

5-1050380

SOUTH AFRICA MARCHES ON.

More Springboks trek North. Men from all parts of the Union parade before the Prime Minister, Field Marshal Smuts, prior to leaving their native soil to join their comrades already in the battle zones. The Germans with all their heel-clicking, goose-stepping and "Please Teacher" salutes cannot produce soldiers like the men of South Africa.

Rugged, tough and fighting fit, the Springboks are on their way to the troop trains which are to carry them to the port of embarkation. At the station there are last minutes goodbyes to near and dear ones. Partings are always sad, but it is for the liberty and happiness of their families that these men are leaving. In the issue of this struggle, lies the fate of all free peoples, and the men of the Union of South Africa (as of all the British Allies) know they are fighting for their children, and their children's children.

The docks are a mass of khaki men, as mighty troopships wait to play their part in the historic journey under the protection of the finest Navy in the world. On the quay members of the Women's Auxiliary hand the men gifts of cigarettes. Yes, real cigarettes, with no under-the-counter nonsense.

They're on their way and will soon be helping to knock the corners off the crooked cross, the Swastika. When these men have finished the job, they've set out to do, it will be "Thugs up", for Hitler will be back in the gutter.