

ILLUSTRATED, March 13, 1943

EVERY WEDNESDAY 3^D

ILLUSTRATED



**ROOF
OVER
BRITAIN**

"WINGS FOR VICTORY" CHAMPION

'I kick off every evening
at seven, Mr. Barratt!'



Reprint of an old advertisement

A FLASH-BACK

"All very well in the old days, wasn't it, Mr. Barratt? But you don't get many chances of kicking your shoes off now, what with Home Guard and fire-watching. But does that worry me? Not a bit. I'm as comfortable in my Barratts as I am out of them. I got ready for the war in advance, by deciding to

Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country.



COUPON FREE KNITTING is an exciting new leaflet (price 4d.) which tells you how to conjure up brand new woollies from old ones. It is packed with clever practical hints. Gives you instructions for knitting up new or old wool. Full of pictures and ideas... your dealer has it.

Note. It's an investment to spend a few coupons on wool, occasionally. A new woollie lasts ages, an old woollie will make a new one. *Good wool has a double life.*

Issued by the makers of

LAVENDA
knitting wool

In case of difficulty, write to Lister & Co., Ltd., Dept. A, Manningham Mills, Bradford

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)

*Easy! Quick!
and the shine lasts
twice as long!*



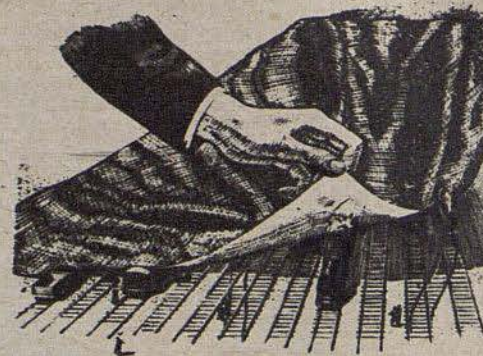
**puts a brilliant polish
on all floors**

Millions of women say that this amazing Johnson's Wax Polish keeps floors, furniture, lino and woodwork—bright, sparkling and mirror-like. Size B 10½d. C 1/6d.

Johnson's Wax is limited in supply, so make yours go as far as you can. Buy from your usual dealer and remember, the larger size saves you money in the long run.

Non-greasy
**JOHNSON'S
WAX POLISH**

S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., West Drayton, Middx.



UNDER COVER

FACTS and figures about the war effort of British Railways are quite rightly kept "under cover." There is small wisdom in giving gratuitous information to an inquisitive enemy.

But known facts plus a little imagination reveal a story of enormous industry and resourceful organisation.

The railways, apart from the domestic transport needs of the country, are called upon to haul a gigantic amount of additional traffic.

Imports from overseas, and exports for war zones are conveyed by rail. Work-people in ever-growing thousands are carried to and from factories, both old and new. Troops coming and troops going are transported by rail.

In face of these extra burdens, in face of increased difficulties in operation and the trying conditions of blackout, is there any wonder that facilities for domestic passenger travel have had to be substantially curtailed?

BRITISH RAILWAYS

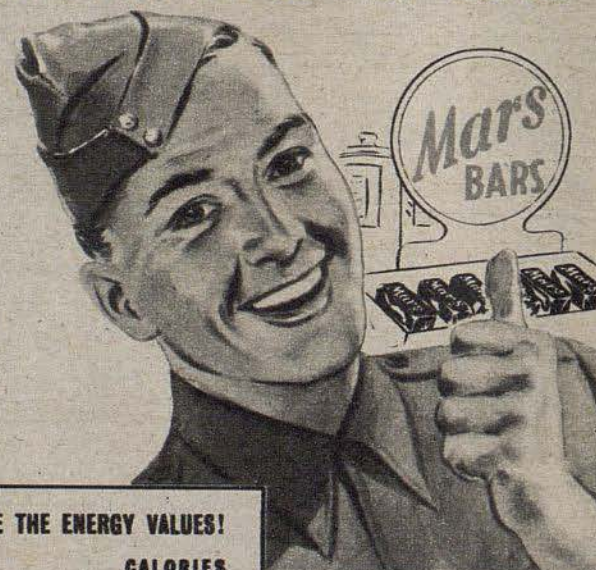
GWR · LMS



LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

"...WISH THEY WERE AN ISSUE"



COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES!

	CALORIES (for energy)
1 glass of Milk	169
1 Egg	70
1 slice of Bread	100
1 Lamb Chop	178
1 MARS	213

No wonder the Services go for Mars in a big way. There's more quick energy in these chunky candy bars than in many highly recommended energy foods (see chart). In fact, they are packed with delicious goodness—chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish. And when you get them, spread and prolong your enjoyment—by cutting them up into slices.





Jap officer reads coloured war news to Anglo-American prisoners (above) while leaflets, copied from Hollywood posters (left) are dropped over Allied lines in a childish attempt to break our morale

Nightmare
of your neglected wife.

O Tommy!
I.....going
crazy.....



JAP Propaganda

Intense and elaborate propaganda, closely modelled on the Nazi pattern, accompanies Japanese military campaigns. First copies of Japanese propaganda magazines ever to reach this country enable ILLUSTRATED to present the war in the East as seen through Japanese eyes

A SHREWD, observant cartoonist of the American magazine, *The New Yorker*, recently depicted the war in the Far Eastern jungles. He showed Japanese snipers hidden in the trees looking significantly like a few gorillas on nearby branches.

"Careful, mate," said one of the Allied soldiers to his comrade who aimed to shoot, "hit only those with a uniform on!"

I was reminded of this cartoon when I saw *Freedom* in Shanghai in the English language and intended to present, in words and pictures, the Japanese war—

as Japan wants the English-speaking world to see it.

Even though these stories were written and the pictures taken before the Allied offensives in New Guinea, China and Burma started, when the war in the East still brought setbacks and sad disappointments, it makes one wonder whether European imagination has not surrounded it with too many strange, mysterious and nearly frightening aspects.

Looking at pictures from Japanese sources, even bearing in mind that they were issued for the sake of propaganda, we may well be able to see the war in

OVER →



One of the carefully proved official Japanese propaganda photographs. It is purporting to show how happy and contented are prisoners of war and civilian internees



According to the Japanese, life in a prison camp is "one long stretch of relaxation." Internees are shaving their heads, not by order of Japanese, but to find relief from heat



American and British officers in prison camps are regularly called into conference with Japanese officers, Japanese propagandists declare. Here is one of the open-air round-table conferences in session with some Anglo-American captives taking part

Jap Propaganda—continued

the East in more accurate proportions.

It does not, after all, seem so much different from war against the Germans.

A propaganda campaign accompanies their conquests and tries to convince the world how much happiness they bring to conquered territories. They strike the note of "freedom" with monotonous insistence. They preach "Asia for the Asiatics." A "War of Liberation" is their keynote and the "New Order" is as much in evidence in Japan's Asia as it is in Nazi Europe.

Japanese propagandists make great play with the "heroic, jubilant, happy, conquering Japanese soldiers and blue-jackets." They photograph their "clear-cut faces," their smart appearance—exactly as the Germans did before their troops experienced the bitter lesson of defeat and ceased to look so truculently triumphant.

In flowery language Japanese propagandists maintain that, though Japanese occupation is as complete as the "Darkness of the Night"—whatever that means—it has always been carried out "with no serious after-effects."

A large gang of Japanese photographers has been sent out to produce pictures of European and Chinese civilians in Japanese-occupied territories being almost pampered.

But the reporters carefully distinguish between "registrants" (usually "enemy aliens" reporting to the Japanese police), "anticipants" (neutrals who do not know what is going to happen with them) and "emigrants" (who are leaving rather than waiting to experience Japanese rule).

How the Nazi pattern of conquest has been somewhat paralleled in the East is reflected in propaganda features showing "creation" of new opportunities, "production" going full speed ahead under Japanese supervision, "distribution" of food and the like.

Normal life follows occupation, so the Japanese say.

Neither is the element of terror omitted from this spate of propaganda. It has its uses in Asia, too.

"What war means," is a regular slogan, with dive-bombers and destruction playing their part in warning would-

be defenders in other areas of their possible fate if they should resist the Japanese.

The familiar motif of "what we have, we hold" does not sound strange in the Japanese version and it is embellished by pictures of fortifications, defensive artillery, anti-aircraft towers and police forces who "guarantee quiet and order."

Skilfully, the Japanese propagandists proceed to play on Anglo-Saxon sentiments, transform their slogan into "Japan rules the waves," or "the Japs are coming." Now they are on "The Road to Mandalay."

You are reminded of German complaints in Russia when a Jap writer assures us that "Scorched earth has caused more damage than Japanese bombs." How they would have liked to put their hands on the wealth of the Far East while it was still intact.

Somehow, however, the Japanese seem rather cunning and realistic in their approach to other Asiatic people. They know what bad reputations they have and as soon as they conquer a place they assure the population of their "best intentions."

The stage and the screen are roped in for propaganda purposes and sex-appeal is by no means neglected: "Flowers of Filmiland," they maintain "Support the New Order." They look nice, too!

Their photographers are suspiciously alert whenever an anti-British, anti-Chiang Kai-shek or anti-American demonstration is staged and no opportunity is missed to make fun of democracy.

Through it all run the usual fascist boasts of Japanese strength, sneers at Britain and America and a large dose of morbid Japanese glorification of death.

That is how the Japanese present their war to the world.

They do it in English and in Urdu, in Russian and in Chinese. The examples at hand in this country today—grown a little old in transit—have all the characteristics of German cocksureness a few months ago.

We shall read a different Japanese story before long.

Willi Frischauer



"He did his duty," the Japs say of Commander Wooley, R.N., a British naval officer who was rescued after his ship went down. His alleged broadcast was never heard



Described as "The British Flight Captain Bowden" this young airman whiles away his time in a prison camp playing patience. Japs say "It soothes his nerves!"



