

ILLUSTRATED, June 12, 1943

EVERY WEDNESDAY 3<sup>0</sup>

# ILLUSTRATED

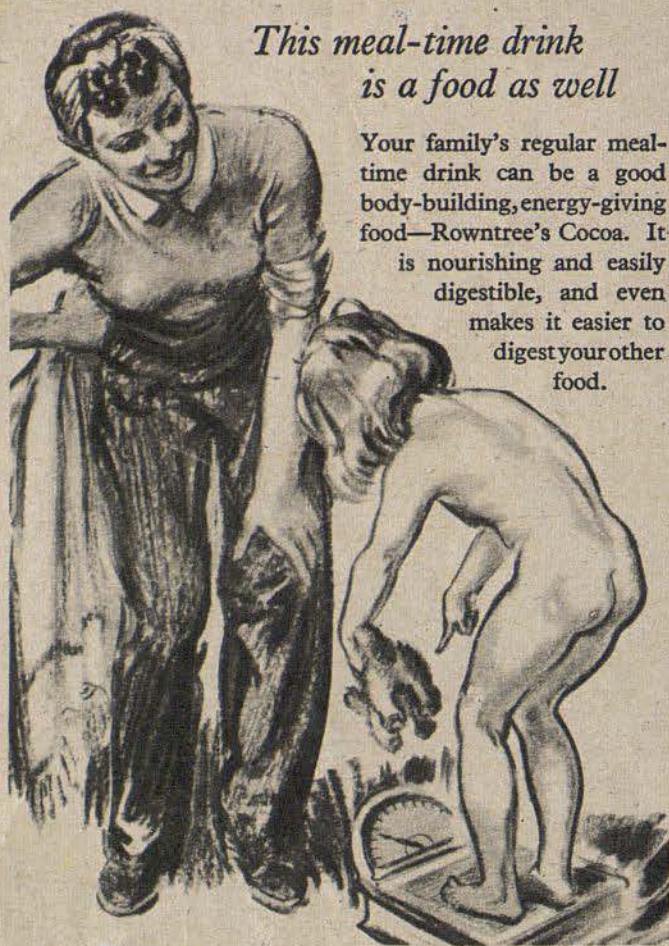
"MEAT  
HOUND"



**WINGS  
OVER  
ITALY**

**How a Gunner  
Dresses**—see pages 14 & 15



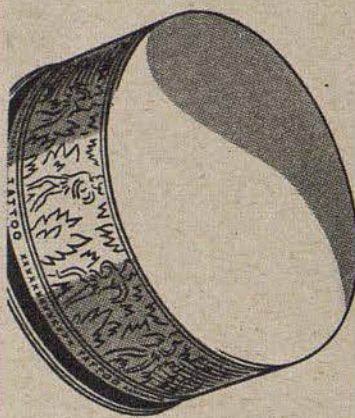


*This meal-time drink  
is a food as well*

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food—Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

**ROWNTREE'S COCOA**  
*makes every meal go further*

**So lovely  
this powder**



by  
**TATTOO**

Tattoo lasts and lasts almost beyond belief. It gives a new, subtle-soft smoothness, a freshness of satin-skinned youthfulness, a transparent depth which hands a bouquet to your complexion. Tattoo clings—like a soft-textured second skin you wouldn't lose if you could—and you can't.

**FACE POWDER**  
Four subtle shades  
Nude · Flesh · Brunette  
Narcissus · in large box  
4/11d. inc. Tax.  
Also small size.

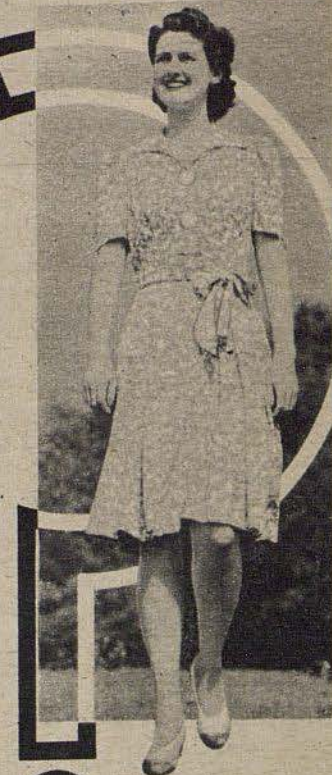


Why not be  
**FIT & SLIM**  
for Summer

**S**UMMERTIME! There is magic in the word—and what better time could you choose for making the resolution that with the help of Bile Beans, you're going to be more radiant, youthful and slimmer this Summer than ever before? Start now with Bile Beans—just a couple nightly.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans can be taken regularly with perfect safety. They purify your blood, tone up the digestive system and gently eliminate all fat-forming food waste.

Thus, Bile Beans spell fitness and vitality and make you healthily slim. So just remember and



"I decided to try Bile Beans and from the beginning noticed how my health and figure greatly improved. Friends marvel at the change and tell me that I look years younger."—Mrs. H. L. P., Staines.

Start To-night with

**BILE BEANS**

WHAT THEY DO AND WHAT THEY WEAR . . .

**THE  
MECHANISED  
TRANSPORT CORPS**



A khaki "British officer" tunic with a fleur-de-lis stamped on each button, royal blue piping round the cuff, royal blue arm-band with Corps title and crest worn on the right arm, brown leather belt and peaked cap—that's the uniform of the Mechanised Transport Corps. This Corps was founded in February 1939 to supply trained women drivers able to serve in war in any capacity at home or overseas. They were among the first British women drivers to serve in France in 1940. They did fine service driving ambulances through all the air-raids. The M.T.C. drive any vehicle from six-wheel lorries to small cars. The Corps is indeed helping in the drive to victory.

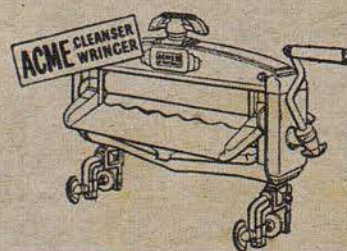
WHETHER the job you're doing is in or out of uniform, whether you serve in a factory, an office, a shop or in a home, you'll value the renewed vigour that comes with Personal Freshness for both work and recreation. So it's well worth remembering that Personal Freshness can be renewed simply and daily by the regular use of

**LIFEBUOY  
TOILET SOAP**



**Up at the  
Hall . . .**

they could do with six Acmes instead of one. Fifty convalescents mean a mountain of washing—but that stout little Acme stands up to the strain perfectly. You see there aren't any new Acmes to be had—the makers' former employees have been at action stations since the day war broke out. In the meantime, the Hall's lucky to have even one—most of you will just have to borrow! But some day . . .



**ODEON** LEICESTER SQUARE WHI. 6111 **JUNE 10**

WE HAVE THE HONOUR TO ANNOUNCE!

THE  
*World Premiere*  
**ANTON WALBROOK**

WHO SURPASSES HIMSELF!  
**DEBORAH KERR**

WHO REACHES NEW HEIGHTS!  
**ROGER LIVESEY**

WHO IS SENSATIONAL!  
THE LIFE & DEATH OF COLONEL

THE EPIC ENTERTAINMENT OF THIS CENTURY

**BLIMP**

in **TECHNICOLOR**  
WRITTEN PRODUCED & DIRECTED  
by **MICHAEL POWELL**  
Emeric PRESSBURGER





Only good food can give the kiddies the bone, brain and muscle that will make them into healthy, sturdy men and women. So invest your precious Points in Weetabix, for it is the whole of the wheat, easily served and digested. It gives energy, builds and strengthens—and how the kiddies love it! It is more than a breakfast food and can be served in many appetising ways. Keep it first on your Points-list.

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½<sup>D</sup>. LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1½<sup>D</sup>  
WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

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## A queue with a difference

The thing to keep in mind about a circulating library is that it is just that—a circulating library. The books in it must circulate in turn—another aspect of the queue system, but with the difference that without taking any unfair advantage over your fellows you can buy a place near the head of the queue.

In W. H. Smith & Son's Library there are three main services. At the head of the queue is the Preferential service, for those who want something more than normal circulating library service—who want, for the most part, only new books, more or less on demand. Next is the "A" service, which might be described as Smith's standard service, an all-round supply to meet all general needs. A high proportion of new books

is included. And then there is the "B" service, for the reader who is content with an abundant choice of books and who is not worried by the fact that they are not the latest books. The difference between the three is not at all a question of the merit or literary worth of the books provided, but solely one of "newness," the speed with which a new book becomes available to the subscriber.

A year's reading costs £2.3.0, £1 or 10/- for the Preferential, "A" or "B" services respectively. (Six months, three months, or one month at slightly higher proportionate rates.)

Each service provides unlimited reading. There is no restriction on the number of times a book may be exchanged; a fresh book can be had daily if necessary. There are exchange depots at nearly all W. H. Smith & Son's shops and many of their station bookstalls, and a postal service direct from the Head Office for those who cannot conveniently use any of the Company's Library branches. The Chief Librarian will be glad to be allowed to send you further details.



W.H. SMITH & SON, Ltd. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON W.C.2

## Recovering from SCIATICA thanks to Fynnon Salt

"When I think of all I have suffered," writes Mrs. J. G. McD., "I cannot praise Fynnon Salt enough. I have been a sufferer from sciatica and hardly able to walk about. I tried almost everything without result. I saw the Fynnon advertisement in the papers, and as a last resort I thought I would try Fynnon Salt. I am now on the second tin, and thanks to the same, I am well on the way to recovery."

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and sciatica. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. Prices include Purchase Tax. Get yourself a tin today!



Take Fynnon Salt if you suffer from Salt Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Neuritis or Sciatica

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex 514



and keep your shoes fit for walking

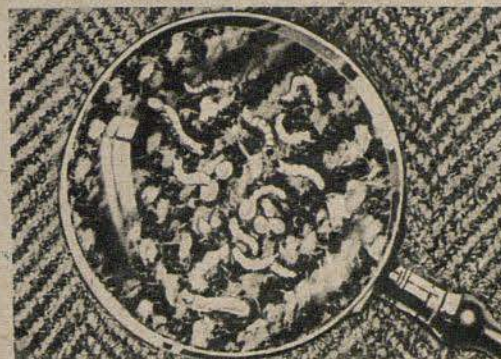
USE SPARINGLY—SUPPLIES ARE RESTRICTED

CB/20

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE



## IT'S THE MOTH GRUB THAT DOES THE DAMAGE



WOOLLEN clothes, carpets, blankets, furs—the things that are most difficult to replace are the things moths damage most. At this time of the year the danger is prevalent, so take good care you are not caught napping.

Remember, that it is the grub, not the moth itself, that does the damage. Hatching out from almost invisible eggs laid in any dark folds, the tiny larvae eat away precious fabrics just as a caterpillar eats away a cabbage leaf. But sunshine and air will rid you of the damage.



**AIR EVERYTHING** not in constant use every two or three weeks. Choose a sunny day and beat and brush your things thoroughly in the fresh air.

**GO HUNTING** under coat collars and in pockets for signs of moth—these are their favourite haunts, so it's wise to go over your things almost inch by inch.

**DON'T PUT AWAY** garments that need cleaning—moths love dirt and always go first for any soiled spots.

**PRESS WITH A HOT IRON** over a damp cloth where airing is difficult or the things are too heavy to move. This is specially recommended for carpets.



**KEEP CLOTHES CUPBOARDS WELL SCRUBBED**, particularly in the corners, where dust collects.

## Moths dislike being disturbed

## "Headaches

and stomach pains... that's all I get these days. I'm always being filled with the wrong spirit. How can they expect a decent well-bred lighter like me to be cheery and bright unless I get genuine pre-war vintage... "Permanol" is what I want. I've seen old b-lighters light up with joy at the very sight of a little capsule of "Permanol"—and as for a whole bottle... !!!"



## PERMANOL

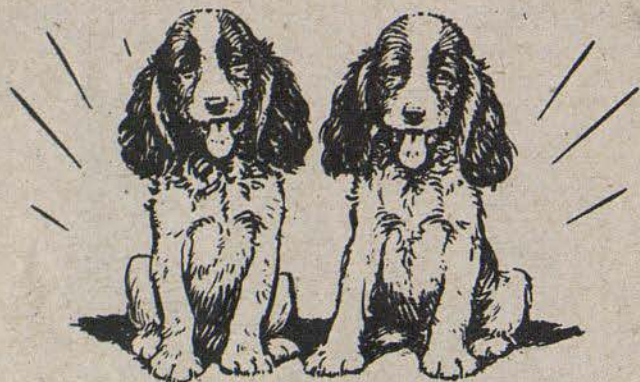
THE LIGHT FIRST TIME LIGHTER FUEL

Obtainable everywhere: 20 oz. CANS 2.8d. 10 oz. BOTTLES 1.6½ and CAPSULES 1½d. PERMALON LIMITED, LONDON, W.1



# We're lucky dogs

both our masters are old "Chappie" customers!



Vets and breeders agree that "Chappie" keeps all breeds of dogs fit and happy. But unfortunately the sale of "Chappie" must, in all fairness, be restricted to old customers only, until after the war. If you are not one of the lucky ones now, make up your

mind that when peace comes and full supplies of "Chappie" are available again, you will never feed your dog on anything else. It's quite likely anyway that his luckier doggy pals have told him to bark for "Chappie" every day when the war is over!

## SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE.

BONES—even those your dog has done with—are vital to the war effort. Salvage every scrap and put out for collection.



In air-tight jars, too.

# "CHAPPIE"

# DOG FOOD

# 5" of water...

(that's patriotism)



# a tablet of WRIGHT'S

(that's practical)

Gad sir! They're right about Wright's. What a magnificent lather with just a spot of warm water (or cold if you're a spartan). And what a clean job of work after a night on duty. And what a fine reconditioning for another day's work.

# WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

One tablet—one coupon

7½d. per tablet (tax included)

# Babies first, please!

Once upon a time he was so puny, so fretful, and nothing would stay on his stomach. Mother was worried out of her life—until she tried Nestlé's Milk. Then, almost overnight, a change came about. Mother says Nestlé's was a god-

send. And all because Nestlé's Milk, with its concentrated goodness of rich country milk is so prepared that the most delicate baby can digest it with ease.

Issued by Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd.



# Utility Models



If your dealer doesn't happen to have this model, he will probably have a Lotus or Delta shoe that will suit your purpose equally well.

# by Lotus

THERE ARE LOTUS & DELTA AGENTS IN MOST LARGE TOWNS

# Which is your flavourite?



# Yorkshire Relish

THICK or THIN

New Controlled Prices:

THICK 11d. THIN 11d. & 1/3d.

Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Ltd., Leeds

# A duty you owe your cat



By enrolling your cat or dog on the Narpac Animal Register you safeguard them against everyday risks as well as the hazards of wartime. Here are the benefits. STREET ACCIDENTS: Narpac pay Veterinary fees incurred. LOSS OR STRAYING: Narpac arrange for safe return of pet. AIR RAIDS: Narpac activities include rescue of all animals, free housing and treatment, evacuation to new home—for which services Narpac has Government recognition and support.

Remember, registration is a permanent safeguard—and 1/- a year is all it costs. Enrol your cat or dog now.

# NARPAC ANIMAL REGISTER



## POST THIS

to the Narpac Animal Register, Bond Street House, Clifford Street, London, W.1, or hand it to your nearest Narpac Depot.

I enclose.....shillings as Annual Subscription. Please send Identity Disc(s) for .....dog(s).....cat(s). Subscription: 1/- a year (stamps or postal order) for each animal.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss).....

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ADDRESS.....

Issued by the National A.I.P. for Animals Committee; registered under the War Charities Act, 1940





**MUCH CEREMONIAL** always surrounds each new opening of Spain's Parliament, the Cortes, which slavishly obeys Spain's Dictator. General Don Francisco

Behamonde Franco, resplendent in white gala uniform, addresses its subservient assembly at the annual ceremony when 400 new members were duly sworn in

## "Peacemaker" Franco

**Despite Allied rebuffs, Spain's leader still clamours for a patched-up peace. Why he does so—and with what prospect of success—is explained in this revealing article by VICTOR SCHIFF**

**T**WICE within less than one month the Spanish Government has let the world know that it is prepared to act as an intermediary for peace.

The first feeler was stretched out by the Foreign Minister, General Count Jordana, in a speech at Barcelona on April 16 last.

The American Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, commented forthwith: "The sole objective of the United Nations is unconditional surrender."

And Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, when questioned in the House of Commons, echoed: "I am glad to have this opportunity to state that this is also the view of His Majesty's Government."

Yet, undeterred by these curt rebukes, General Franco himself came back to the subject on May 9 in a

speech at Almeria. And he was even more vehement than Jordana.

He called it "a folly to delay peace" and proclaimed that "none of the belligerents has the strength to destroy the other."

But both Mr. Cordell Hull and Mr. Anthony Eden replied with the Casablanca words: "Unconditional surrender!"

It is not surprising that it is the Spanish Government which tries to act as a mediator.

We have known since last winter that a German "peace offensive" was coming after all German military offensives—against Stalingrad, against the Caucasus and against Egypt—had failed.

Quite naturally the Axis has chosen as its instrument for a mediation the Government of Spain as that



**MEMBERS OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE** always attend the opening of the Cortes de Espana. Above are two, Dr. Teotonio Pereira, the Portuguese Ambassador, and our Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare

OVER →





**GENERAL FRANCO** is to the Falangist party what Mussolini is to the Fascists. And, as the party leader,

of the most important country in the world still left out of the war.

But what is surprising is that the cold-shouldering of his Foreign Minister by the Allied statesmen had so little effect on the "Caudillo" that he made personally a second attempt after such a short interval.

He must have been pressed by the Germans to do so. It is not for nothing that the Wilhelmstrasse, after the sudden and mysterious death of von Moltke, its ambassador in Madrid—who left Spain in a coffin within two months after presenting his credentials—appointed as his successor one of its ablest professional diplomats who had consistently kept aloof from the

he keeps the closest contact with its chiefs. Here he is seen in Huelva with Falangist Secretary-General Arrese

Nazi Party, Dr. Dieckhoff, whose last post abroad was that of an ambassador in Washington.

He is one of those cynics who, in their hearts, probably detest and despise the Hitlerite regime, but who were too ambitious to resist seizing the opportunity of making headway in their career.

Besides, he is a Roman Catholic, and that is an extremely important asset for an ambassador in Spain.

But even the cleverest German diplomat would not have succeeded in prompting Franco to repeat after such a short time Jordana's mediation offer, if there were not something more at stake for the Spanish Government than the fate of Germany and Italy.



**POLITICAL PRISONERS** in their "model" jail at Valencia, listen to a concert by the prison band directed



**A PRISON IN MADRID.** Inmates are wives of loyalist soldiers whose only crime often was that they sympa-

The simple explanation is that Franco knows that his own regime cannot survive a collapse of Hitler and Mussolini.

Fascist Spain is a child of German Nazism and Italian Fascism. It was in Berlin that the military plot against the Spanish Republic was hatched.

The prospective leader of the rebellion, General Sanjurjo, discussed all the details of the military rising at a secret conference in the German capital with German and Italian ministers and generals. It was just bad luck for him that on his way to Seville where he was to give the signal for the "putsch," he crashed to death on Portuguese soil.

General Franco had then to step in at the last minute as the leader.

Franco had never more than perhaps one third, at his best forty per cent, of the Spanish people on his side. Most of those who acclaimed his victory in March, 1939, hailed it only because it was supposed to mean the end of a nightmare, the end of misery and of hunger.

But Franco has proved incapable of restoring prosperity in the country which he had plunged into ruin by his "putsch."

He can only rule by keeping—for more than three years now—nearly one million men and women in prisons, concentration camps and slave gangs, workers, peasants, professional people; not only "Marxists" or anarchists, but also very mild liberals.

All Spain has become a volcano in which the lava of hatred is gradually reaching boiling point. The Army, and even more, the police, see to it that it does not explode. But the vast majority of the people look forward to the day on which they will reconquer their lost liberties.

They know that this day will coincide with that on



by a noted musician. This and the picture below show scenes from the *March of Time* film, *Inside Fascist Spain*



thized with their husbands' political beliefs. Four years after the end of civil war, they are still living in prison

which the Casablanca terms will be enforced upon the German and Italian protectors of Fascist Spain.

And that is why General Franco is so anxious to be accepted as a peace intermediary by the Allied nations. He knows that his only chance of survival is a stalemate in the European war.

Then, perhaps, his prestige as a successful peace-maker might be restored at home to the extent that he might carry on for a few more years.

Yet, because he is aware of his growing unpopularity he is also prepared to have the monarchy restored. But in that he meets fierce resistance within his own Falangist party.

The first attempts of Fascist Spain to bring about a negotiated peace will probably be followed by others, in spite of all rebukes.

But it is much too late for all such efforts. When Britain stood alone three years ago, Franco was not talking of peace, nor offering his mediation. He was rather thinking of grabbing Gibraltar.

When London, Birmingham and Coventry were blitzed night after night, Franco was not shedding crocodile tears over the fate of these cities and their civilian populations. He was then probably rather admiring the efficiency of the Luftwaffe which had so decisively helped to win his own struggles by testing its bombs over Guernica, Madrid and Barcelona.

But now that Lancasters and Flying Fortresses are settling these old accounts, the hearts of the Spanish Fascists bleed over the ordeal of the German and Italian towns.

General Franco may repeat his offers with desperate stubbornness—he will no more change the course of things, neither in Germany, nor in Italy—nor in Spain!



**DIPLOMAT** and man of letters, the Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. He was recently elected to the Spanish Royal Academy



**DR. HANS DIECKHOFF**, Nazi Ambassador to Spain, was formerly in U.S. He has to work hard to make Spaniards have faith in the invincibility of German arms



**PRINCE AND PRINCESS DON JUAN** of the Asturias representing the Royal House of Spain. Many Spaniards still hope for a return of the monarchy to restore prosperity



**FRANCO'S BROTHER-IN-LAW**, the ex-Foreign Minister Don Ramon Serrano Suner, is a member of the

Spanish Cortes. Here he is seen at the opening ceremony being received by the President, Don Esteban Bilbao



# A Model Holiday

**N**o one is better at making the most of a situation than is the Briton. Thus, although another summer of war see Holidays at Home still the watchword, ingenuity and initiative in plenty are being brought to bear in making those holidays bright ones.

ILLUSTRATED shows on these pages pictures taken by cameraman J. Esten which prove this. Occasion was a meeting of the Model Power Boat Association held in Victoria Park, Hackney, London. And it was every bit as well attended as were its peace-time meetings at the same place.

Founded nineteen years ago, the association was created to organize international regattas. Of course, such events are impossible in this day and age, but even so, the meetings are still as popular as ever, and many a Londoner spending a holiday at home has had it enlivened by watching a meeting in Victoria Park.

Just before the war the association numbered 1,500 members, all of them enthusiasts and real experts at their hobby, and today, many of those pre-war members are still able to follow their bent, bringing a remarkable amount of skill and ingenuity to the business of constructing, improving and racing these little craft.

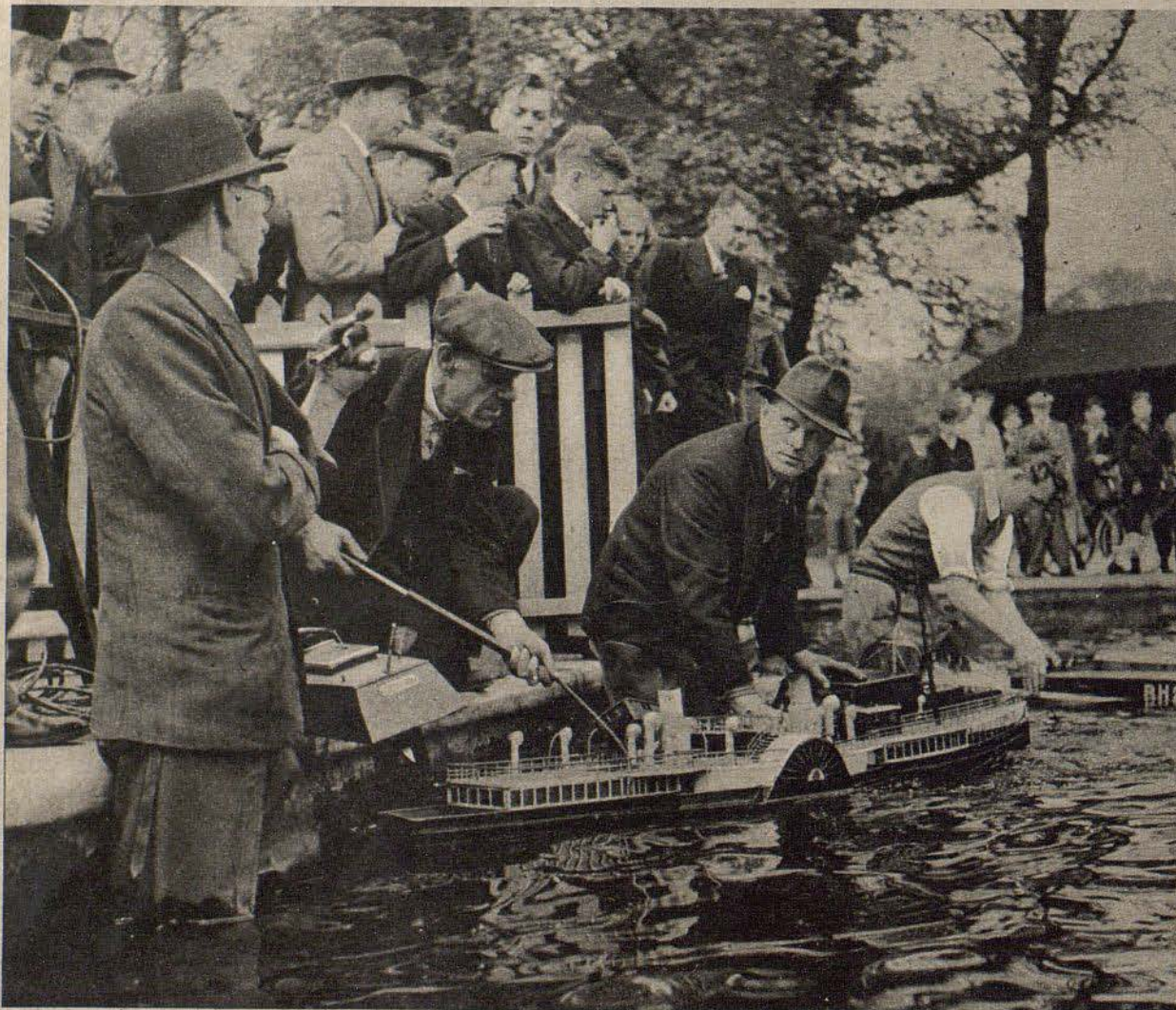
And, far from falling off, the membership today is close upon the two thousand mark, while there are over forty clubs connected with the sport which dates back to 1904.

There are excitements and thrills in plenty to be found at the meetings organized by the Model Power Boat Association, and the large audiences thoroughly appreciate not only the successes but also the misfortunes that come the way of the gallant craft on the lake.



