

ILLUSTRATED

3^d



METAXAS

*The old War Horse
Leads the Winners*

**FIRST
GREEK
VICTORY
PICTURES**

WHY...

... IS BABY LYING LIKE THIS?



SHE'S doing her exercises! Upward kick—toes in her mouth—and two lusty gurgles! She's happy and healthy in spite of the war—like so many of the babies whose mothers write for advice to "MOTHER"—the Great Journal of National Service—for Nurse Crawford, wise and skilled organizer of The National Babycraft Centre sponsored by "MOTHER"—gives to every mother who writes to her just that expert guidance she needs at the present time.

LET NURSE CRAWFORD HELP YOU!

Nurse Crawford has prepared a list of questions now being most frequently asked by Mothers.

If you, as a Mother, would like help, place a X against those questions to which you would like an answer, and Nurse Crawford will send you an authoritative reply. All you do is post the list of questions marked up with your crosses together with the form below (to which you affix a 1d. stamp) in an unsealed envelope bearing a 1d. stamp to:

Nurse Crawford, National Babycraft Centre,
c/o "MOTHER,"
68 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

If a problem is troubling you which is NOT listed below, write on a piece of paper and post it in an envelope bearing a 2½d. stamp and affix a 2½ stamp to label instead of a 1d. stamp.

Mark the Questions that interest you—and send for Nurse Crawford's reply

1	How more than ever, breast feeding is important. What is the best way to make sure of success?	9	My husband and I are childless, and in spite of the war, we want to have a baby. Can you advise me?
2	I am breast feeding baby, she is never satisfied after feeds. I have been worried by wartime sorrows. Can you help me?	10	Since we have evacuated from London, my little boy of two has started to wet the bed. Can you help me?
3	My baby's feeds are interrupted through having to go to shelter. Can you help me?	11	I cannot afford crabs now. Are crabs all right for a six months old baby?
4	How can I prevent my baby catching cold—especially in the shelter?	12	Since evacuating, my children, who used to play so happily together, are always quarrelling. Can you advise me?
5	My milkman doesn't deliver until 11 a.m. Is the day before's milk all right for baby?	13	Is there anything I can get for baby to help her teeth through?
6	Are there any good wartime substitutes for eggs, butter or sugar for my babies?	14	My little boy refuses to take his milk. How can it be introduced to him?
7	I want to stay in London with my husband. How can I keep baby healthy in the shelter?	15	My little girl can't sleep. The slightest sound wakes her. What can I do for her?
8	Because of wartime conditions I have difficulty in getting green vegetables for my children. Can you help me?	16	My little girl has developed a habit of eating bits of blankets and dirt. How can I stop this?

MOTHER

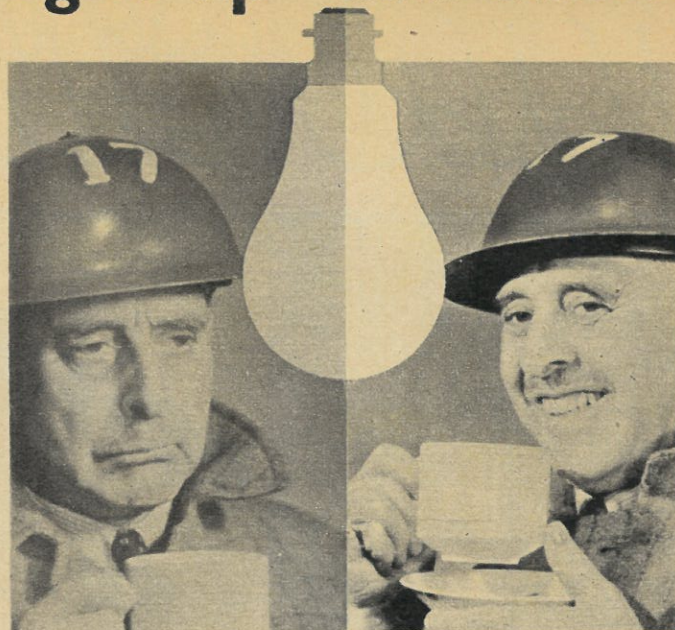
January issue NOW ON SALE

Name.....
Full Postal Address.....
.....
.....

A Penny
stamp must be
affixed here
by you

ILLUSTRATED, Jan. 4, 1941

Light up—and smile!



Blackout strain is going to become more trying this winter; don't take it indoors with you. Dim lighting doesn't make a good blackout, but bright lights chase away depression and make your home the gay, courageous haven it should be. Light up, then—LIGHT UP AND SMILE!

Osram

A S.E.C. PRODUCT

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT WITH The Perfect Writing Combination—

The finest pen the world has ever known—and now the finest writing fluid, Parker Quink. That's what you need for perfect writing service in 1941. Full-length ink visibility—twice the ink capacity—plus an osmiridium-tipped jewel-smooth nib in your Parker Vacumatic. Full-bodied colour, drying rich and brilliant—plus an ingredient that cleans your pen as it writes—that's the perfection you get in Parker Quink. It's an unbeatable combination.

Parker Quink

and your Parker Vacumatic!

The Parker Pen Company Limited, Bush House, Strand, London, W.C.2
Patent Nos. 318982, 417546, 539613. Made in Canada.



THE WAR BEGINS and the chief of the Greek Government, General Jean Metaxas—who dislikes being called a General—goes in mufti to consult the chiefs of his army staff as to the best way in which the threat to Greece could be met. This picture was taken behind the front while the Italians were still invading Greece. On page 10 is a word picture of Metaxas by Douglas Reed

GREECE AT WAR

—the first pictures

WHEN Italy delivered her outrageous ultimatum to Greece in the early hours of the morning of October 28, General Metaxas refused to consider the terms. And at 6 a.m. general mobilization was ordered for the Greek armed forces.

It certainly looked, in those first hours of yet another war that the Italian Goliath would soon have the Hellenic David under his heel. True, Great Britain had promised every possible help, but it seemed doubtful that it could arrive in time.

Only a miracle could save Greece from sharing the fate of other victims of the Axis, declared the "experts." But that miracle happened.

Today, far from fighting with her back to the wall, Greece has driven the invader from her shores

and is now dealing hard blow on hard blow to the demoralized Italian forces in Albania.

Believing in the principle that offence is the best form of defence, the Greeks at one point penetrated as far as eight miles into Albania at the outset of the war while the rest of the front held firm.

Britain, for her part, wasted no time in giving her ally help, and within forty-eight hours of the start of the war, naval aircraft had attacked Stampalia in the Dodecanese Islands and also Crete.

By November 4, the world saw with amazement that the much-flaunted Italian offensive was already behind schedule. Something was obviously wrong and the presence of British troops in Greek territory was a happy augury of future successes.

By the middle of November, the tide had definitely turned in favour of Greece. With the

Royal Air Force giving valuable assistance, the Greeks were thrusting forward lustily to dominate the important town of Koritza which was entered on November 22.

Premeti, Santi Quaranta and Pogradets fell in turn to the victorious Greek troops whose courage, leadership and initiative were all superior to those of the enemy. Then came news that Argyrokastro had fallen. And with its capture the last threat to Greece was removed temporarily if not permanently.

Winter has slowed up the Greek advance, but today not all the frosts and snows can quench the fire that inspires the troops of the little country.

When her liberty was threatened, peace-loving Greece exposed the Fascist fraud—and in so doing she influenced the course of events not only in the Balkans but in the whole world.

(continued overleaf)

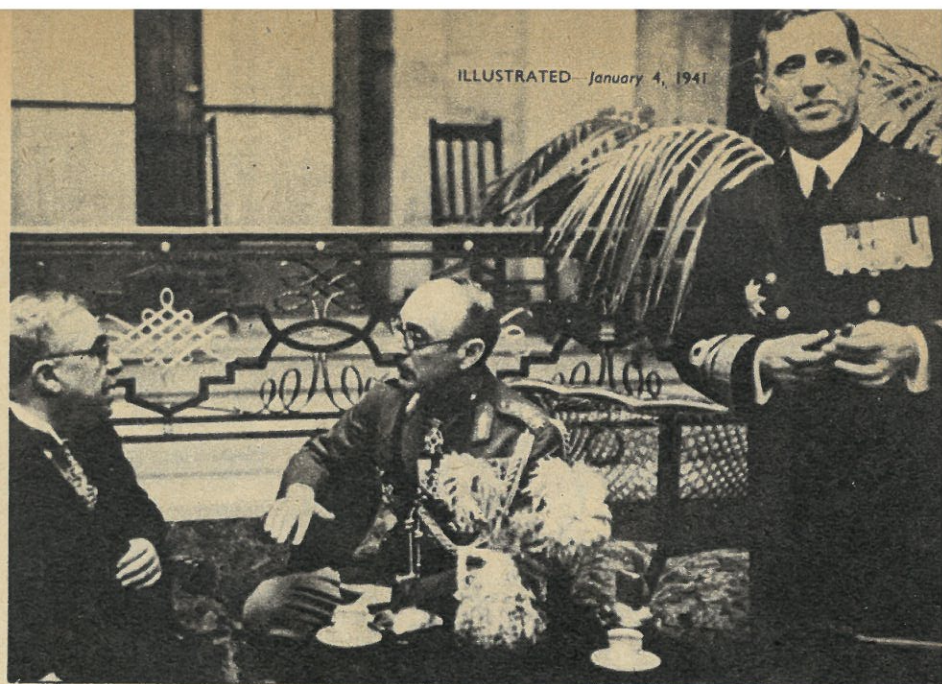


General Papagos, Greek Chief of Staff, was hardly known in this country two months ago. Now he is generally regarded as the brains behind the brilliant campaign which threw the Italians back into Albania

GREECE MOBILIZES—THE BRITISH IN ATHENS



Commander of the first Royal Air Force units to land in Greece, photographed in Athens. The Greek Government and Royal Family personally honoured the first British airman to be killed in battle over their country