Japanese always try to impose their "civilization" on prisoners of war and civilian internees alike. Their first move is a futile attempt to instruct their captives in their language, the 4,000 odd symbols of which even most Japanese are unable to master completely. But Japanese military instructors keep on trying to teach it to their captives

OVER →



This picture purports to show prisoners recording and attaching labels to the records, which the Japs pretend will be dispatched to their homes. But they never arrive

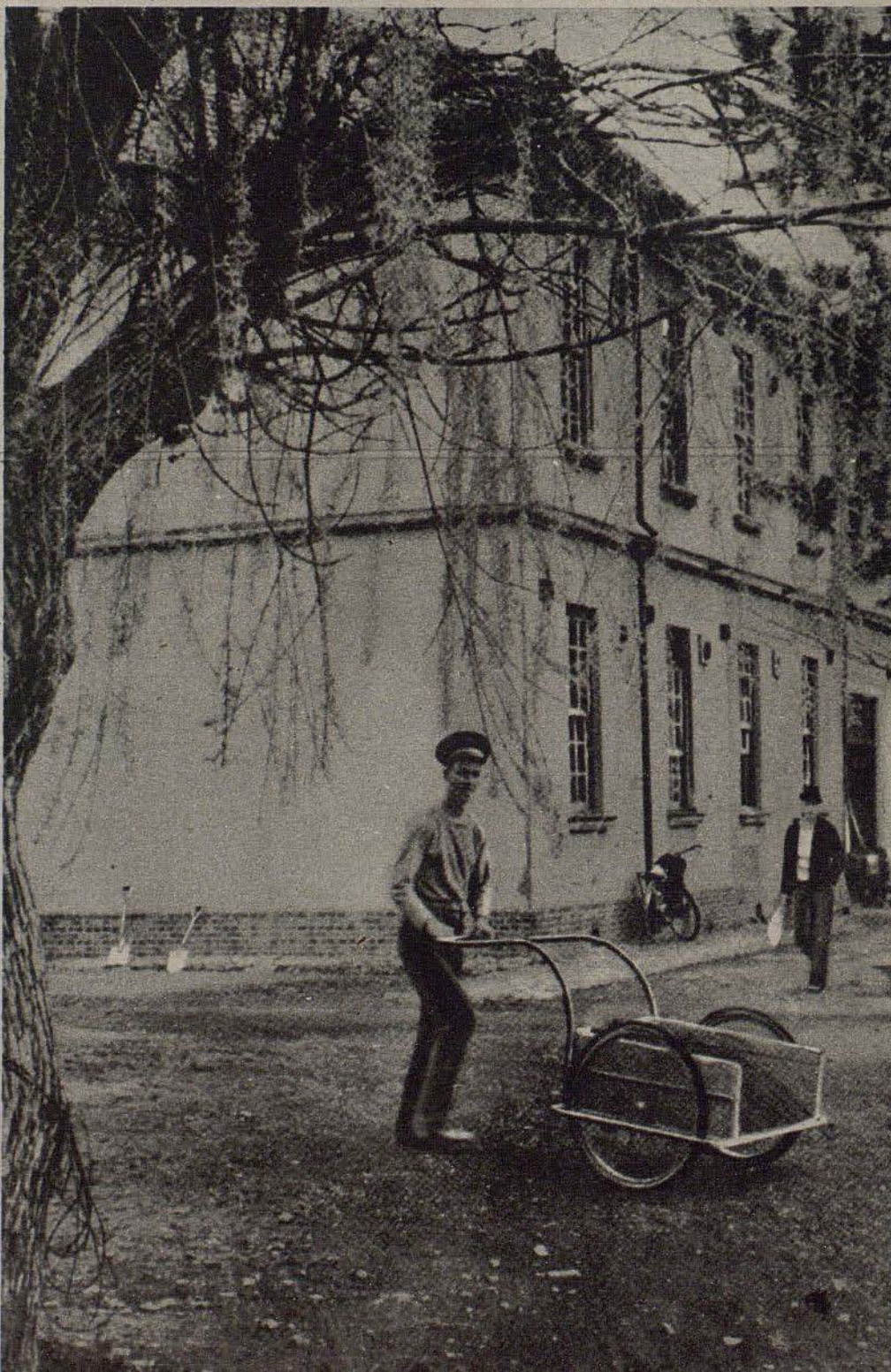


Japanese propagandists get busy. Lieutenant Matsuda of the Military Press Bureau is trying to obtain propaganda material in an interview with captured Allied officers

"Alan Raymond," Asiatic leader of a one-man organization called "Break Away From Britain Movement." Japs claim that this petty quisling is an Australian



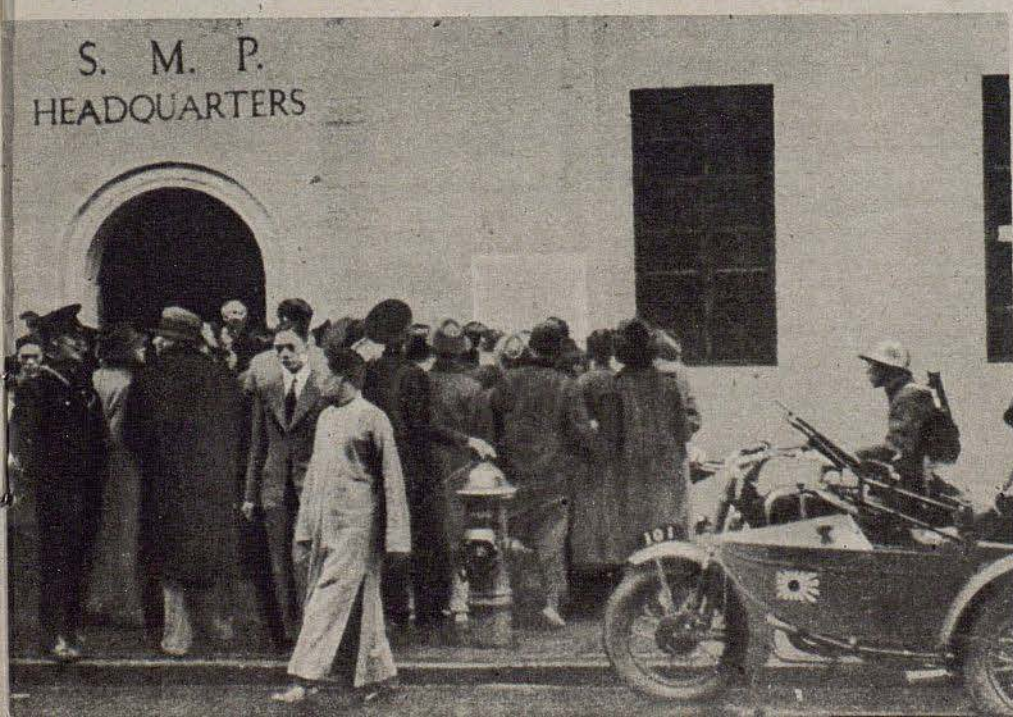
In flowery language, Japanese describe the life of British internees in this camp. It is "healthy" and "invigorating." Gardening, walks, games are the daily routine





In the streets of an occupied town this Japanese tank looks rather grim, but propaganda emphasizes the peaceful appearance of the rickshaws to show (above) how "normal life returns after Japanese occupation." To guarantee it, Japanese troops are retained

to aid municipal police, their machine gun pointing menacingly at the crowds (below, left). Japanese (below, right), like Nazis, delight in parades and flag-waving, and hope that such displays as these will create an impression of military power



Folk Dancing— Mexican Way



Love comes to José when he first sees Carmen. And his expression implies that in coming it has hit him good and hard

NEW YORK has been let in for a surfeit of Mexican dancers of late months. But even the most blasé cabaret-haunters have sat up and taken considerable notice when they have seen the trio pictured on this page. José Molina, his sister, Carmen, and Enrique Pastor have given New York something entirely original in Latin-American dances. And as a result the fashionable El Chico night club has been doing capacity business. For it is there that these dancers have been appearing.

Not only legs, but faces and hands, too, play an important part in the clever burlesques of the more hot-blooded type of Mexican dance. Theirs is Terpsichorean clowning of trio, a new and pointed kind. And as such, it has established the Mixteco Trio as a winning treble in the Dancing Stakes.



Enrique, on the other hand, is a misogynist. He seems to consider eternal triangles as akin to dynamite, and to be avoided



José (left) has managed to offend Carmen. But the shy Enrique proves a prop and stay



But José stages a come-back at the expense of Enrique. The latter passes out



Level pegging with both suitors hard at it. And Carmen matches their skill



Finale sees José in triumph. He carries off not only Carmen but defeated Enrique

American Nurses in Tunisia

American Army nurses are in North Africa. These pictures taken at a field hospital station show how the women of America are playing their part on the Tunisian Front

IMMEDIATELY after the landings in North Africa, a small party of American nurses arrived at a port on the North African coast ready to establish field hospitals close to the battle fronts.

In Tunisia, where fierce fighting is in progress, advance hospital bases have been set up just behind the firing lines.

Here American Army nurses take care of their countrymen as they come in from the front line. Here they dress their wounds and hearten the sick doughboys with their cheery smiles, making them as comfortable as possible until they are sent back to base hospitals.

A tent encampment has been established to receive the wounded and to house the medical staff. Nurses live under canvas and rough it along with the men miles away from civilization.

For many of these women from America this is their first venture overseas. They have come through their baptism of fire with calmness and fortitude.



Senior nurses inspect patients at the advance U.S. hospital base behind the Tunisian front

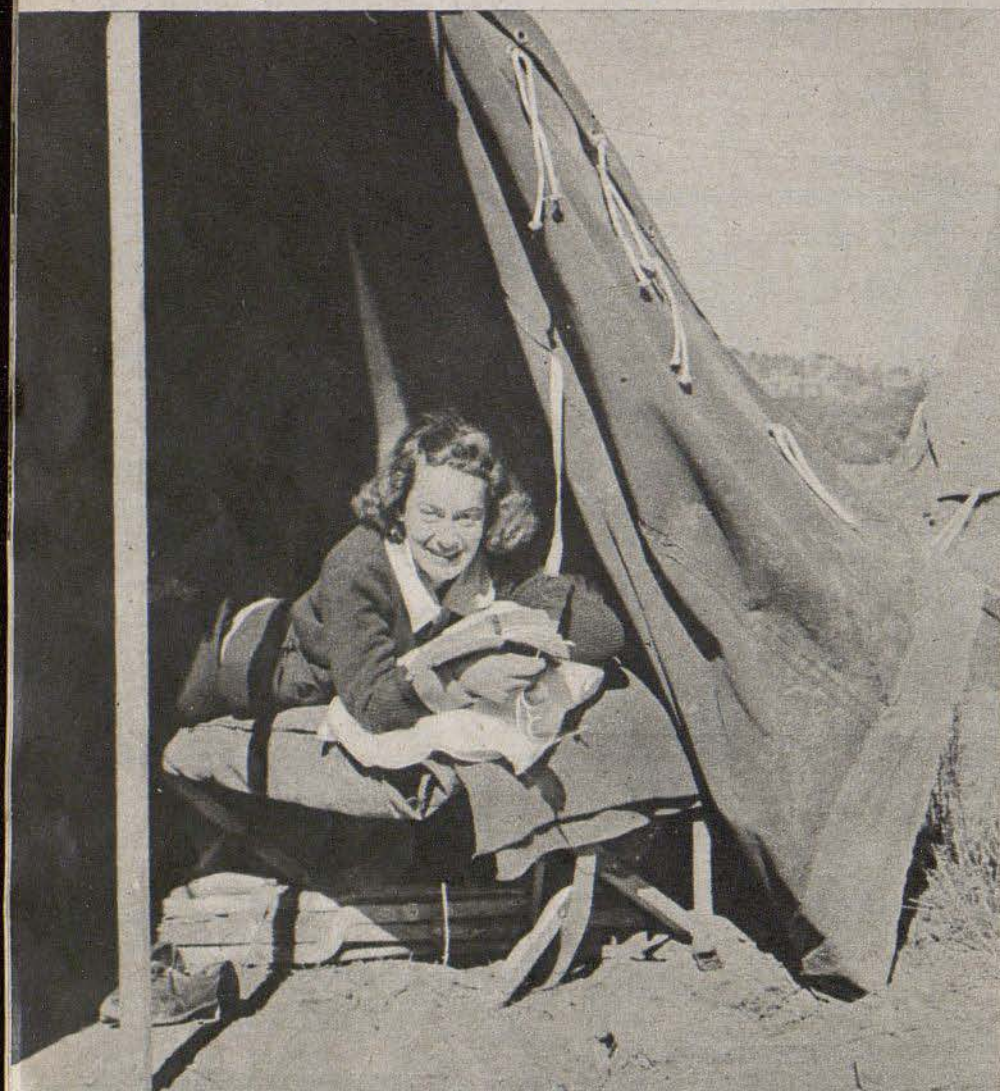
An American Army nurse hangs out her washing to dry in the brilliant Tunisian sunshine



