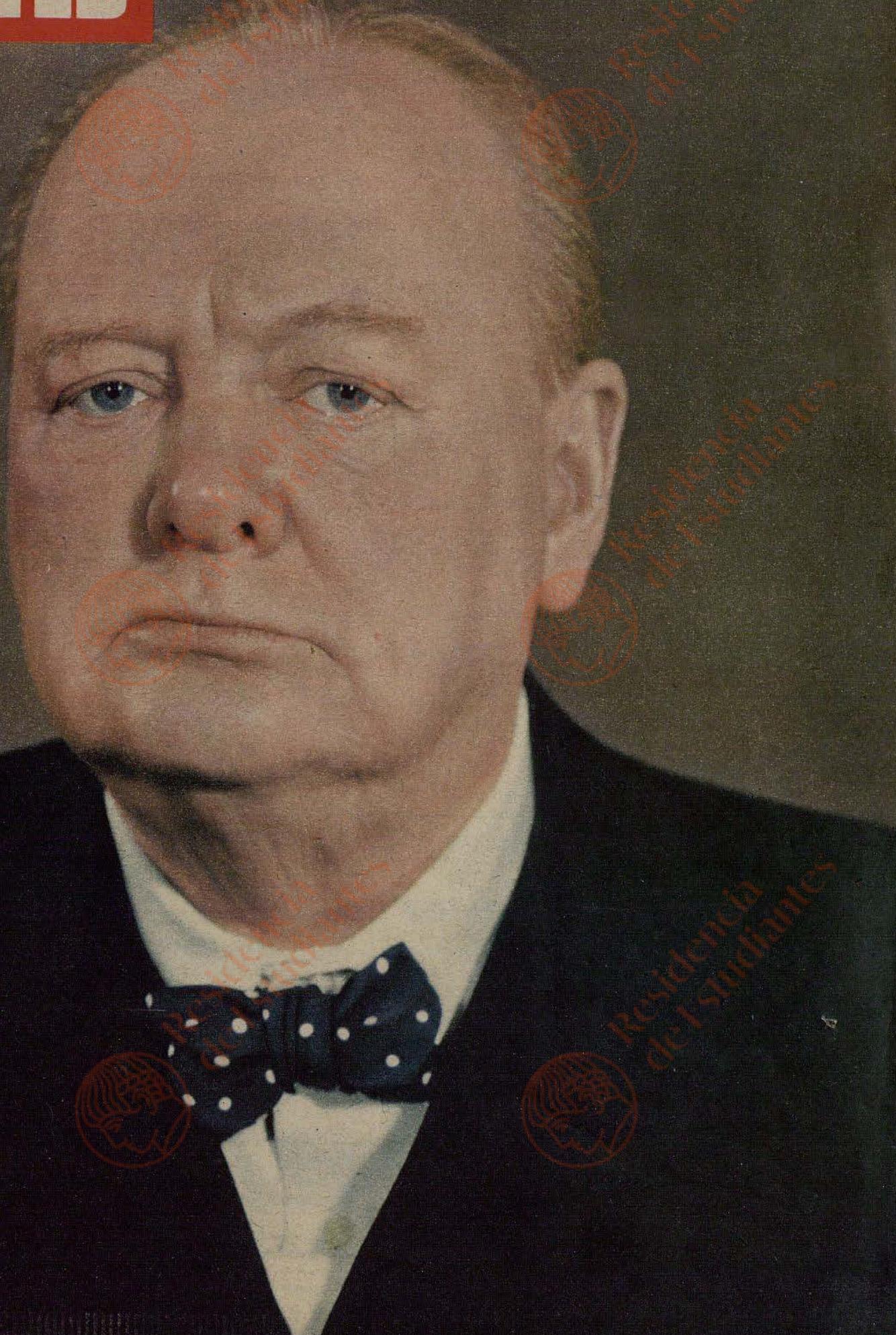


ILLUSTRATED—May 19, 1945

EVERY WEDNESDAY 3<sup>d</sup>

# ILLUSTRATED



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In war, all kinds of lower  
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in normal times pay a little more for materials, give a little more attention to manufacture, assembly and supervision than is possible in a bicycle produced *down to a price*.

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### THE NEW HUDSON BICYCLE

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THE NUMBER  
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Marvellous Nib**

**NEWMAID**  
Self-generating  
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When the flags fly and the joy  
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Until that happy day VIDA—the  
really good elastic on the 3-yard  
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Rich on a Monday  
Spent some on Tuesday  
More on Wednesday  
Poor on Thursday

Worse on Friday  
Broke on Saturday  
Borrowed on Sunday  
Where will he end  
Old Solomon Grundy?

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This increase is not subject to Income Tax.  
They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.  
Savings up keeps prices down.  
Savings help to win the war.

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—Ready  
for rain**



**"Baracuta"**  
The Aristocrat of Tailored Rainwear

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Good shoes are difficult to get and most expensive. That is all the more reason why you should take special pains to preserve them. Solitaire Shoe Polish will waterproof, preserve, clean and polish all footwear, whatever the colour, or kind, or texture of leather. Also removes and prevents stains and dullness. In all fashionable shades.

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## Phillips' Dental Magnesia

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means the highest quality  
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ditioning process, which  
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MORE DEPENDABLE  
THAN EVER

## THE AUSTIN

for after the war. Among the many advances which will distinguish Austins after the war are: improvements to the oil circulation in the engine, giving better lubrication and longer life to bearings; protection for exhaust valves; lubricated timing chain with patented rubber tensioner; "softer" engine mountings, all contributing to greater silence and durability; improved radiator, steering and gearbox and quieter, sturdier back-axle. In these and other ways, war-time experience will make the Austin more comfortable, more economical, more dependable than ever.

\* The Austin post-war range will comprise 8, 10, 12 and 16 h.p. cars—four-door saloons only, with choice of three colours.

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We ask your indulgence should your  
Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Maximum Controlled Price:  
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CLASS 1 SOAP POWDER 4D PACKET, 1 COUPON 8D PACKET, 2 COUPONS

**Persil** for extra whiteness  
and longer wear

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JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

**FORD**  
*will continue  
to make history*



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX



**What is wrong with this picture?**

Welcome home, sir. But surely something's wrong with our gallant officer? There is. Even if he happened to carry a rifle the bayonet wouldn't be fixed. Neither would he wear his medal ribbons on his greatcoat. And that bus conductor issuing tickets on a railway station seems a bit odd. Stranger still is the sight of the porter carrying the big case of Caley FORTUNE Chocolates. Impossible. Caley aren't and won't be making FORTUNE Chocolates until after the war. So, until Caley can build a factory of their own again, good friends in the Trade are making Plain and Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

**CALEY**  
CHOCOLATE

**Summits**  
SHIRTS

1 They are made from fully-shrunk material.

4 There are still two lengths of sleeve.

2 Colours are guaranteed fast.

5 They are tailored to our specification.

3 Collars are reinforced with ply-backing.

It is not possible to accept post orders.

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**READY COOKED**

The energising goodness of WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT helps your system to withstand fatigue. Easily digested, appetising—and always ready to serve—here is the breakfast food for busy workers. Zoned now, but obtainable in our permitted areas at 8d. the large packet (3 points).

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(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)  
**SHREDDED**  
**WHEAT**

Made by the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.,  
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**Have you given a  
thought for your  
Dog  
to-day?**



Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> which dogs need in wartime. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. In packets of 12 for 9d. from chemists, including Boots and Timothy Whites, also pet shops everywhere. Buy a packet today while it's on your mind.

\* If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 13, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY powders.

**GEORGE BELL'S**  
**BLOOD SALTS**  
**for Dogs** VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> ADDED  
CVS-130

*It's going to be good..*



When Victory brings back our pleasant Peace time heritages, marvellous all-star world-wide Radio programmes will help banish the cares of war—how important then, to have a

**MARCONI PHONE**

*the REAL THING in Radio  
(and To-morrow—in Television)*

*... the years that  
the locust hath eaten . . .*

Since 1939 large numbers of our men and women have been serving their country in the Forces.

Soon many of them will be returning to their homes, anxious to make a place for themselves in the life of a nation pursuing the arts of peace.

Constructive help will be needed in solving the many business problems that will confront them after long absence from the ordinary affairs of daily life.

The managers of the branches of the Midland Bank have a wealth of experience and knowledge in such matters which they will gladly place at the disposal of men and women—whether customers of the Bank or not—upon their return to civilian life.

**MIDLAND BANK**  
LIMITED



**Cardinal** SOCKS



**M**IDNIGHT, May 8, 1945. Big Ben chimes twelve. The deep sonorous notes mark the end of a delirious VE-Day; and they toll the death knell of the Third Reich. As the last chime echoes across the Thames—at exactly one minute past twelve—Hitler's Reich ceases its legal existence. This is a day to remember—the greatest day in Britain's long history. However it has been spent, whether revelling with the crowds or alone in thought, it is a day that can never be forgotten. All join in the jubilations in spite of, or perhaps because of, past sufferings and unforgettable sacrifices. We are yet deeply conscious of the fate that may still be in store for our loved ones fighting overseas, but we

rejoice because the hour heralds relief for millions, security and life, happiness and reunion, hope for a saner, safer, better future. We see the Premier among his people, the King joining in the triumph of his country. The world acknowledges the Allied war leaders who have accomplished a unique task. We laugh and dance. We drink and sing. We pray and pay homage to our dead on the fields of battle at home and abroad. We pray for a final victory against the Japanese. We brace ourselves to go forward in the same spirit—the British spirit—which produces such occasions, such pictures of triumph, thanksgiving and thought, that it is our privilege to record in this, our finest hour.