ILLUSTRATED—January 4, 1941

With the chief of the Government, General Metaxas, seen on left, are the Commander-in-Chief, General Papagos and Admiral Konome, the Commander of the Greek Navy. Conversation took place in the Hotel Grande Bretagne



Members of the Royal Air Force in Athens. During the first two days they were unable to wear their uniforms because enthusiasm was so great. When they appeared in public, men, women and children wanted to kiss them



The German Minister to Greece with his wife. Prince Victor Zu Erback Schoenberg, Hitler's Minister, made every effort to persuade the Greek Premier to renounce Britain's guarantee. But Metaxas refused



Athens cheers the R.A.F. First tangible sign of British aid for the gallant little country she had promised to help in the event of war was the prompt arrival of our planes and airmen, who received ovations wherever they went. Bitterness against

Italy and enthusiasm for the British was increased by the indiscriminate bombing started by Mussolini. Since then official Greek tribute has been paid to the importance of the part played by the R.A.F. in destroying the Italian armies



Vitally interested in the result of the war are the Albanian people who now supply the battlefield on which the armies which overran them but a short time ago are fighting despairingly against the liberating Greeks. These Albanians

in Athens demonstrated enthusiastically in favour of the Greeks, carrying pictures of King George and General Metaxas. They know their homeland will be freed from the Italian yoke which it has borne since the Easter of 1938

(continued overleaf)



Italy began her would-be blitzkrieg on Greece in the German style by bombing of civilians and non-military objectives. Here is a sight British people can sympathize with—a bombed dwelling at Piraeus, the port of Athens

GREECE: THE COMING OF THE BOMBERS . . .



Greece's highland fighting men, the famous Evzone regiments, have mopped up their Italian counterparts, the Bersaglieri and Alpini. Here is a farewell parade in Athens before changing their kilts for service kit



The Evzones do not fight in these peace-time costumes in which they are seen above, but in a more serviceable adaptation of the same style. The "battledress" kilt is still much shorter than that of our own Highlanders



Another Greek port bombed with poor aim by airmen of the Regia Aeronautica was Heraklion. Quays and shipping escaped, but many Greek civilians were injured by the bombs dropped at random by the Italians

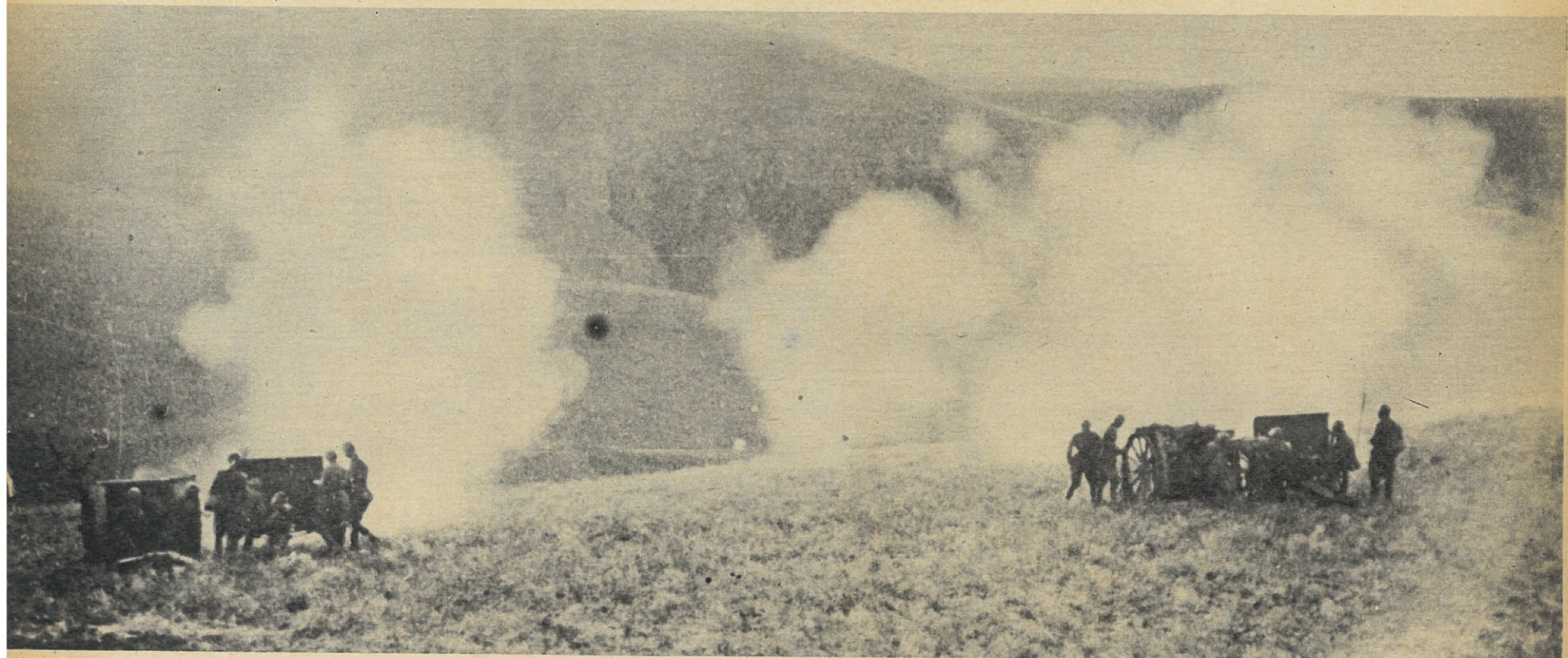


All over Greece in those first few days of war the anti-aircraft guns blazed into action. Italian bombers sought to terrorize a people which has since shown the world how foolish was Mussolini's attempt to crush them



GREECE: THE BATTLE FRONT

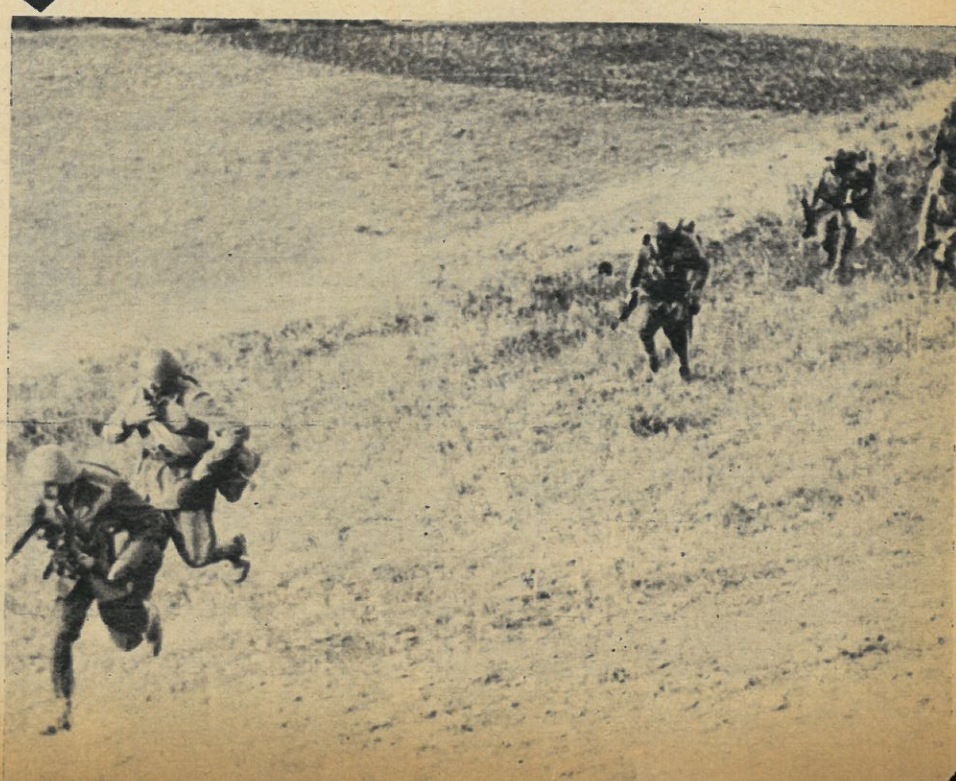
From a hastily constructed trench a detachment of Greek infantry on the Albanian frontier open fire on the enemy. Below: Light artillery in action against the Italian positions on the hills across the wide valley