They have to rough it at the advance hospital base. There is no luxury bathroom for this teeth-cleaning nurse

OVER ➔

Plucky Girls Rough It Behind Firing Lines in North Africa



Her spell of duty is over for the day. This American Army nurse lies down on her bed in complete relaxation and reads a book in the afternoon sunshine



It's time to get up and go on duty. She stretches before she leaves her hard mattress. The roof to her bedroom has been the starry sky over Tunisia



When this hospital base was first established, the nurses took on all sorts of jobs to speed on the work. They even dug trenches for drainage. Here two of them display their muddy boots after a spell of trench-digging



Just behind the firing-line is this advance dressing-station, where an American Army nurse tends a wounded doughboy just in from the front line. There are no facilities for crisp, starched uniforms here. Business-like dungarees take their place



Up bright and early this nurse to the American Army salutes the day in front of her tent as she goes off to get water for her morning ablutions



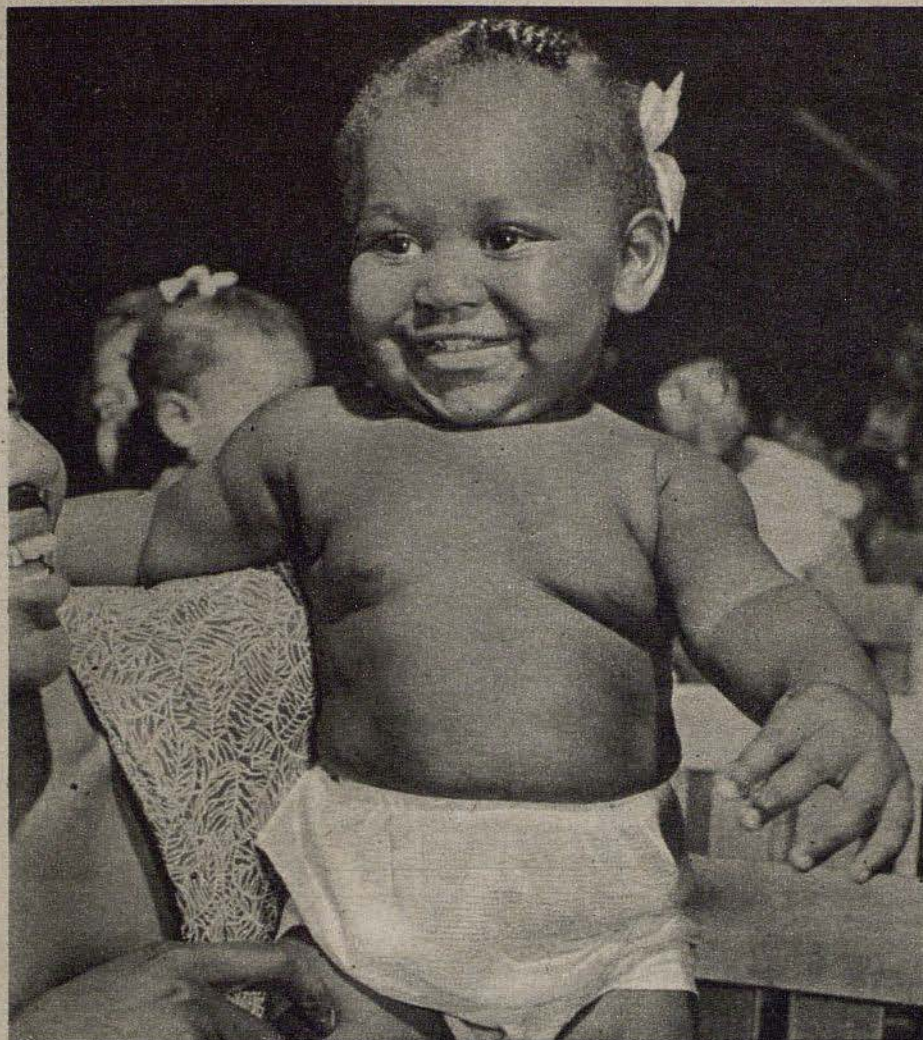
All sorts of chores fall to the lot of the nurses. Above and right, they hang out the washing they have done for some of the boys who have recently returned from the front with minor wounds



Black Babies

DINAH Mite on the scales is ready with a wail of woe. This little runner-up is not altogether sure that she approves of baby shows. But she was nearly a winner at the Memphis Tri-State Negro Fair where fifty-four little piccaninnies competed in a contest for the healthiest baby.

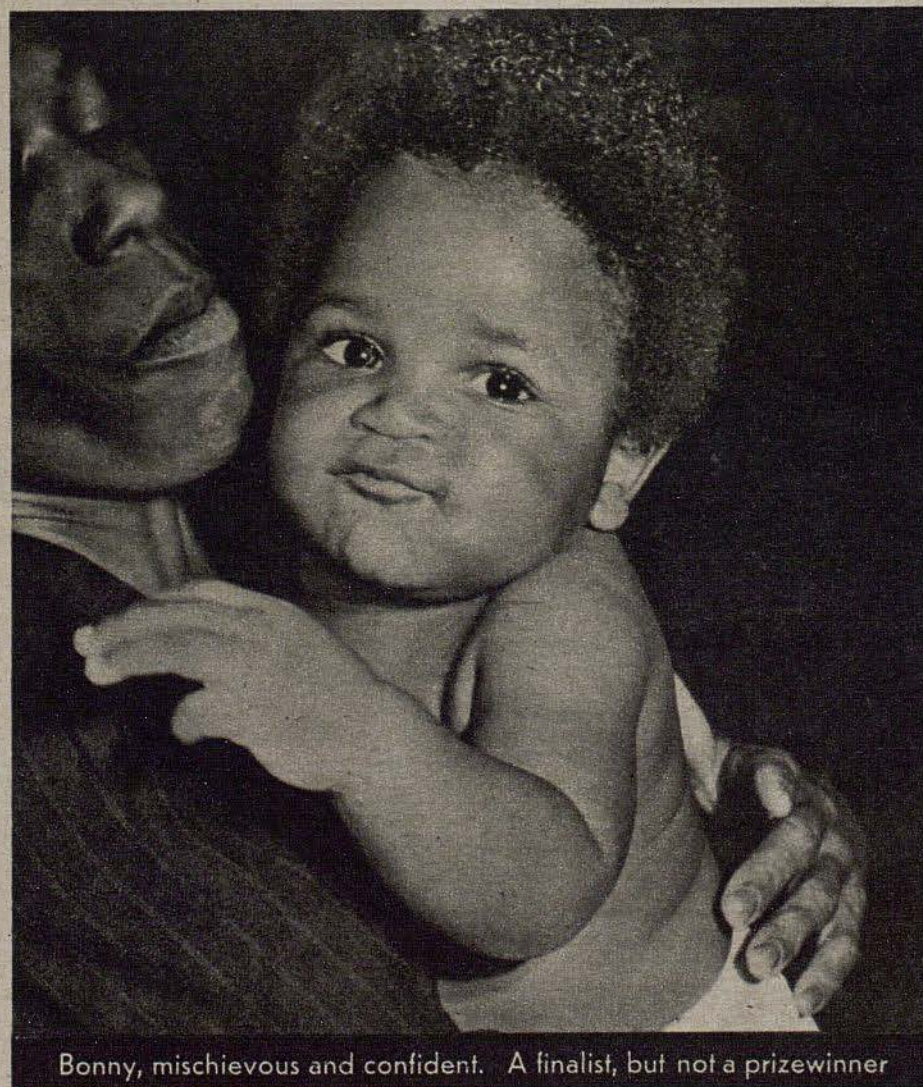




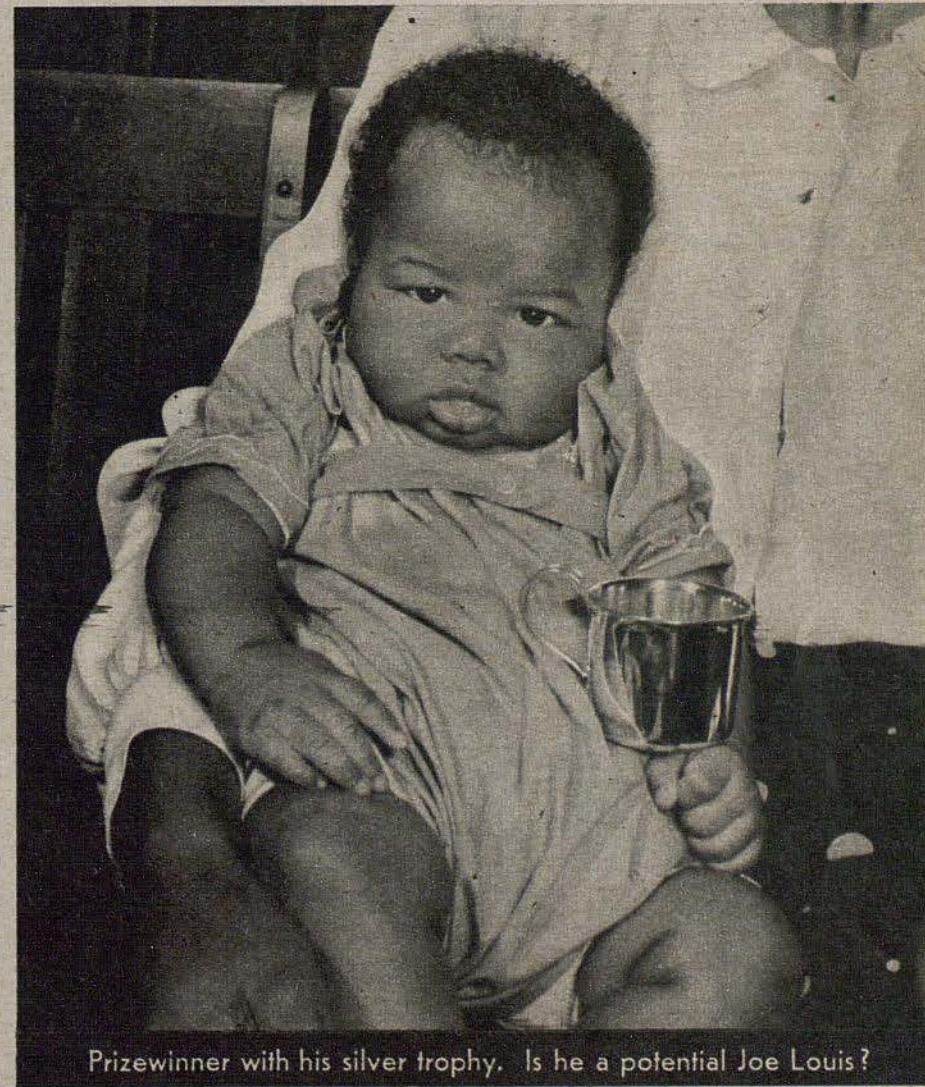
High-spirited and jolly, a laughing finalist, built on generous lines



Her mammy thinks she's mighty like a rose. We think she's cute



Bonny, mischievous and confident. A finalist, but not a prizewinner



Prizewinner with his silver trophy. Is he a potential Joe Louis?



