

7,000 PEOPLE IN A RUSSIAN BREAD QUEUE

15 HOURS' WAIT FOR FOOD SHOPS TO OPEN

Frosty Vigil Lasts All Night

Black Bread 2s. Per Slice

Bands Of Homeless Children

"Three hundred homeless boys were herded to be taken away. One of them lay on the floor, his face red with fever. Typhus."

In this dramatic article Mr. Gareth Jones tells of the hungry thousands of Russians he saw last month at Kharhoff, the capital city of the Ukraine. Mr. Jones, who was until recently Mr. Lloyd George's special foreign adviser, is writing these remarkable articles exclusively for the "Daily Express."

TYPHUS SCENE AT STATION

By GARETH JONES

IN 1930 I saw Kharhoff, the capital of the Ukraine, from the air. A mass of scaffolding towered in the centre of the city, where there was to rise a range of skyscrapers. I could see thousands of men like ants hurrying here and there. The Soviets were building. In 1931 I again saw Kharhoff. The new houses and streets impressed me. There was a spirit of adventurous construction among many of the young workers. They were putting up at gigantic speed the vast tractor works. "We'll beat America," they cried.

In 1932 I have again seen Khar-

koff. It is no longer the city of 1930, when the skyscraper was the symbol of a happy future. The spirit of adventure of 1931 has disappeared. The cry, "We'll beat America," is muffled. I splashed my way through the streets. The early Russian thaw had suddenly come, and streams of water from the snow of yesterday poured along the gutters and formed pools in the middle of the road. The houses now looked dilapidated, as if no one cared for them.

Many of the new constructions were lying idle.

"They have been abandoned on account of financial difficulties," an expert told me.

A heap of stone for building stood at the side of the road. When I felt the stone it crumbled slightly between my fingers.

I went into one of the houses and examined the building work. The bricks, which were themselves good, had great gaps and only a minimum of mortar between each other.

On the opposite side of the road a church had been blown up and men were busy shovelling the masonry and carting it away.

I heard later that for a long time the workers had refused to work on the site of the destroyed church. "It is haunted," they said.

Peasant children seated on doorsteps shouted at me as I passed: "Uncle, give me some kopéks for bread."

HATED SOLDIERS

OF THE OGPU

Numbers of OGPU soldiers, with their green caps and black coats, were seen in the streets. They are hated by the peasants.

Before long I heard people shout and quarrel, and turning the corner I saw what was happening.

Outside a bread shop, the windows of which had been battered in, and were now boarded with planks, a hundred ragged people were crying: "We want bread."

Two Soviet policemen were keeping the people away from the doors and replying: "There is no bread, and there will be no bread to-day."

There was an outburst of anger. The queue lost its form and the mass of women and girls surged forward.

But citizens, there is no bread. Do not blame me," one cried in despair.

I went up to a man in the queue. "How long have you been standing here?"

"This is the second day," he replied.

The crowd would not disperse. There always remained a forlorn hope that a wagon of bread might suddenly turn up from the blue.

Some of the bread queues in Kharhoff number from four thousand to seven thousand people. They begin to assemble at about three to four o'clock in the afternoon, and stand all night in the bitter Russian cold.

At the opening of the shop at seven o'clock in the morning.

TRYING TO LAUGH AWAY THEIR SORROWS

No wonder, I thought, as I made my way to the queue. The people are bitter. This bitterness expressed itself in those biting witticisms with which the Russians try to laugh away their sorrows.

In Kharhoff I heard the following:—A house and a pig meet on the frontier of the Soviet Union. The house is going into Russia; while the pig is leaving.

"Why are you coming into Russia?" the pig asks.

"I am coming," the house replies, "because in Germany people are so clean that I cannot find a single place to rest my head. So I am entering the country."

ITALIAN POLICE APOLOGISE

WHEN THEY GET IN THE WAY OF A RACING CAR

"Daily Express" Correspondent. MILAN, Thursday.

Mr. George Eyston, the famous racing motorist, almost crashed into two Italian policemen to-day during a practice run here for the 1,000-mile road race, which starts on Saturday.