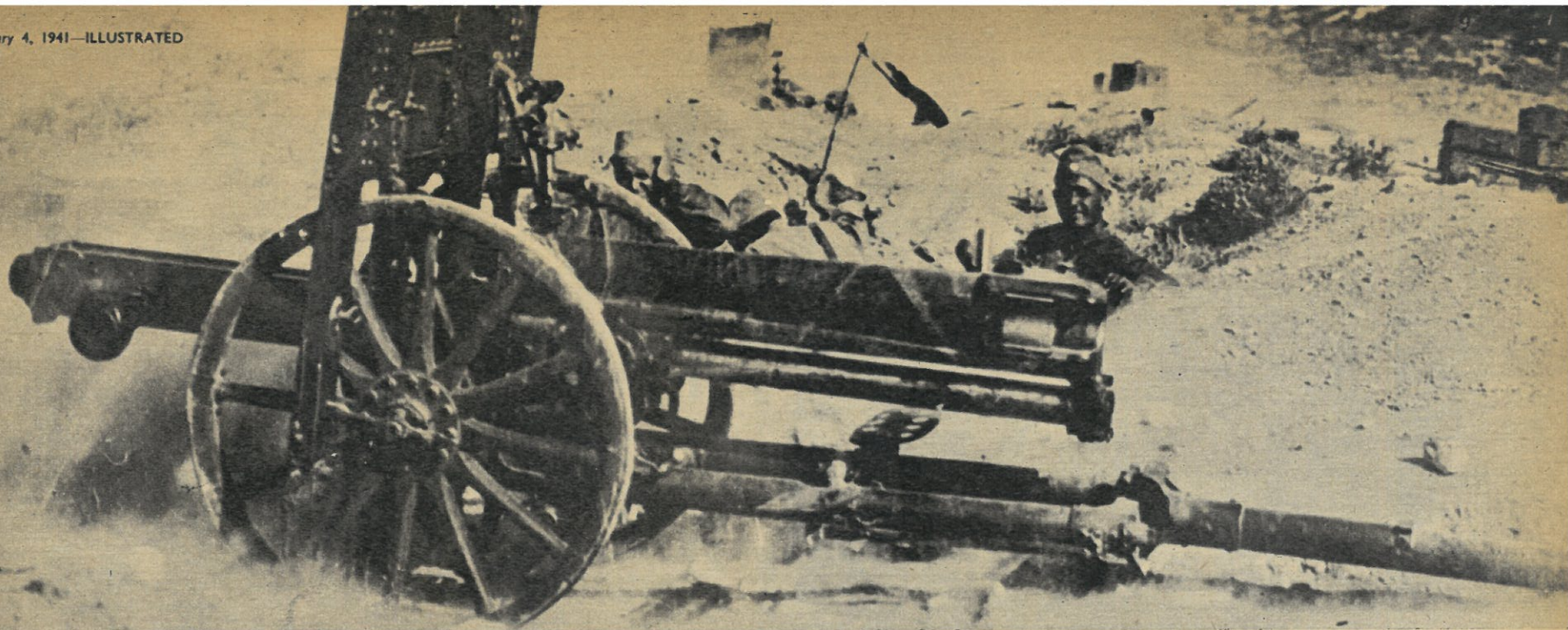


Greek infantry resting on the way up to the front. Marching light, they are sturdy, rugged fighters and are capable of carrying out a forced march and then going into action with great dash and verve



Overhead swoops an Italian fighter plane and the Greek troops scatter and race for cover. It is difficult to machine gun men from the air, and the Greeks give the Italians no chance to catch them in close formation





↑ Above: Greek guns in action in the hastily built emplacements which afford them a certain amount of protection from the enemy shells. Below: Greece's famous kilted troops, the Evzones, in their frills and pom-poms look most

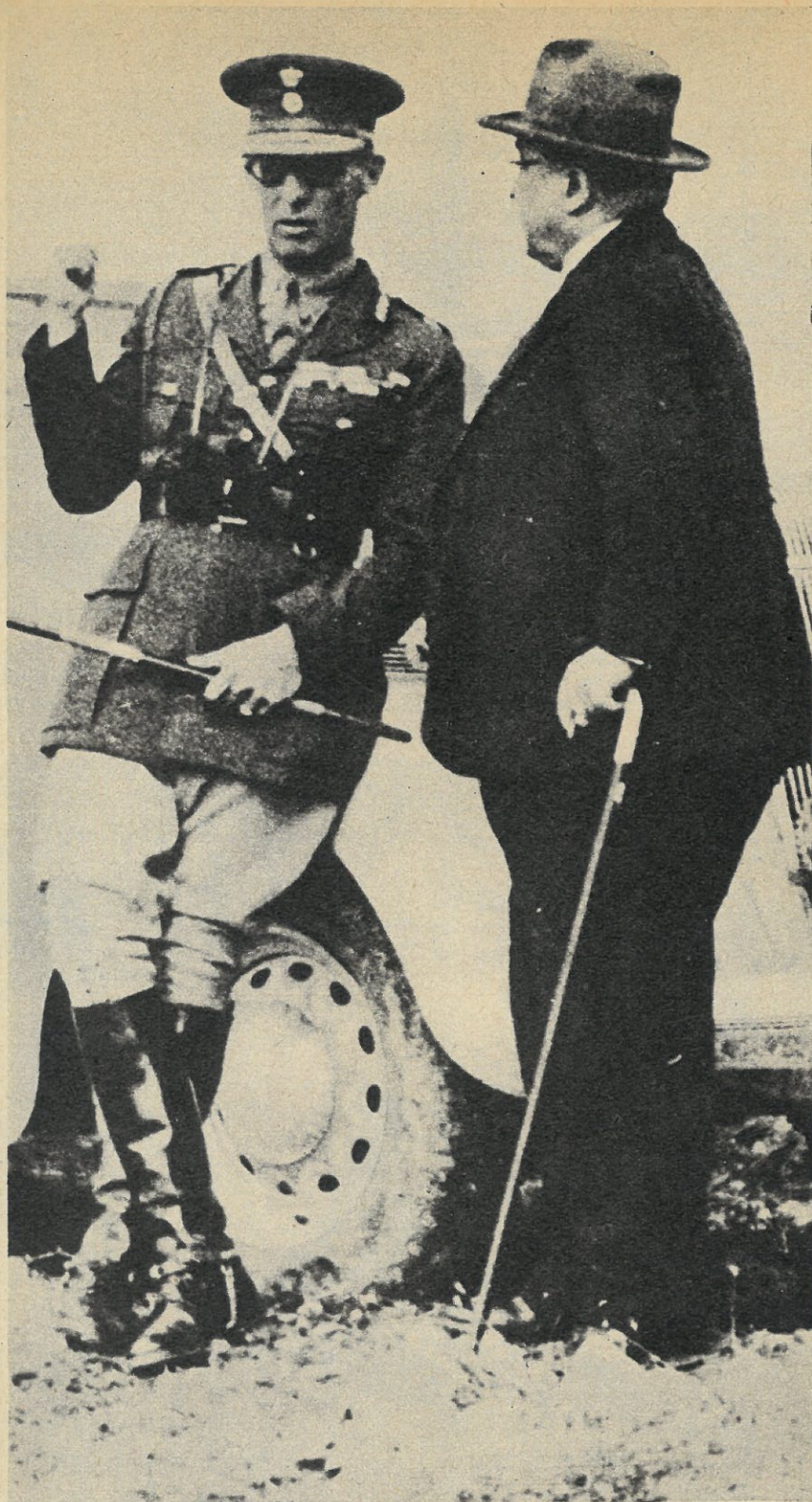
picturesque in peace time, but they are first-class fighting men. Here is a detachment of them, wearing the eminently practical field service uniform adopted by the Greek Army, advancing towards an enemy outpost on the Albanian frontier



↓ Bearded men of an Italian Alpini battalion captured by the Greeks drawing their rations in their concentration camp. They are among Italy's best troops, but were not good enough for the Greeks against whom they were set

↓ At the window of their hut in a prisoners-of-war camp, these Italians gaze out on to the compound with few indications of regret. The war is as unpopular with the army as with the civilian population





With King George of Greece is General Metaxas, chosen by him to take the onus of dictatorship. An implacable royalist, Metaxas remained faithful to the King's cause throughout the twenty years of the Republican-Royalist split. Now together, they lead Greece to glorious victory

SECRET OF THE ITALIAN ULTIMATUM

CROWNING moment in General Metaxas's life came early in the morning of October 23, when the Italian attack on Greece began. The story of the Italian ultimatum is one of the most extraordinary in history, and the following account of it comes from General Metaxas himself.

In the early hours he was called on the telephone at his country house some distance outside Athens.

"This is the French Minister," said the voice at the other end, "and I must see you at once."

Metaxas, puzzled, answered that he would receive the French representative, and a little later he opened the front

door himself—his servants were abed—to find to his astonishment that the Italian Minister was outside, who for some reason had used this trick to mislead Metaxas.

The Italian then delivered the ultimatum, saying that if it were not accepted Italian troops would cross the frontier into Greek territory at 6 a.m. It was then 3 a.m.

After a short and acerbious discussion General Metaxas told the Italian that he would in no circumstances accept the ultimatum or give the Italian troops free passage.

"This is war," he concluded and shut the door in his visitor's face.

METAXAS

By Douglas Reed

IN our rapidly changing Europe reputations rapidly blossom and fade. The great men of yesterday are the exiles or discredited leaders of today, men of whom the masses knew but little yesterday become famous overnight.

To these last belongs General Ioannis Metaxas, dictator, by the grace of his king, George of Greece.

As I write, the Greek Army, which he has had a chief share in forming, is chasing the Italians through Albania; it is giving life to the belief, common among the Balkan peoples, that, not man for man, but man for five men, they are better than the Italians, for the Greeks are among the numerically weakest peoples of Europe.

But what the Greeks have already accomplished is so great and so astounding that it, and the name of Metaxas, are written for ever in the annals of Greece and Europe.

Ioannis Metaxas—the accent, for those who are interested in pronunciation, is on the last syllable—is sixty-nine years of age, short, plumpish, with iron grey hair and moustache, and wary eyes behind spectacles.

He has the rare whim, for a dictator, of disliking to be called general, although he held that rank in the Greek Army, and the performance of that army against the Italians under his rule gives him every claim to the title.

But he prefers the Greek equivalent of Mister. I fancy that he dislikes to be thought of as just another military dictator.

He was never widely popular, or even very widely known, in Greece. When the present King George, fresh from Brown's Hotel, London, was restored in 1935, Metaxas had only five or six followers in the Greek Parliament. But they, and he, were implacable royalists, and had remained loyal to the king's cause all through the twenty years of the Republican-Royalist vendetta that split Greece from 1917 to 1935.

That was why King George, restored by another general, Kondylis, who previously had been venomously anti-Royalist and died opportunely, chose Metaxas to take the onus of dictatorship in Greece, himself retiring into a discreet aloofness.

Now, his dictatorship has never been popular, because the Greeks loved their political parties, their party newspapers, and even their bitter political feuds, especially the Royalist-Republican one, though a surfeit of these things had undoubtedly been bad for them and their country.

Like some other nations, they had had the shadow of democracy without its substance, but parted unwillingly even with that, and the Metaxas dictatorship, with its imitations of certain Fascist and Nazi innovations, never won their hearts, though it did introduce some good and much-needed things, such as social insurance.

But now that has changed. One thing unites all Greeks, as it unites all patriots in all countries—an attack on their homeland. And the repulse of such an attack by an overwhelmingly superior foe, its conversion even into defeat, fills their hearts with exultation, as it has always done, through the history of the world.