Here, with a gun detachment is General Sir Frederick Pile, C.-in-C. A.A. Command. Starting his army career as a gunner, Sir Frederick was given command of the 1st A.A. Division, Territorial Army, in 1937



A wiry Irishman, son of a former Lord Mayor of Dublin, General Sir Frederick Pile, known as "Tim," won the D.S.O. and M.C. in the last war. For a time he served with the Royal Tank Regiment

Roof Over Britain



London's A.A. barrage is controlled by a high-ranking Army officer who sits on a platform in the gun control-room deep below ground in London. Through a microphone he gives orders to the gun sites

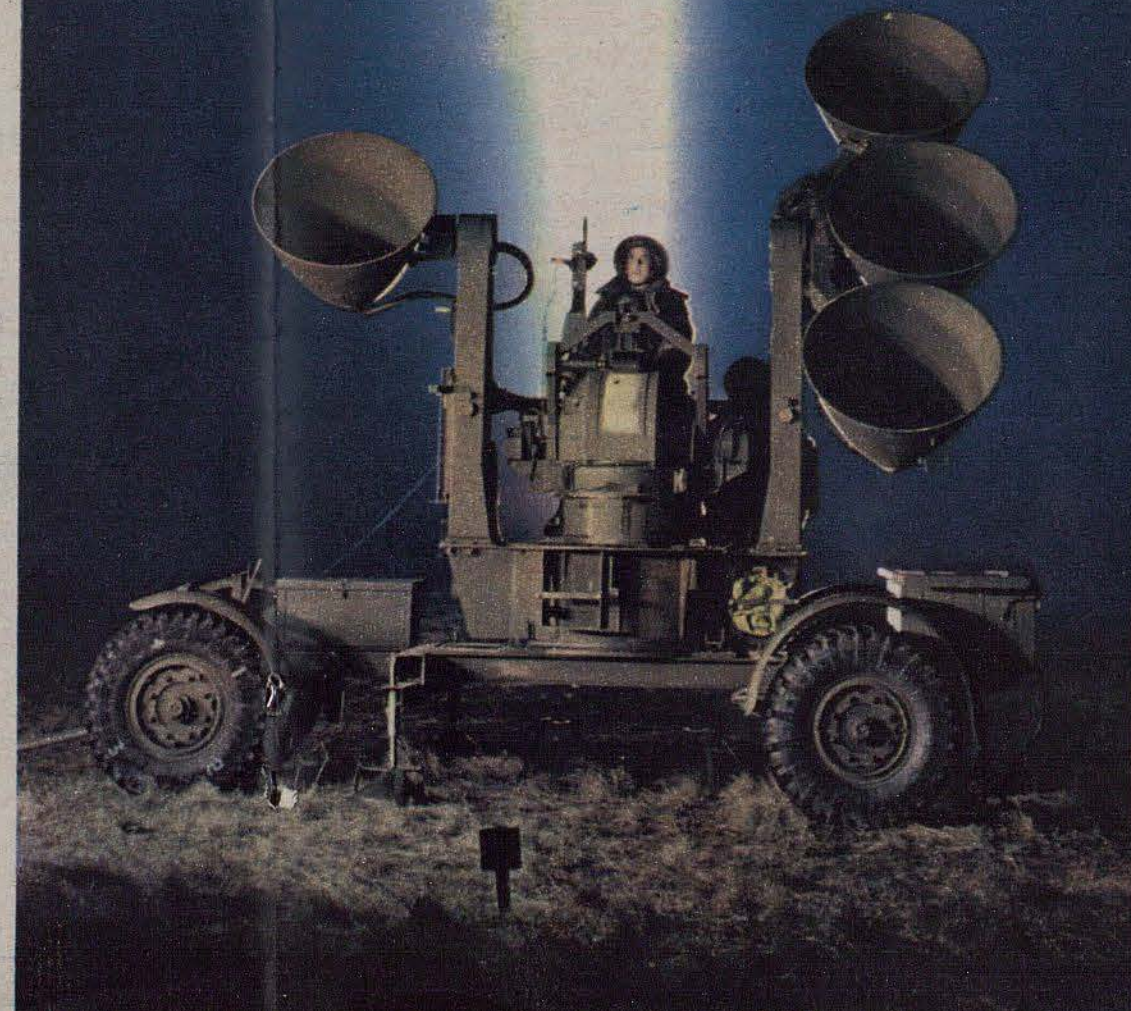
THE R.A.F. won the battle of Britain during the autumn of 1940. But the fighter squadrons who fought and won that immortal battle did not constitute the whole of our defensive system. The roof over Britain was composed of her static defences as well; the ack-ack, the searchlights, the balloon barrage and the Royal Observer Corps.

At the beginning of the war the roof was only a fairly tough framework, but even so, among the nations it was second to Germany, who, unlike us, had been preparing for war for many years.

From that time the defences developed rapidly into a highly trained, efficient and well-equipped organization. The Battle of Britain, the attacks on London, the provinces and the ports are all proof of this.

The story of the life and the work of the men and women of Britain's static defences is not dull, but very often it contains every element of exasperation. They have to fight the canker of armies—monotony—often in isolated stations far from their own homes and from anybody's homes. But they have proved victorious against boredom just as they have against the enemy.

The official story of Britain's anti-aircraft defences from 1939 to 1942 has been written under the title of "Roof Over Britain." It is illustrated, costs 9d. and will be procurable from H.M. Stationery Office shortly.



Left and above are sound locators manned by A.T.S. girls. Searchlight batteries operated entirely by women have been in action with success several times against enemy raiders

The spotter at a searchlight site, clad in thick winter clothing, can stand the rigours of winter as well as a man. The girls have won high praise from senior army officers for their work





Michael, aged two and a half, enjoys a game with his father. He wants to be a soldier



"Seizing cue with firm grip round the butt . . ." Regimental Sergeant-Major Brand makes up a four in a quiet game of snooker in the sergeants' mess at Sandhurst



Although the war has added very considerably to his military duties the Regimental Sergeant-Major still finds time to play with his two children. And here you see him, helped by Mrs. Brand, giving Mona, aged four and a half, and Michael, a ride on their swing



Drilling members of the ATS is part of his duties. He is teaching them correct marching



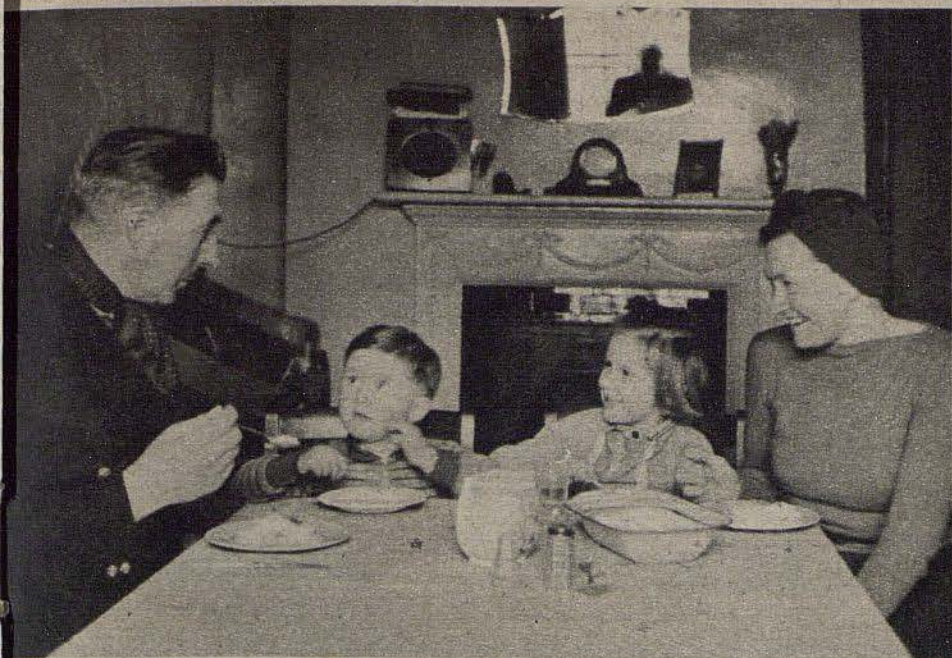
During his long period of service the R.S.M. has won many trophies in various contests. Here he is with the imposing collection of prizes that has a place of honour at home



There is a correct way of doing everything in the Army, even opening one's mouth to give a command. R.S.M. Brand, who can make his voice carry for half a mile, instructs a squad



In his leisure moments the R.S.M. likes to relax—he has plenty of strenuous work to do while on parade. So he is enjoying an easy before the fire in the mess



Yes, even R.S.M.s are human! And here is the British Army's No. 1 enjoying a family dinner quite as much as would any civilian back from a day at the office

No. 1 SERGEANT-MAJOR

THOUGH it may seem strange to the civilian mind, it is possible to have degrees even of sergeant-majors.

And here ILLUSTRATED introduces you to the regimental sergeant-major who may justly be ranked as the senior of all sergeant-majors, be they regimental, battery or company ones.

A former regimental sergeant-major of the Grenadier Guards, R.S.M. Brand, who has twenty-eight years military service to his credit is now the R.S.M. at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. And it is here that he has helped to train future tank officers.

A truly imposing figure on parade, his row of ribbons, his ramrod bearing and—perhaps above all—his echo-waking voice,

have made him known to thousands who are now officers.

But "on parade, on parade; off parade, off parade" has always been his principle. And lucky indeed is the man who can number as many friends in all ranks of the service as can R.S.M. Brand.

His knowledge of most things military is positively encyclopædic. In fact, he is a walking reference book on all matters appertaining to military law, procedure, precedents, customs and traditions.