Where the searchlights once played in the sky around St. Paul's Cathedral to pick out the Luftwaffe they were triumphantly illuminating London's symbol of victory

## LONDON'S FAMOUS BUILDINGS BASK IN VICTORY FLOODLIGHTING



Bombs hit Buckingham Palace in the dark days of the war which gives even greater glory to this picture of the floodlights focusing their beams on the King's residence



Acknowledging flag-waving people's acclaim from the Ministry of Health balcony, Mr. Churchill with his Ministers: Lyttelton, Bevin, Anderson, Woolton and Morrison

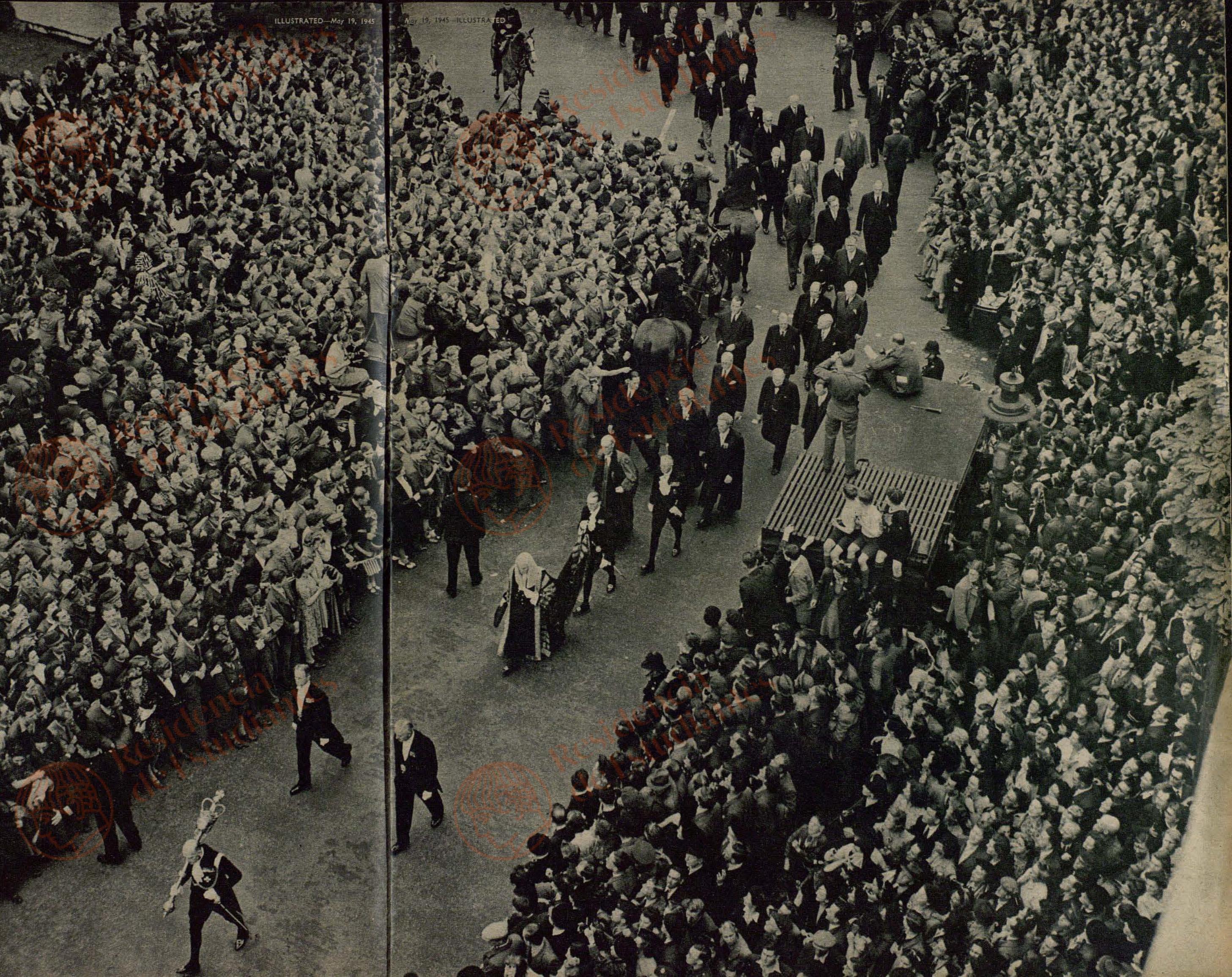
## THANKSGIVING PROCESSION

PRECEDED by the Mace and Mr. Speaker, Winston Churchill, with Mr. Arthur Greenwood by his side, led the procession of the Government from the House of Commons to St. Margaret's, Westminster, where they attended a Victory Thanksgiving Service.

It looked like the culmination of a day which London, Britain, the world, will never forget. There were flags and cheers and tears of joy and relief and gratitude. Bareheaded, smiling, yet deeply moved, Mr. Churchill and his Ministers acknowledged the salutes of their people with whom they stood and fought through the vicissitudes of war to reach the crowning glory of victory.



Mr. Churchill making his way slowly but happily from No. 10 Downing Street to the House of Commons to announce the long-anticipated victory over Germany





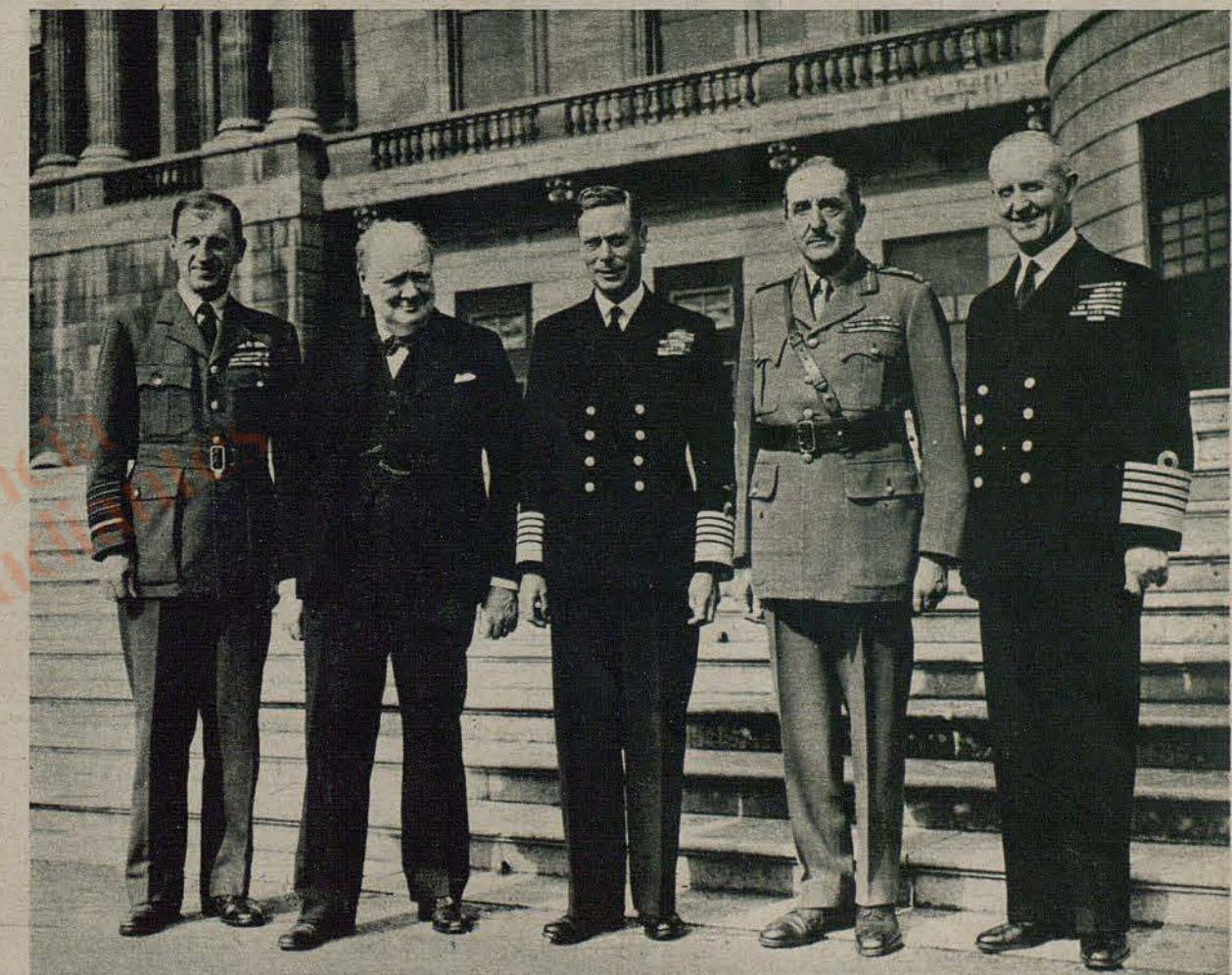
Reunion in Victory finds the King with Mr. Churchill and some of his Cabinet in Buckingham Palace grounds. Ministers Morrison and Bevin (right), Gen. Ismay (background)



THE ROYAL FAMILY AND MR. CHURCHILL ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE ACKNOWLEDGE HOMAGE OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO ARE GIVING VENT TO THEIR JOY AT THE GREAT VICTORY OF ALLIED ARMS OVER GERMANY



## ROYALTY AND PEOPLE UNITED IN VICTORY



In the Hour of Triumph the King and Mr. Churchill pose for victory portrait with Service Chiefs of Staff: Marshal of the Air Force, Sir Charles Portal (left), Sir Alan Brooke, C.I.G.S., and Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, First Sea Lord



Best viewpoint for the scenes in Piccadilly was obtained by these revellers. Or did the airman, doing victory rolls over the City, get a better one?