Today Ioannis Metaxas is the hero of the Greeks.

He is an interesting figure. Strange now to recall that he was once the collaborator of the great Greek Republican, Venizelos, and that his loyalty to the father of the present king, Constantine, led him to break away.

Strange, too, to think that the stupid tag "pro-German" long enough was attached to him, who is now being threatened with ruin by Berlin because he proclaimed that he was "fighting for all the Balkans."

Metaxas served a term at the German Imperial Staff College before the war of 1914-18 (and I think that those Balkan politicians who are least likely to be "pro-German" are those who have lived, studied or served in Germany. They know the Germans).

Metaxas, like King Constantine and King George, was, is, and will be pro-Greek. Considered in that light, the advice he is said to have given to King Constantine in the last war becomes perfectly intelligible:—

"If Greece comes in with the Allies and Germany wins, Greece is finished. If Greece comes in with Germany and the Allies win, Greece will be let down lightly. Therefore, Greece should come in with Germany."

In actual fact, King Constantine did his best to keep out of that war altogether, as his son has tried in this one.

In the two Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913, when Greece fought first against Turkey and then against Bulgaria, Metaxas, though a junior officer, gained a high reputation. He kept it later, when he rose to general's rank and became Chief-of-Staff.

His military judgment has been so triumphantly vindicated by the performance of the Greeks in Albania that one regrets today that another piece of advice which he gave in the war of 1914-18 was not taken.

This, as he told me when I last saw him, was to Lord Kitchener, and it was, not to try to force the Dardanelles by frontal assault, but to send a land army round from Salonica and take the straits in flank. The history of the Dardanelles expedition, as we now know it, suggests that he was right.

A strange story, that of Metaxas, from first to last. His present king, George, was enthroned for the first time in 1922, after his father, Constantine, then discredited through Greek reverses in the war against Turkey, had been dethroned for the second time by the Republicans under Venizelos.

King George was actually put on the throne by a "revolutionary committee," with which he became unpopular, however, because he did not recall Venizelos, and General Metaxas, his father's loyal henchman, launched a revolt against the revolutionary committee, which was unsuccessful, so that King George suffered his first dethronement.

The memory of that probably caused him to choose Metaxas, who had so little public following, for his Prime Minister when he was restored.

And this time, fortunately, this is all to the good of Britain, represented in Athens by one of her ablest diplomats, Sir Michael Palaret.

ILLUSTRATED PICTURIZES AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT WHICH AFFECTS MILLIONS OF PEOPLE



An experimental table at Lake Placid Work Simplification Conference where delegates meet to solve their problems. Here six men operate the Squibb Milk of Magnesia bottle scheme in order to simulate the operation of an automatic filling machine. British Expert comments: "There is no one best way of doing a job. There are usually two or three equally good ways. It is wasting an operative's time to forbid him to use a method he has been using for years to substitute your one best way"

WORK

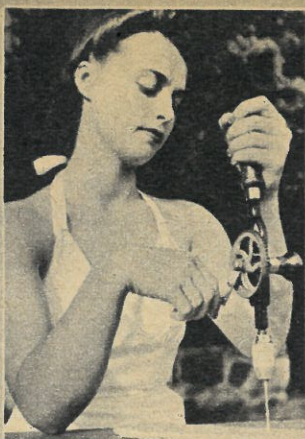
-these men want to make it simpler

(continued overleaf)

WHERE THE EXPERIMENTS START: THE FIVE FUNDAMENTAL FACTORY WORKING MOVEMENTS



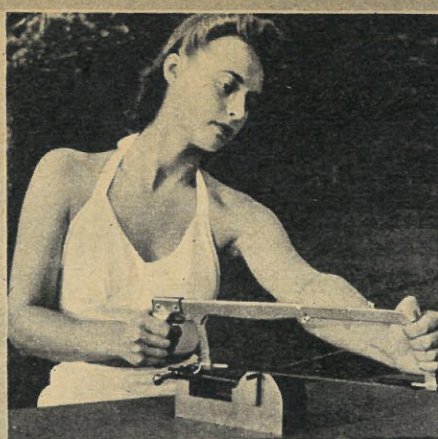
ONE Motion of fingers only is illustrated in assembly of nut and bolt. Few industrial operations are performed thus



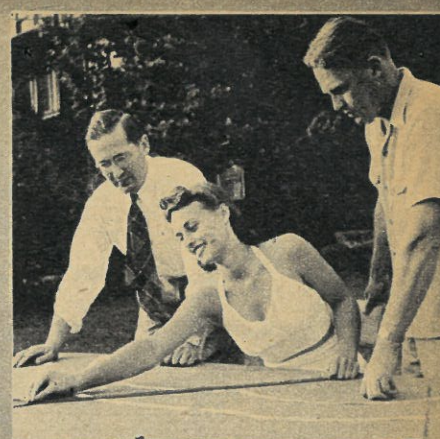
TWO Movement of fingers and wrist. The operator uses a hand-drill. If used properly this tool involves motion of fingers and wrist only



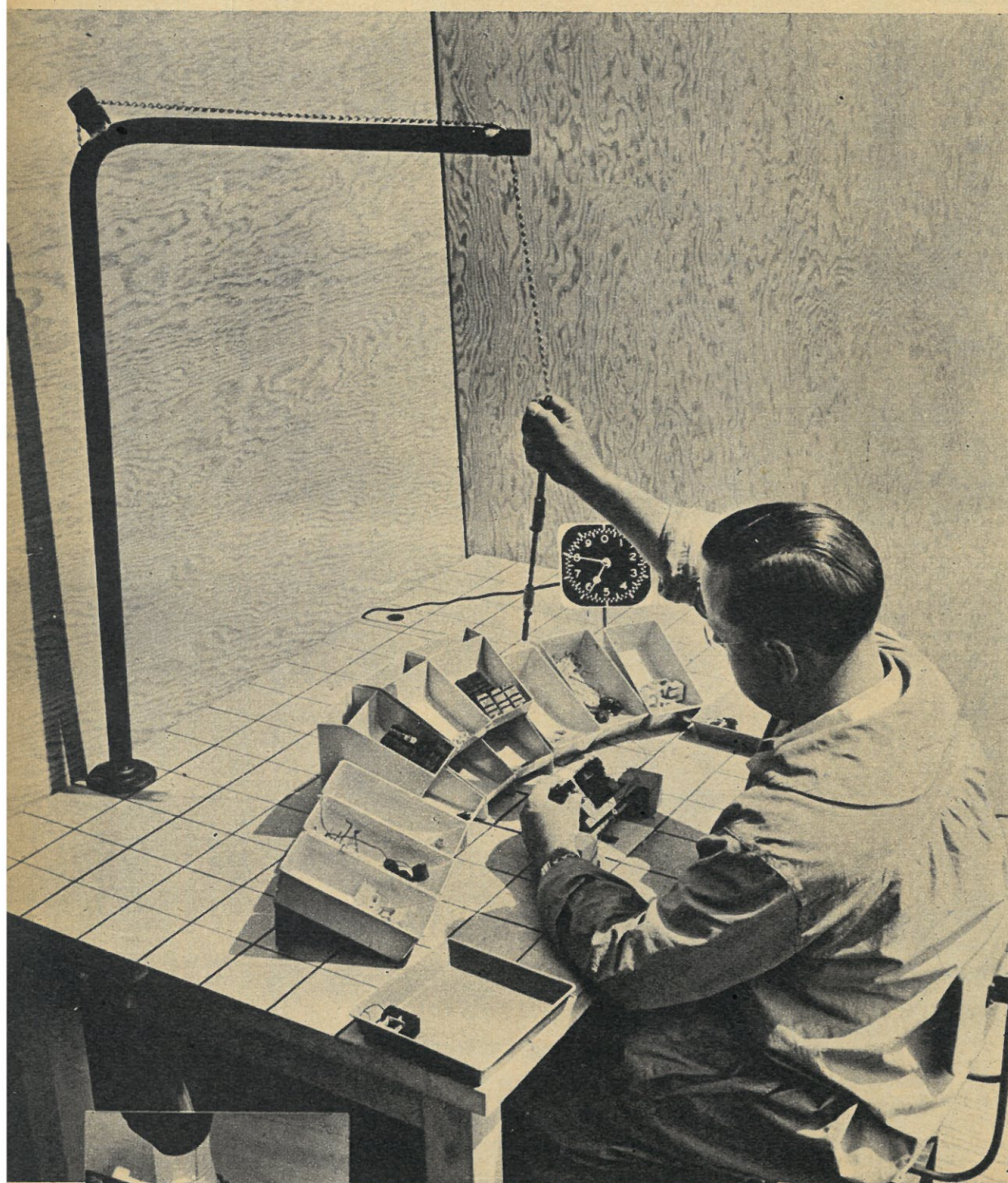
THREE Movement of fingers, wrist and forearm. British Expert comments: "Not a practical proposition. It is a job for a machine"



FOUR This movement involves action of fingers, wrist, forearm and upper arm. Use of a hacksaw illustrates this class of motion. British Expert comments: "This is not a typical job for a girl"



FIVE Measuring and marking a long zip fastener means movement of the whole body. Professor Williams and Mr. Mogensen, Director of the Work Simplification Conference, watch the demonstration



It swings into his hand. Demonstration of the use of the circular workplace, a foot-operated fixture for holding the parts and a spiral ratchet screwdriver which is counter-weighted to permit the operator to grasp and replace it without effort. British Expert comments: "We are not as concerned with time study as with motion study. The thought that every movement is being timed is liable to irritate a British worker"

WORK—continued

USE THAT— LEFT HAND

To make work simpler, to afford the worker more comfort, and at the same time to speed up production—that is the story of the American experiment illustrated on these pages and reported

● by **RALPH MICHAELIS**

AMERICAN experiments to simplify work are the result of investigations into the possibilities of Motion Study. Movements of a worker doing a job of work are carefully studied by experts; and means are devised for cutting down their number. By so doing the time taken on the job is decreased.