War, with its shorter courses in which a wealth of knowledge must be crammed means much harder work for him. But even so, R.S.M. Brand, who is very much of a family man, finds quite a lot of time to be with his wife and two sturdy kiddies.



The Voice that Breathed O'er Sandhurst! R.S.M. Brand has a word of command that must be heard to be believed—and it is heard regularly during parades



Parade ground instruction taxes vocal powers. No wonder, then, that R.S.M. Brand joins warrant officer and N.C.O. instructors in a well-earned beer in their mess



Making sure rifles have been correctly pulled through. While gentlemen cadet holds up his rifle for the R.S.M.'s inspection, remainder stand correctly at the port



When the day's work is over, His Excellency plays vigorous table tennis with friends or members of the diplomatic and consular staff at the Egyptian Embassy

Dr. Hassan Nachat Pasha, with several members of the large Embassy staff in London, including Messrs. Hussein Mohammed Said (First Secretary), Mostafa Moine Al-Arab (Second Secretary), Abdel Latif Fahmy and Mohamed Kamal el Labban, Attache



The Ambassador is a keen amateur photographer. He has six cameras and has taken photographs in many parts of the world. Here he is himself, snapping photographer James Jarché at the Embassy

Ambassador, Sportsman, Criminologist

Dr. Hassan Nachat Pasha, Egyptian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, is as versatile as he is accomplished. Below is an intimate pen-picture of this staunch friend and ally of Great Britain

MODERN Egypt, mistress of the vital 103-mile long Suez Canal linking the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, Great Britain's ally since 1936, is represented at the Court of St. James's by Dr. Hassan Nachat Pasha.

Gateway to the Eastern Mediterranean between the world's civilizations of yesterday, between the warriors of centuries back, between the primitive traders who flourished before the Christian era, Egypt today occupies a position of the utmost strategic importance to the Allies.

And, in recent years, Anglo-Egyptian relations have prospered, are now better than they have ever been in their long and chequered journey. For this result statesmen pay tribute to the work in London of Dr. Nachat, sportsman, farmer, criminologist, linguist and psychologist.

Five years ago he came to the Embassy in South Audley Street, Mayfair, from Berlin. In his ten years as Minister to Germany, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, the envoy had watched the rise of Hitlerism, had watched the contribution to world civilization from newly arisen Czech statesmen, had seen the violent changes in Warsaw.

Already his diplomatic career had been full of experience, for he had served previously in Madrid and Teheran.

Dr. Nachat's life has been one of colourful romance. He began as an advocate,

and appeared in the courts of Cairo at the age of 19, winning his first case.

He then travelled to France, and at Dijon University obtained economics and law degrees. Returning home, he was appointed Egypt's youngest university professor. At thirty-two he established another record, by being made a pasha.

King Fuad had learnt of the brilliance of the professor and made Dr. Nachat the head of the palace cabinet, virtual ruler of a country four times the size of the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland. Subsequently, the envoy turned to diplomacy abroad, and now he has reached diplomacy's Mecca, London.

He has shot boars in Poland, bears in Finland, stags in Germany; kept a racing yacht on the Thames, until the Conservancy Board ordered the bath cabin to be sealed up.

He had boxed or fenced daily, to keep fit; and today he still finds time to dig on his farm in the west country at weekends, to prune roses, to level hedges, to supervise the activities of the neighbouring farmer-friend. His love of speed is shown by his fleet of cars, some of racing design. Alas! the racing is no more.

His Excellency is an inventor, too, and one of his gadgets enables him to read comfortably at night till he falls to sleep. With a gentle wave of the hand, the book-rest moves away, and the light is

World notabilities all know the Egyptian servant, Abdul, here wearing national dress. He is offering the Ambassador the coffee which he makes himself.



OVER →

"WE'LL SAY IT'S WORTH BARKING FOR!"



Dogs of all breeds love and thrive on "Chappie". This makes it all the more embarrassing for us to warn you that this complete food is in short supply and that its sale, in all fairness, is restricted to old customers.

"Chappie" is the complete, scientifically balanced, all-round diet for dogs. Vets, breeders and other experts agree that it provides the essential nourishment for

the promotion of robust health. If your dog is deprived of "Chappie", just tell him how sorry we are. Give him this message from his more fortunate brothers: "Cheer up, old chap, we know the good things you are missing. Bark for the downfall of Hitler. Then, when peace comes, see that your master puts you on 'Chappie'. We'll say it's worth barking for!"

In air-tight jars, 10d. From Corn Chandlers, Grocers, Pet Shops, Chemists and all good Stores.



DOG FOOD

The Economy Drink

OXO makes the finest quick drink for cold days. Children love it, and a cup of hot OXO will send them off to school warm to the fingertips!



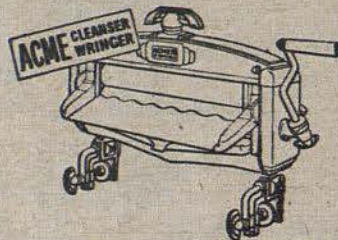
OF SPECIAL VALUE FOR
GROWING CHILDREN

Can that be the Rectory?

It's more like a laundry. And, of course, it is. You can't accommodate twenty small evacuees without telling the world it's



washing day... And they've only one Acme at the Rectory—and no chance of buying another till after the war. But that's what's happening to Acmes all over the country—they're standing up to mountains of extra war-work but never complaining...



"BUBBLES"

The War is interfering with many pleasantly familiar things. To these must be added Pears Transparent Soaps. Unfortunately, certain special ingredients are needed for the War Effort. We are sorry, but we can only look forward to the time when we will again be producing sufficient for everyone.

Pears

TRANSPARENT SOAPS

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

TP 255/829



Keep the CHILDREN FREE FROM INFECTION

NOW is the time of year when general health and resistance to germ-infection is at the lowest. Take particular care of the children now, for they are the most susceptible to disease and colds and influenza.

"Sanitas" is a good precaution; a pleasant antiseptic to use; and it prevents germs taking hold. Let the children gargle night and morning with "Sanitas," diluted.

Wash in a weak solution of "Sanitas" after work and play. Spray "Sanitas" in crowded rooms, nurseries and sick rooms, to sweeten the air and destroy the germs floating in it.

From Chemists 1/6 & 1/8d. per bottle (incl. Pur. Tax)

SANITAS THE FAMILY SAFEGUARD

ON REQUEST. Valuable War Memorandum on prevention and treatment of infectious diseases. Write (enclosing 1d. stamp) to: SANITAS CO. LTD., Dept. I.L./3, 51 Clapham Rd., S.W.9

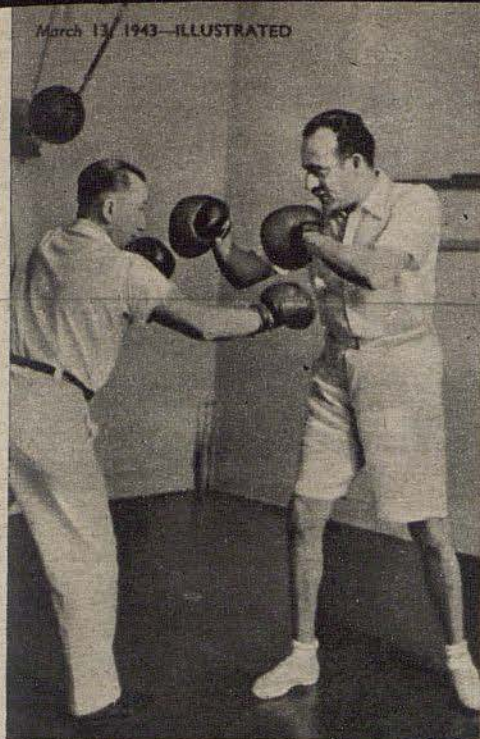
Phillips Rubber Soles and Heels



Like many other good things, the demand for Phillips Rubbers exceeds the supply and your repairer may be temporarily out of stock—but they are worth waiting for.

Phillips put the utmost wear into their rubber soles and heels. See that you get the last ounce of wear out of them before you have new ones fitted. Then ask your repairer to see that the old ones go for salvage.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST



Egypt's Ambassador at St. James's sparring with his boxing instructor. Do the big gloves indicate a heavy punch?



In this colourful uniform His Excellency attends special functions as envoy of King Farouk I, ruler of Egypt



A notable European big-game shot, the Egyptian Ambassador is nursing two baby bears by the side of the mother, in Central Finland. Before the war hunting was one of Dr. Nachat's favourite sports. He has shot boars in Poland and stags in Germany



King Farouk I greets Ambassador after opening the latter's private mosque in Cairo. Many of the leaders of the Moslem religion were present. In one corner of the beautiful mosque the Ambassador's wife is buried. Here he, too, will be buried



Fencing is one sport that helps to keep Egypt's envoy to Britain fit. He takes strenuous exercise every morning

Ambassador, Sportsman, Criminologist—continued

automatically extinguished and he sleeps.

The library in the ambassador's London study is a good criterion of his varied tastes and interests—the volumes are in English, French, German, Arabic, Italian, Spanish, and deal with diplomacy, biography, politics, criminology, fine furniture.

On his estates in Egypt tomatoes are grown in large quantities, and till fairly recently they came to Covent Garden, in London. In his paper mills in Egypt a new industry has been begun, on which his country relies largely for newsprint.

To his luncheons and dinners, mostly held in one of the main salons in the Embassy, come the famous of Britain and the foreign world, cabinet ministers and men with household names invite Dr.

Nachat's views on several world problems.

For he combines a background rare even in widely travelled and experienced diplomats with a French education and fifteen years' service in first rank diplomacy in Europe.

When Britain's skies were dark, and men spoke of the dreadful possibility of defeat in 1940, Dr. Nachat insistently urged on his friends here the view that, whatever happened, Britain must guard Egypt. "Britain remains the head of the body of democracy, Egypt, the heart. One cannot exist without the other." History has applauded him.

During his recent visit to Egypt, the British Prime Minister paid tribute to the services rendered to the Allied cause by Egypt. True to her agreement, she had

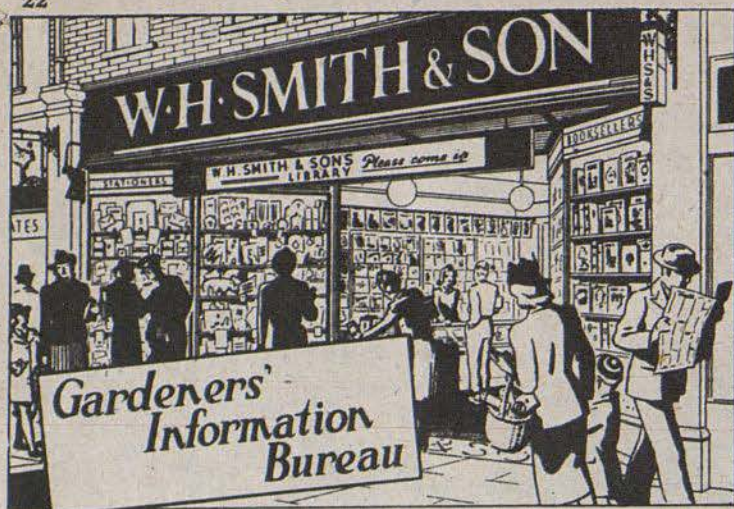
given the British roads, rail transport, bridges, raw materials, finished articles. Egypt had carried out the terms of the alliance, which has yet thirteen years to run.