**Trumpeter**, what are you sounding now? A Victory fanfare from four visitors to the Capital, all of whom believe in making a cheerful noise



Periscopes of a definitely feminine type are used by these girls. They watch M.P.s going in procession from the Commons to St. Margaret's

**Australia** was most certainly there—right in the centre of Piccadilly Circus. And they had with them the Southern Cross and supporters in plenty



## REVELRY BY DAY

**L**ONDON has not the opportunities of New York to shower down ticker tape on its citizens, but even so she did not do too badly as the picture above proves. In fact, Fleet Street, where it was taken, put on a really good show.

But then London, and its citizens put on a good show everywhere.

A spirit of rejoicing was evident from early morning. Good-humoured crowds cheerfully milling in the open spaces reflected the spirit of the day. And even the Clerk of the Weather, repenting no doubt of the thunderstorm of the preceding night, turned up trumps.

Sunshine in plenty, light clouds sailing before a firm breeze, and a warmth in the air that was reflected in the hearts of the people made it an ideal day.

And how the people revelled! Family parties, with father carrying little Tommy high on his shoulder, joined with the girls from offices and shops and the fighting men of all the United Nations in making it a day of days. Every one was out to make the most

of things—and make the most of them they did.

Lorries loaded with singing passengers were cheered from the packed pavements; buses filled to overflowing struggled ineffectually to edge their way through the streets in which crowds swarmed. And passengers and crew alike treated every hold-up as a huge joke.

Parties up from the country to celebrate in the heart of Empire the long-awaited coming of Victory, picnicked as and where they could. The pavement was their table and a curbstone their seat. And they cheerfully munched their sandwiches while the crowds swirled and eddied around them.

For hour after sunny hour the streets rang with cheers and laughter. From side turnings innumerable the human flood in the main streets and squares was fed. And when the voice of the Prime Minister came over the specially installed loudspeakers, a hush fell like a great quilt upon the tumult.

London rejoiced. Yes, but she also remembered. And the quality of her remembrance was expressed in that same rejoicing.





## ARCHITECT OF VICTORY

As busy in victory as in war, Winston Churchill paused in the Cabinet Room to pose for these colour photographs and the Victory Portrait on our cover.

Winston Churchill conducted the war as Premier of Britain, as an accomplished strategist, as a great partner in the councils of the "Big Three," as an international figure which stands out like a rock in the turmoil of diplomatic confusion.

Winston Churchill had seen war coming a long time ago. He preferred to be a voice in the wilderness rather than conform to party lines. The decisions which fate forced him to take were portentous for the future of the world. His travails and travels would have taxed the strength of a far younger man.

If any single man deserves praise for the glorious success that attended his indefatigable labours, for the victory in a war in which all mankind was involved it is Winston Churchill, whom we can justly hail as the architect of Allied victory.



THERE IS NO SIGN OF DEPRESSION IN THIS WARD WHERE SEVERE SURGICAL CASES ARE QUARTERED. HAPPINESS IS THE KEYNOTE AS PATIENTS AND NURSES UNITE TO CHEER THE COMING OF PEACE



Celebrating Victory in the good old-fashioned way in the grounds of the hospital at Horton. And while one of the boys in hospital blue salutes his nurse in the heartiest manner, others of the patients cheerfully await their own turn

## HAPPY WOUNDED GREET THE NEWS

Men who have suffered severely at the hands of the enemy might well be forgiven were they to view sombrely the end of the war. But the members of our fighting forces are cast in a different mould.

Indeed, nowhere was to be found an atmosphere of greater cheerfulness than in the wards of our hospitals. And the spirit of unquenchable optimism that has always stamped the British fighting man was very much in evidence when ILLUSTRATED visited the big military hospital at Horton in Surrey.

Hospital staff and patients united in celebrating Victory, and when the doors were opened to visitors they saw that physical suffering could not triumph over the spirit. And so it was in military and civilian hospitals everywhere.

Victory had come at last. And those who had contributed so notably to its achievement rejoiced that their sacrifices had helped to bring its fulfilment.



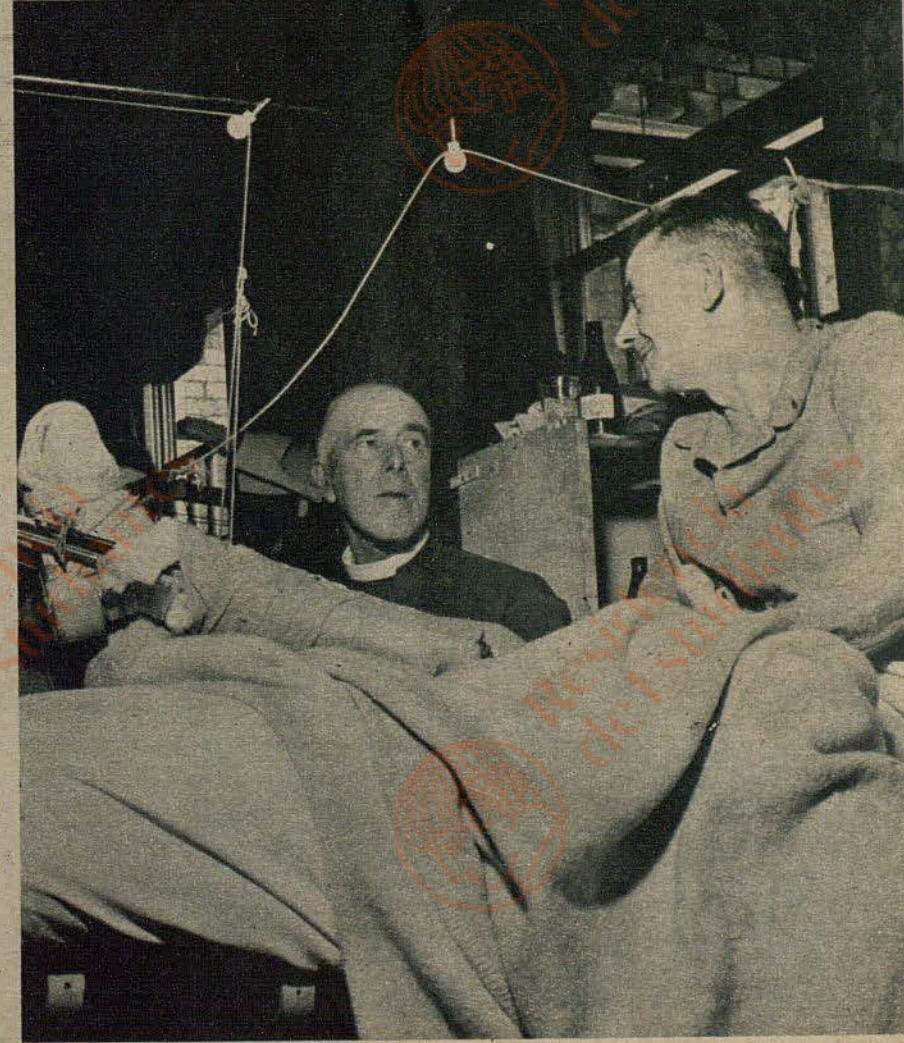
**Flag Flies** beside bed of Fusilier Bob Fittall of Milstead, near Sittingbourne. Wounded in the Gothic Line last autumn, his hobby is making toys for children also in the hospital



