Bassee, on the borders of France and Belgium.

I wonder if it would be possible for you to publish it, as it shows the graves of two other soldiers—2928489 F. W. Monaghan and 396061 William Rutherford.

My brother, 2928705 Cpl. William C. Forsyth, serving with the Cameron Highlanders, laid down his life in April, 1940, at Violaines.

He was reverently buried by the French, who carefully collected and identified the bodies of our dead, and retained their personal effects. This was largely organised by a Monsieur Vaneker, who at risk of his life, kept hidden the personal property of his dead British friends until the B.L.A. arrived.

Other graves at Violaines, together with many "unknown soldiers," are: 2625860 J. P. M'Erlain, William Buchanan, 4197380 Sidney Cope, 5240838 Samuel Yarnold, 744807 J. Borthwick, 4914742 T. Fisher, 2927125 James Brown, 414344 "Aloy" M'Lean; 2932048 James Anderson.

M. Vaneker's address is simply Violaines, Pas de Calais, France.—Mrs Hamilton, 59 Bathgate Street, Glasgow E.1.

MONDAY

TRIBUTE has been paid to the women at home and well they deserve it.

But women in odd corners of the world are doing grand service. Listen to this R.A.F. sergeant in S.E.A.C.

I have just had a break and went to a Salvation Army canteen for some tea and cakes, he writes.

It is only a tent, and the women who run it are elderly. They do all the baking, etc., themselves.

It's surprising how much comfort one can find in such a place as this. These women are British and I do not suppose they will ever know how much good they are doing, for all we see are natives. Just to talk to these Salvation Army women is a pleasure.

TUESDAY

To you, Brave Boys; to you,
Dear Sons,
To you, Beloved Unseen,
We render thanks and honour due
For all that you have been.

In this our joy and triumph we
Feel your glad presence near;
Our joy is ever touched with pain
At losing you, so dear.

But have we lost you, Noble Souls
Who fought and cheered and died?
Are you not with us still, Dear Boys,
To comfort and to guide?

WEDNESDAY

WHAT a sweet, innocent, lovable, simple bit of life Peter is! At least, I think so.

He is just three, and when you see his round baby face and the big blue eyes and the slow, disarming smile, well, your heart melts, and that's all there is to it.

According to Peter's mother (and surely she ought to know) she went into the living-room yesterday, found an overturned ink-bottle, ink on the table-cloth, and ink on the wall.

She also found a conspicuous absence of Peter.

So she went in search of that young gentleman, and eventually found him sitting on the top step of the second flight of stairs. He looked a blessed angel, though his hands were in his tiny pockets.

As his mother approached her lips were set (so she says) in a thin, red line.

"Well?" she demanded.

There was a pause. Then a timid voice, accompanied by that slow, disarming smile, whispered:—"I was jus' finking. Mummy, 'bout being your little boy. There must be lots of little boys that haven't got a nice, kind mummy same as I have!"

Now what could a body do after THAT?

THURSDAY

RATHER odd, you know, talking about religion with a blonde in a crowded restaurant.

That's what I did when I was in London recently.

We had a corner table. An orchestra played dance tunes. There was the rush and swirl of city life about us. My companion, a girl of twenty-two with a biggish job at Whitehall, was chic and extremely modern.

She told me she adored dancing. She said she got a thrill out of making up. She confessed she was fond of the boys. She went on to say she was proud of her job. She added that she enjoyed dining out—sometimes.

Her eyes were full of laughter, and every movement of her spoke of energy and health and enthusiasm.

And then she said:—"You know, I used to be terribly worried—it nearly got me down. You see, at first I thought religion meant emptying life of its riches. I wanted to be good, but I didn't want to be anaemic, to miss the things that are thrilling to a girl, to remain a frump . . .

"Then I met David. We fell in love. He's abroad now, but we are more in love than ever. And David gave me a new interpretation of life. Don't think me too old-fashioned, please, but he and I gave ourselves to God one night, body, soul, and spirit . . conversion, if you like, re-dedication.

"Now I feel that as long as you love the good, sweet things, as long as you say your prayers and mean them, as long as you try to live finely and usefully . . . well, you can be religious in your heart and still get a kick out of life!"

It was all very odd. But as I looked at that girl with the steady as well as laughing eyes, with her radiance and charm, and that something else that spoke of true discipleship, I felt she was right.

FRIDAY

I WAS talking with a soldier the other afternoon. He was "resting" after long and strenuous service, and recuperating after losing his left foot.

"And how are things?" I asked.