Egypt, whose forefathers knew the elements of civilization four thousand years before the Christian era, has in the twentieth century helped to save her successors in the western world. That is why Britons salute the envoy of Egypt in their midst.

George Bilainkin.

A real treat to the Embassy guests. Abdul mixes drinks containing the juice of fresh lemons, brought by air from Lisbon





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WARTIME CLOTHES SERVICE by the Lux News Scout

S KIRT INTO BLAZER

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HOW to clothe a family is a problem that every mother has to face these days. School-boys especially, are forever growing out of their clothes.

Well, here's one idea to save the situation. If you possess a flannel or serge skirt—white, coloured or grey—it will make a smart, hard-wearing blazer for your small son. It may give you a pang to part with the skirt, but the result will more than repay your sacrifice.



You can get a pattern for the blazer in the correct size at most of the bigger stores. Then, unpick the seams of the skirt, experiment a bit with the pattern to see how the pieces will fit in best, and cut out in the usual way. If you're short of pieces, the patch pockets can be made in a different material.

Flannel is excellent material and dyes easily. So, if your skirt was originally white, the blazer can be dyed navy or your son's school colour. Bright colours can be dyed to a deeper tone of the

same colour; pale grey will satisfactorily take most dark dyes; and dark grey dyes navy, nigger brown or black.

You'll find that the flannel blazer washes beautifully. Use Lux, of course, if you can. Lux lather is so rich, that dirt comes out without rubbing, and that is of vital importance when dealing with woollens. If you rub, the tiny fibres get matted together and then the material becomes felted and shrinks.

If you can't get Lux, and have to use something else, be sure to take extra pains with the rinsing. If you fail to do this, specks of undissolved soap may cling to the fibres, and these, too, will help to cause shrinkage. With Lux, you avoid this danger because Lux dissolves completely, even in lukewarm water and so rinses out completely, too. You give two coupons for a packet of Lux and it costs 5d.

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Silence

by
Nevenka
Gulliland

The Gestapo officer was proud of his plan. The old Yugoslav woman must recognize her son. But she knew the value of silence

comer, conscious of every muscle in her face, conscious of every pulse beat in her temples and, above all, conscious of the unwavering stare of the officer.

The eighth man who was pushed through the door was her son.

She looked at him as she had looked at all the others during this deadly silent nightmare. She saw him flinch at the sight of her, but the officer was not looking at him, only at her. She turned calmly back to the officer as she had done seven times before and she heard her son's steps as he went out of the room.

Four more times the procedure was repeated. But she had ceased to see any of the poor battered figures. She could see only the image of her son; the bruise on his cheek, the tear in his right sleeve, the untidy bandage round his head.

The officer's plan was clear—to make her give away her son, the famous fighter from the mountains. She knew what had happened in another town where they had caught one of its sons who had become a leader of the Chetniks, the guerrillas. They burned the whole place to the ground and shot every male.

But she had not given her son away. She had succeeded, after all.

When the last prisoner had been taken away, the Gestapo man frowned angrily. He had been so sure that this woman's son was among these prisoners, captured at great cost. But obviously he had been wrong.

"Tell her to go," he said crossly to the young soldier.

"You can go," the other man said in Serbian.

The woman got up slowly, went like a sleep-walker to the door. The young soldier unhooked the oil lamp from the ceiling and put it on the table.

At the door, the old woman withdrew her hands from her sleeves and looked a second at her fingers, stained with her own blood. She turned, put her hands behind her back and turned the key in the lock.

Both men stood up abruptly, then hesitated, for in the blazing dark eyes, in the pale old face was something more frightening than anything either of them had ever experienced.

"You wanted to use a mother against her child," she whispered. "Curse you."

And, with one swift movement, she grasped the small, red-hot iron stove, jerked it free from its long narrow pipe and threw it at the table. It smashed the oil lamp, and burning oil fell on to the wooden floor. Instantly the small room was ablaze.

The old woman turned swiftly now. Her torn hands unlocked the door, she slid out and locked it behind her. For a few moments nobody would see the fire, she thought grimly, for the Germans had boarded up the window in their fear of ambush.

When they did see it they would lose their heads as these Germans so often did when something unexpected happened, and that might mean a chance for the prisoners and for herself. She walked briskly down the narrow street.



Calling the Rock

WHEN evacuees from Gibraltar give concerts to their fellow evacuees, the B.B.C. records them, broadcasts them to Gibraltar on their Overseas Service. Messages are sent to relatives; children talk to their fathers, wives to their husbands. Below, Aida Attias sings "La Machrena." The children seen above in a song and tableau, "My Rock," attend English schools, but on leaving age usually find work. In Gibraltar, few women work, but here most of them are doing war jobs. Compulsory evacuees, these people are helping Britain's war effort. And their gay voices, singing their national songs, go over the air to the loved ones they hope soon to rejoin.



HE was an old woman, but she carried herself erect, and when the German sergeant had motioned her to sit on the chair in the middle of the room under the slightly swinging oil lamp, she sat stiffly and straight. She pushed her hands into the ample sleeves of her black silk jacket and waited.

Opposite her was a plain, square table and behind it sat the Gestapo officer. The unsteady light of the hanging lamp was reflected in the strong lenses of his glasses and he had a habit of moistening his thin bloodless lips with a quick movement of his tongue at frequent intervals, which made him look like a giant lizard.

At the side of the table was a young German soldier with his pen poised on a white sheet of paper. At the door of the small Serbian schoolroom stood the sergeant who had fetched the woman in. Nobody spoke. Except for the crackling of the wood in the small iron stove near the door, there was no sound.

The Gestapo officer rapped with a pencil on the table without taking his frog-like gaze from the lined face of the old woman.

The sergeant went out. The woman, under the cover of her sleeves, gripped her elbows firmly. The deep suspicion which had been in her black eyes seemed to intensify.

The door opened again and a figure tumbled in, pushed by the sergeant. It was a Yugoslav soldier in a tattered uniform, one leg wrapped in a bloodstained dirty bandage. He stood, swaying a little, staring furiously from the Gestapo officer to the old woman who looked at him with a puzzled frown. The officer rapped on the table and the sergeant pushed the man roughly out.

The Gestapo officer was proud of his plan. He knew all about the psychological torture of silence. She was bound to give herself away when she suddenly saw . . .

The door opened again. Another badly mauled Yugoslav soldier was pushed in. And the previous scene was repeated.

But it was only after the fourth time that the realization of the German's intention flashed through the woman's mind. For a second her blood seemed to turn to ice.

She gripped her elbows so tightly that her nails pressed into the flesh like knives. She knew that not a line of her face must change, not the flicker of an eyelid give her away.

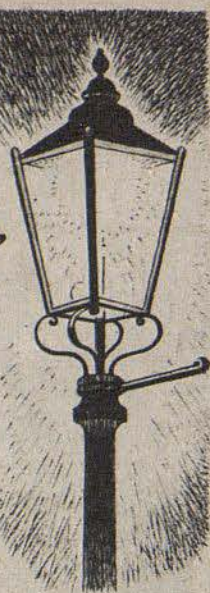
"Boze moj—my Lord," she prayed fervently, "strike me with blindness!"

Now she stared at the frog eyes opposite her with violent hate. Now the noise of the opening door was like a heavy whip on her bare skin. But she must not show anything at all, she kept repeating desperately to herself.

So each time one of the Yugoslavs was pushed in she turned, slowly, deliberately, to look at the new-

"...and the LIGHTS will come back!"

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp or an uncurtained window? It is a strange fact. And it is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving. Amid all our cares and troubles, we in this country have put the health of the children first; have done everything we could to make sure that they should suffer least of all.



'Milk of Magnesia' has done a wonderfully good job in helping to keep the health standard high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period. It has offset the effect of the inevitable restrictions of war time.

It can fairly be claimed that in helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow. We are all remembering, especially with kiddies, that health counts most.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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How can the bulk-deficient diet best be corrected?

MOST doctors today will agree that nearly all cases of common constipation arise because of the lack of "bulk" in our modern diet.

Because the foods we eat contain so little "bulk" they get almost completely absorbed into the system, and the residue they leave behind is not bulky enough for the intestinal muscles to "take hold of." These muscles cease to work and you get constipated.

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- All-Bran is rich in iron, and in Vitamin B, which has an excellent tonic effect on the muscles.

Thousands of grateful men and women who for years have suffered from the ill-effects of constipation have written to us



telling of the relief that All-Bran has brought to them.

If you eat All-Bran for breakfast and drink plenty of fluids, you too, can say good-bye to constipation for ever. You'll be splendidly fit—more full of energy than you have ever been in your whole life. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran.

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CHAMPION
PLUGS

WASHDAY "SAVE COAL" SCHEME FOR BRITISH HOUSEWIVES

Target: 1,500,000 Tons a year

NEW WARTIME WASHING METHOD

A SAVING of a million and a half tons of the nation's coal would be made in a year if housewives who boil their clothes every week were to stop boiling! This is true whether women use gas, coal or electricity.

And now here is the new wartime washing method that has been worked out by the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories. It gets the clothes beautifully clean without boiling. This method requires hot but not boiling water, and only half the amount of water you used to use. The saving in fuel by not lighting the copper is 40 cubic feet of gas if you have a gas-heated copper. Coal users would save 9 lbs. of coal.

How the Method Works

Now the important point, in addition to this colossal saving of coal, is that this way of washing cuts your use of soap by a third, takes far less time and trouble, and gets the clothes really clean. Here is the method:

Run off into your sink or wash-bath half the amount of water you used to use—slightly hotter than your hand can bear. Sprinkle in two-thirds the usual amount of Rinso and



Women all over the country are adopting this wartime washing method.

whisk up. Be sure you have enough water to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

Put the whites in first and let them soak for just 12 minutes. Then wash through and rinse. Put the coloureds into the same suds and treat in exactly the same way.