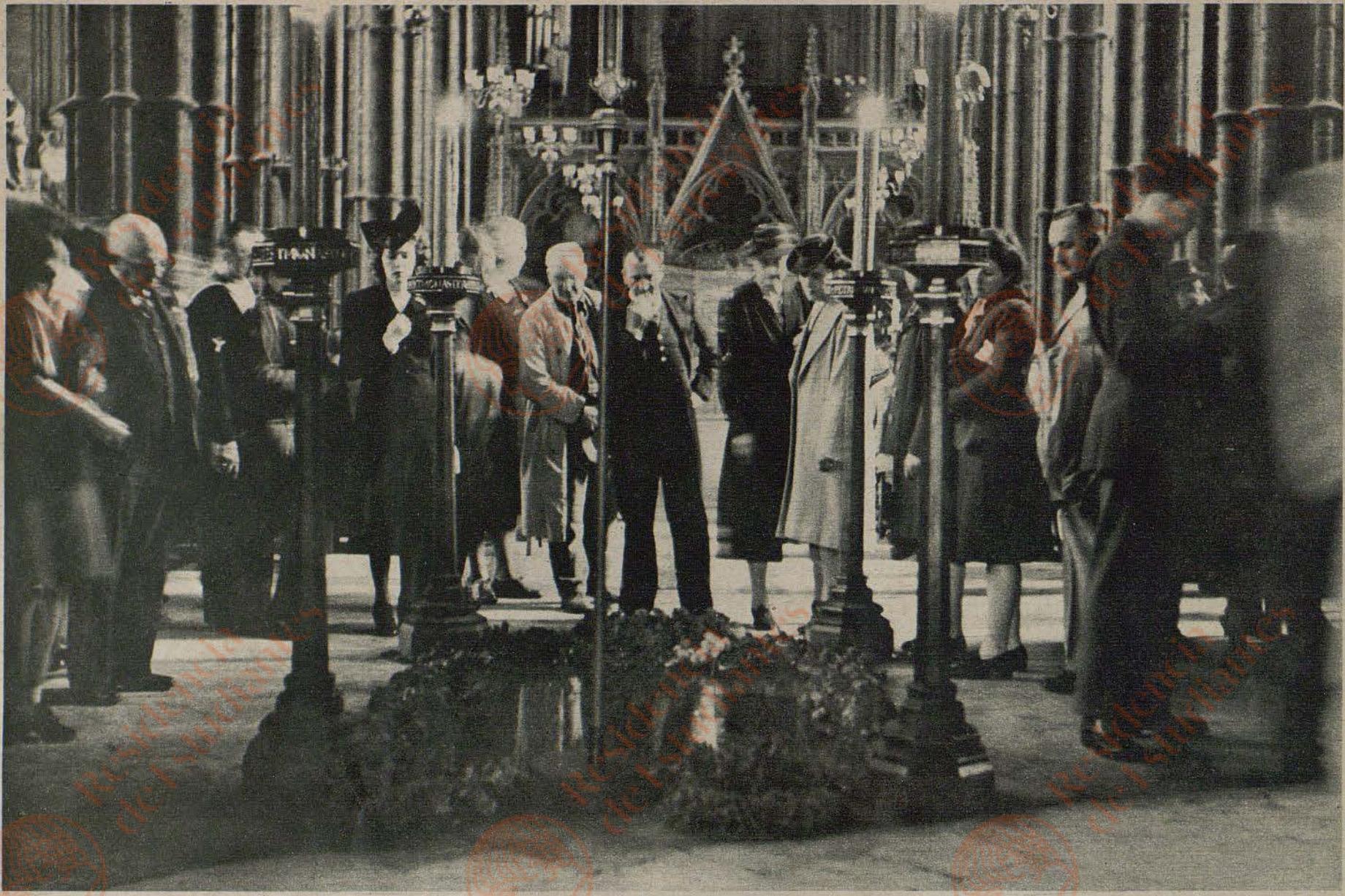
**Toast to Victory** is being drunk by L.-Corp. James Crepin (left) and Warrant Off. Gordon Head, a pilot. Their severe spinal injuries could not mar their high spirits on VE-Day



**Lady Friend** being nursed by Pte. Frank Turner, of Leicester, was made for him by the nurses as a special VE-Day gift. He was wounded while serving with the East Yorks Regt.



**Distinguished** visitor talking to the patient is the Bishop of Guildford, the Rt. Rev. Cyril Golding-Bird. He served as a chaplain with the B.E.F. in the last war from 1914 to 1916



"LEST WE FORGET." SOME REMEMBERED THE ADMONITION ON MEMORIALS TO THOSE WHO FELL IN THE LAST WAR. HERE ARE PILGRIMS TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



HYMN SINGING IN THE BOMB-SHATTERED CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

## FOR SOME IT WAS A DAY OF PRAYER

MANy of Britain's citizens found in the great day an opportunity to express by religious devotion their thankfulness for preservation from fearsome perils and for the crushing of an evil power which had at one time seemed about to engulf the whole world. Men's minds went back to the momentous year when Britain stood alone. Millions, of course, have lived through two major wars, and many have fought in both; so that on Victory Day the Cenotaph and the tomb of the Unknown Warrior became places of pilgrimage linking up the two conflicts.

In the war that has just ended the danger to civilians has been obvious and terrible; and services held in bombed churches served to offer thanks from the hearts of those who had heard the bombs screeching down night after night and had yet come out of the horror unscathed.

All the churches of Britain were open all day for prayer and meditation. Many services were held, and there were large and reverent congregations.

Thus, on this great day the consideration of things eternal was not forgotten, and spiritual values were not neglected. On the one hand were the songs of rejoicing; on the other the sound of hymnody.



WELL AND TRULY UP THE POLE, THE REMAINS OF HITLER'S EFFIGY IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE GLOW OF IFIELD'S BONFIRE

# VE-DAY IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Celebrations in rural England were less boisterous but no less sincere. Here is a word and picture record of VE-Day in Ifield, Sussex

**A**WAKENED by an unfamiliar flapping noise, the double note of the cuckoo, and the song of the single-handed landlady of the inn, singing "Roll Out the Barrel," I felt there must be something special about the morning.

I turned over in bed to face the sunshine streaming through the unshuttered windows. A Union Jack flapped into sight. Dozens of small flags joined in as if in a chorus. It was a special morning—VE-day in the countryside of England.

Everything was very quiet. The countryfolk were evidently starting their celebrations with an extra hour or two in bed. It was after nine before any one was about.

"Somehow I can't realize it. I thought I'd feel different but I feel just the same," seemed the reaction of most people. Although they had started to make plans for VE-day and had begun to build their bonfire as long ago as last August, the people of the small Sussex village of Ifield, were in the mood for sober thanksgiving rather than hectic whoopee.

Thirty miles from London, they had been near enough the city to know what bombs meant. They had seen incendiaries in their village, doodle-bugs too. So the people of Ifield put out their flags quietly that evening of VE-day minus one. They foregathered at the pub and had a couple of pints and perhaps an extra one because it was so nearly VE-day. They went to bed with a sigh of relief, with the realization of assured quiet nights and peaceful tomorrows to act as a drug to send them soundly to sleep.

The tempo quickened a little on VE-day itself. Every one was very pleasant. Food deliveries were handed in at the door with a smile and a cheery word. Strangers passed the time of day with us as we walked through the street.

## Hitler was a good guy!

Perhaps the most excited people in Ifield village were the forty-six Dr. Barnardo boys who have been living there for the last two years. When we saw them it was difficult to recognize one boy from another for all their faces were covered with toffee from the toffee apples that started their VE-day festivities, toffee apples speedily made by Mrs. Newson, the superintendent's wife from apples saved especially for the purpose.

With the hand not holding the apple stick each boy waved a Union Jack. The boys had made a guy, an unpopular gentleman called "Sleepless Nights," to which they were putting the finishing touches in readiness for his funeral pyre, the top of the hill at the village celebrations in the evening.

The bonfire, thirty feet high, was piled with brushwood on the cricket ground that is one of the oldest in the country. Later in the morning we watched an effigy of Hitler hoisted to the top. He was a good guy, Hitler—speaking virtually, of course. Made by some of the Ifield Home Guards, he had a plaster face. He wore uniform, the iron cross and his corporal's stripes. His right hand was raised in the Nazi salute. His left held a copy of *Mein Kampf*.

At the top of the bonfire, a squib in the seat of his pants, he waited for 10.15 p.m. which was to be zero hour for the bonfire. There we left him making the most of the afternoon sunshine.

The Barnardo boys were going to have a nap during the afternoon so that they could go to the evening festivities. We felt that most of Ifield was doing the same. The afternoon of VE-day in Ifield was quieter than most Sunday afternoons. The place was truly peaceful.

OVER



**Bellringer** Stanley Bozier rings the fifteenth-century bells of Ifield Church. For victory he rang the wedding peal



**Farmer Ellis** swallows a mild and bitter after an evening rook shooting. Rook pie is a favourite dish in Ifield village



**Ernest Morris**, five-years-old Dr. Barnardo boy, has a big toffee-apple, but he can take it—and wave his favour too



**Seventy-years-old** Mrs. Winchester, who has lived in Ifield for thirty years, goes to the Barnardo home three days a week to help with mending. She was there on VE-Day—and busy

But at three o'clock the hush was broken. The voice of Winston Churchill streamed from every open cottage window. Ifield was listening in. Advance Britannia, and God Save the King. Ifield said: "Hear, Hear" and went back to sleep. But there was no more rest for the bell-ringer. Stanley Bozier leapt on to his bike to go to the church to ring the two old bells. Peace had at last come officially to the village.