He smiled. "Oh, well," he said, "they might be much worse, thanks. I'm doing fine now."

I was touched by his cheeriness.

We chatted quite a while. Then he said: "Fact is, you know, it doesn't matter a lot what happens to you, it's what you do when it happens. Guess I'm old-fashioned, but I've kept a bit of the faith my mother had."

He paused.

Then he went on: "Some time ago I read about a man taking his dog for a walk in the park, a frisky puppy, actually. The moment it spotted some pigeons on the path, it raced towards them.

"Funny thing was, the pigeons just went on feeding quite unconcerned until the puppy was within an inch or two; then they just spread their wings lazily, rose out of reach. And, well, that was that.

"I guess it's like that with me. I've had a tough time. There's no pretending otherwise. But I don't get too bothered. You see, when things get really desperate, well, I just spread the wings of faith, and always rise above my troubles."

SATURDAY

LET'S think about difficulties:—

"There is no excellence without difficulty," said Ovid, a Roman poet of over 1900 years ago.

"Great men rejoice in adversity as brave men triumph in war," wrote Seneca, about the same time.

"There's a thrill in doing what you don't like," remarked a friend of mine recently, "and a bigger thrill in getting it done!"

SEVEN DAYS HARD
By Francis Gay

"Beastly rotten game of footer," said a schoolboy. "We won six goals to nil. That's no fun."

"It's hard work digging in your allotment, but it's nice sitting down to your own new potatoes." So says one of my neighbours.

Yes, how true it is.

* * * *

CHRISTINE—Many thanks.

Oh dear, what can the matter be!
Jenny can't go to the Fair.
Her stockings are laddered until she's despairing,
She ought to have washed them through after each wearing.
It won't help a bit all her storming and swearing,
For Jenny can't go to the Fair.

Now that there's no Lux, you need to take more care when washing stockings. But rinsing through after wearing, even in water alone if you can't spare soap, restores elasticity—helps to prevent ladders.

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OUR CROSSWORD

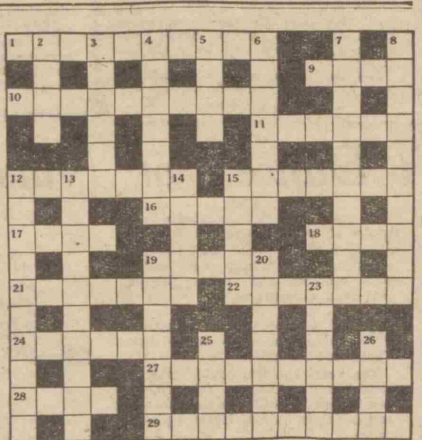
ACROSS.

1—Whisky to a Gael with us at the start.
9—Top, but not spinning.
10—This tradesman may be carried in what he makes.
11—Worn out—with the festival at the end?
12—Utterly confused.
15—The custodian has swallowed a rat.
16—This boring tool makes the doctor sick.
17—A jot.
18—A nautical mile.
19—Notes the teacher's cane makes.
21—Crazy.
22—To foreshadow with the end in sight.
24—There's a number in purpose.
27—Simple.
28—This kind of wire is an alert person.
29—She keeps us in stitches.

DOWN.

2—Small wood.
3—Last month with little Timothy inside.
4—Has she been called to the bar?
5—Press.
6—Odious putting mixed fuel beneath headgear.
7—You need a small account at first for favourable reception.
8—Famous but a child at heart.
12—This small rodent has surely caught cold.
13—Alluring.
14—The throng starts to boast in triumph.
15—Embrace with a serpent.
19—The dogs start in a south-easterly direction.
20—Stupid errors.
23—An irritable person puts one sailor after another.
25—Behead the scene of conflict and the girl is left.
26—Takes the wrong turning.

Sent in by Wm. Adam, 175 Wellfield Street, Springburn, Glasgow, N.



SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS—1 Casket, 5 Sophist, 10 Protests, 11 Bellow, 12 Amass, 13 Nectar, 16 Imagina, 18 Deeds, 20 Tenet, 21 Reforms, 25 Decent, 25 Dense, 27 Orchid, 28 Parasite, 29 Eleanor, 30 Result.

DOWN—2 Adoration, 3 Keeps, 4 Tots, 6 Pretender, 7 Inlet, 8 Towards, 9 Sprain, 14 Litre, 15 Leafy, 17 Attention, 19 Essential, 20 Tadpole, 22 Prefer, 24 Cache, 25 Draws, 26 Pair.

One Guinea is Paid for each Crossword Puzzle published.

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