WASHDAY FUEL-SAVING GUIDE

National coal-saving target 10,000,000 Tons a year

British housewives' saving 1,500,000 Tons a year (by not boiling clothes)

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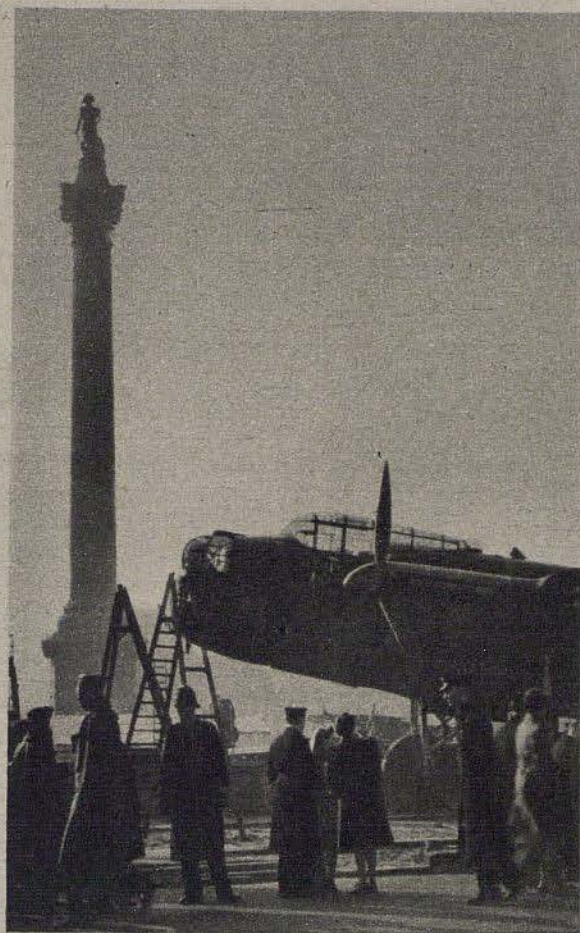
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GIRL ON THE COVER

Bosworth Queen—"Queenie" to her many friends—is a very important lady. Not only is she an international champion bulldog owned by Mr. J. Knode, of St. Margaret's, East Twickenham, but she is a war worker of renown.

In fact, Queenie has collected over £10,000 in subscriptions for charities and war savings of all kinds. And what is more, she is willing to go anywhere in the British Isles to collect. Her owner has refused £3,000 for Queenie who is carrying on the good work by collecting during Wings for Victory Week from the Lancaster bomber in Trafalgar Square and thus helping Westminster's effort.



Murder By Mistake

by Frank King

When George Fothergill was found dead in his car it looked like suicide. But a wine stain on his shirt front aroused Inspector Jamieson's suspicions. Could it be murder?

IT seemed very certain that George Fothergill had committed suicide. But there was one small point in the case that attracted Inspector Jamieson's attention and caused him to go into it more thoroughly than was usual in such circumstances.

The result of his inquiries left him more puzzled than before. He felt that he had every justification for consulting Peter Trevor.

"No reason why he should kill himself," he grumbled. "And equally no reason why any one else should do it. He was a research chemist carrying out very hush-hush work on poison gases for the Government. Had his own laboratory at his house in Hampstead."

Early this morning his car was found without lights just off a quiet road leading to the Barnet By-pass. It was full of exhaust gas, the engine switched on, the tank empty. A tube from the exhaust ran up through the floorboards.

"Fothergill was slumped over the steering wheel. Death had

occurred soon after midnight. He had that rosy-pink colour which the local police surgeon says is characteristic of exhaust gas or coal gas poisoning."

"It is," agreed Peter. "And what's wrong with all that for suicide?"

"Nothing, Mr. Trevor. What set me wondering was this: Fothergill had spilled some red wine over his shirt front. It had soaked through to his skin, leaving a faint but definite stain on his chest."

"At first I thought he might have been drunk—and it's easy to murder a drunken man with exhaust gas. But the surgeon tested the alcoholic content of his blood and said no. There was no trace of any blow on the head. In fact, he failed to find anything out of the way."

"And yet you weren't satisfied? Intuition?"

"Don't believe in it," grunted Jamieson. "I just wanted to learn more about that wine stain. And did I get it!"

His dour features relaxed into a gloomy smile. "I cleared up everything—except the whole business. His manservant, Hardy, says that Fothergill spilled the wine at din-

ner. He also says that Fothergill took a bath about midnight and—"

"But that's wrong. The stain couldn't—"

"Precisely, Mr. Trevor! The stain wouldn't have been there if he'd bathed. Why did he pretend to do so before going out to commit suicide?"

"Dunno," said Peter. "Tell me some more."

"I'd better give you the whole set-up. Fothergill was a widower, with one son, Eric. Eric's hush-hush, also, designing aeroplanes. He's recently become engaged to a Miss Irene Porter, who lives in Birmingham. She's been staying at the house for the past fortnight. The manservant, Hardy, says she's one of the best."

"Last evening, Eric had an important conference at the factory, likely to go on until late. So there were only three people at dinner; Fothergill, Miss Porter and Lawrence Brewer, Fothergill's laboratory assistant."

"During the meal, a phone call came through from Birmingham. Miss Porter's mother, a chronic invalid, had suddenly been taken worse and wanted her back at once. She blurted out the news in great distress, almost collapsing."

"It was at this point that Fothergill spilled the wine."

"He was evidently one of the courtly old sort. He insisted that she wasn't fit to travel alone; in his son's absence, he'd escort her to Birmingham himself."

"Ignoring her protests, he told Brewer that the work they'd intended to do that evening must be postponed. So Brewer left, while Fothergill and Miss Porter went upstairs to get ready."

"As it happened, Eric Fothergill got home almost immediately, his conference having finished earlier than expected. Naturally,

he went off with his fiancée. Old Fothergill hesitated about recalling Brewer, decided against it, and settled down in his study."

"As usual, Hardy took him hot milk and sandwiches about ten, locked up and went to bed. He says he read for an hour or so. Just before midnight he heard water running out of the cistern which is in the next room to his, and knew that Fothergill was taking a bath."

Peter shook his head. "Not good enough for me, Jimmy."

"Nor for me, Mr. Trevor. But in the morning the bath showed the usual signs of use, and both mat and towels were wet. No one else in the house, of course. So it must have been Fothergill pretending—before he cleared off in his car."

"Did Hardy hear him go?"

"No. His bedroom's on the opposite side to the garage."

"You've only Hardy's word for all this?"

"Yes," agreed Jamieson. "But I'm pretty sure he's telling the truth—as he knows it. I was hoping you might be sufficiently interested to come along and see him."

Peter grinned. "You've got me guessing. Let's go."

A police car took them swiftly to Highcroft, Fothergill's house in Hampstead. On the way, Jamieson revealed that he'd already spoken to Eric Fothergill on the telephone.

Mrs. Porter's collapse had been something of a false alarm, and she was much better this morning. Irene Porter was coming back from Birmingham with Eric by an early train.

"Can he suggest any reason for suicide?"

"He won't have it, Mr. Trevor. Says it's out of the question altogether."

After a talk with Hardy, Peter agreed with Jamieson that the old man was speaking he truth. Intensive questioning elicited very little

further information from him. He shook his grey head at the mention of either murder or suicide; Mr. Fothergill had been perfectly happy, and every one had liked him.

The queer business about the bath baffled him altogether. He'd had no idea anything was wrong until the police came early this morning to report the finding of the body. He'd phoned both Mr. Eric and Mr. Brewer. Terribly upset they were.

"Mr. Brewer about?" asked Peter.

"Yes, sir, he's in the laboratory. If you go out by this side door . . ."

"We'd better have a word with him, Jimmy."

The laboratory was housed in a small building at the bottom of the garden. It was a rather terrifying place, bristling with all sorts of electrical and chemical apparatus. Lawrence Brewer, a smart young fellow in a stained overall, came forward to greet the visitors, frowning when he learned their identities.

"Is there something wrong?" he asked. "I mean—are you suspecting foul play?"

"We can't find any reason why Mr. Fothergill should kill himself," said Jamieson, "and thought you might know of something in connexion with his work."

"I'm sure not. He was very wrapped up in it, most enthusiastic. But I'm equally sure that no one else killed him."

"Absolutely. Tell us just what happened last night."

Brewer complied; and his story confirmed Hardy's up to the point of his departure. When he left Highcroft, he went straight home to his bachelor flat in Falldene Court, and took the rare opportunity to have an early night.

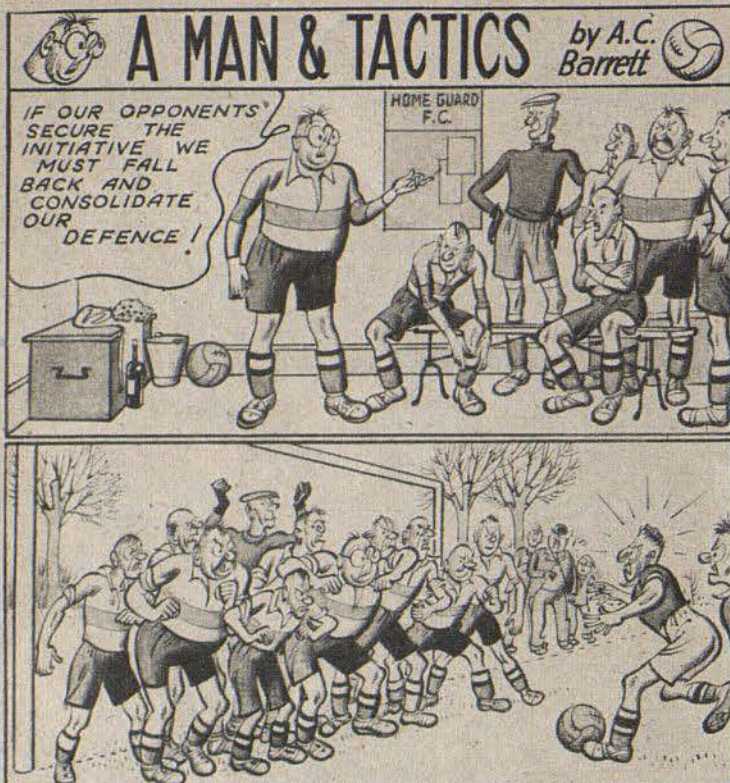
Peter was wandering about the laboratory as he listened,

(continued on page 26)

TOTAL WAR Gilbert Wilkinson's New Weekly Chuckle



"O.K. Private Smith, see me at orderly room to-morrow, re your daughter's hand."



Murder by Mistake—continued

inspecting the complicated pieces of apparatus. He stopped before a pile of gas cylinders of varying sizes and studied the labels describing their contents.

"Phosgene," he read. "Mustard gas, Lewisite—Hallo! Didn't know carbon monoxide was used in war gases."

Brewer smiled wistfully. "It isn't—yet. We've been experimenting with it. Mr. Fothergill thought we might develop a more humane kind of gas. Lethal—but without suffering."

"Will you be able to carry on without him?"

"No." The young fellow's lips trembled. "Apart from anything else his death means—well, just the ruin of my career."

There was no doubting his sincerity. After a few words of sympathy, Peter and Jamieson returned through the garden. Just as they reached the house, Eric Fothergill and Irene Porter arrived from the station.

A handsome, well-matched couple, though both very distressed. The girl, particularly, seemed almost distraught. After answering some questions, she suddenly disclosed the reason.

"Eric's quite sure that his father must have been murdered," she said tearfully. "And the fact that you're making so many inquiries shows— But it isn't so! You must believe me. I—I promised never to tell, but—well, some innocent person may suffer if I don't."