Stanley Bozier was at his bell ropes again just before seven to call the people to thanksgiving. The vicar gave a simple service to a crowded little church. We sang God Save the King. We thanked God for victory. We remembered the fallen. We asked God for His help in peace. That was all.

We left the church to walk through the old churchyard past the last-war memorial where during the day

fresh garden flowers, red peonies, cornflowers and white wild hyacinths had taken their place beside a simple bunch of yellow tulips tied together with red, white and blue ribbon.

The King's speech was the next appointment we had with the radio. We listened to it in the pub, silently, soberly. At the end our landlord gave us all "one on the house" and the toast, "The King."

Meantime time was marching on for Hitler standing on the top of that bonfire. We joined the procession to the cricket ground. Every man, woman and child had turned out to send him on his way to a burning hell.

Thunderflashes left over from Home Guard operations reminded us of bombs. Fireworks, with most



**Sleepless Nights** is the ugly gentleman on the litter. He was made by the boys who carried him shoulder high to join Hitler, Haw-Haw and Blackout in the big Ifield bonfire

realistic whistles, shot over our heads to make us realize that we had finished with real rockets. A far-away glow in the sky, evidence of some opposition bonfire, made us think of those desperate days of London's burning. But the shouts of excitement brought us back to the present, shouts of the torch-bearers from all sides of the cricket field walking in file like a giant glow-worm towards the bonfire.

The bonfire was lit, flames leapt high into the sky. Hitler took fire.

Hitler was dead—at least in Ifield. His ashes, collected next day, would fertilize Ifield's onions.

And Hitlerism was dead—everywhere.

VE-day had come and gone.

But peace in Europe had come to stay—we hoped.

ELSIE MARSHALL.



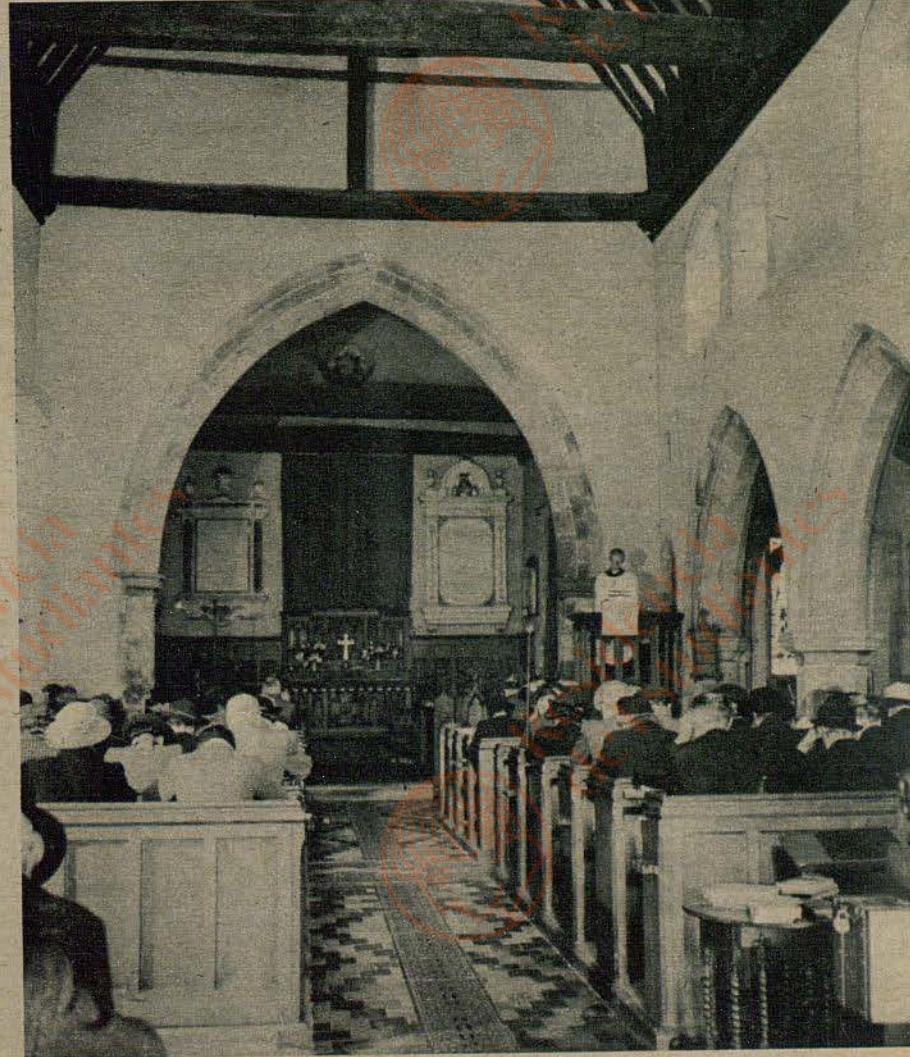
**Mr. and Mrs. Cooper** have two sons in the Army, one on the land, two ATS daughters, one Waaf, two landgirls—and a girl at school. Those at home listen to Winston Churchill



**Landlord** of the "Royal Oak," Jim Pusey tells his customers to fill their glasses and toast "The King." Mr. and Mrs. Pusey lost their tailoring business in the London blitz



**The Vicar of Ifield** addresses the boys at the War Memorial. The piece of grass in the foreground is a potters' yard, ground where unknown bodies and suicides used to be buried



**Simple Service** inside the village church. Three pews on the left of the aisle had to be left empty because the roof was falling—caused by a flying bomb in a nearby field



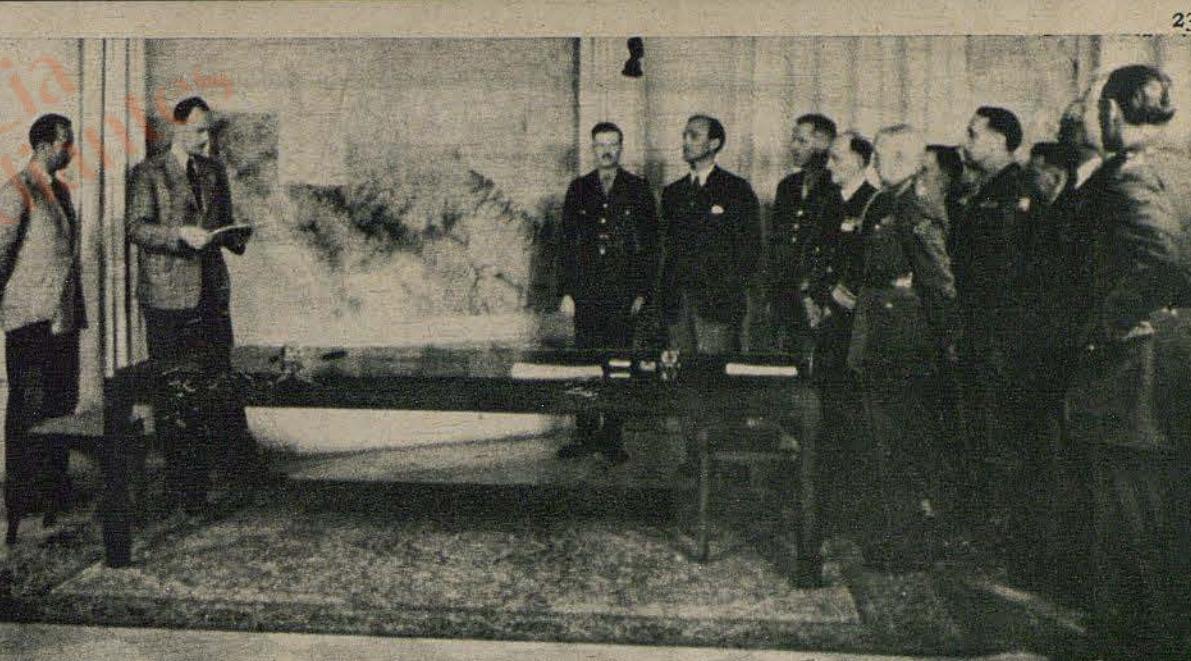
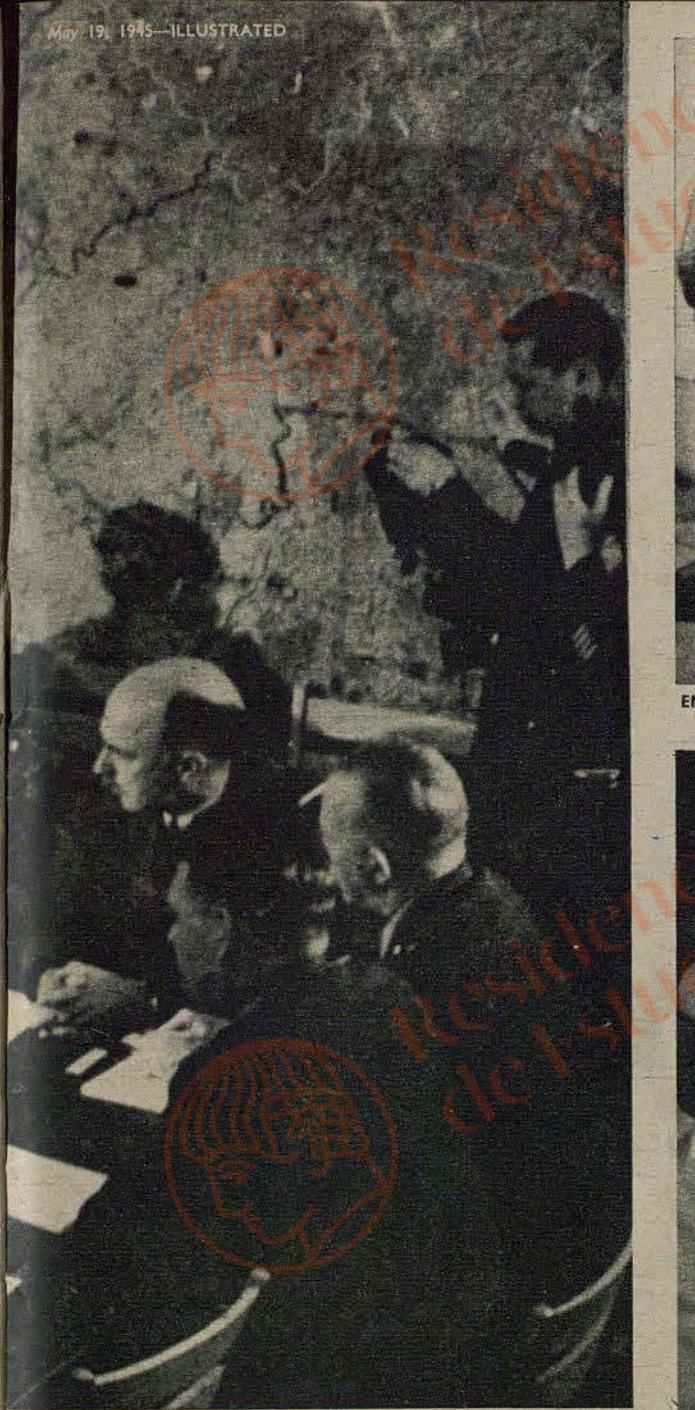
General Eisenhower passes fountain pens to his generals who are about to make Germany's emissaries sign the document of surrender. Left is Lieut.-Gen. Bedell-Smith, his Chief of Staff; right, his Deputy C.-in-C., Sir Arthur Tedder.