The expert arrives at the factory. He notes the number of movements made by the worker during an operation, and he devises a means of reducing that number. In one case recently, the number of movements made by the operative in one job of work was reduced from 265 to 148, with a consequent saving of time and energy. A firm sending out multiple circulars have increased the daily filling of envelopes from 275 to 600 a girl.

This is by no means an exclusively American art. It would be surprising if it were, because the originator of the Science of Motion Study was a young Englishman called Gilbreth.

Experiments along similar lines to those illustrated here are going on all over Britain; and especially among the newly recruited semi-skilled workers in munition factories.

Experts are not satisfied with the usual method of allowing a novice to pick up his job by copying a more experienced worker.

"Such a method of learning fails," an official of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology told me, "because the problems involved in a job of work have never been systematically recorded and studied; because the experienced worker who instructs the novice only thinks of some of the total number of possible problems; because he probably does not always use the correct procedures himself; and because he may be temperamentally unsuited for teaching."

"We find that it is still the custom in most factories to give no instruction at all in correct movements, but to allow the learner to work out his movements himself, or to 'teach' him by making him copy an experienced worker."

"Both these methods are unsatisfactory. Look at any self-taught worker, and it is ten to one that he or she is only using the right hand, the left being employed in feeding articles into the right, instead of sharing the job with its brother. And if the worker has had no proper instruction, his tools and materials are seldom placed where he can get at them easily and comfortably."



To beat fatigue. The location of supplies and tools used in assembly of a small part is illustrated here. The tools are placed where they can readily be grasped by the right hand. The boxes permit

easy seizure of the parts used. It is surprising how little attention is given to this simple principle. British Expert says: "Location of tools and supplies are most important. This picture is a classic example universally used in motion study"

"The main objection in making the learner copy a more experienced worker is that the experienced worker unconsciously changes his movements as soon as he slows them down to a speed at which the novice can follow them.

"This is not unreasonable. You would not expect a fast bowler to be able to teach someone to bowl as he does, simply by repeating his own movements at a very much lower speed.

"Further, it is our experience that the workers charged with teaching novices in most factories are not using the best methods themselves.

"The only way to decide what is the best way of carrying out a manual job is by examining and analysing the manual movements used. And that can only be carried out by an expert with plenty of time to study the job.

"In many factories they make the mistake of trying to give instruction in the shops. It is not only impossible to impart the necessary knowledge to a novice amid the noise and distraction of the shops; but it disturbs the productive work of the firm."

This is what happens when a motion expert is called into a works.

His first step is to construct what he calls a "job analysis." On either side of a sheet of paper divided by a line down the centre he records the movements made by the operative's two hands.

It might be boring to give a complete analysis of several hundred movements. But here are the first few entries of an

expert's "job analysis" of bolt and washer assembly.

Left Hand	Right Hand
Reaches for Rubber Washer in Bin 1.	Reaches for Rubber Washer in Bin 1.
Grasps Rubber Washer in Bin 1.	Grasps Rubber Washer in Bin 1.
Positions Rubber Washer in Counter-sunk Hole No. 5.	Positions Rubber Washer in Counter-sunk Hole No. 5.

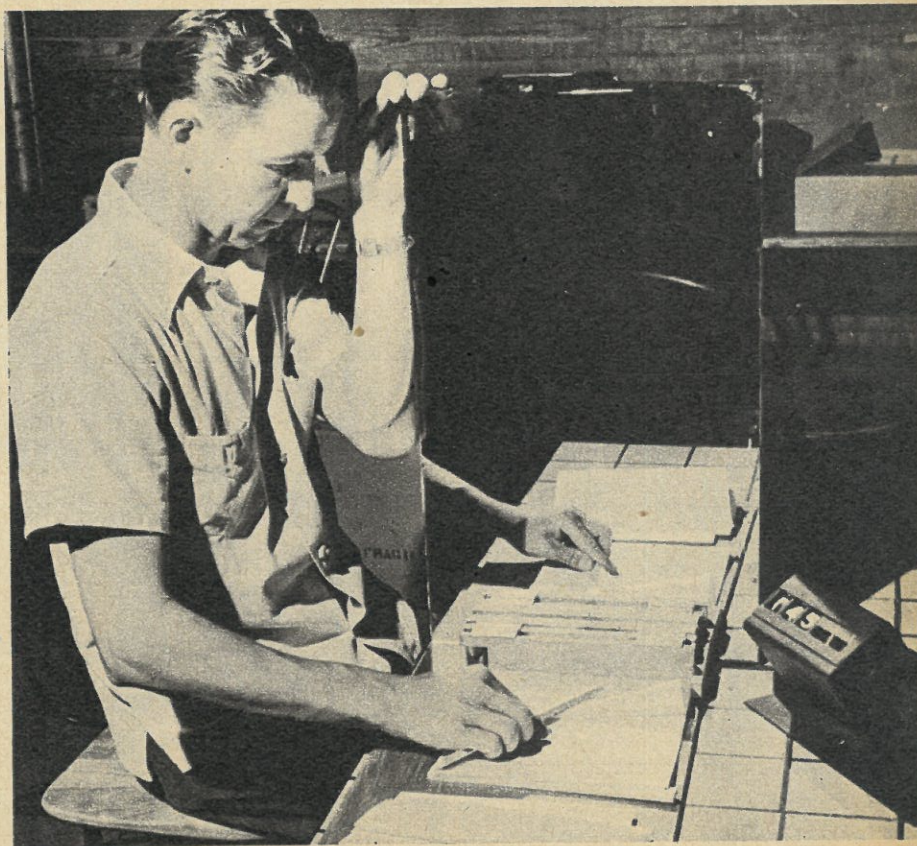
That is the correct procedure as laid down by the expert.

What he usually finds, however, is that the operator reaches for the rubber washer in bin 1 with the left hand and grasps rubber washer in bin 1 with the left hand. Then instead of simultaneously grasping a second washer with the left hand, he passes the washer from the left to the right hand.

Thus his left hand which, according to the experience of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology is ninety per cent as skilful as his right, is merely being employed in holding up his work.

The other four main principles insisted upon by the British motion experts are:—

- (1) Tools should be close at hand, and each in its place.
- (2) The working position should be as comfortable as possible. A worker should not stand if she can work seated. The back rest of her chair should be so adjusted as to give her the maximum of support.
- (3) Effort should not be wasted.
- (4) Movement should be continuous and sweeping rather than jerky.



Two in the time of one. Difficulties of delegates at the conference is time taken in building fixtures and development of skill to demonstrate new method with both hands. Here delegate of Crane & Co., stationers, works with a mirror to show his method for simultaneously folding two sheets of super-quality writing paper



Merle Oberon has little spare time from the Hollywood studios. Her favourite relaxation is to stay quietly at home with husband and nephews. Here Merle plays blindman's buff with nephew Michael

MERLE OBERON and nephews

THE days of flashy ostentation in Hollywood are over. The stars have come to earth. They realize that fortunes made over a few years can disappear in as many months.

They have learned from the

tragic experiences of others that capitals must be invested wisely. Above all, the stars of Hollywood have learned the art of simple living.

Example of the new way of living in Hollywood is the

home of Merle Oberon and her husband, Alexander Korda. Here every spare moment is spent simply. Best of all, the Kordas like to be with their nephews, David and Michael, who live with them.



Merle manages to take a little time off from the studios to play on the lawn of the Korda home in Hollywood. Her playmates are Michael and David, young nephews of her English producer-husband, Alexander Korda





Hardworking starlets in Hollywood attend few parties. But on this night Brenda Marshall (centre) goes to an informal house-warming. Richard Greene (left) is now serving in the British Army

BRENDA MARSHALL and guests

THE movie people in Hollywood have little time for parties. Typical starlet, Brenda Marshall, for instance, works a twelve-hour day. Brenda gets up at six, arrives at the studio at seven. Made up, she is

ready for the set by nine. From twelve-thirty until one-thirty she lunches. Then, re-made up, she returns to the set. Between scenes she has to study her script, be fitted for clothes, pose for publicity pictures and

give interviews to gossip writers.

By seven, when she arrives home, she is tired out. To be in bed and asleep by nine-thirty is far more attractive to Brenda than to be setting out for some hectic party.



Brenda Marshall has a twelve-hour working day. She gets up at six, arrives at the studio at seven. With only one hour's break for lunch she works ceaselessly until seven o'clock in the evening. By nine-thirty she is in bed

BLITZTON, 1941

Our towns could take it in 1940. Their New Year's resolution is to go on taking it in 1941—while the enemy takes rather more. How the typical small town, portrayed here by Ronald Lampitt, faces the dark and dangerous future is recorded below by a famous Fleet Street reporter, a man who knows all Britain well

—A. B. AUSTIN

BLITZTON has got the hang of Hitler.

That is why I can tell you what will happen there in 1941. Not, of course, that I know what Hitler will do to Blitzton in 1941, or how often he will do it. But whatever Hitler does, I know how Blitzton will behave, and that is a very important piece of knowledge.

Four months ago, none of us knew. The mayor and the M.P. kept on telling us, every time they heaved their waistcoats over the dinner table, that the spirit of Blitzton was the spirit of Britain, and that we ought to be proud to be in the front line. But we weren't sure. Front lines were all right for soldiers. They had a chance of hitting back, and we supposed that took their minds off things.

Three months ago we still weren't sure. Blitzton had been bombed once or twice and didn't like it. We couldn't keep our stomach muscles from contracting unpleasantly whenever we heard the silk-tearing sound that falling bombs make.

But since then something has happened to Blitzton. The same thing happens to raw troops after their first two or three engagements. They begin to shake down, to learn the dodges. They stop rushing about pretending they're not afraid.

They take their first step towards becoming old soldiers, and old soldiers never die. They never die because they know that dead soldiers can't win battles, so they make themselves as safe and comfortable as possible until they can choose their own time to have a smack at the enemy.