**TENSE AND CRITICAL** audience watch the efforts of their elders to handle the craft on the waters of the

lake. Model power-boat racing is essentially an adult sport, but the youngsters already count themselves as experts



**PREPARING A MODEL** of the *Royal Sovereign* for one of the races. Competitors take the business of getting their models ready very seriously indeed. This boat is a

perfect replica of the famous pleasure steamer that was known to thousands of peace time holiday-makers. This model runs on flash steam, and pressure is being pumped into it

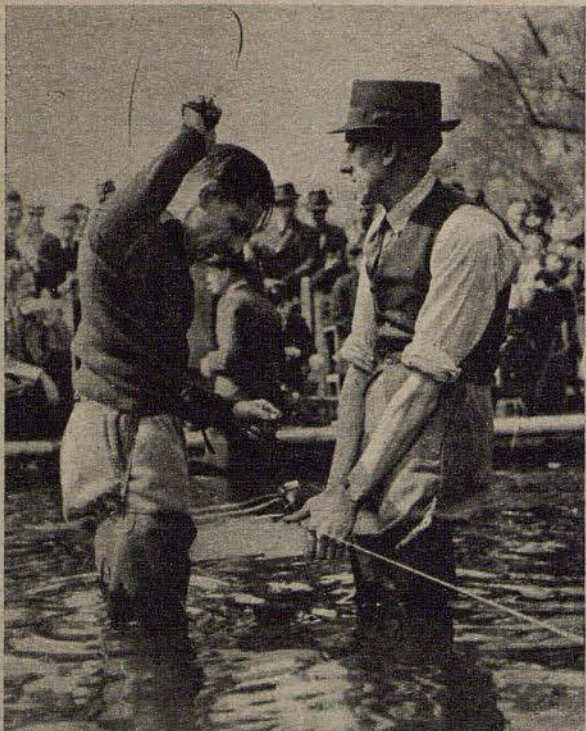


**RACES ARE TIMED** to the hundredth part of a second by this intricate chronograph. Mr. J. B. Skingley, the Honorary Secretary operates it during the meeting



**THIS COMPETITOR** in the model Steamboat Class is master of a Thames tug. And his model which he has constructed himself is a replica of the tug in question





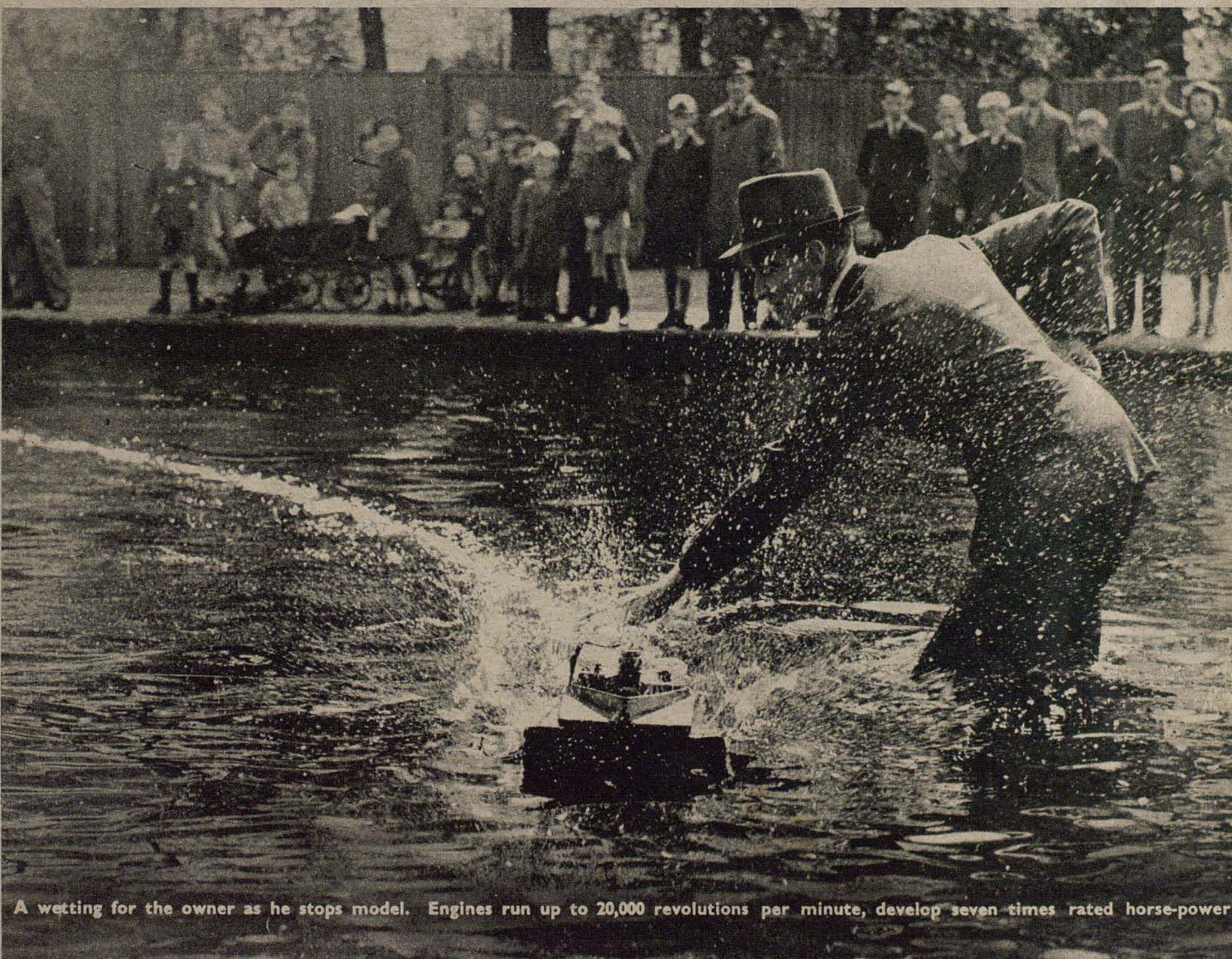
**WADERS** are order of day. Competitor on left is not whipping his model into action, but starting engine by means of long thong. Many competitors are old friends



**ONE OF THE POWER BOATS** has come to grief in the lake and has shipped a lot of water. But its owner is on hand to put matters right by emptying out the water



**FILLING UP** with lighter fuel which provides the motive power of the model. Models circulate round a tripod in centre of the pond, every lap being equal to one hundred yards



A wetting for the owner as he stops model. Engines run up to 20,000 revolutions per minute, develop seven times rated horse-power



# They Man Australian Beaches



**WHEN ALL BUT FOUR** of the sixty members of the Life-saving Club at Terrigal, in New South Wales, went on active service, their wives and girl-friends decided to take over their tasks. Having gone through a thorough course of training, the girls, some of whom are seen above

giving a demonstration on the beach when they went through "alarm" drill, are fully qualified for rescue work. And they are as keen as mustard on their voluntary duties. In this picture, a team has just raced to the reel which they have run across the beach to the best tactical position

for the rescue about to be undertaken. While four of them fix the reel and prepare to pay it out, a fifth dons the belt. Although girls swim out to a victim when they are under instruction, in practice, this particular branch of their rescue work is undertaken by the male life-guards



**RESCUER** (left) demonstrates one method of holding a patient while swimming. It is used only when the patient is passive and offering no resistance



**WHEN A SCARED PATIENT** secures a left arm hold on rescuer's neck, the grip is broken by forcing back head. At same time, right arm is lifted over head




**HAVING BROKEN** patient's double arm encircling hold on neck, rescuer breaks grip. This is effected by forcing the patient's right arm over the head



**BREAKING** a dangerous double arm lock by patient. When the rescuer has freed herself, she secures an arm lock on the patient until she has quietened





Here is Miss Constance Burgess, 23 years old Huddersfield girl arriving at Burcott Lodge School to take the special course from which she will pass out as forewoman

## Land Girl Leaders

**A**MONG the many thousands of girls in the Women's Land Army are scores who bring to their job more than a love of the land, the will to work hard and a determination to help Britain's farmers to provide our daily bread.

For years now they have filled the gaps which the call of the Services has made in the rank and file of the agricultural workers. Their enthusiasm and sheer hard work has often achieved more than old hands at the game have done before.

But now the natural leaders in their own ranks are emerging and the country has been quick to appreciate their special talent and capabilities.

Buckinghamshire's War Agricultural Executive Committee has gone a long way towards enabling such girl candidates for leadership to acquire the special knowledge which will qualify them as forewomen.

After they have shown their mettle as ordinary land girls, after long preliminary experience, Buckinghamshire W.A.E.C. admits them to Burcott Lodge School for a special overseers' training course where they learn all

the intricacies of agricultural organization.

When they have passed that course they are grade "A" forewomen who will not only be able to tackle every agricultural job in hand, but also know something about the vital post-war task of British agriculture and all engaged in it.

They will be quickly on the spot if a farmer requires additional labour. Trained to grasp every problem they will tell him how many hands they need to accomplish the task, how long it will take them, what the expense will be. Time and wage sheets are being prepared by them.

That these girls have the qualifications for leadership is evident because the Agricultural Labour Officer picks the candidates for the special course from among the girls' own chosen leaders.

And when they are grade "A" forewomen they will not only direct their own gangs—their responsibility extending over two parishes—but also all the other auxiliary labour.

Watch these girls at work and note their skill and their energy. Then you will understand why Britain today is one of the best fed countries of all the belligerents in the war.





**FOREWOMEN CANDIDATES** of the Women's Land Army in Buckinghamshire live in hostels. They set out by bike or lorry to the farm school for a day's hard training



**ONE OF THE SUPERVISORS** instructs Miss Burgess, Grade "A" land girls are turned out by co-ordination of theoretical teaching and considerable practical experience

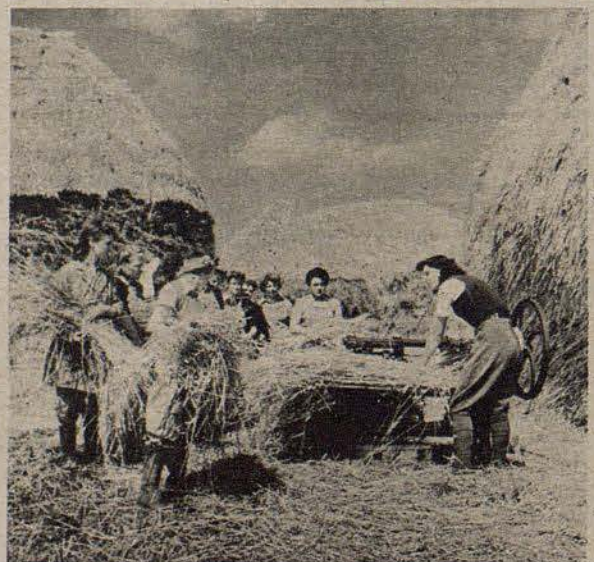


**GRADE "A" FOREWOMAN** Miss Burgess takes charge of her team at a demonstration on a sack-lifting machine. These sacks of grain often weigh more than

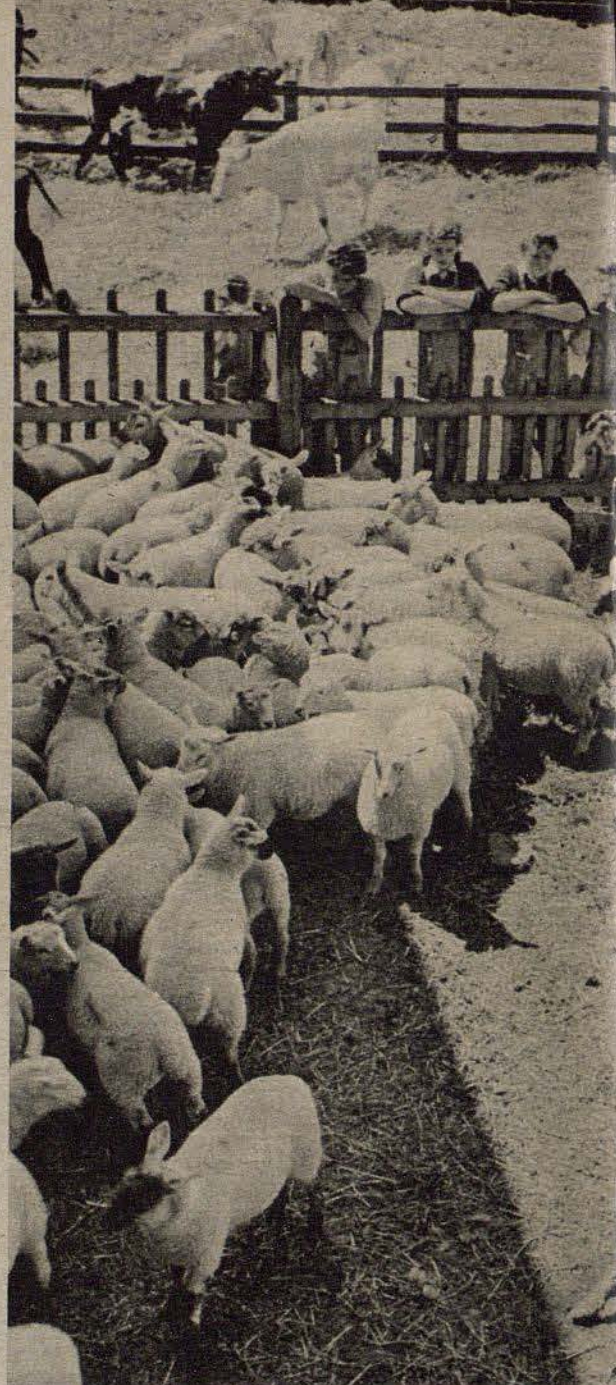
3 cwts. But the girls are taught to use skill as well as strength. They soon learn to handle the agricultural machine that enables them to load heavy sacks on to lorries



**MISS BURGESS LEADS HER TEAM** at work on the threshing machine which neatly separates the husks from the grain, sorts the grain automatically and compresses the stems into bales. Soon the girls become expert at handling the intricate agricultural implements