## SIGNING THE SURRENDER

**S**IGN here!" The Allied Commanders did not say it triumphantly, haughtily, displaying justifiable pride in the military achievement that had brought peace to Europe. Theirs was the voice of confident conviction reflecting the faith of their peoples that, however long the road, victory would be at the end.

Think of our men in Northern Germany and Holland, in Italy, on all the fronts where they still stood guard against German assault or ready to launch another victorious offensive. For them the war remained a grim reality.

But all the time negotiations to complete the German surrender proceeded. In Italy, in parts of Jugoslavia and Austria, the Nazi commanders had realized the hopelessness of their position. In Western Europe Field Marshal Montgomery was master of the situation. Wherever the Wehrmacht was, the German generals had but one aim—to surrender.



EMISSARIES OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN ITALY SNEAKED THROUGH OUR LINES IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES TO SIGN SURRENDER.



MONTGOMERY'S TRIUMPH CAME WITH ARRIVAL OF THESE GERMAN OFFICERS WHO SIGNED AWAY THE WEHRMACHT REMNANT

## SURRENDER

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# Once Bitten...

by Frank King

**A** NEARBY church clock was chiming eight as Mrs. Helen Beverley, Robert Dinton's housekeeper, turned in at the gate of The Beeches, an old, rather decrepit house standing in a large neglected garden. Half-way up the drive she overtook Alice Feather, the daily help, a sturdy stolid girl of sixteen.

"You're punctual this morning," said Mrs. Beverley with a smile. She was middle-aged, tall, blonde and well-built.

"Yes." Alice grinned. "Thought I'd best—after a week's 'oliday."

"There'll be plenty of work for us today. You know how dust collects in this old place," Mrs. Beverley inserted her latchkey and opened the door. Entering the hall, she moved aside a small suitcase which stood in the centre. "Mr. Dinton's back, all right. Wonder why he left his case here?"

"Forgot all about it, I 'spect," said Alice. "'E's a queer 'un."

"Mr. Dinton is a very clever man, and don't you forget it! All the same—it seems rather funny. His hat and coat aren't on the stand."

"Likely as not 'e went to bed in 'em."

"A little more respect, please! Go put the kettle on."

Alice sauntered through into the kitchen. A moment later she was back.

"No gas," she reported. "No 'lectricity."

Mrs. Beverley tried a switch with no result.

"Ah! That explains it," she said. "Mr. Dinton evidently didn't stay here last night. Just called in and left his case. Though you'd have thought he'd want his pyjamas and—anyhow, you know how to turn the things on, don't you?"

"Yes, m'm."

"Then what are you waiting for? I'll slip up and see whether Mr. Dinton is in his room or not."

Mrs. Beverley majestically ascended the stairs. She was half-way up when a loud scream came from the direction of the kitchen. Hurrying down, she ran through. Alice Feather stood at the top of the cellar steps, staring in horror at a huddled figure which lay at the bottom, only dimly visible in the half light.

"It—it's 'im!" she gasped, screaming again. "'E—'e's—"

"Quiet, girl!" snapped Mrs. Beverley sharply. She went down the stone steps, stooped over the huddled figure and saw it was, indeed, Robert Dinton, that he had been dead some time. She turned on gas and electricity, then came up again. "Make some tea now."

After waiting in the kitchen to satisfy herself that Alice was recovering from the shock, she went to the telephone and rang Doctor Murphy.

Later in the morning Inspector Jamieson used the same telephone to call Peter Trevor.

"Wonder if you could spare me

a few minutes?" he asked. "It's a simple straightforward case—but I'd like to hear you say so."

"Very well, Jimmy," said Peter, knowing his man. "I'll be with you P.D.Q."

When he arrived at The Beeches soon afterwards, Jamieson led him into a large room fitted out as a laboratory.

"Good of you to come so quickly, Mr. Trevor," he said. "I'm—just a wee bit worried."

"Tell me all about it."

"Name's Robert Dinton. Scientist—as you can see from this workroom. Bachelor, with a housekeeper and a daily help to look after him. Been away on a week's holiday. Came back last night."

"Going to switch on gas and electricity, he slipped and fell down the cellar steps. No severe injuries—just a few bruises—but his doctor says he'd a weak heart, and the shock would be quite sufficient to stop it."

"Death occurred about ten o'clock. He was found this morning by the housekeeper, with a broken, burned-out torch beside him."

Peter lit a cigarette.

"There's more than that, Jimmy, or you wouldn't be here. C.I.D. inspectors aren't sent out to simple accidents."

"You've hit it, Mr. Trevor. Dinton was one of the 'back-room boys.' Working for the Air Ministry on improvements in radio-location. As soon as news of his death came in"—Jamieson shrugged—"well, you can see why I want to be very sure about everything."

"Possibility of murder—by a Nazi agent?"

"The Air Ministry want a very detailed report."

"Naturally. Well, now, let's get to some details. Anything about the case strike you as peculiar?"

"No. There's not a thing to suggest foul play."

"No suspicion that anything has been stolen?"

"On the contrary, Dinton has been working on something very hush-hush—which would have been well worth stealing. But he delivered his drawings and notes to the Air Ministry a week ago before setting out on his holiday."

"Where did he go?"

"No one knows. He didn't tell his friends at the Ministry. He didn't tell his housekeeper. But he's done the same thing before. Apparently he was a queer, secretive sort of individual."

Peter nodded. "Perhaps as well, considering his job." He glanced thoughtfully round the laboratory. "There's one thing strikes me as rather curious, Jimmy. I gather that the housekeeper and daily help were also away on holiday? Did they know when he was coming back?"

"Yes."

"Then why weren't they in the house yesterday to prepare for his return? Why was it left to him to turn on the gas and electricity?"

"That's easily explained," said Jamieson. "He wouldn't have

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"Yes, darling, who are you talking about now, Hitler or your political opponent?"

any one in the place during his absence. Perhaps frightened to account for it?"

"Quite—assuming Murphy's diagnosis of heart trouble is correct. I can't tell that without an autopsy. Better have one, perhaps, just to be sure."

"Then you're pretty well satisfied—"

"From the medical point of view there's nothing whatsoever to suggest that the case is other than—" Peter was replacing the sheet when he noticed something. "Gosh! That's curious!"

"What is, Mr. Trevor?"

"Look at his left hand. He bit his fingernails."

Jamieson was disappointed. "What's so curious about that?"

"Nothing. But look at those on his right hand. They're not bitten at all. I've never known any one bite the nails of one hand only. Perhaps he'd some disability—let's have his coat off."

After removing the dead man's coat and waistcoat, Peter carefully rolled up the right shirt sleeve and examined the thin arm.

"No, the joints of wrist, elbow and shoulder are quite normal. Strange. There must be some reason—switch on that bedside lamp, Jimmy, will you? Hold it over here. Thanks. That's better. Something on the wrist, isn't there? Yes. Very faint bruising. And it goes right round the wrist—like a bracelet."

He looked up with a glint of excitement in his dark eyes. "Now what do you make of that?"

"Precious little," muttered Jamieson.

"Fantastic, isn't it? I'm not surprised you haven't tumbled to it. Bruising round the right wrist, and nails of the right hand unbroken."

Peter straightened, looking eagerly round the room. His intent gaze rested eventually on the brass-work of the bedstead.

"Why not?" he murmured. "More likely here than anywhere else."

He went round the bedposts, looking at each closely. One of them showed a lot of scratches which were absent from the others. He grinned as he pointed these out to Jamieson.

"Now have you got it?"

"I'm hanged if I've the faintest idea what you're driving at."

"Tell me one thing. The suitcase Dinton brought home with him last night—you've had a look at it?"

"Sure. It's quite ordinary. Nothing special in it. A couple of soiled shirts, pair of pyjamas, shaving tackle and so on. What any man would take away for a week's holiday."

"Clever! Not a thing overlooked!"

Jamieson grunted. "I'm glad you're so impressed, Mr. Trevor. Perhaps you'll tell me what it's all about? Are you suggesting Dinton was murdered?"

"He must have been, mustn't he? Though I can't tell you yet how it was done. You see, he certainly died of shock, and the causes of that are somewhat limited. From the murderer's point of view, I mean. Any one can die of shock from almost anything."

"But if you're wanting to make quite certain of killing someone, you wouldn't rely, for instance, on the shock caused by a tumble downstairs—which might or might not do the trick. You'd want something more definite. And because you're a clever murderer, intending to make the death appear accidental, this something must leave no trace whatsoever. That's our trouble, Jimmy. If we don't find a trace we get no further with the case."

Peter paced about the bedroom for a while in silence.

"I can think of only one thing that fills the bill," he went on. "We must go over him again very carefully. Help me to get his clothes off. It's just possible we may find a tiny burn."

They found no sign of a burn. But in the course of his close scrutiny, he suddenly emitted a low whistle. Drawing a powerful magnifying glass from his pocket, he held it over the upper part of the right forearm.

"See anything?" he asked.

"A few grains of white powder, is it? Adhering to the hairs?"

"Crystals, not powder. Ordinary common or garden salt—or I'm a Dutchman! There should be more somewhere else. Let me think. Yes... presumably while he was asleep. Arm held up, pyjama sleeve fallen away from it. Most of him covered by bedclothes, the removal of which might waken him. Somewhere round the neck most likely. Let's see."

With the aid of the magnifying glass a few more white crystals were discovered among the sparse hair at the nape of Dinton's neck.

"That settles it," said Peter. "He was murdered, all right."

Jamieson's dour face was a picture of bewilderment.

"That settles it," he agreed with heavy sarcasm. "Everything's quite straightforward. The only points you haven't made perfectly clear are who did it, how, and why?"

"We'll come to those. But we've got to use our wits. Match 'em against those of a very cunning murderer. We've got one valuable clue—the fantastic element in the

(continued on page 26)

## Once Bitten . . .—continued

case. So far as I can see, this must be explained by—" Peter suddenly swung round. "Seen anything of a safe in your travels about the house?"

"No."

"It's likely Dinton would have one, don't you think? Doing secret important work which must be committed to paper. Where would you start looking for anything of the sort?"

"Folks with valuables usually keep 'em in the bedroom."

"Then what are we waiting for?"

With something definite to search for, Jamieson was in his element. Even so, it was quite a while before he found, in the back of the massive wardrobe, a movable panel, which slid aside to disclose a fairly large safe let into the wall.

"Splendid fellow!" exclaimed Peter. "How do we get inside it?"

"Dunno, Mr. Trevor. Seems you're right in thinking he kept something important here, and it isn't likely he'd make a written note of the combination. I suppose the makers of the safe could open it."

"Take far too long. I've a notion we ought to hurry. And I don't agree with you, Jimmy. He'd memorize the combination, of course. But memory sometimes plays strange tricks, and I think he would make a note of it, just in case. The only question is where he'd keep the note."

"His bank, perhaps."

"You've got it! That's just what he would do. Ring 'em and see, will you? If he's any papers deposited there, send one of your men round for them."

"Yes, but—I don't see the idea, Mr. Trevor. If the details of his new invention had been in this safe, I could understand your anxiety. But when we know that they were handed over to the Air Ministry a week ago—"

"He'd have some preliminary notes, surely? Perhaps rough sketches or diagrams made as he worked? From these an expert would be able to deduce the final form of—"

"Lord, yes!" Jamieson hesitated no longer. "I'll ring the bank straight away."

He hurried out of the room, returning shortly to report that Robert Dinton had left a small deed-box in the charge of his bank and that a messenger had been sent to collect this.

"Eric Walshaw, the nephew, is here," he added. "Do you want to see him?"

"You bet I do!" said Peter. "Our murderer had a very intimate knowledge of his victim's movements."

They went downstairs to the shabby lounge, where a middle-aged man, pale and emaciated, was fidgeting. He hoped they wouldn't keep him long. He'd a bookbinding business, was very shorthanded, and would like to get back to it as soon as he could. Only been out of hospital two days—duodenal ulcer—and work had accumulated. Sorry to hear about his uncle, of course; but he'd never got on too well with the old boy, so couldn't pretend any very great sorrow.

Peter asked him a few questions and let him go.

"He's out of it," he told Jamieson.

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Tell you later. Let's go back to the bedroom and search some more."

"What for?"

"Anything that shouldn't be there. I'm not particular. After a week there ought to be something."

Still more mystified by this cryptic remark, Jamieson followed upstairs. The two of them set about a meticulous examination of the room, thoroughly scrutinizing every inch of it. A considerable time elapsed before Peter whistled again, drawing a long, blonde hair from between two of the pillows on the bed.

"The lady in the case," he commented.

"Looks like one of Mrs. Beverley's. She's blonde. Don't tell me we've tracked down a romance, Mr. Trevor."

"No," said Peter. "I won't tell you that. This is merely a valuable pointer—"

He was interrupted by the arrival of a plainclothes man with the deed-box from the bank. They found a key on Dinton's ring to fit it, and went through its contents, chiefly personal papers. Among these was an envelope with some letters and figures scribbled on it; obviously the combination of the safe.

This was soon opened. Peter drew out a cheap exercise book and fluttered its pages. They were filled with wiring diagrams, calculations and notes.

"The motive for the murder," he said.

"But it—it's still here!" objected Jamieson.

"Sure! Other people besides Dinton may have known of its existence. If it were missed, suspicions about his death might be aroused. Simple enough to photograph a thing like this, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. But you seem so very sure—"

"I am sure, Jimmy! I'd better try and reconstruct the case, starting right at the beginning—the unbroken fingernails on Dinton's right hand. They'd grown quite normally for at least a week. Why weren't they like those on his left? I argued that he'd somehow been prevented from raising his right hand to his mouth.

"He'd no physical disability to account for this. But he had a bracelet of faint bruising round his wrist. It might have been caused by someone gripping with considerable force; but that wouldn't have kept him from biting his nails for a week, would it?"

"I was more or less driven to the conclusion that his wrist had been tethered in some way. And when I found the scratches on the bedpost, I knew I was right. Robert Dinton had been handcuffed there during the time he was supposed to be away on holiday."

Jamieson groaned. "Lord! I ought to have—"

"It isn't your job to diagnose the cause of bruising, Jimmy. Besides, you didn't know how Dinton had been killed. Electrocution brings about death from shock—especially in someone suffering from a weak heart—without leaving any trace, provided electrical burns are avoided. And it's a simple matter to avoid any burning. Merely use broad metal terminals covered with pads soaked in water—salt for preference."

"So that's where the crystals came from?"

"Just dried on the skin, yes.

### SET FOR STARDOM



Being groomed for stardom in the Hollywood tradition by Associated British Pictures, is Muriel Pavlow, 23-years-old blonde appearing in *While the Sun Shines*

One electrode on the nape of his neck while he slept, the other on his forearm. He'd wakened, of course, but he wouldn't be able to move. And with his bad heart he'd die very quickly."

Peter lit a cigarette. "Well, now, why had someone imprisoned Dinton here for a week, finally killing him? Remembering his job, it seemed likely that the idea was to wring some secret out of him, probably by torture—"

"He hasn't a mark—"

"Ju-jitsu knows lots of ways of inflicting pain without marking the victim. There are certain points where pressure on nerves—but we've no proof of that, so let it go. Anyhow, you see why I began to think of a safe."

"I certainly do! And I can see why you decided the nephew had nothing to do with it. He was in hospital most of last week, while the murderer must have been here. Have we got a clue of any sort pointing to—?" Jamieson broke off, staring at the blonde hair which Peter held up again. "Lord! You don't mean—Mrs. Beverley?"

"Must be, Jimmy. Think a minute. Who would know just when Dinton was going away, and the precise time he was supposed to return? Who could be sure that no one would visit the house during his absence? Who had opportunities of learning the kind of work on which he was engaged, and the location of his secret safe?"

"Who drew attention to his suitcases in the hall—carefully packed with soiled clothes to strengthen the impression that he'd been away? Who had access to the stock of food in the house? If a week's supply for two had vanished, wouldn't the housekeeper notice it? And then this hair, suggesting the presence of a blonde female in the room within the last week—"

"It's not proof, Mr. Trevor."

"Admitted. No one of these

points is conclusive. But taken altogether, they satisfy me that Mrs. Beverley came here before dawn on the day Dinton was going away. Perhaps she threatened him with a gun. Perhaps she caught him asleep, and was able to handcuff him to the bed without any trouble. If he called for help, no one would hear him—the house is ideal for her purpose. During the week she worked on him, compelling him to tell her the combination of the safe. When she'd got it—"

"How do you know she did?" asked Jamieson.

"Because she killed him. If she hadn't succeeded, she'd have arranged an extension to his holiday. There'd have been a telegram from some seaside place, saying that he was taking another week. A clever woman, Jimmy! We can be quite sure that she did what she set out to do, either copying or photographing the information she wanted.

"Last night at the proper time she electrocuted Dinton, dressed him, and rolled him down the cellar steps, afterwards cleaning up and laying her false clues. Then she went home, returning at her usual time this morning to discover the accident."

"I suppose you're right. Yes, of course you must be. Personally I haven't a doubt about it. But we'll want something more definite to take to a judge and jury. We can't hang her by one of her hairs alone."

"Don't I know it? That's why I felt we must hurry. We've no real proof against her unless we can catch her with a copy or a photograph of Dinton's notes. And we can be quite sure she won't waste any time in passing these on to someone higher up. Where is she?"

Jamieson's dour features grew grimmer.

"I'm a fool, Mr. Trevor. After I'd talked to her this morning, she felt ill. Asked if she could go home for a while. I let her go."

"You've got her address?"

"Yes."

"Come on! With a bit of luck we may be in time."

A police car took them swiftly to Glenroyd Court, a large block of flats.

"Better leave it to me, Jimmy," said Peter as they ascended the stairs. "I can ask a few questions without letting her realize that we're after her. Then I'll make some sort of excuse to take her out so that you can search the place."

Arrived at Mrs. Beverley's flat; he raised his hand to the bell. Before he touched it, the door opened and Mrs. Helen Beverley herself appeared, dressed for outdoors and carrying a letter in her hand.

"Ooh!" she gasped, startled. "I didn't hear your ring."

"We've only just got here, ma'am. This is Mr. Trevor, our pathologist. He'd like to ask you a few questions about Mr. Dinton."

"Certainly. Come in, please. Will you excuse me just one moment while I run down with this letter. I'd like to catch the post."

Peter glimpsed one word of the address on the envelope—*Stalag*.

"I'll post it for you," he said, holding out his hand.

"Oh, no! I couldn't think of troubling you." The woman hesitated. "Never mind. It will do later."

Abandoning any idea of caution, he snatched the letter from her, pushed her back into the room and closed the door.

"This will be it, I think," he said, reading the address aloud: "105679 Private Collins, L., Duke of Gloucester's Light Infantry, Stalag VII C, Germany." The simplest way for a Nazi agent to communicate with his employers. A letter to a non-existent prisoner of war—it's impossible for the authorities to check them all. The Commandant of Stalag VII C knows that any communication addressed to 105679 Private Collins, L., must at once be handed over to the Secret Service."

Mrs. Beverley's handsome face had paled.

"Whatever are you talking about?" she cried. "Len Collins is my cousin."

"Better open it, Jimmy," said Peter, ignoring her.

Jamieson took the envelope and carefully slit it open, extracting a single sheet of notepaper. His dour features grew worried as he read what was written on it.

"Nothing much here," he muttered. "Just a brief note saying that her employer has been accidentally killed, and that she'll have to find another job. Hoping all is well with Cousin Len, and sending her love."

Mrs. Beverley suddenly dissolved in tears.

"And why shouldn't I write to my cousin?" she sobbed, fumbling in her bag for a handkerchief. "Is there any crime in that?"

"Of course there may be some message written in invisible ink," Jamieson continued unheeding. "We'll have to hand it over to the experts."

"I doubt if there'll be any need for that." Peter had picked up the envelope and was studying it closely. "I fancy this—look out, Jimmy!"

Jamieson sprang forward and caught Mrs. Beverley's arm. The bullet from the revolver which had suddenly appeared in her hand went harmlessly into the wall. He pulled her arms behind her back, knotted his handkerchief firmly round her wrists, and pushed her without ceremony into a chair.

"Found something else, Mr. Trevor?" he asked breathlessly.

"I think so," said Peter. "Seems to me this envelope is rather special. The part under the flap, usually cut away, is higher than normal. And feel there. Isn't it thicker than it ought to be?"

"It certainly is! Something stuck under the flap?"

"Let's see."

With a penknife Peter carefully detached the flap. Between it and the inner wall of the envelope, he disclosed a small piece of film wrapped in thin tissue paper.

"Very clever!" he commented, holding the film up to the light.

"No censor, slitting the envelope open in the ordinary way, would disturb this, which was invisible from either the inside or the outside of the envelope. It would get through every time. And it's a negative, all right."

He raised his magnifying glass to the film. "A page of Dinton's exercise book. Taken with one of those tiny watch cameras which spies find so useful. There'll be more negatives somewhere around."

"We'll find 'em," promised Jamieson.

"You're quite satisfied now?"

"You bet I am! And I'm more than grateful—"

"Not at all." Peter grinned.

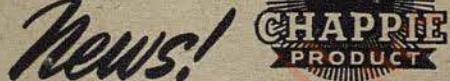
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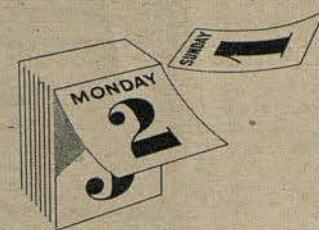
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ARE OFTEN ENOUGH



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106 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1. Tel: REG 2404



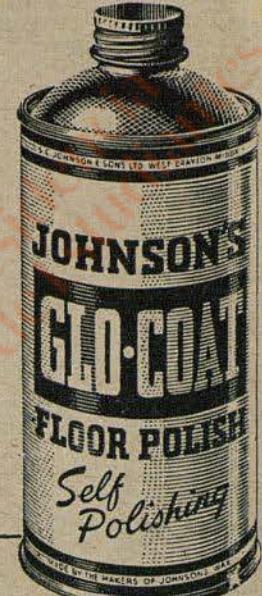
It won't be long,  
then—

**AERTEX**



FROM ALL CHEMISTS  
Made by H. I. HOUGH, HOSEASON & CO. LTD., MANCHESTER

**NO RUBBING!**



**QUICK! EASY TO USE—**

Just spread Self-Polishing Glo-Coat on your LINO, and in 20 minutes it dries to a brilliantly polished surface that lasts for weeks. It preserves the lino—and the colours come up like new.

1/4d. and 2/9d. TINS  
Glo-Coat is limited in supply, so make yours go as far as you can. Obtainable only from shops.  
Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax—  
S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd.

## Gooseberry Junket Fool

Make Pineapple, Lemon or Orange 'Dairy' Junket in accordance with instructions on tube. Well mash half a pint sweetened stewed or preserved Gooseberries. Just before serving mix 'DAIRY' Junket and Gooseberries together and turn into individual glasses. Top with synthetic cream.

## DAIRY BRAND JUNKET

9d. tube 'DAIRY' Brand Junket Powder makes 6 pints  
A choice of six fruit flavours  
Plain 'DAIRY' Junket 9d. bottle makes 2½ pints  
Made by: R. J. Fullwood & Bland Ltd. (Founded 1785)  
Write for recipes from Sole Distributors:

G. HAVINDEN LTD.  
71, Baker St., London, W.1

POINTS  
FREE



Supplies, naturally, are not at peace-time levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

**THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD**

# Strawberry Creams for tea!



EVEN IN PEACETIME  
YOU COULDN'T FIND  
ANYTHING MORE DELICIOUS



**STRAWBERRY CREAMS** for tea provide a big thrill! It's easy to make them yourself, so why not give the family a real "pre-war" treat?

**INGREDIENTS:** 6 oz. self-raising flour; 3 oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 1 dessertspoonful Rowntree's Cocoa; 1 reconstituted egg. For the filling: 2 tablespoonfuls strawberry jam, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls household milk.

**METHOD:** Mix all dry ingredients together, rub in margarine, then bind with egg and a little milk to form a stiff dough. Place in small baking tins and bake for 15 minutes in hot oven. When slightly cool, slice each cake in half, and make a

small hole in the top of one half. Sandwich the two halves together with this mixture: dissolve 2 tablespoonfuls strawberry jam and 1 level dessertspoonful sugar in hot water. When cool, add 3 tablespoonfuls household milk and beat well. (A little cochineal improves the colour.) Finish by filling the small hole in the top of each cake with the rest of the mixture.

#### IMPORTANT

So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; and carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way sugar does). Besides, Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it your family's meal-time drink.



For economy's sake get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)

**ROWNTREE'S COCOA**



# BIRD'S CUSTARD

**BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES**