

Airman bails out at 10,000 feet

Looked after by Belgian family

Returning after a raid on Duisburg an R.A.F. plane ran out of petrol over Belgium.

The crew had to bail out at 10,000 feet and an Australian flight-sergeant injured his foot in landing. He was looked after by a Belgian family.

F/Sgt. N. Reed tells of this experience in a letter to his mother, Mrs. O. Reed, Glad House Mountains, Qld.

I WAS on that extra heavy raid on Duisburg, flying with another crew as one of their gunners was sick. They were all good chaps, and we were certainly a Dominions crew. Three Aussies, two New Zealanders, one Canadian, and one Englishman.

We were hit by flak, and just after we left the target we found that we did not have enough petrol to reach England.

By the time we were well into Belgium we only had six minutes' flying time left. As we did not know where any downes were in Belgium, we started jumping.

It wasn't as hard to bail out as I thought it would be. When you know that you have to go, you just dive out and hope for the best. I won't say that I was cool, calm, and collected when I found myself falling. I did not think about counting, but just pulled the ripcord. They would never get me in the paratroopers. Still, they only fall a few hundred feet and their chute is opened for them.

We jumped from about 10,000

feet, and as it was dark I could not judge the height when I got near the deck. Boy, did I hit hard. It knocked the wind right out of me and I thought I had broken both feet. Luckily, I only landed about 20 yards from a house.

I crawled some of the way, and then found that I could hop on my left foot. When I hammered on the door I woke just about the whole village. At first I could not make anybody understand me, but they helped me to a house where some of the family spoke English after a fashion.

They treated me very well, and seemed to know something about medicine. They fixed my foot up to make it comfortable, and gave me some kind of strong drink. After that they cooked a couple of eggs for me. Knowing that they were short of food I tried to stop them.

My hair stood on end when I asked where the nearest British Army was, and they said, 'Not here.' For a second I thought I had been blown behind the German lines, and I knew I'd be flat out getting away with a broken right foot.

Actually, I was well inside our lines and our army had a field



TASMANIANS who are testmates in the Army. Back row, left to right: Dvr. Glennon, Hobart; Spr. Jack Webb, Launceston; Cpl. Hughie Thorne, N.W. Coast; Spr. George Garwood, N.W. Coast. Front row: Spr. Laurie Styles, N.E. Coast; Spr. Bill Anning, Hobart. Photo sent by Mrs. Webb, 8 Home Street, Invermay, Launceston, Tas.



"TROPPO" POSES by airmen up North. LAC K. M. Norris gives his impressions of a "sandowner," and LAC F. A. Flynn his impression of "the perfect airman, troppo type." Photos sent by LAC K. W. Pope, R.A.A.F., Pacific Area.

dressing station about four miles away.

From there I was sent to a general hospital in Brussels.

Visitors came every day, and even though they were short of food they always brought stacks of fruit, like grapes, pears, apples, and peaches.

I came back to England by air ambulance, and will be able to walk with a plaster on my foot by next Monday.

LAC E. P. Knoblanche, R.A.F., Canada, to his brother, M. Bruton, 19 Berry St., Regent's Park, N.S.W.:

MIL and Mrs. Dufrenelle, known to all Aussies in Canada as Marge and Bill, have extended to the Aussies in Canada the most marvellous hospitality.

The house itself is just a little bit of Aussie in Canada. A great 'roo skin hangs behind the living-room door. Mulga wood vases line the shelf and mantels. Thousands of Aussie scenes, books, and postcards fill a great bookcase.

The day I met her she was going off to the grave of an Aussie lad who had been killed in a crash more than a year earlier. She decorated his grave with beautiful blooms. To our looks of curiosity she answered, "You see, to-day is his birthday."

Able Seaman Ron Rideout, H.M.A.S. Rockhampton, to his sister, Miss Beryl Rideout, Hillcroft, Colliope, Qld.:

WE received an invitation from some Army officials ashore.

We passed over many battle areas where, not very long ago, the Aussie soldiers made themselves even more famous by belting seven bells out of the Jap.

No one, unless he knew something of this particular place, could possibly imagine the death and destruction of life that took place here when Australia was fighting

for her freedom.

All signs of this great conflict have been

erased by machinery, which has turned this recent battlefield into a huge base for a country at war.

All along the trail they have erected monuments with inscriptions such as "The 2/42 Batta. defeated the enemy here," or whatever the case may be.

Further on we passed the cemetery, where over 400 of our gallant Aussies lie at rest.

For them it was everything for

nothing. They gave their lives so that those who were left would be free from an enemy who, in my opinion, had 'had his time'.

THE letters you receive from your men. I talk to the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 6/1. For letter extracts 10/- or 2/- is paid.



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Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense.

Just get a small box of Oeles Compound from your chemist and mix up with a half-pint of water and a little perfume. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Richy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

I'M MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES, NOW I WASH WITH RINSO INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING OUT THE DIRT



THOSE RICHER SUDS JUST FLOAT OUT THE GRIME BY THEMSELVES, AND RINSO GIVES A FAR BRIGHTER WASH

THE MISSUS SAYS CLOTHES LAST AGES LONGER NOW SHE DOESN'T SCRUB WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS