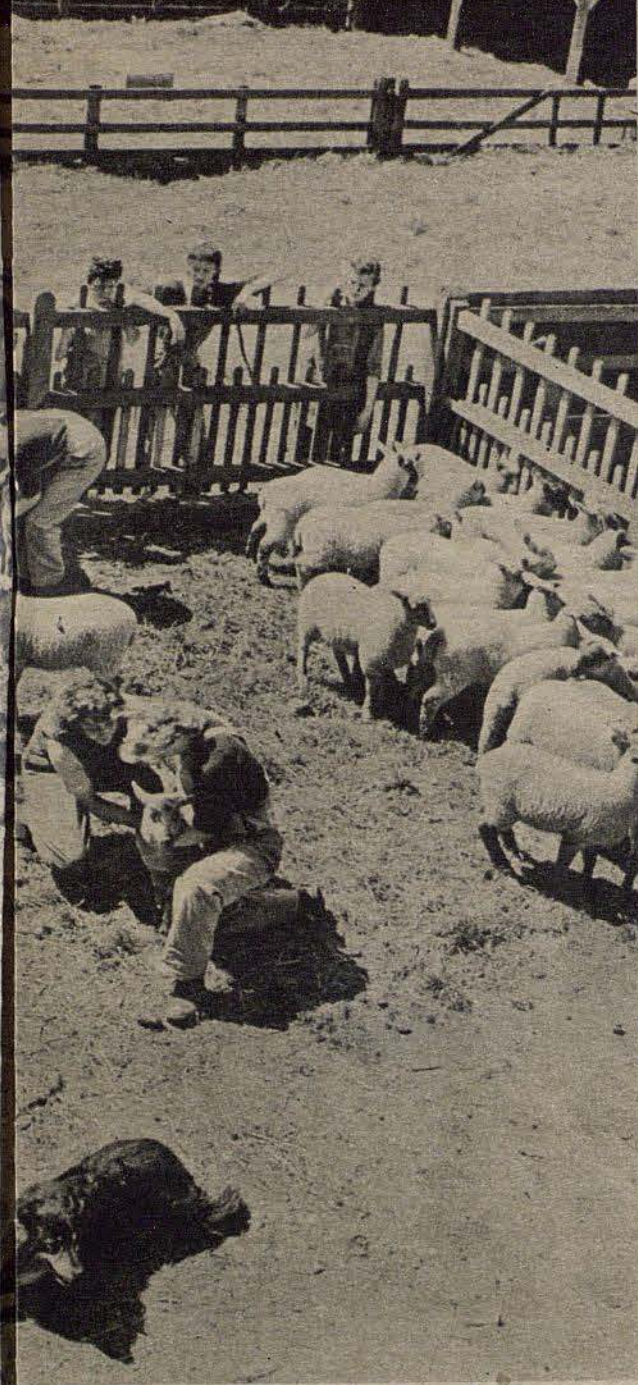
**THE GIRLS ARE SHOWN** by Miss Burgess how to make a thatch on a haystack. They learn to prepare these thatched roofs which are essential for the protection of the stack against the weather and dampness which, paradoxically, sometimes causes them to catch fire



**AFTER A DAY'S GRAZING** the sheep have been brought back safely. Miss Burgess and her girls attend to the lambs who need special care; must be fed with



**VAST AREAS OF WASTE LAND** have been cultivated in the last three years. This work of reclamation entails digging ditches for drainage, as Miss Burgess and her team are doing, and trimming the hedges round the fields. Ditching and hedging is the A.B.C. of farming



bottles. They soon learn the art of shearing sheep at record speed. To feed pigs economically and to milk cows with modern electrical equipment are among other tasks



**EVERY FOREWOMAN** passed out from Burcott Lodge School must have a sound knowledge of first aid and, like Miss Burgess, must be able to apply it to members of her gang. Serious injuries are rare but land girls often meet with minor accidents which need attention



**BURCOTT LODGE FARM SCHOOL** provides a scientific diet for trainees. The girls' health is an important factor in their successful work and the executives devote much care to it



**EVENINGS ARE OFTEN SPENT** on discussions. Here Miss Burgess talks over the day's work with the members of her team and organizes the next day

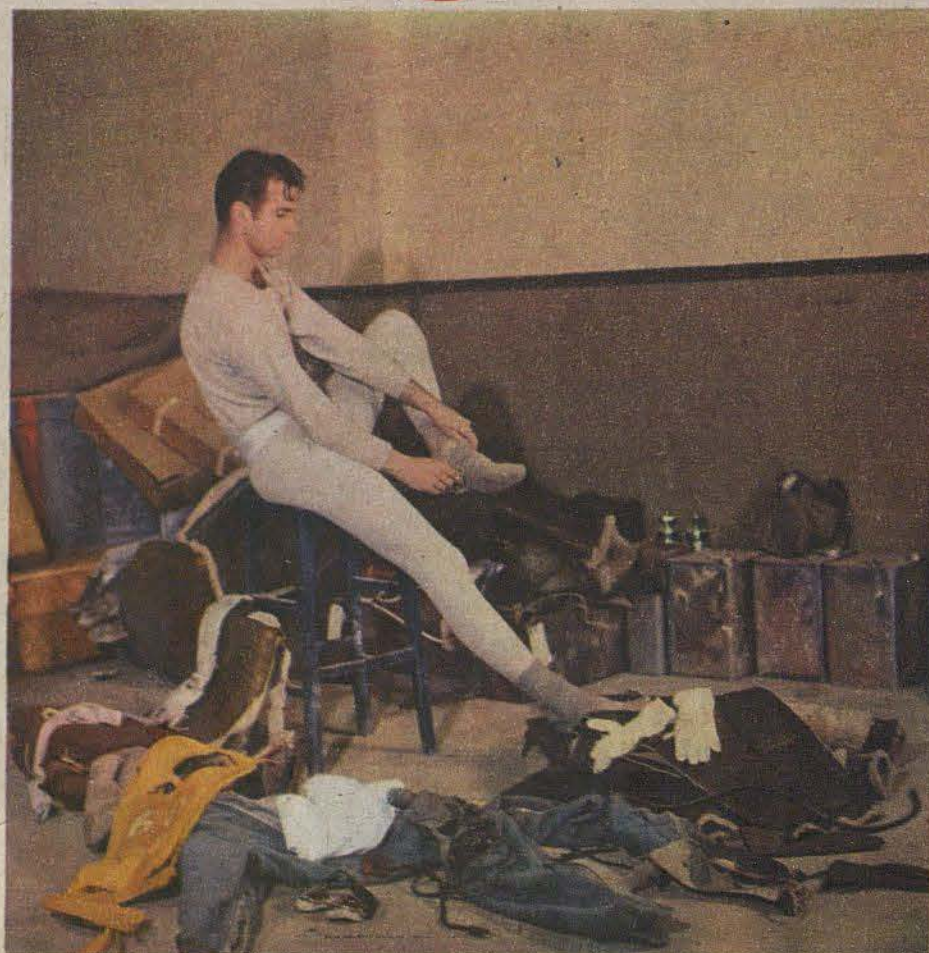


**FINAL EXAMINATION** in the class-room from which the girl candidates of Burcott Lodge School will be passed out as grade "A" forewomen, capable of taking charge of their own teams. The examinations cover theoretical details of every aspect of modern

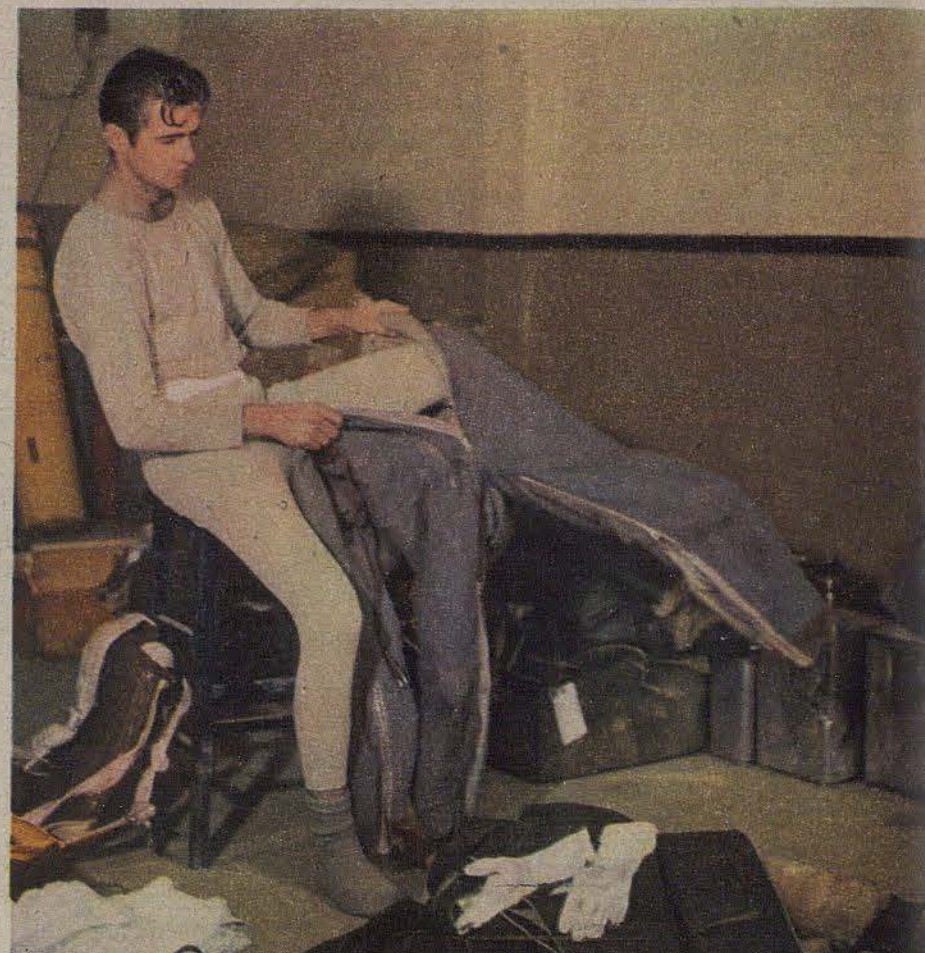
farming and efficiency in practical application. The girls can handle a horse and a tractor. Whether farmers want help in the nurseries or in the orchards, in the pig-sty or in the cow-shed, on rough virgin soil or on wide wheat-fields, the girls are ready and able to render it



# The Right Waist Gunner of a Flying Fortress Dresses for Action



**1** Staff Sergeant Frank T. Lusic from Michigan, U.S.A., is a Right Waist Gunner in a Flying Fortress, who has seen plenty of action over Germany. In these pictures he dresses. He has to get inside all those clothes on the floor



**2** Next his skin he wears "G.I. longhandles," slang for Government issue woollen underwear. His socks are British. Here he puts on his electric suit—he calls it his "blue zoot-suit"—virgin wool in two layers wired like an electric blanket



**3** His electric boots are made of felt with rubber soles, wired similarly to the electric suit and connected by the ankle plug. He wraps a big Turkish towel round his neck. This was a gift from his mother and he never goes into action without it



**4** He puts on his sheep-lined leather flying suit. Flying boots are made from similar pliable soft leather, also fleece-lined and worn over the electric shoes. Everything is zippered. Fair estimate of zippers throughout outfit is 250 inches



**5** He adds his fleece-lined flying helmet. Note electric cable out of his pocket. This is plugged into side of plane. Every place in plane has installation so that crew can plug in at different points. Temperature in suit can be controlled



**6** On goes his Mae West which is automatically inflated by pulling a certain valve. Its bright yellow colour ensures that its wearer can be seen against the water. Anti-glare goggles are added. Note leather name-plate on peak of helmet



**7** Here he puts on white silk gloves which may be impregnated with vaseline. These give insulation without added bulk. Gunners in stratosphere may sometimes remove outer fleece-lined gauntlets to clear jammed gun or give first aid



**8** Although everything has been done to give him as much movement as possible despite bulk, someone has to put him into his parachute. This is a seat parachute. Gunners working in close quarters would find back chute an impediment

Colour Photographs by J. Jurché



## PRESENT DAY



**TUNISIAN ROLL** is the name given to this style. Upswept back is waved. Dressed by a member of the R.A.S.C. on leave



**VICTORY V.** A slick style suitable for the Services. Hair is short at neck. Upper layers are longer and swirled across back of head



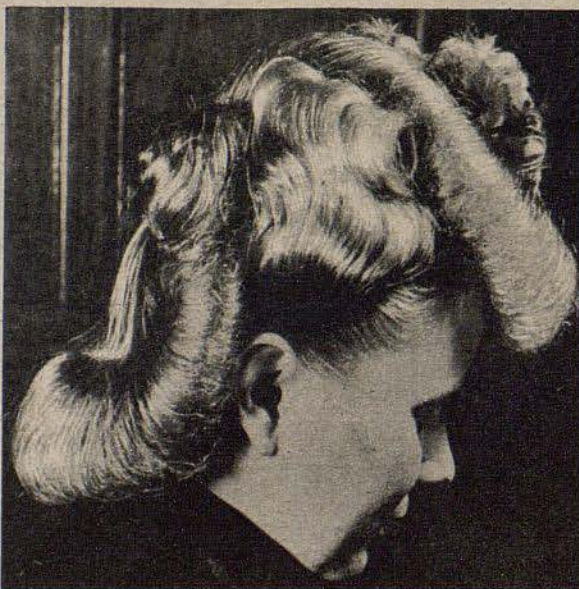
**ACK ACK** is style favoured by model Private V. Shay, ATS girl who works on a gun site. In civilian life she was a cotton operative. Dresser is Sergeant Siegal of the Royal

Ulster Rifles who keeps his hand in whenever possible. This short-haired style is especially suitable for Service caps. Hair is curled perpendicularly at the back; upswept at sides

## POST WAR



**THE VENTURA** created by Lance-Corporal Harding of the Home Guard. Hair is curled high at the front; has upswept sides. The heavy under-curved page-boy roll at the back makes good landing ground for model planes



**VELIKI LUKI.** This is all hair except the small floral ornament. Page-boy back, upswept sides and front dressed in a roll over the forehead which looks more like a hat than hair. Curls decorate the centre of the "hat"



**MONTGOMERY'S SWEET** is the topical name for this post-war style. Hair is arranged in sculptured curls at side and front. Back hair is swathed and interlaced. The whole is sprinkled with gold glitter-dust





## Coiffures on Show

**A**t the first big hairdressing exhibition of the war eighty models displayed eighty creations by eighty hairdressers. Girls from the Services showed how slick, short hair can look curling round forage caps. A land girl and an air raid warden (see picture above) displayed styles called "Carefree" and "Blitz," both simple and practical. Girls showed more exaggerated post-war styles.

Over a thousand people milled round the models, examining every well-groomed hair.

The hairdressing display was held on behalf of prisoners of war, with tickets at 5s. 6d. each, under the auspices of the International Hairdressers' Society.

When ILLUSTRATED visited Maison Plumridge three hours before the exhibition was timed to start, they found it a hive of activity. Mr. Charles was busy on "Montgomery's Sweet." Mr. Peter was finishing "Tunisian Roll." Mr. Bernard was taking pins from "Victory V." Mr. Jack was combing out his intricate "Veliki Luki."

Yes, even hairdo's have warlike names.



**MR. CHARLES** welcomes models to Maison Plumridge, Court Hairdresser. They have come to be "dressed" for the show



**CHAPEAU**, appropriately named evening coiffure, with circular hair roll and swirled back and top curls that look rather like a Juliet cap or a pre-war chocolate whirl on the back of the head. The front hair is waved high





MARSHAL BADOGLIO and Crown Prince Umberto represent the class of impeccable Italian aristocrats.

Both hold important military commands in the Italian Army. Are they fighting for king, country or fascism?

## Mystery Men of Italy

by Willi Frischauer

THERE is one particular reason why Italy has always been as vulnerable to political warfare as she is to aerial bombardment.

Italian fascism has a horrible record of murder and oppression. Anti-Fascists, it is true, are lingering in the Lipari Islands, and the Ovra, the Italian Gestapo, is as ruthless, if not as efficient, as its German counterpart.

Some Fascist leaders, like their Nazi friends in high places, have met with mysterious and fatal accidents.

But there has never been a thorough purge of all potential anti-Fascist leaders such as Hitler staged in

1934 knowing, as he did, that the most fervent revolutionary movement cannot succeed without leaders.

On the Italian political scene—or behind it—there still remain powerful personalities, aloof from or hostile to the Fascist regime. And it is around these men that the people could rally in an attempt to shake off Mussolini's shackles.

It never seemed feasible, for instance, that even the weak little King Victor Emmanuel could be happy to accept Mussolini as his master. And Mussolini's decree by which the Italian Army's solemn oath of allegiance to the Royal House of Savoy was altered to exclude "the King's successors" cannot have made

(continued on page 25)

## ONSLAUGHT

No European country lies so wide open to attack from the air as does Italy. And the locations and nature of some of her most vital targets are described in the following article

by Carl Olsson

IT was an Italian, a General Douhet, who, long before this war began, preached the gospel of "total" air war. His articles and pamphlets on the effects of air bombing made the world's flesh creep.

His text books on air strategy and tactics were prescribed reading in the staff colleges of the Luftwaffe and the Regia Aeronautica.

And his formulae for short-term results were enthusiastically tried out on the bodies of Spaniards and Abyssinians.

There never was a better illustration of that old tag about "people who live in glass houses" than in this creed of General Douhet and his devoted fascist disciples. For of all the major powers engaged in this war, Italy herself is the most vulnerable to determined air attack.

It is true to say that probably the only country where Douhet's theories could be worked out with complete success is his own. From its "toe" at Reggio to the Brenner Pass the whole Italian nation is a "gift" to the operational and planning staffs of an enemy with a bare adequacy of air power.

And for these reasons.

Firstly, Italy has neglected to disperse her main industries as Britain and Germany have done. No doubt some of the reasons for this concentration of industries are economic and geographical.

But at the same time, Mussolini and his gang probably decided that Italy could never receive any considerable weight of air attack from the democratic powers and therefore the prodigious effort required for dispersal would never be worth while.

The facts are, therefore, that most of the industries which sustain the life of the nation and enable it to carry on the war are "zoned" round eight towns in the northern portion of the country.

In this area north of a line drawn through Leghorn and Bologna lives over half the population. And in this area is produced more than eighty per cent of the hydro-electric power on which the whole country depends.

Because of the concentration of industry within each of these eight main target areas, any of them could be put out of action by a weight of attack such as has been suffered by Dortmund and Dusseldorf in recent single raids.

All of them now come within the scope of a pincer attack, within range of heavy bombers operating from Britain and North Africa. With only half of them out of action it is difficult to see how Italy could remain in the war for another month.

Those main targets are: firstly, the Milan district, including Gallarate, Saronno and Sesto san Giovanni, which produces steel, chemicals, machine tools, tanks, electric locomotives and rubber tyres.

Then there is the Turin district, including south Piedmont and the Villafranca areas which make armaments, aircraft (Fiat), locos and textiles.

Next, the Genoa district, including Savona—shipbuilding, heavy machinery, explosives; the Spezia district—naval yards, explosives and chemicals (the Montecatini combine) and heavy machinery; and the Bologna district—explosives, textiles, heavy machinery and also a key junction near the Appennines Tunnel.

Then we come to the Reggio district—aircraft (Caproni), motors, machine tools; the Venice district—shipbuilding, tanks, chemicals, and big factories which make "zama," a zinc alloy much used in all

R.A.F. BOMBS

## ON ITALY

Italian naval, air and military equipment; and finally the Trieste district—shipbuilding, naval base, aircraft (the Cant factories), chemicals.

Immediately before the war and even despite the most strenuous efforts by Mussolini and his Government, Italy still remained the most poverty stricken of all countries in the home production of raw materials of war.

Here are some percentages of peace-time requirements produced in Italy: Coal, 3.3; bauxite (for aluminium), 1.8; phosphates, nil; nickel, nil; rubber, nil; manganese ore, 14.2; iron and steel, 37.2; chromium, nil; nitrates (for explosives and fertilizers), 4.6.

With the Mediterranean closed at both ends, Italy must rely almost exclusively on her Axis partner to make up these deficiencies. And at once the R.A.F. is presented with another target—Italy's transport system—and a wide-open target, too, for concentrated attack.

In the north, the point of entry from Germany, Switzerland and France lie fifty per cent of Italy's rail network of 15,000 miles. But the key points are very few. Milan is one and it carries probably the biggest rail junction in the world.

Turin is another huge rail centre. These two take all the European main line traffic through the Mont Cenis, Simplon and St. Gotthard tunnels and feed it down to Genoa across to Venice and through all the crowded industrial districts to Florence, Rome, Naples and the south.

It is a good system, wholly electrified and of tremendous use to Rommel during the African campaign. But the disruption of its few key points, dictated by the shape and the topography of Italy, would speedily paralyse the life of the nation. Perhaps the R.A.F. now firmly in reach, will try that soon.

### Bruising Italy's "Achilles Heel"

But this mention of the transport system brings us to the target above all targets, the real "Achilles heel" of Italy, its electrification system on which all its industry and transport depends.

Through her chain of dams and hydro-electric stations on the alpine border, Italy now produces more power than any country in the world. Long ago she gave all her steam locomotives to Germany.

Ninety per cent of her industry, most of her agriculture, all her cities are run on "juice" brought from the hydro-electric generators and "piped" into each area by upwards of 3,000 transformer and distributing stations.

But there are fewer than a score of main stations. Some are coupled together by 350,000 volt cables. But wreck, say the Ceslange station near Milan, the Galleto and Terni stations near Rome and Milan, and Genoa, Rome and Terni (the Krupps of Italy) go right out of action.

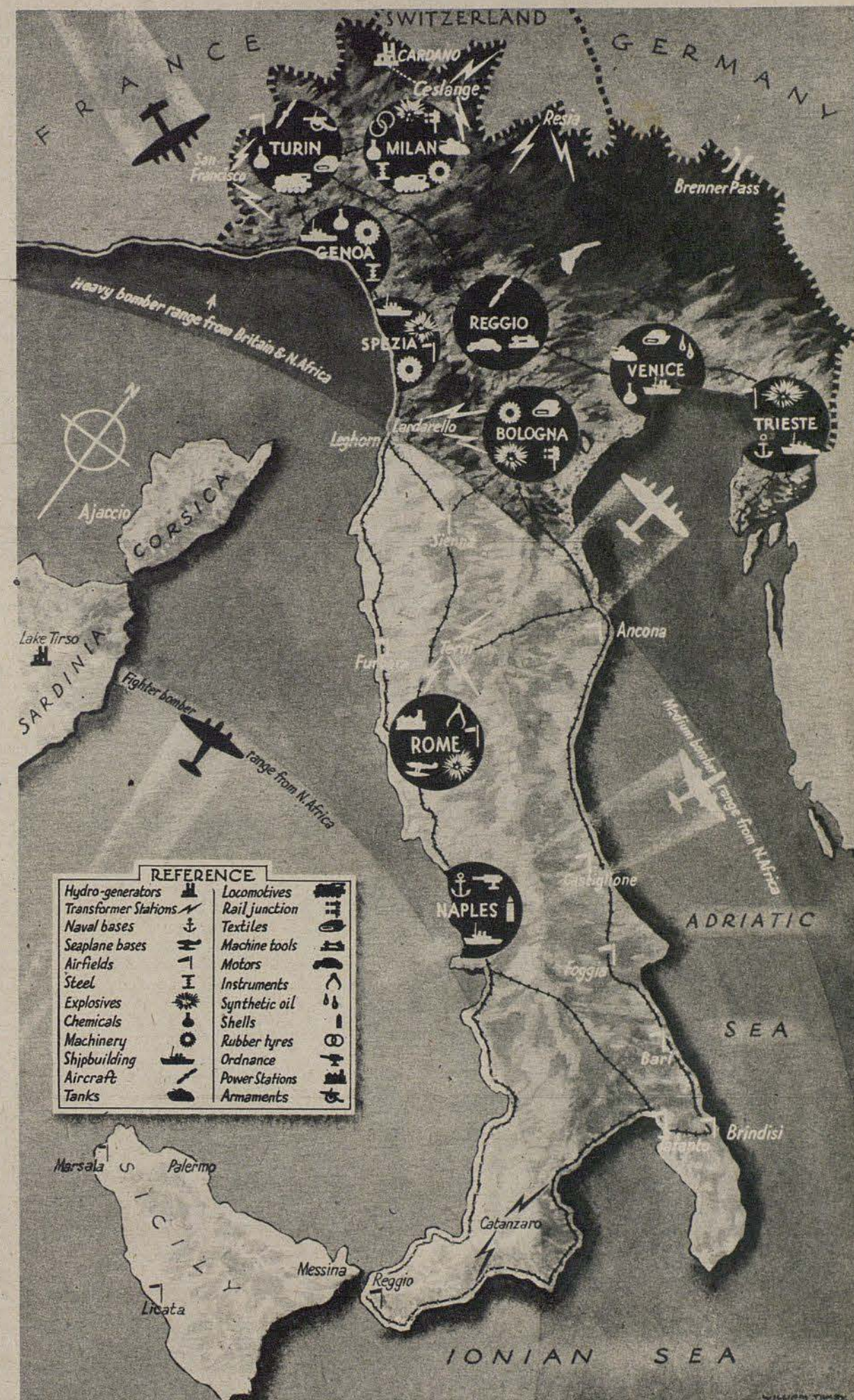
Some of these power stations have been built underground, away from air bombing, but many more have been placed out in the open and cannot now be moved or concealed.

It is possible to think of several reasons why the big dams in the Italian Alps are not attacked like those German dams in the Ruhr district. Perhaps the utter ruin which would descend on Italy would be an embarrassment to an army of occupation.

But to knock out a few of the big transformer stations and so "switch off" Italy would seem a sound and economic stroke of war.

The torrent of high explosive raining down on the islands and on southern Italy started reverberations through the length of the land. Every thinking Italian knows how strategically defenceless his country is against air attack.

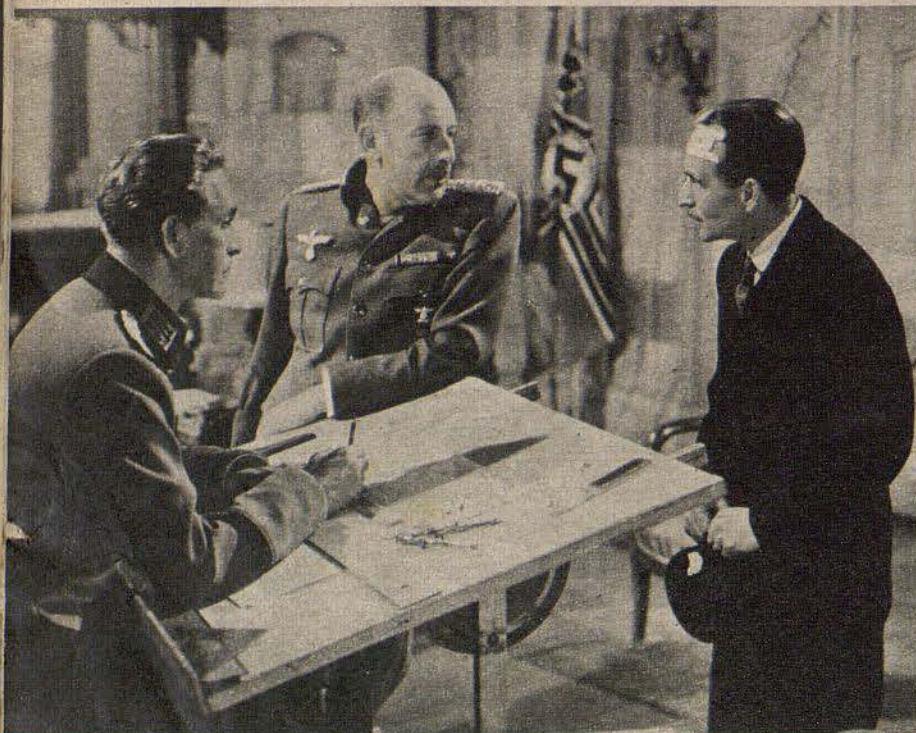
Perhaps he knows, too, that it will be only mere rough justice if the country which first, preached at such length the "virtues" of total air war is the first to be subdued by it.



THIS MAP SHOWS, in a very simple and direct way, how desperately vulnerable Italy is to concentrated air attack. Italy has never carried out dispersal of her war industries on the scale adopted by Britain and Germany. Nearly all of them are grouped in areas round a comparatively few large towns. As can be seen, most of

the industrial areas are grouped in the north and are within heavy bomber range both from Britain and North Africa. The central and southern sectors could get non-stop raids from medium and light bombers. Italy is "all-electric." Destroy only a few of the hydro-generators and the whole country would be out of action





**COLONEL LANSER** (Cedric Hardwicke), in the centre of the group, the officer commanding the Nazi garrison, is a soldier first and foremost. Thus, he has little sympathy for George Correll (E. J. Ballantine) when the latter is injured by a loyal Norwegian



**UNDER ARMED GUARD**, the miners are forced to labour twelve hours a day for the iron ore which the Nazis need so urgently. Attempts at resistance peter out when the men are warned that ca' canny will result in their relations being starved as a measure of reprisal



**FIRST OF THE TOWNSMEN** to strike a blow for Norway is Alex Morden (William Post, Jr.). Having

been brutally beaten up, he is sentenced to death for killing a Nazi officer whose brutalities he resented

## "THE MOON IS DOWN"

Scenes from a moving and sincere film based on a famous author's story of the heroic resistance of Norway to Nazi oppressors

**R**ESISTANCE is born of the spirit. If physical means are also to hand, so much the better. But even without weapons a determined community can not only resist, but hurt the conqueror. This lesson is driven home forcibly in the Twentieth Century-Fox film version of the powerful novel, *The Moon is Down*, by John Steinbeck, the American author of *Grapes of Wrath*, expected in this country soon.

After the first shock of the realization that they have been betrayed by one of their own number has passed, the inhabitants of the town start to work against their overlords. And then the evil, senseless round of seizing and shooting hostages starts.

But despite their handicaps, the Norwegians hit back in many subtle methods. They completely ostracize the Nazis, in the minds of whose leaders grow the fears of men surrounded by an indefinable menace.

Then, guided by patriots, the R.A.F. bombs the mine, and the nerves of one of the Nazi officers snap under the strain of perpetual, unvoiced hostility.

"Conquered — and we're afraid!" he screams. "Conquest after conquest—deeper and deeper into the molasses! Flies conquer the flypaper! Flies capture two hundred miles of new flypaper!"

Later, our bombers drop containers filled with sticks of gelignite for the use of the patriots. Then, the machine gun and the rope reign in the public square as hostage after hostage pays the penalty—and dynamiting after dynamiting continue.

Finally, the mayor and nine other leading citizens are led out on the orders of the now terrified local quisling. And even as the halters are fixed round their necks, explosion follows explosion as the patriots blow up public buildings.

An ideal can be greater than a man's life. That is the lesson so movingly and directly taught in this story of the battle of suppression versus patriotism.





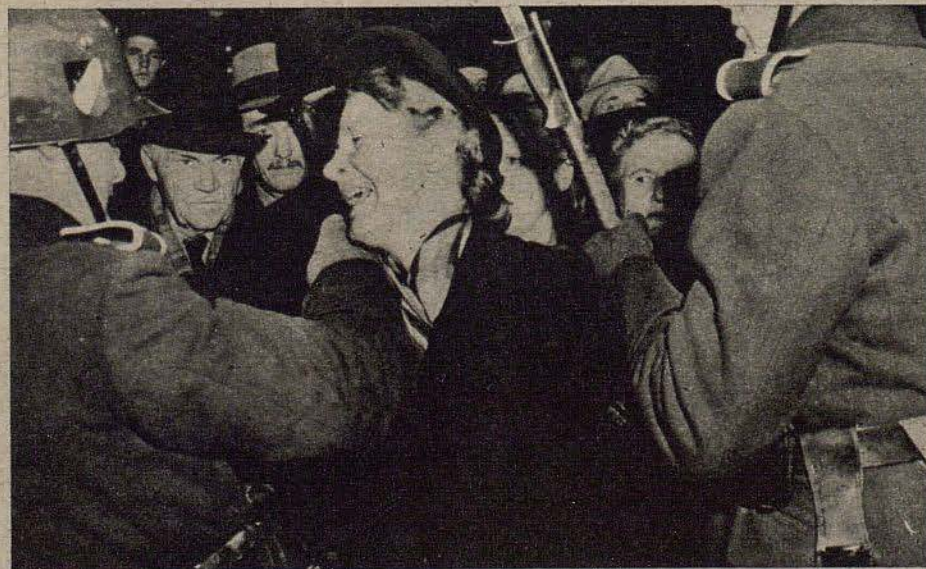
**A SHOT** has been fired at a German officer, and although he has not died, five hostages are seized in retaliation. They are being marched off to execution in front of their own families who are compelled to watch the sight which is intended to impress them with Nazi might



**FINALLY**, the Mayor (Henry Travers) on the left and nine other citizens are hanged as a grim warning to all their fellow townsmen. But even as they stand on the scaffold, a lengthy series of explosions thunder defiance at the Nazis and their unavailing atrocities



**UNHEEDED** by the townspeople queueing up for the rations, the German military band pounds out "We're Marching On England," the song which it "plugs" ad nauseam. But its music cannot soothe the breasts of the oppressed peoples who suffer so at their hands



**AS ANOTHER FIRING SQUAD** does its mass murder, the wife of one of the victims breaks down. But soon the people's singing of the national anthem drowns the cries of the bereaved and the flame of revolt is again fanned. Germany can never conquer Norwegian souls



**NOSTALGIC NAZI SOLDIER** attempts to fraternize with small child. But even though his efforts are genuine, he fails to gain any response and his officer harangues the shoppers on their lack of appreciation of Nazidom. They retaliate by smiling politely

OVER ➡





**HEYDRICH**, the Hangman of Czecho-Slovakia, has been executed by a patriot. And now dawn after dawn sees the massed execution of innocent hostages, who are placed in long rows to be mown down. By

such brutal methods the Gestapo hope to break down resistance and learn who was the killer, but the people cannot be cowed, and finally it is the Nazis who are glad to take the chance to stop the butchery



**BENEATH** the portrait of Hitler, Heydrich postures as he threatens the Czechs with countless brutalities if their resistance to Nazi domination does not stop. But he bullies in vain for the unconquerable spirit of a proud and brave people is roused

## 'HANGMEN ALSO DIE'

**This new United Artists picture, is a saga of Czech heroism. Brains combat brutality—and brains win**

**J**UST as the Norwegians fight back, so do the Czechs. And this picture, produced and directed by Fritz Lang, tells of the massacres in Prague, the capital, after Hitler's evil lieutenant and exponent of brutality, Reinhardt Heydrich—the "hangman"—has been killed.

As the picture proceeds, the struggle between the Gestapo, who will stop at nothing to find the killer, and the underground grows grimmer and grimmer. The Nazi overlords are determined to find the culprit—the Czechs equally determined to screen him.

Daily massed executions do nothing to break down the people's loyalty. And the way in which the killer is successfully protected until finally, the Gestapo is forced to accept a quisling as the man who shot Heydrich in order to save its face, provides thrills, movement and a sardonic underlying humour.

Dr. Svoboda (Brian Donlevy) is early revealed as the executioner of the "hangman." He finds refuge in the house of Professor Novotny (Walter Brennan), but when the latter is taken as a hostage, his daughter, Mascha (Anna Lee), determines to betray the doctor and thus save her father.

But before she can do so, she learns that the executioner of Heydrich has become a veritable symbol of freedom to the Czech people. Then she puts her personal feelings on one side and succours the executioner even to the extent of almost becoming estranged from her fiancé owing to her loyalty to an ideal.

Here is stressed the part that the little people—the ordinary man and woman in the street—can play in fighting tyrannies. This picture has already had its first showing in the West End of London.



**IN THEIR HUNT** for Heydrich's executioner, the Nazis burst into the bedroom of Mascha Novotny (Anna Lee) whose father has already been seized as a hostage. With

her is Dr. Svoboda (Brian Donlevy), the real executioner with whom she stages a clandestine love affair to bluff the Gestapo in their fruitless search for the marksman



# Gas Mask

by Frank King

Fire, suffocation, escaping gas, cyanide poisoning—all these clues to murder were there. It took Peter Trevor to find the right one

IT was certainly a coincidence that Police Constable Apperley should be passing Roger Cardew's country cottage when the thing happened. It sounded to him like an explosion of sorts, though the windows remained intact.

As he stared at them, wondering if it was any business of his, he saw flames in the room beyond.

Running up the garden path, he flung the door open. There was a lot of smoke in the room and a strong smell of gas. He could not breathe, and had to wait for a few moments until air got in.

Then he managed to struggle inside, pull down the blazing curtains and stamp out the flames. Passing through into the scullery, he found the gas-meter and turned off the supply.

His superiors did not consider P.C. Apperley particularly brilliant. But he had a habit of noticing things. He noticed now, for instance, that the room was considerably disordered. A small table and a couple of chairs had been upset. Some rugs on the polished floor were crumpled. Two cups and saucers lay in scattered fragments.

He noticed, also, that an empty kettle was on the hob of the dying fire. Didn't seem to make sense. The explosion had not been violent enough to blow out the windows, or knock the kettle from the hob.

And then Apperley noticed something else—a body lying on the floor, half-hidden by a settee. When he went round to look at it, he recognized Roger Cardew at once in spite of the contorted features, blue lips, and glassy staring eyes. And because he'd seen one or two cases of suffocation, things began to make more sense than before.

There had not been time since the explosion for anyone to suffocate. Roger Cardew had been dead when it occurred. The disorder in the cottage was due to a struggle.

This was a case of murder; and the murderer had somehow contrived the explosion in the hope that the resulting fire would destroy any evidence of his crime.

Apperley went to the door and looked round. There was no one about. Apparently the noise had attracted no attention. He locked the door, slipped the key into his pocket, and hurried past the neighbouring cottages to the telephone box at the bus terminus.

There were reasons why the case was reported to Scotland Yard so promptly. Inspector Jamieson carefully studied the available evidence, made a few inquiries of his own, then asked permission to call in Peter Trevor. He found his friend at breakfast.

"There may be a lot more in this than meets the eye, Mr. Trevor," he explained, accepting the offer of a cup of coffee. "Roger Cardew was a very important man; so

important that the Government has built him a private laboratory just outside London.

"He's responsible for most of the technical improvements in photography since the war started, for the big superiority in this respect the R.A.F. has attained over the Luftwaffe.

"Cardew had a big house in Clarendon Square," Jamieson went on. "His nephew, Kenneth Gilton, lived with him and also helped in his work at the laboratory. It was Cardew's habit to disappear occasionally for a few days to this cottage of his in Timperley.

"He said the quietness and the solitude helped him to think out his problems. No one in London knew of the cottage except Kenneth Gilton. No one around Timperley knew anything about Roger Cardew, except the local doctor—who also happens to act as police surgeon.

"And let out what he knew as soon as he was called in?"

"That's why I got on the job so quickly, Mr. Trevor. Well, now, Cardew went to Timperley for the weekend on Friday morning. That night his house in Clarendon Square was burgled. A curious affair.

"The burglar—we've no evidence that there was more than one—cut the glass of a pantry window so that he could reach the catch, got in through it, and went upstairs to Cardew's bedroom. It seems clear that he'd personal violence in mind—"

"Why?"

"He left on the bedroom floor a pad of cotton wool which had been soaked with chloroform."

"Ah!" Peter reached for the marmalade. "He'd soaked it before entering the room? Thinking Cardew was there?"

"Seems the only explanation. When he went in and saw the bed unoccupied, he just dropped the pad and cleared out."

"Sounds reasonable. He wouldn't carry such a strong-smelling clue away. Had he killing or kidnapping in mind?"

"Dunno, Mr. Trevor. Nothing to suggest which. All I can tell you is that he wasn't just a thief. There's not a thing missing from the house; and he wasn't disturbed in any way.

"Our people were called in next morning. Because it seemed certain that violence had been intended, they naturally considered it advisable that Cardew should be told of what had happened. Gilton wouldn't say where his uncle was, but promised to see him personally and pass on the warning.

"He went straight off to Timperley and spent the afternoon with his uncle, leaving soon after tea. He says the old boy was rather perturbed at the news, but refused to return to London."

Peter lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "Has it struck you as significant that the only person who knew Cardew's whereabouts was in the

(continued on page 25)

## PHOTOCRIME-by Miles Horton

### The Hairless Student



**INSPECTOR FROST** found Mrs. Emile dead from stab wounds. It was obvious that she hadn't succumbed without a struggle. Empty jewel-cases with their contents scattered on floor indicated robbery as the motive. Outlined in still-moist blood on dressing table was a partial handprint. Frost picked up a loose pearl. . . .



**AFTER TEA** Mr. Emile retired to his study; Nora Gwynne and Mr. Fairfax went upstairs to their respective rooms, while Susan washed up the tea things. She saw Mr. Fairfax take his hat and go out at 6.20; went upstairs at 6.30 to see Mrs. Emile about dinner; found her dead. Frost re-examined dressing table. . . .



**QUESTIONED ELDERLY MAID**, Susan, who was physically incapable of the crime. Appeared that Mr. and Mrs. Emile ran a small boarding-house. There were two boarders—Nora Gwynne and Fairfax (glasses). During tea Mrs. Emile complained of migraine, refused her husband's offer of aspirin, went upstairs. . . .



**FOUND ANOTHER LOOSE PEARL**—outside Fairfax's room; went downstairs as Fairfax returned; had a line-up in lounge. All three suspects denied having entered bedroom that evening; had heard no suspicious noise. Frost eyed them thoughtfully. One of them was the murderer, and he felt pretty certain which!

If you aren't certain, turn to page 26



# Nurses and Midwives needed

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Dear Sirs,

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I shall always have MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder in my home.

(Sgd.) Mr. B.

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### 1 EASY TO USE

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### 2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see as well.

### 3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

**HARPIC**

## When Baby is on the way you need the right foods



Right from the start is the time to plan the health and happiness of Baby and yourself. You have to eat for "one and a bit" as the Radio Doctor puts it, and the extra you eat should not be just a little more of everything, but of the foods specially needed by you and the little body developing within you.

The old saying "lose a tooth for every child" need not be true for you if you eat rightly. And the right foods now help you quickly to recover your strength and energy after Baby is born. **The Government puts you and your Baby first for these special foods.** Make sure you get them.

### QUESTIONS YOU ASK

#### What are my special allowances?

Seven pints of milk a week; 3 shell eggs a week; orange juice and cod liver oil or capsules or tablets if you cannot take oil. The milk supplies, among other valuable nourishment, lime salts for Baby's bones and teeth. The cod liver oil contains vitamins vital to you and Baby's well-being. The orange juice provides another vitamin equally important to you both. Indeed, all these extras are essential if you are to keep healthy, and Baby is to develop properly and with good bones and teeth, without robbing you. You are entitled to the seven pints of milk a week while you are breast-feeding Baby.

#### How can I get my allowances?

Get a medical certificate from your doctor, certified midwife or health visitor. Hand or send this with your ration book to your Food Office. You will then get coupon sheets for orange juice and cod liver oil or capsules or tablets and a slip will be pasted in your ration book to enable you to get seven pints of milk a week at 2d. a pint, and shell eggs. Your Food Office will tell you where to hand in your coupons; and in what circumstances you can get the milk, orange juice and cod liver oil, etc., free.

#### How about iron?

Baby will take from you the iron he needs, so take extra care that you do not go short of iron at this time. Liver is a good source of iron. So are dried beans, peas, lentils and also prunes. Invest some points in these foods! Cocoa is better for you than tea or coffee in regard to iron content. Oatmeal, eggs (dried are as good as fresh) and greens are important. And if you can get it, take out some of

your preserve ration in old-fashioned black treacle.

#### A few simple diet rules please?

1. Your full rations. 2. Your special allowances of milk, eggs, orange juice and cod liver oil. 3. Plenty of vegetables properly cooked, including potatoes. 4. A big portion of "something green and raw" every day. 5. Foods rich in iron (see above). 6. Fish once or twice a week when possible, or canned herring, pilchards, salmon, or sardines. 7. Plenty of water.

There is little risk of too much meat nowadays, but your doctor will tell you whether to cut it down during the last months.

New potatoes are specially valuable; they have a good supply of the same vitamin that you get in fruit, you can't have too much of this vitamin.

### SPECIAL ALLOWANCES FOR Children with R.B.2 Ration Book

**MILK.** Children with this ration book now get 7 pints of milk a week automatically; no forms to fill in. **COD LIVER OIL AND ORANGE JUICE.** Take, or send, the R.B.2 ration book to the Food Office and you will receive coupons sheets for these. The Food Office will tell you where to get supplies, also the prices, and in what circumstances milk, cod liver oil and orange juice can be had free.

**SHELL EGGS.** Babies between 6 and 18 months old are entitled to 3 shell eggs a week. Take or send the ration book to the Food Office, and a slip will be pasted in the ration book to enable you to buy them.



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S66)

**EAT HÖVIS**

and do with a slice less!



**Pick the garment with this label**

Pick Utility Pullovers, Slipovers, Jerseys for men, women and children.

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT Macclesfield



## Gas Mask—continued

Clarendon Square house when it was burgled?"

"Certainly I thought of that, Mr. Trevor," Jamieson looked offended. "But the way the pantry window was opened suggests an expert. There was nothing to hint at an inside job. And various witnesses saw Cardew walk with Gilton to the bus terminus."

"Each stage of his return from there to town has been checked. I'm sure we can leave him out of our calculations. The attack on his uncle must have occurred while he was in the train."

"Right—if you're satisfied. Can you suggest any motive for the killing?"

"He says that his uncle had no personal enemies, and is driven to the conclusion that the crime must have been committed by some Nazi agent."

"Sounds rather far-fetched, Jimmy."

"It does. But I understand that the powers that be are inclined to agree with him; they have reason to believe that someone has been collecting information about Cardew. Gilton blames himself severely for the tragedy, feeling that the murderer must have trailed him to Timperley."

"He thinks the fellow hung around until he left, slipped into the cottage, awaited Cardew's return from the bus terminus, and attacked him at once. The approximate time of death as given by the police surgeon fully supports this theory."

"Death was definitely due to suffocation?"

"So the surgeon says. You'll form your own opinion. You'll see the cushion which was used, and the evidence of a struggle."

Peter grinned. "If I come with you. It seems a clear enough case—except for one point. Why should a Nazi agent trouble to arrange an explosion to cover up what he'd done? He wouldn't object to any one knowing that his victim had been killed. And he didn't worry about anything of the sort at Clarendon Square."

Jamieson's dour features relaxed.

"That's a point I thought you might like to clear up yourself, Mr. Trevor."

"Okay. You've got me guessing," Peter finished his coffee, rose and stretched. "Let's go."

He was thoughtful and preoccupied as the police car ate up the miles to Timperley; and when they reached the cottage, his first concern was to investigate the cause of the explosion. All the gas taps in the place had been found firmly closed, but in view of Jamieson's order that nothing should be moved, no attempt had been made by the local police to trace the leak. A long search was necessary before Peter found it behind a dresser—in a length of piping half-buried in the wall near the floor.

A patch of wallpaper that had covered it was burned away. There was a small ragged hole in the pipe thus exposed; and around the hole some charred cotton wool. Beneath the pipe the wallpaper was stained yellow. Peter lay on the floor to sniff at this stain. When he rose to his feet again, his dark eyes were puzzled.

"Turning a tap on would have been so much easier," he murmured to Jamieson.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Trevor."

"This leak would be alright when

(continued on page 26)

## MUSSOLINI'S DILEMMA



DIO MIO! What can I tell them now!



BELIEVE ME! However difficult it is



HOW'S THAT? Not so good, I know!



I'LL YELL! Maybe that'll convince them



LOOK HERE! Would I ever lie to you?



IT'S NO GOOD! I'd better give it up

for friendship between him and Umberto, the Crown Prince.

That is why the existence of a "King's Party" in Italy was taken for granted even by those who regarded the King and the Crown Prince as mere figureheads of a group of Mussolini's personal enemies.

Marshal Badoglio was always thought to bear a grudge against Mussolini who dismissed him from his post as chief of the Italian General Staff.

But while Hitler murders the generals for whom he has no further use, Badoglio survived his disgrace and even the general suggestion that his industrial and aristocratic friends regarded him as Mussolini's early successor.

Yet, if one reverts from the realm of surmise and rumour to hard facts, it is not so easy to produce evidence of the real attitude of Umberto and Badoglio towards Mussolini and fascism.

Umberto—always discounting the rumours—has gone a long way with fascism. Under fascism he was early appointed to the rank of general in the Italian army and, whether in Sardinia or Libya, inside Italy or abroad, he has never stepped out of line.

He has reviewed Blackshirts with the same show of arrogant superiority as he displayed at army or royal functions, or even in private conversation. At thirty-nine he is certainly strong-minded, energetic, ambitious and vain. But his qualities rarely outshine the impeccable attire and attitude of the Italian aristocrat.

All through the war, Umberto held a high army command, and if there is one thing that differ-

## Mystery Men of Italy—continued

entiates him from his boastful military boss Mussolini it is a certain superior frankness with which, for instance, he recently admitted Italian shortages of aeroplanes and arms and resources of raw materials.

But it must be recorded that he asked his troops to stand firm in spite of these drawbacks and that, generally, Umberto has always publicly shown himself as an Italian patriot. He has always conveyed the impression that he will fight for his country.

Yet one should never exclude the possibility that he would like in the course of that fight—no matter what the outcome—to slip into either his royal father's or Mussolini's place.

And what of Badoglio? These rumours accompanying his recall from dishonourable retirement were liable to confuse the issue. Too many suggestions about the possible reasons for his reappearance on Italy's military scene have been put forward.

Did his rehabilitation mean that he has forgiven Mussolini, who sacked him after Italy's debacle in Greece in 1941? Did he want to serve his king, his class or his country? Has Mussolini, perhaps, recalled him because his position was already so weak that he needed the help even of his personal enemies in the cause of his country?

There is little in Badoglio's record which provides a clear-cut answer. Often described as Italy's most brilliant soldier, Badoglio superseded de Bono, the old

Fascist, as Chief of Staff in 1935.

At that time he already looked back on most meritorious service in the last war, a spell as diplomat in South America and the Governorship of Libya where he wound up the Italian campaigns.

Badoglio's association with fascism in the course of this career was obviously very close. It became closer when he personally assumed command of the Italian army during the war against Abyssinia, and his methods of warfare were not at all designed to distinguish him from his Fascist comrades.

When de Bono published a book about the Abyssinian campaign to which Mussolini wrote the introduction it was interpreted as an affront against Badoglio. But when Badoglio himself exchanged the sword for the pen to deal with the same subject in a book of his own, Mussolini contributed a preface for him as well.

There were two—or more—interpretations for every one of Badoglio's moves. They said he visited Spain during the civil war to study modern military technique. Others insisted that he had refused to visit Spain because he disapproved of Italian intervention on behalf of Franco.

There was, however, unanimity about the purpose of his visits to Germany preceding the formation of the Axis alliance. His reports about Nazi military strength impressed the Duce. Neither did any one entertain any doubt about his tour of inspection through Libya in 1939. Libya's garrison was strengthened in consequence.

From Libya he went to Albania—curious how the "anti-Fascist" Marshal mapped the routes of Fascist Italy's war-path! It is equally curious that he should, as his friends claimed, always be against Mussolini's war plans yet be so ready to carry them out.

There was disagreement again when Badoglio disappeared after the Greek failure. But since he went into the wilderness his own political plans have stimulated the imagination of the pundits to an even greater degree. Badoglio was out of a job.

On his return to military honours and duties even shrewd observers found him as mysterious and unpredictable as ever.

And what applies to Umberto and Badoglio could, with slight variation, be said of Grandi and even of Ciano and a dozen others whose names are less familiar but whose aims are equally undefined.

Grandi was pro-British as Italy's Ambassador in London. He was obviously pro-Mussolini when he joined the Duce's war cabinet. Mussolini must have had a reason when he sacked him recently and the King has not accorded a special royal honour just to compensate him.

Ciano's move to the Vatican—was it demotion or did he go to play Mussolini's game?

Yes, there are many mystery men in Italy. Perhaps their gyrations are a symptom of a dictatorship in disintegration. But no matter what the effect of British bomb blasts on the political figures of Italy, it is worth while watching them.

And to be on the safe side, never trust them to work and fight for anybody but themselves.

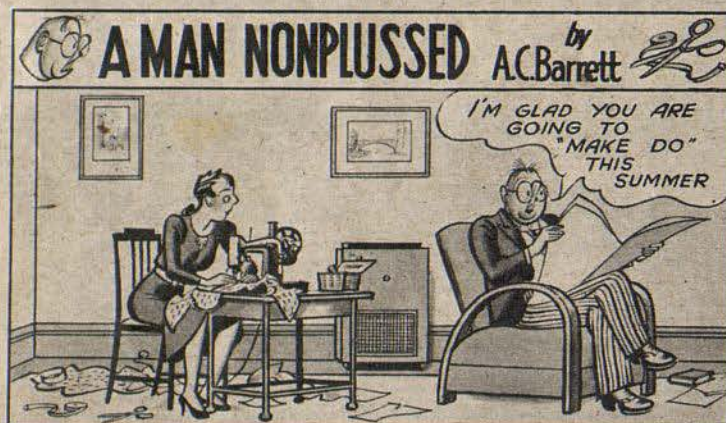


# TOTAL WAR

Gilbert Wilkinson's  
Weekly Chuckle



"I'm your Lord Mayor, madam and that's Councillor Jones. This is all part of our 'Holidays at Home' programme"



## PHOTOCRIME SOLUTION

**F**ROST found an uncapped tube of brilliantine on dressing-table, with the cap lying near.

The fact that the tube partly covered the handprint outlined in blood proved that the tube had been placed there after the murder. From the fact that the tube was uncapped Frost made the obvious deduction that the murderer had used the brilliantine.

Why? Bearing in mind that Mrs. Emile put up a fierce struggle before she died, this question answered itself. The murderer must have got mauled in the struggle. He dare not risk being seen in a dishevelled condition, so he tidied himself up, especially his hair; which accounted for the use of the brilliantine.

When Frost saw the three suspects he at once eliminated Fairfax, who was totally bald. This left Mr. Emile and Nora Gwynne. Nora had a mass of fluffy hair and wouldn't have used brilliantine! Thus Mr. Emile was logically indicated as the murderer of his wife.

Apperley came in. He wouldn't notice it—behind the dresser. And it would soon burst out when he shut off the gas."

"You were saying something about a tap."

"I was merely remarking that if anyone wanted to arrange a gas explosion and a fire which would cover up all traces of his crime, you'd expect him to turn on a tap, rather than use acid to eat through a gas pipe."

"So that's what's been done?"

"It certainly is. And you'll note, Jimmy, that the process would be progressive. I mean, the escape of gas at first would be small. But as the hole made by the acid gradually grew larger, more gas would be released; until eventually the mixture in the room was sufficiently explosive to be ignited by the fire."

"Take longer that way, eh? Perhaps that's the explanation? The murderer wanted to be sure that he'd get right away from the scene of the crime before the explosion occurred?"

"Maybe. I can think of another explanation. But"—Peter shrugged—"it just doesn't fit in."

He stood looking thoughtfully round the disordered room, then turned his attention to Roger Cardew's body, lying behind the settee where P.C. Apperley had found it last night. One glance at the contorted features was sufficient to confirm the police surgeon's diagnosis.

"Yes, he was suffocated all right. Where's the cushion you mentioned?"

Jamieson opened a cupboard, took out a cushion, scrutinized it closely, and handed it over.

"It was lying on the floor," he explained. "Not far from the body." He pointed to a purplish stain on one side of it. "That's what they told me about. You'll notice that the inside of Cardew's mouth is similarly discoloured. Bilberry juice; there's a half-eaten pie in the larder. Gilton says they had some of it for tea yesterday. Persists quite a time, doesn't it? Obviously some of the stain was transferred to the cushion when it was pressed over Cardew's face."

Peter nodded absently. "I wish I could fathom that business about the gas."

He wandered irritably about the room for a while, returning at last to the settee where he knelt down to make a closer examination of the body. After a while he uttered a little exclamation.

"Look at this, Jimmy!"

There was a small cut at one corner of Cardew's mouth. Jamieson regarded it without much interest.

"Done while shaving, Mr. Trevor?"

"And quite recently, because of the tiny speck of coagulated blood adhering to it. Now watch!" Peter rubbed his finger gently over the cut and the almost microscopic clot became detached. "Know how long it takes to suffocate a man?"

"Perhaps two minutes."

"At least that. Now think of the force necessary to keep a cushion pressed closely over Cardew's nose and mouth while he puts up a struggle sufficient to account for all the disorder in the room. Can you imagine this happening without disturbing that fragile clot?"

"Couldn't it have been rubbed away and reformed afterwards?"

"Dead men don't bleed."

"You mean he wasn't suffocated with the cushion?"

"I'm quite sure of it."

"Then what about the bilberry stain?"

## Gas Mask—continued

"Made at the same time as the acid was dropped on the gas pipe, I imagine. Long before Cardew died."

"I can't see what you're getting at," muttered Jamieson.

"Neither can I—quite. Though I'm within measurable distance of a glimpse." Peter sprang to his feet. "Probably too late for an autopsy to tell us anything. But there's one obvious thing we can try. Ask someone to bring in my case, will you?"

He stood waiting impatiently while two constables carried in the large case he called his travelling laboratory. Then he took a sample of the dead man's blood, added water to it, and examined the solution with a micro-spectroscope. Jamieson watched him uneasily.

"I say, Mr. Trevor! If the cushion couldn't have been used to suffocate Cardew, neither could anything else."

"Great minds think alike. And here's the explanation. Take a look."

Jamieson gazed down the eyepiece for a few moments and shook his head.

"Beyond me, I'm afraid. I don't even know what the dark bands mean."

"Here's a kind of chart of the different spectra found in different conditions of the blood. Compare our specimen with these diagrams." Peter put his finger on one of them. "Do you agree that it's the same as this? Good. Then cyan-met-haemoglobin is present in Cardew's blood."

"That tells me everything, of course, Mr. Trevor."

"It proves that Cardew was poisoned with cyanide."

"But you said he'd been suffocated."

"So he was. Cyanide kills by preventing breathing. It produces all the symptoms of asphyxia, just as though the victim had actually been smothered with a cushion. No trace of it can be found in the body after death unless a post-mortem is done very quickly. We're only just in time to get this proof from the blood."

"What about the signs of a struggle? Faked?"

"No. Cyanide causes convulsions. Cardew upset the room himself, staggering about—as the murderer knew he would."

"You're not considering suicide?"

"Not with that stained cushion left to put us on the wrong track."

Peter paced moodily about the room. "It's getting fairly clear. But I can't fit the gas leak in. You see, Jimmy, the murderer intended us to mistake cyanide poisoning for suffocation with a cushion following a struggle. He went to considerable trouble to produce this particular effect."

"Why run the risk of spoiling it with a fire which might have destroyed all he'd schemed for, and would certainly lead to the death being discovered before the cyanide had time to vanish from the body. Dangerous—for him. And I can't think—"

He stopped abruptly, staring at the empty kettle on the hob. "Got it! Yes, that's it! I couldn't understand how the poison had been administered to Cardew; he'd be quite familiar with it because of his work. Now I know!"

"And I suppose you know the murderer?"

"Lord, yes! That's clear enough."

He put a rope round his neck when he laid the false clue of the stained cushion—after sharing the bilberry pie with Cardew."

"Kenneth Gilton?" Jamieson groaned. "Mr. Trevor, you go too fast for me. I'm miles behind you."

Peter's dark eyes twinkled. "Right. We'll start at the beginning and take it a little more slowly. I can't tell you why Gilton killed his uncle, but I expect you'll find he was the old boy's heir, and needed money. Nor can I tell you whether the burglary at Clarendon Square was genuine, though I should imagine it was. Too much to assume that Gilton faked that as well as the rest. No, I think it just gave him the idea. There had been an abortive attempt on his uncle's life. It provided an opportunity."

"And very cleverly he utilized it. Working in Cardew's laboratory, he had access to cyanide which is used in some processes of photography."

"He'd been to the cottage before, of course, and all his plans were made before he left London yesterday morning. So long as every one was deceived into thinking that his uncle had been suffocated with a cushion after he had left the cottage, he would be perfectly safe."

"The bilberry stain, I expect, was an after-thought. He probably had some other idea for getting the effect he wanted; but as the pie was there, he decided to make use of it. Having surreptitiously transferred some of the stain to a cushion, he dropped it on the floor where Cardew would not notice it."

"He also found an opportunity to drop his cottonwool soaked with acid on the gas pipe. He knew his uncle would walk along to the bus terminus with him. Just before they left the cottage he added a hefty dose of cyanide to the water simmering in the kettle on the hob."

"Cyanide is very volatile. The solution boiling there would quickly release a deadly vapour into the room. In this form the poison kills even more quickly than if taken by the mouth. When Cardew returned to the cottage, his attention was attracted by the escape of gas."

"While he was searching for this, the cyanide got him. Quite ignorant of what was happening to him, he stumbled about the room, struggling for breath. Then convulsions seized him; followed swiftly by merciful death. The kettle boiled dry, removing any evidence that poison had been administered."

Jamieson grunted. "A filthy business."

"Yes. And far too clever for my peace of mind. I'll feel better when Kenneth Gilton is hung. He so nearly got away with it."

"If you hadn't noticed that small cut on Cardew's mouth—" Jamieson frowned. "I'm still not clear about the gas leak. You said yourself you couldn't understand why he'd arranged this after going to so much trouble to fake the cause of death."

"Sure! And thinking about it gave me the clue to the method of administration of the cyanide. You know its characteristic smell—bitter almonds."

"Cardew would know it, too. So Gilton had to find some way of masking it. He chose the smell of gas." Peter shrugged. "Now hadn't you better run along and collect him before he thinks out another ingenious stunt?"



BUT, DOCTOR,  
I'VE TRIED  
EVERYTHING.  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT A FOOD  
CAN RELIEVE  
THIS WRETCHED  
CONSTIPATION



WHEN I'VE  
EXPLAINED  
WHAT CAUSES  
CONSTIPATION,  
YOU'LL SEE WHY

**Not a medicine, not a drug, but  
a crisp breakfast cereal that relieves  
constipation naturally**

If you are constipated, it's most probably because the food you eat contains too little "bulk."

When this happens, your food gets almost completely digested and absorbed into the system. The residue that is left behind in the intestines is not bulky enough for the intestinal muscles to "take hold of." These muscles cease to work and you get constipated.

It's no use dosing yourself with harsh purgatives. They move the bowels — but by irritation. They do not get at the cause of the trouble. And the constant use of purgatives is harmful. The more you take, the more you have to take, and this may result in serious illness.

**How to get bulk**

There is a natural way to get all the bulk you need for perfect regularity. Simply eat All-Bran for breakfast. All-Bran is not a drug, not a

medicine, and it is therefore quite harmless, non-habit-forming, and non-irritating.

Moreover, All-Bran is a rich source of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, which has a tonic effect on the intestinal muscles. It is also rich in iron.

Eat All-Bran for breakfast, drink plenty of fluids and you can say goodbye to constipation. You'll be fitter than you've ever been in your whole life before. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran. 10-oz. packet, 7½d., 3 points.



**Venereal VD Diseases**

This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

**"Are you ever properly cured?"**

Just after he had gone back I received a letter . . . saying that he was . . . suffering from gonorrhœa . . . After a test I was told that I also was suffering from it . . . could you tell me if this disease can at any time come back in the way of a relapse as I have heard people say it can, that you are never properly cured, but don't you think I stand a good chance with going to the clinic in the early stages? . . ."

**The Doctor replies:**

"You need not worry. The doctors can cure Venereal Diseases completely if they are given a fair chance. All you must be sure to do is to continue going to the clinic as you so sensibly did in the early stages. If you do this and continue until the doctor treating you says you are cured, you need not fear a return of the disease after cure. But you will realise that you can catch the disease again even after your present infection has been cured. That means that your husband must also get completely cured. The Army specialist who is treating him will tell him when he is cured."

Further extracts from the Doctor's correspondence will be published later.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

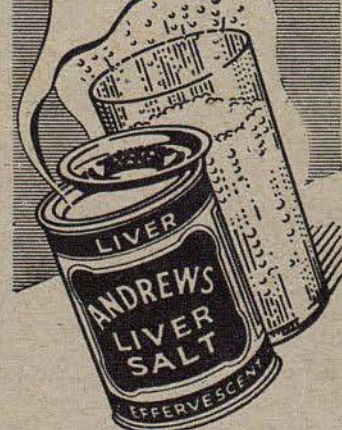
Issued by the Ministry of Health, Dept. of Health for Scotland and the Central Council for Health Education. (M-9-27-NM)

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FISH & MEAT PASTES**

*In spite of  
all-  
still on top!*

For Inner Cleanliness be regular  
with your Andrews

8 ozs. 2/-, including purchase tax



**Working for Victory in  
CHIVERS' ORCHARDS**

"Getting in the fruit this summer looks like being a tidy problem. The women of the village and school children will help as usual — so will you land girls. But I hope lots of town folks will volunteer as well. It's important work, this is, for plenty of JAM will be needed through the winter with other things scarce — and I know the lads doing the fighting like a bit of good jam too!" If there are farms or orchards near, do offer your help now.

Sorry, no more Chivers Jellies  
until Victory is won

but

**CHIVERS JAMS  
& MARMALADE**

still available in most districts,  
are prepared in the heart of  
the Country at

HISTON (just outside) CAMBRIDGE

J381

(32)

**BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND**

**YOU CAN DOUBLE  
YOUR WASHING PER  
COUPON—  
THIS WAY!**



3½d. size 1 coupon. 7½d. size 2 coupons  
A Class 1 Product. At your shop

REMEMBER  
This is the 2nd  
week of Ration  
Period No. 12  
(June 6th-12th)



DON'T FORGET  
to read Mrs. Mundy's  
Helping Hand. It's on  
the back of your packet  
of Oxydol

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

**Have no doubt  
about healthy gums**



protect  
gums as  
well as  
teeth with

Even a speck of blood on your toothbrush means danger! Don't ignore this warning of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhea). Use "S.R." Toothpaste, which contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own remedy for gum troubles. Regular use of "S.R." helps to ensure healthy gums as well as sound teeth.

New Size 1/3 (including tax)

★ Return all empty tubes to your retailer ★  
and help the  
RED CROSS and ST. JOHN FUND

**S.R. TOOTHPASTE**

GR 123-029

D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4



# Cocoa keeps better in a tin

When you buy your wartime packet of Bournville Cocoa, transfer the contents to an old Bournville tin—or any tin with a well-fitting lid. That's the best way to preserve Bournville Cocoa's rich aroma to the last spoonful.



LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

## BOURNVILLE COCOA

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Over he goes, happy and smart in his Kados suit. For Mothers realise that boys need suits that stand up to "lively" treatment. That's why they get Kados. For Kados boys' suits wear well; keep smart; and are kind to the purse. Your boy's clothing coupons are well spent when you buy a Kados suit.

In flannel or tweeds (Utility cloth)

Get them from your local shop

## KADOS

BOYS' SUITS

S.S.S. Durward Street, London

In Fighting French kitchens  
it's JUS for gravy



... in British kitchens it's

# BISTO

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI



Ask your shoeman for  
**WREN'S**



The  
**Man's Polish**  
that Women like

You can rely upon  
**WREN'S** to give a  
brilliant finish to  
your shoes and  
to keep the leather  
supple, pliable and  
comfortable  
in wear.

In Black, Brown  
and  
Dark Tan Stain.

**N.B.** USE SPARINGLY—  
REMEMBER THAT  
SUPPLIES ARE RESTRICTED

**WM. WREN LTD. WATFORD**



WE ASKED

## Pat Kirkwood

WHY SHE ALWAYS INSISTS ON DRENE SHAMPOO!

★  
THIS GLAMOROUS STAR,  
NOW PLAYING IN "LET'S  
FACE IT" AT THE LONDON  
HIPPODROME, GAVE THESE  
THREE 'ALL STAR' REASONS:

- ★ "Drene is the only shampoo which really makes my hair look its very best!"
- ★ "Drene saves me heaps of time, because it is so quick and easy to use."
- ★ "My hairdresser says that since using Drene my perm seems to last much longer."



*Pat Kirkwood*

The camera turns and a star's lustrous hair is captured on film. She uses Drene Shampoo—as more and more stars do. Drene is for you, too—to make your hair more glamorous than you would have believed possible. What's more, there's no fuss, because your hair will be so easy to set right after your first Drene Shampoo.

REMEMBER, Drene Shampoo is in two sizes—7½d. & 1/10½d., including Tax. The larger size saves you money—gives you four times as many luxurious shampoos.



1298-0022  
ROH

Someone takes care of her precious silks

THIS IS HOSPITAL'S DAY

Persil's gentle action makes coloureds, silks and woollens last longer. Persil is a complete washer; it contains the perfect blend of soap and oxygen—therefore it works best all alone. If you add anything else you are just wasting your soap ration.

**PERSIL WASHES GENTLY**

makes clothes last longer

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