The reason veteran troops are steady troops is that they refuse to be pushed about (for "pushed" read the Army word). They make themselves so comfortable under the most unpromising conditions that they get very annoyed if the enemy tries to dislodge them, and fight like fury to stay comfortable.

That is what Blitzton is doing, and what Blitzton will go on doing in 1941. We know the drill. We've snuggled down to it. No longer are we nervously facing an emergency. We have slipped into a new way of life, temporary, we hope, but capable of being continued as long as we have to.

George Moggs, for instance, has stopped saying: "I never thought the day would come" when he would have to do something or other. He is a gas mains joiner, and it used to bother him if he didn't sit down to his tea by six o'clock with an evening by the fireside and a night's sleep before him.

He used to say: "I'm one of those



THIS IS BLITZTON, A TOWN IN FRONTSHIRE. YOU WON'T

that needs my eight hours regular." Now he's been called out so often to grope about in rubble for a burst gas main, that he finds he can enjoy his sleep at any hour of the twenty-four, and keeps on reminding his mates that Napoleon could do the same.

Sleep snatching is one of the Blitzton dodges that will bother Hitler in 1941. Hitler thought that people would crack

if you kept on breaking up their sleep. There were thousands like George Moggs who didn't take to the idea of upsetting the sleep habits of a lifetime, who felt very gummy eyed after the first few of the many raids which we owe to the presence of the Blitzton munitions factory.

Most of them have found that if you give up all your leisure to a job which

makes you feel that you really are helping to win the war, you don't have to worry about coaxing sleep. It just comes whenever you want it.

Little Mr. Wm. Williams of the drapers just at the corner of the square where they've put the Messerschmitt on view, tries to see that everybody gets as much sleep as possible. He is an air raid shelter marshal (we always



ND IT ON THE MAP, BUT YOU WILL FIND A HUNDRED TOWNS VERY LIKE IT

call him "Wm." because he never signs his full name). At first he was very critical of "the authorities." He said it was disgraceful the way they'd let themselves be caught with badly lit, cold, unfurnished shelters and not enough of them. Everybody knew he was right, but that didn't help to cheer up the shelters.

Lately, however, Wm. hasn't been

talking about "the authorities" so much. He's been too busy, with the help of a little committee in his shelter, trying to make the place more homelike. Someone carpeted it with rugs and carpets from their half-bombed house, and a joiner who's had to clear out of his home had the bright idea of asking "the authorities" if he could use wood from bombed houses

to run up a few bunks and other sticks of furniture.

They had a kind of competition between shelters at Christmas time, and Wm.'s won. People said it wasn't fair because he could hang lengths of stuff from his shop on the walls. Now he's organizing a series of games in the coming year to raise money for shelter comforts. Darts, with the loser

paying a penny, is the most popular in his shelter at the moment.

One of the busiest people in 1941 will be Miss Pondersley, headmistress at the secondary school. It all started with the evacuation at the beginning of war, and again when night bombing brought the second evacuation.

Mothers and fathers had to go to (please turn to page 30)



1 When the turkey—and ILLUSTRATED's cameraman—went aboard, the trawler-minesweeper was coaling up to go to sea. Before the ship had got very far, the ship's cook had trussed the turkey and put it in the oven



2 It was a nice plump bird. Basted well and with all the trimmings it was at last ready for eating. The cook, festooned with paper garland, carried it from the galley. It was taken to the crew's mess room with musical honours



What happened to that Turkey..

ON last week's cover of ILLUSTRATED was a picture of a naval rating taking a fat turkey aboard his ship. ILLUSTRATED knew the ultimate end of that turkey, but wondered what would happen to it *en route*.

So cameraman Saidman followed. He went to sea with rating and turkey and spent Christmas on board H.M.S. Trawler-Minesweeper. He followed the travels of that turkey from trussing to table. Here are some of the pictures he brought back.

They show that even when danger lurks all around and there are hazards in every wave and every cloud, the men of the minesweepers can laugh and enjoy themselves.

But they are ever vigilant. If there had been a call to action, turkey and festivities would have been forgotten and grim duty would have been done.



5 And here are the lucky ones. The off-duty men who in their decorated mess room enjoyed a real Christmas dinner. Beer washed it down and because it was Christmas Day there was a double rum ration. The Skipper carved the bird and despite many rude remarks about his capabilities, he made an excellent job of it



3 There were some, of course, who were not at the dinner party. This stoker, for instance, was on duty. But the stokehold was decorated. He had his paper hat. And most important, he had a good helping of the turkey



4 At his action station, wearing a shell helmet instead of a paper hat, was this gunner. With his portion, served for handy eating, he could look out for Nazis, shoot them, and hang on to his turkey as well



6 Something had to be done to shake it all down. The music was supplied by members of the trawler's own jazz band. The dancers were sea-booted. The "skirt" was an old cardboard box. Meanwhile, the less fortunate members of the crew were keeping their vigil, ever watchful for floating mines, enemy craft and planes. At a word, the men in the picture, fun forgotten, would also have been at their posts grim and determined, ready to deal with the enemy

New Leader of U.S. Labour



On the attitude adopted by Labour in America depends the amount of supplies reaching us for our war effort. One of the most powerful of the American Labour "bosses" is Scottish-born Philip Murray. These election pictures of the new President of the Congress of Industrial Organizations on these pages were specially taken for ILLUSTRATED in New York by George Storch, staff photographer of LIFE

by Allan Michie

SCOTTISH-BORN Philip Murray, the recently elected President of America's powerful Labour group, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, is a great friend of Britain. It will not be his fault if the U.S. do not play an increasingly important part in providing aid for the struggle against the Dictator States.

Indeed, Lewis has already pledged America's most important heavy industry—steel—to the aid of Britain, and he has said: "There are the labour, skill and materials in America to produce all our country needs, and all that Britain needs, too. And it *will* be produced!"

He has succeeded burly, beetle-browed John L. Lewis who founded the C.I.O. five years ago on "vertical" lines—that is, by enrolling all workers in a single industry such as steel in one big union.

Now Lewis is gone, and in his place as Chairman of the C.I.O. stands the square-faced, fifty-four-year-old American, Philip Murray. Canny, unruffled, he has long been regarded as the ablest American labour leader.

As the C.I.O.'s "trouble-shooter" since its inception, he was charged with the ticklish jobs of settling the automobile strikes in Detroit and the unionization of America's army of steelworkers.

As skilled as Britain's Ernest Bevin in bringing off compromises, shrewd in his understanding of the jurisdictional problems confronting Labour in the U.S., Philip Murray may well be the man who will ultimately bring peace to American labour.

The election of this Scot to head the C.I.O. came after one of the most dramatic moments of America's hectic Presidential election year. John L. Lewis, piqued because the president would not give in to his demands and violently opposed to Roosevelt's Aid Britain policy, came out for Wendell Willkie and demanded that his union follow him.

He promised to resign if Mr. Roosevelt won the election and, on the day following the election, wags pinned a sign on his door which read: "Resignation accepted. What are you waiting for?"

Two weeks later, Mr. Lewis took the hint at the annual C.I.O. Convention in New York, and Philip Murray, one of the C.I.O.'s Vice Presidents, was loudly acclaimed as the new leader.

Like Lewis, Murray will accept no salary for his new post, but the £4,500 a year which he receives as Chairman of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and Vice President of the United Mine Workers of America, of which Lewis is still the boss, will be more than adequate for his needs.

The career of Philip Murray is a case history of the struggle which trade union organization has had in Britain



Philip Murray after his election as president of the great American labour body, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, is besieged by Press cameramen in the New York hotel from which he conducted the final stages of the campaign.

With sang-froid this Lanarkshire-born labour leader, who started his working career as an eleven-years-old miner, faces the bulb battery before starting in on the onerous task to which he has been called owing to the retirement of John L. Lewis

and America. Born in Blantyre, Lanarkshire, son of a Scottish miner who became head of his local union, young Murray went into the pits at the age of eleven. After five years in the mines at Blantyre, he migrated with his family to America.

Murray, who still talks with a burr, says he will never forget that Christmas Day in 1902 when his mother and father and his nine brothers and sisters stepped out of their steerage quarters aboard the steamer which had carried them to America, then travelled by train to the neighbouring State of Pennsylvania.

Finally, they walked through a raging storm for six miles to the grimy little coal town that was to be their home in the New World.

Two years later, young Murray, then eighteen, ran into his first labour trouble. The checkweighman at the pit—a man who, in America, is frequently instructed by the mine owners to under-weigh the coal dug by the workers—was caught cheating. Murray complained—with his fists—and was promptly discharged.

The entire pit, 600 workers strong, struck in protest and demanded his reinstatement. Hunger and the brutal tactics of police in the employ of the mine-owners broke the strike, but not

before the miners of the county had organized a union and elected Philip Murray its president.

In an attempt to break it up, sheriffs took Murray on a one-way ride to Pittsburg and dumped him out with the warning never to return to Westmoreland County.