He expected instant arrest, but when the officials had regarded their composure they apologised for being in the way.

The reason for such lenience is because the race is run under Mussolini's orders, and some of his rules are:—Spectators and others must try not to be in the way during practice and the race.

Traffic must give way when drivers fear the roar of an approaching racing car.

We must show that the nation is disciplined.

During the race the British Daimler (baby) as the Italians call them (they are M.G. Magnettes), will be pitted against seventy of the finest racing cars that Italy can produce.

The drivers are Earl Howe, Sir Henry Driessin, George Eyston, and their assistants.

INFANT FOUND IN A BUS

"Daily Express" Correspondent. LEICESTER, Thursday.

The police here are endeavouring to trace the identity of a baby girl of about three, who was found in an omnibus travelling from Leicester to Birmingham last night.

She is well-dressed and had a small attaché case with a change of clothes, and a bag of food. No one saw her placed in the omnibus. She is too young even to tell her name.

FOOTBALL FIGHT SEQUEL

"Daily Express" Correspondent. SWANSEA, Thursday.

Hillside Athletic R.F.C. have been expelled from the Swansea and District Rugby League following the disturbance at St. Helen's Rugby ground here on Saturday when players and spectators became involved in a fight.

The match—a cup semi-final—was abandoned.

The executive committee of the league have asked referee Mr. Powell to take legal proceedings against the player by whom, it is alleged, he was struck, the expenses to be met by the league.

Soviet Union. But why are you leaving Russia?"

The pig answers: "In Russia to-day people are eating what we pigs used to eat. So there is nothing left for me, and I'm saying good-bye."

The market provides me with a proof of the truth of this allegory.

Ragged and diseased people loiter about the booths. A boy is selling two slices of doughy black bread, which he holds in his hand. "One rouble each," he says.

That means nominally 2s. for a slice of bread.

I do not forget, however, that millions of people can get their small supply of bread at a very low price at the co-operative shops, provided they have bread-cards.

The peasant beggars, whom one cannot avoid in Russia, are here in scores. Private traders, regarded by the Go-

Russia's Collapse No. 5

vernment as the scum of the earth, sell trinkets and odds and ends of clothing. One of them, with a hooked nose, a swarthy complexion and black hair, is doing a slow trade in long, plaited locks of hair.

"I am a Turk," he said, "a refugee after the war, but now I am doomed. I am a private trader. I get no bread card. I have no rights. I am taxed out of existence. I just hang on to my life, and that's about all."

As I walk through the market I notice

one group of people in the open air who sell home-made towels and clothes, some of which are decorated with artistic designs.

A drunken peasant reels and totters, laughing loudly—an example of the dangers of vodka upon an empty stomach.

Near by a little gipsy girl, about eight years of age, is singing a trizane song with all the dramatic emotion of an operatic contralto. After each song she bows a nod.

"Uncles, give me a rouble."

Further on I see another young queue, with its incessant bickering. At least a thousand people stand for bread, which is being sold at a high price.

A highly strung woman, seeing that I am a foreigner, snarls at me: "You see how fine it is here."

But the feature of the market which strikes me most is the number of ragged, homeless boys, the so-called "bezprizorny." With the fottest of rags and the most depraved of faces, they hover about.

In 1930 I saw few of these homeless boys. The Soviet Government had made a gallant fight to remove the swarms of ruffians who were the legacy of the civil war.

In 1931 I saw still fewer, although

they would sometimes shout in stations to passengers. "Give us cigarettes."

In 1932 I have seen the resurgence of the homeless boys. They wander about the streets of the towns. I have seen some being captured by the police and taken away.

When I left Kharhoff it was the homeless boys who remained as the last and deepest impression.

In the station waiting-room three hundred of them were herded to be taken away. I peeped through the window.

One of them near the window lay on the floor, his face red with fever and breathing heavily, with his mouth open.

"Typhus," said another man, who was looking at them. Another lay in rags stretched on the ground, with part of his body uncovered, revealing dried-up flesh and thin arms.

CLASS DIFFERENCES GREATER THAN EVER

I turned away and entered the train for Moscow. In the corridor stood a little girl. She was well dressed. Her cheeks were rosy. She held a toy in one hand and a piece of cake in the other. She was probably the daughter of a Communist Party member or of an engineer.

In 1932 there were class differences. In 1931 they were as great as ever. In 1933 they are one of the most striking features of the Soviet Union.

These children are not the relics of the civil war. They are the homeless children of hunger, most of them turned out from their homes to fend for themselves because the peasants have no bread.

The train rolled on to Moscow. (World copyright reserved.)

HORSE WITH A BROKEN BACK

JUMPS FOUR FENCES AND WALKS 18 MILES

"Daily Express" Correspondent. CORK, Thursday.

Veterinary surgeons are amazed at the case of a horse that jumped four fences with a broken back, walked eighteen miles home to his stables, and lived for eight days afterwards.

The night knight, a six-year-old gelding owned by Mr. Purcell, ran in the Visitors' Plate, a three-mile steeplechase, at Malinow on March 29.

He fell five fences from home, but was remounted and completed the course, finishing fifth of a field of eight.

Soon after reaching the stables, the knight collapsed. Then it was found that his back had been broken during the race. The horse died this morning.

U.S. BANKER INDICTED

NEW YORK, Thursday, April 6. Mr. Joseph Harriman, the former head of the Harriman National Bank and Trust Company, who was arrested on March 14, has been indicted before the grand jury on charges of having made fourteen false entries in the books of the bank. -Reuter.

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The Ovaltine Egg Farm extending to over 300 acres

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Facts to Remember

The world-wide success of delicious "Ovaltine" is due to the following facts:—

"Ovaltine" combines supreme quality with supreme value for money. The policy of its manufacturers has always been to provide in "Ovaltine" the maximum of health-giving nourishment of the highest possible quality at the lowest possible cost.

All the benefits of production on a vast scale have already been passed on to the public in the present low prices. Considering its unequalled quality "Ovaltine" is, therefore, the most economical food beverage you can buy.

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FOR giving and maintaining glorious good health and vitality—there is definitely nothing like "Ovaltine." Imitations may be made to look like "Ovaltine"—even some of its ingredients may be copied—but there the resemblance ends.

The facts are that these imitations—unlike "Ovaltine"—contain large percentages of household sugar and cocoa.

It is emphasized that "Ovaltine" does not contain any household sugar or any other cheap ingredient to give it bulk and to reduce costs—nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Sugar costs only 2½d. a pound, and can be added in the home if required for sweetening. It is certainly not necessary to pay a high price for it in the form of a mixture.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. The malt extract is specially manufactured from home-grown barley—there is none as good. The high quality of the eggs and milk is ensured by the "Ovaltine" Egg and Dairy Farms—acknowledged to be the most up-to-date in the country. We know of no other manufacturers of a food beverage who possess their own farms.

The extensive "Ovaltine" Factory in a Country Garden is a model of modern efficiency and hygienic perfection. The most scientific and labour-saving methods are employed. Even the air is washed and changed ten times an hour.

All these reasons contribute to the unequalled quality and value of "Ovaltine." If you are asked to accept a substitute for "Ovaltine," remember that "Ovaltine" quality cannot be sold at a lower price.

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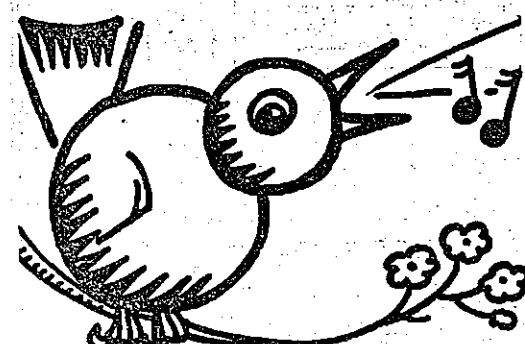
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