"I know why Mr. Fothergill committed suicide. He was in love with my mother—had been all his life. It started as a boy and girl affair, then they drifted apart. Later on, they met again. Both knew now that they were in love, but mother wouldn't marry again because of her health. They—just carried on, happy in their secret."

"Mr. Fothergill told me all about it. He said that his life would be ended if anything happened to her. Oh, I blame myself so much for breaking the news so abruptly last night. I knew he was upset because he spilt his wine. But I never thought— And it was all a mistake. . . ."

Eric took her away. Jamieson looked at Peter. He shook his head.

"I think not, Jimmy. Doesn't explain the pretended bath. Besides—the lethal agent in exhaust gas is carbon monoxide. Why should Fothergill go to the trouble of manufacturing it in a car when there's a cylinder of the pure stuff in the laboratory?"

"You've decided it's murder, evidently. Who did it? And how?" The inspector's grim face was troubled. "I suppose Brewer's the logical suspect. But I thought his grief seemed very genuine."

"I'm quite sure it was," agreed Peter. "Let's see if we can learn anything upstairs."

They went carefully through all the bedrooms without picking up any further information.

His eyes were thoughtful as he entered the bathroom. But they lit up at once at the sight of the old-fashioned gas geyser over the bath. He strode across to examine it.

"What's bitten you, Mr. Trevor?" asked Jamieson eagerly.

"Beginning to see daylight—I hope. With electricity all over the house, I never thought of this. Carbon monoxide is the lethal agent in coal gas, too. But we've got to find proof. Nothing here."

"Wait a minute! The door would probably be locked. The carpet fits tight to the bottom. What about the key? Ah, look at this, Jimmy! A bright groove in the rust at the end of the key. It's been turned from outside by a pair of pliers or forceps, hasn't it?"

"Proof that I'm on the right track. But not proof against the murderer. Where do we look next? The meter, perhaps? Yes, our only chance—and a faint one."

Followed by Jamieson, now thoroughly mystified, Peter hurried down to the cellar. After one glance at the gas meter he shook his head in disappointment. The rusty lever was thick with cobwebs.

"We're done, I'm afraid. A remarkably clever business!"

"If you'd care to explain, Mr. Trevor—"

"It's simple enough. I know that Fothergill was murdered. I know who did it, how, and why."

And I can't produce an atom of proof of any sort or description."

Peter paced moodily about the cellar. "The murderer's been too smart for us. He's going to get away with it—and perhaps another. Another—" He stopped short.

Suddenly he swung round. "Yes, we might get him that way! It's worth trying, anyhow."

"Please, Mr. Trevor! If only you'll tell me—"

"Not on your life, Jimmy! We're going to do something very much against rules and regulations. The less you know about it at present, the better."

Late that night Inspector Jamieson, with two plain clothes men, met Peter Trevor by appointment outside Highcroft.

"All's well," he told them. "The scene is set and the curtain's already gone up. You're in good time for the finale. Come along. No noise, please—and no talking."

He led the way through the garden towards the laboratory. The darkness was intense; and when the four watchers had taken up positions in the shrubbery, they were quite invisible. Though three of them had no idea what was likely to happen, they obeyed orders and waited in complete silence.

They had not long to wait. Before any one of them expected it, a faint shuffling noise indicated that someone was cautiously approaching along the path from the house. The furtive footsteps drew nearer, and soon a vague shadowy figure could be discerned. Peter stepped forward, flashing a torch.

"Hallo, Mr. Brewer," he said pleasantly.

Brewer was startled. "Mr. Trevor, isn't it? What are you doing here?"

"Just waiting for you and your cylinder."

Something dropped with a clang as Brewer turned to run. Jamieson thrust out a foot, tripping him. The two plain clothes men fell on him.

"Yes, this is carbon monoxide," said Peter, torch focused on the small cylinder Brewer had dropped.

"Look in his pockets; he'd wear gloves to avoid leaving any prints. Found 'em? A deep red stain on the palm of one of 'em? Good! That's conclusive. You can take him away. Come on, Jimmy. Let's see that Eric Fothergill's all right."

Jamieson grunted reproachfully as he followed towards the house.

"You misled me, Mr. Trevor. Agreeing that Brewer's grief was genuine!"

"So it was. He'd no intention of killing George Fothergill. But I'll tell you all about it shortly."

They went in through the side door, ran up the rear stairs, and knocked on the bathroom door. Eric Fothergill, his face pale and strained, opened it. A strong smell of coal gas swept out.

"It—it worked?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Peter. "We've arrested him. You all right? Fine! We'll leave the window open to get rid of all this, but we might as well turn the gas off now."

"Try how it feels to breathe in here, Jimmy. Stuffy, eh? Carbon monoxide—much more than is accounted for by the coal gas."

Later, over a drink, he satisfied Jamieson's curiosity.

"As soon as I decided that George Fothergill had been killed in the bathroom, there was only one logical reason for the removal of his body—so that the same method of murder could be used for someone else. It was also obvious that the murderer had killed the wrong man and—"

"It may be obvious to you, Mr. Trevor. That doesn't mean—"

"Right. I'll tell a plain story. You'll have to discover the motive for yourself—my own idea is that Brewer wanted Irene Porter."

"Anyhow, he decided to get rid of Eric, and devised a very neat method of murder. Put the nozzle of a carbon monoxide cylinder into the keyhole of the bathroom while the victim is inside and the geyser's lit. Turn the valve. The concentrated gas soon fills the room, killing quickly and silently. Remember, it has neither taste nor smell, so the victim can't even guess what's happening to him."

"Now, turn off the coal gas at the meter, then turn it on again. Result—the victim is found locked in a room filled with coal gas, with every sign of coal gas poisoning, and coal gas still escaping from the unlit geyser. Nothing to indicate whether it's suicide or accident, of course. But it couldn't possibly be murder, could it?"

"Clever, eh? Now for the mistake. Brewer left the house last night satisfied that George Fothergill was off to Birmingham with Miss Porter. Here was the opportunity for which he'd been waiting. Eric would be alone in the house, except for old Hardy who didn't count."

"Brewer probably went to his flat and showed himself to a neighbour to establish an alibi; but he returned here, collected the cylinder from the laboratory, let himself in by the side door, and crept quietly up to that boxroom to wait."

"When George Fothergill went into the bathroom, Brewer thought it was Eric. He did his stuff with the cylinder—then discovered his mistake. Just how, I don't know; possibly Fothergill had left his bedroom light on; possibly Brewer visited Eric's room for something. Anyhow, he didn't go down to the cellar to finish off his job because he'd realized two things. He'd killed the wrong man; and he'd wasted his clever plan for killing the right one."

"Then the idea came to him of faking this death as an exhaust gas poisoning. He'd plenty of time and could work at his leisure. He

got the bathroom door unlocked, waited until the carbon monoxide was dispersed, and went in."

"Fothergill was in the bath all right. But he'd died before he could sponge himself—therefore the wine stain remained on his chest. Not noticing this, Brewer got the body out, dried it, and dressed it. Then fixed the tube to the exhaust of the car, took the body away in it, and left it where it was found. Simple, isn't it? Everything explained."

"But no proof, Jimmy—as you're itching to tell me. And you're right. Realizing that there was only one way of getting any, I took Eric into my confidence."

"This evening he sent Miss Porter home. He also asked Brewer a lot of questions about carbon monoxide, and hinted mysteriously at some information he intended to give the police tomorrow."

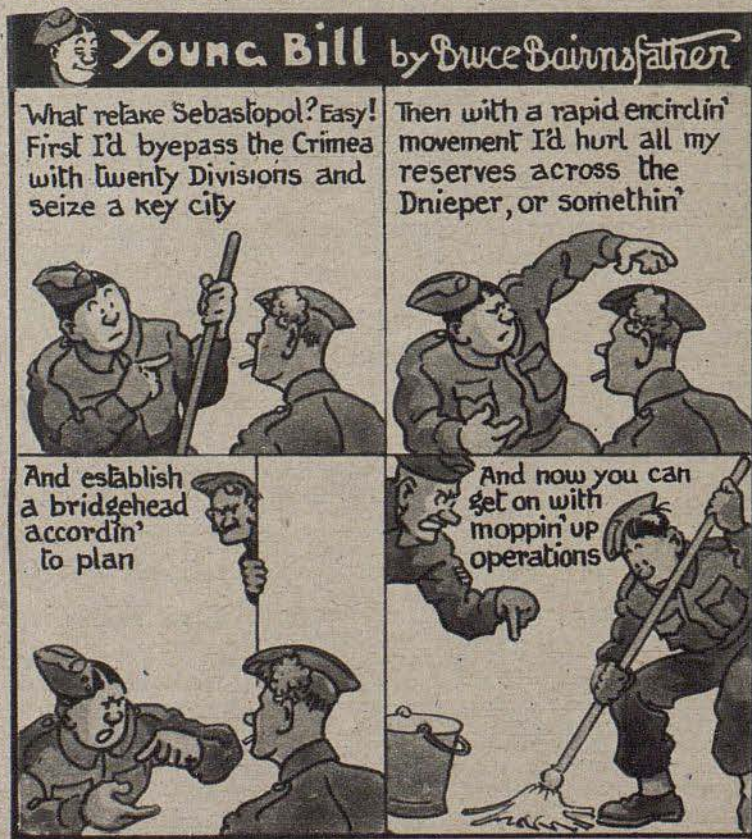
"Brewer reacted as expected. He'd no reason to suppose that any one suspected the truth, except, perhaps, Eric, who would be alone in the house tonight. Better make certain—by grasping the opportunity before it was too late."

"So he repeated his procedure of last night. Eric kept his head out of the bathroom window and took no harm. Brewer was taking his cylinder back to the laboratory when we caught him."

Jamieson looked worried. "As a theory, it's grand. But I still don't see much in the way of definite proof. And what was that red stain on his glove?"

"I provided it specially to satisfy your craving, Jimmy," smiled Peter. "Last night Brewer didn't get so far as turning off the gas at the meter. But tonight he carried through his plan completely. And this afternoon I scattered a few grains of a powerful dye, scarlet-red, on the lever of the meter. I was most anxious that you shouldn't be disappointed."

"It's all very irregular, Mr. Trevor. Very irregular, indeed! If I'd known what you intended to do—" Jamieson's dour features suddenly relaxed in a wide grin. "Thanks for not telling me. And thanks for—everything else. Dunno how I'd get along without you."



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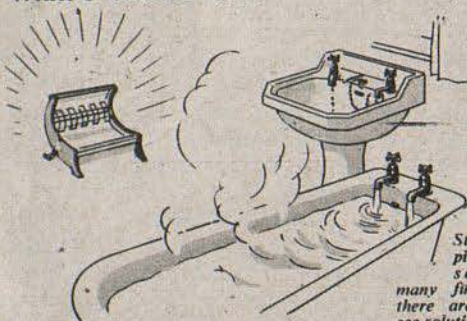
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