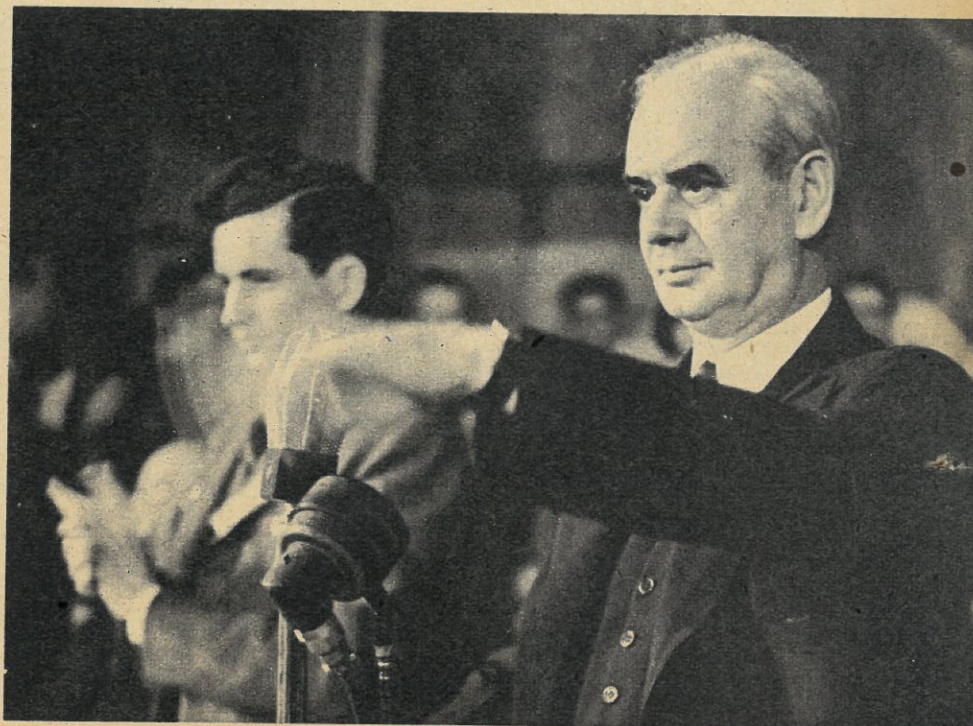
"Since that day," says Murray, "I never had any doubt in my mind what I wanted to do with my life."

He has succeeded in his ambition. Working closely with John L. Lewis, he rose in the ranks of the powerful Mine Workers' Union, later re-named the United Mine Workers of America, which became the nucleus for the C.I.O.

At the request of Lewis, he took on the formidable job of unionizing the unorganized steel workers. In a few short years—and several bloody strikes—he has organized about seventy-five per cent of America's steel industry.

No Labourite with a single-track brain, Murray has co-authored a book, *Organized Labour and Production*, pointing out what America must do to meet her number one domestic problem—unemployment.

He has frequently consulted with members of the Roosevelt Administration on the post-depression difficulties which America now faces.



Philip Murray stands at the microphone to make his Presidential speech. Fifty-four years old, he left his native Blantyre in Scotland in 1902, and after some time, he rose to be a power in the Mine Workers' Union for which he worked with almost fanatical zeal during many strenuous years

(continued overleaf)



Although the office of President of the Congress of Industrial Organizations is a hard-worked, matter-of-fact one, a little jubilation does not come amiss after the election. So here is a piper, complete with glengarry, sporrans and tartan

kilt, ready to pipe in Philip Murray, the Scottish-born ex-miner who recently started on his five-year term of office. He has pledged himself to fight communism, and his general policy received the full support of the delegates



Peace after battle. Mary Lewis, daughter of John L. Lewis, shakes hands with one of her father's opponents and a Vice-Chairman of the C.I.O., Sidney Hillman. Philip Murray gazes very thoughtfully into the future



John L. Lewis, who kept his word and resigned from the Presidency of the C.I.O. after President Roosevelt was re-elected, waves an expensive cigar in the general direction of his newly successor, Philip Murray



New arrivals crowd to the window of their unoccupied requisitioned house to take their first look at the garden. Although there seems to be a lot of them here, the number of men allotted to occupied houses is strictly controlled by military authorities

The Tommies of 'Chez Nous'

With thousands of troops in billets, many householders are now playing host to guests who should be none the less welcome for the fact that they are uninvited. Military authorities devote much care and consideration to the billeting question, and in the accompanying article is told how such matters are arranged and how the civilian can help make conditions pleasant for host and guest alike

WINTER is with us, and the billeting season is now in full swing. Which means that many civilians are coming in direct contact with the army for the first time, although contrary to one school of pessimistic thought, this need not be by any means an alarming experience.

In fact, the army authorities are most anxious to avoid any sort of unnecessary inconvenience to billet-holders, and if the latter are prepared to reciprocate, there is no reason at all why friction should arise.

Billeting is regarded by the military as nothing but a temporary measure. In fact, in the words of the authorities: "Whenever possible it will be dispensed with in favour of other methods of accommodating troops." But even though it is only a temporary expedient, considerable organization is essential to ensure that it is carried through smoothly.

When it is intended to billet troops in a district the task of establishing contact with the civilian authorities falls to the local police. An officer, known mysteriously as the "S.A.Q.C.," is the go-between who is responsible for keeping the peace between civic and military authorities.

Obviously, this officer must have organizing ability of a high order, tact by the ton and an unquenchable optimism for these are among the qualifications of the Sub Area Quartering Commandant.

To him falls the responsibility of informing local authorities as to all requirements and allotments, arranging with the police for billets and doing all in his power to smooth over such snags and obstacles as may arise when dealing with the civilian powers-that-be.

In addition, it is his job to ensure that economy is used in all quartering matters by seeing to it that requisitioning is confined to essentials and that buildings which will need an unduly large expenditure on works service or maintenance are avoided.

He is expected to produce a scheme for quartering troops in any locality in his sub-area with the smooth efficiency of a conjurer producing rabbits out of a top hat; he must keep local authorities informed concerning all billeting proposals and he maintains close touch with county, town or other local authorities, youth organizations, local medical authorities, education authorities and similar organizations, that local interests may receive due regard when arrangements



There's nothing like elbow-grease to get the floor looking a credit to all concerned

ties informed concerning all billeting proposals and he maintains close touch with county, town or other local authorities, youth organizations, local medical authorities, education authorities and similar organizations, that local interests may receive due regard when arrangements

(continued overleaf)





Washing day at "Chez Nous" finds the troops busy doing out their smalls—if they have any such nebulous garments that require washing. Here is one Tommy for whom even the domestic mangle has no terrors, and he takes a

positive pleasure in putting his newly washed towel through the rollers. Many a billet-holder has been pleasantly surprised at the way Tommy will rally round and help voluntarily in the household chores when the need arises

The Tommies of 'Chez Nous'—continued

are made for military accommodation.

What the S.A.Q.C. does in his spare time, no one knows. Probably he has none.

Naturally, with the military authorities devoting so much time and thought to billeting, there is nothing haphazard about the way it is carried out.

The notion that a billeting officer says, with a smile: "Hallo, here's rather a jolly house. We'll put five or six men in here; I expect they'll squeeze in somehow," is right off the mark. In fact, there is nothing of a haphazard nature about the work he does.

Definite rules govern all aspects of the billeting business; among the first is that, as far as possible, billets in occupied houses are allotted on a basis of one man to every two rooms exclusive of kitchen, bathroom and usual offices. And surely no one could call that excessive.

Also, normally, officers and men are not billeted in the same house.

Although it is the duty of the householder to provide accommodation, there are instances when billeting is voluntary. This is so when a house is occupied solely by women, whether they have children living with them or not.

Similarly, full consent of the owner must be obtained before troops are billeted in houses of officers or soldiers who are absent on duty and whose families are thus left unprotected. Houses in which an occupant is dangerously ill; houses of civil officials, doctors or nurses whose work is carried on wholly or partly from their own residences, and houses of female religious committees and those of foreign consuls are also immune from billeting unless it is of a voluntary nature.

Bank premises are also on the barred list, although this seems to be rather a slight on the army's sense of rectitude—or a tribute to its "winning" ways.

Blankets and sheets cannot be demanded for other ranks in any class of billet, and baths cannot be demanded by any one. This does not mean, however, that such amenities should be

sternly denied to those billeted upon you.

In fact, the more you go out of your way to make things comfortable for your guests, the more you will be doing to increase the army's physical and mental well-being.

If one of the men billeted on you manages to break a window or do some other damage there is nothing to be gained by flying into a rage.

Merely report the matter at once to the officer commanding the man's unit and your house will be visited immediately so that the damage can be inspected. Then, if your claim is fair and admitted, the question of whether it should be charged to the public or to the individual can be settled.

Before troops go into billets, they have their responsibilities clearly explained to them. And when it is known that wilful damage means a deduction in pay, it is remarkable and encouraging how infrequently breakages or other damage occurs.

Among other points of interest to billet-holders is the fact that rating is quite unaffected by billeting, so it is nothing but a waste of time to hurry off to the town hall demanding a

revision as soon as you have troops billeted on you.

When a soldier is absent from his billet for a short time but his kit is still there, he is officially deemed to be retaining the billet and allowances can still be claimed. If you ask them, the local police authorities will advise you as to the rates of pay which are allowed to billet-holders.

Another point; the War Department makes itself responsible for blacking-out accommodation used for billeting troops.

With the army authorities so anxious to play fair by the billet-holder, it is up to the latter to reciprocate as much as possible. Remember that a soldier is no more immune from home-sickness than any one else, so do what you can to make life as pleasant as possible for him.

Do not blame him if he brings a little mud into the house after a long spell of duty in the open. He does not enjoy getting wet and dirty any more than you do. A little extra kindness should be his lot on such occasions.

And you need not fear that it will not be appreciated—it most certainly will.



Outside the winter quarters of these balloon-barrage men some enterprising sportsmen have marked out a deck quoit court in the roadway which is now closed to the public. While their charge provides a background to one end of the court,

the R.A.F. men get down to a strenuous doubles watched by comrades who will jump to it as soon as "Court up" is called at the end of the present game. Deck quoits helps to keep the balloon men wonderfully fit during the winter months

(continued overleaf)

The Tommies of 'Chez Nous' —continued



Moving-in day for men of the Balloon Barrage. They are members of a unit stationed in London, and with the advent of winter a house was requisitioned for their use. Only unoccupied houses are requisitioned,

occupied dwellings not being taken over by the authorities but having one or more men allocated to them for lodging and sometimes also for board. These R.A.F. men are seen settling themselves in and arranging their kit



When you find yourself occupying a bedroom (first floor front) complete with a parquet floor, your first instinct is to do your best by such an asset. So this floor in the billet gets a welcome wash and brush up



Members of the Canadian forces in this country welcome the kindness shown to them by their hosts and hostesses now that many of them are in billets. An informal sing-song is taking place round the piano



Officers of a unit of the Eastern Command in their mess. They are quartered in a large private house, and the portraits hanging from the walls, the comfortable lounge chairs and thick carpet all provide a comforting and friendly touch which is appreciated by all of them



Give Tommy half a chance to "posh up" and he will take it with gratitude. Here in their room in a requisitioned house, one man gets busy polishing his boots while his companion does a little sewing with the efficiency of an old soldier who knows how to shift for himself



MY SAINTED—S.M.

Not all regimental sergeant-majors are fierce and fearsome, and here is one who looks, if we may say so, positively saintly. Of course, the stained glass window may have something to do with it

Photocrime

by MILES HORTON

MR. BELVEDERE TIPP FULFILLS ANOTHER OF THOSE

No Stone

by A. R. V.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" Mr. Monk was all of a flutter as he entered the discreetly curtained inner sanctum of Delicate Missions, Limited. His mild blue eyes blinked distressfully behind his large, steel-rimmed spectacles and he hopped about the room like an agitated sparrow. "You are Mr. Tipp?"

"My dear sir!" Belvedere Tipp was at his blandest. The long years that he had spent as butler to half the noble families of the land, before founding his unique firm, had taught him how to handle most types of humanity. He pushed forward the comfortable old-fashioned armchair, from the depths of which so many of his clients had unburdened themselves of their problems, and persuaded Mr. Monk into it.

"Make yourself quite at home, sir," he urged, "anything you care to tell me will be treated in the strictest confidence."

Mr. Monk was vastly relieved. "Oh, thank you," he said. "You can have no idea, Mr. Tipp, what a terrible position I am in. And it all comes from trusting people. Oh, dear me!"

"I'm only a botanist," he said, "and not a proper one, either. You see, I'm fortunate enough not to have to earn my living; and I just love to roam in the fields and woods, among the flowers and wild things, observing and studying the wonders of nature. Sometimes I—"

"A most admirable mode of life," Belvedere Tipp broke in. "And is it in connexion with your occupation, sir, that you wish to consult me?"

Mr. Monk pondered. "Not exactly," he decided, "only indirectly—very indirectly. You see, it was our mutual love of botany that brought Ras Bazari and me together. He was a friend of my student days, but I haven't seen him for thirty years. You see, Ras Bazari got into difficulties—financial difficulties. I lent him a hundred pounds. It so happened that I had just received a small legacy. Ras Bazari was very grateful—pathetically grateful, Mr. Tipp."

"Indeed!" murmured Belvedere Tipp, fixing his client with a schoolmasterly gaze. "And was he sufficiently grateful, sir, to repay the loan?"

Mr. Monk hesitated. "Yes," he said, "and no. Things didn't turn out quite as he anticipated; he couldn't repay me in money, but he gave me a diamond which he had brought with him from India and which he prized very highly. I didn't want to accept it, Mr. Tipp, but he begged me to. And, if I hadn't taken it, he would have been bitterly offended."

Belvedere Tipp thoughtfully jingled his massive, gold watch chain, the gift of Viscount Turret. "And was the diamond of sufficient value to repay the loan?" he asked.

"Sufficient!" Mr. Monk's voice was hushed. "It was worth two hundred pounds! I had it valued by the local jewellers. I felt bound to acquaint Ras Bazari with the true value of the diamond. But I found that my friend had already left for India. He never came back."

The founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, placed the tips of his fingers judiciously together. "Most interesting," he commented. "And what did you do then, sir?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Monk. "What could I do? I didn't need the money, as I had my modest income. So I insured the diamond and put it away in the cash box where I keep my few paltry valuables. It was stolen a few weeks ago. Some rascal broke in and made off with my cash box. The insurance company paid in full—within a few days."

"Well, Mr. Tipp, I had often thought I would like a conservatory or a botanical garden and I spent all the money on building myself a conservatory. But, the very day the conservatory was finished, I had another visit from the police. They had caught the thief and got the diamond back."

Belvedere Tipp regarded his client intently. "Which means, sir," he said,

slowly, "that the insurance company will claim the diamond as salvage. I take it that you would have no objection? You do not particularly want the diamond itself?"

Mr. Monk was growing more and more fidgety. "No," he said, "but I happened to mention the matter to an old friend of mine, Professor Klondyke. He's one of the greatest diamond experts in the world. He took the diamond away with him to have a look at it. The other day he brought it back."

"And what," asked Belvedere Tipp, "was the verdict?"

Mr. Monk gripped the arms of his chair. "The estimate I got thirty years ago was wrong," he cried. "The diamond's worthless! A fake!"

Belvedere Tipp stood up. His expression was grave. "And now, sir," he said, "I take it that the insurance company insist upon having the diamond? They are, of course, legally entitled to any salvage."

"Yes," said Mr. Monk, bitterly. "My solicitor tells me that, when they have paid a claim, they are entitled, if the stolen property is recovered, to sell it and keep any profit. On the other hand, if they don't get as much for it as they paid out over the claim, they cannot get the balance back from the policy holder."

"But," Mr. Monk grew glummer than ever, "my solicitor also said that they're not going to take a case like mine lying down. It's not as though it were a matter of a few pounds either way. When they find the diamond's a fake, they're likely to accuse me of fraud, make the policy void and sue me for the two hundred pounds!"

"There is one point, sir," put in Belvedere Tipp, "on which I am not quite clear. Did you not, in the first place, have to produce proof of the value of the diamond?"

Mr. Monk sighed. "That's what makes it worse," he said. "The local manager of the insurance company was a young man, anxious for business. He knew I was absolutely honest. I never thought of getting a certificate of value from the jewellers and, as he wanted to get the thing fixed up before I gave it to any one else, he said a signed declaration from me would do."

"And you gave him one, sir?"

"I did," said Mr. Monk. "And he's dead. And the jewellers closed down years ago. Now, the insurance company are getting nasty. They say they must have the diamond immediately. Mr. Tipp, I have spent the money and I dare not give them the diamond. I rely on you to show me the way out of this dreadful dilemma."

Belvedere Tipp paced slowly up and down the room, deep in thought. Finally he came to a halt beside his client.

"There are certain factors in your case which appeal to me, sir," he announced. "I have decided to accept it. But I shall require your co-operation. I have already evolved a plan. I will outline it to you."

Mr. Monk listened, with child-like attentiveness, hanging on to every word.

"Mr. Tipp!" he cried, "you have a great mind."

Belvedere Tipp beamed. "Then I shall see you tomorrow afternoon, sir." He was smiling when his spinsterly but indispensable secretary, Miss Firkin, having seen the elated Mr. Monk off the premises, staggered in with the enormous brassbound ledger, in which the founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, entered the minutest details of each one of his cases.

"Miss Firkin!" he called cheerily, "your notebook! There is an important part for you to play in this case."

While she was taking dictation, Miss Firkin never interrupted her chief. But, as soon as he had finished, she snapped



1 New Year's Eve found Inspector Snaith at a house party at Harcourt's place. Around 3 a.m. all but Snaith and Harcourt's cousins—Lovell and Carter—had retired. Lovell then poured out nightcaps; Snaith lighted a cigarette

2 Snaith was awakened at 4 a.m. by a scream from the next room. He hurried in. "I've been robbed!" cried Lucille, slipping on a dressing-gown. "Something woke me. I switched on the light, found the door open, my pearls gone!"



3 Close questioning enabled Snaith to eliminate all but Carter and Lovell from the list of suspects. The inspector went to the room they shared; interrogated them. Both claimed to have slept soundly, knew nothing. Snaith now knew the answer to the problem

WHO STOLE THE PEARLS? Solution on Page 30

DELICATE MISSIONS IN THIS COMPLETE STORY

Upturned

Nelson-Smith

her notebook shut, with the primmest disapproval.

"Mr. Tipp," she iced, "ready, as I always am, to carry out your instructions, faithfully and to the letter, I cannot conceal from you that I find the duties which you have assigned to me in this case most distasteful."

But Belvedere Tipp knew how to handle his secretary. "My dear Miss Firkin," he said smoothly. "I cannot believe that you would wish to shirk your duty."

At the mention of the word "duty," Miss Firkin stood mentally to attention. "Very well, Mr. Tipp," she said, her lips set in their familiar, thin straight line. "I will make the necessary preparations." As his secretary went out, Belvedere Tipp dialled a number.

"I am the deputy-assistant burglary claims' superintendent," said a voice. "What is it you're wanting?"

"I am the legal representative of Mr. Monk," said Belvedere Tipp. "Mr. Monk is now in a position to let you have the diamond. But my client insists that you should send some responsible person to collect it from him at his home."

"We'll send some one," said the voice.

Miss Firkin's mood, next day, was still one of disapproving resignation. As the local train chugged towards Mr. Monk's rural backwater, Miss Firkin sat in the opposite corner of the carriage to her chief, knitting her interminable scarf for the troops. And, as Belvedere Tipp ran over his plan, carefully checking each point, she signified her acquiescence by a series of sniffs and grunts.

But a cup of tea in the village cheered her. And, by the time they arrived at Mr. Monk's square, ivy-covered old house, she was almost a human being again.

Mr. Monk greeted them with obvious relief. "I had a letter from the insurance company, saying they were sending a Mr. Lapser at four o'clock," he said. "But you're in good time, so you'll be able to have a look round my little place first. Would you care to start with the conservatory?"

Belvedere Tipp shook his head. "We shall have to have a look round," he murmured, "but I am afraid that we must leave the conservatory to the last. Business, sir, before pleasure. Miss Firkin, kindly take a very careful note of your surroundings."

As they at last were about to look at the conservatory the housekeeper came in.

"The gentleman from the insurance company, sir," she announced.

Belvedere Tipp turned to Miss Firkin. "Inside!" he hissed. "Quickly!"

Mr. Monk was already making his way towards the french windows, with Belvedere Tipp at his heels. Miss Firkin dived for the tradesmen's entrance.

"Now, don't forget, sir," warned Belvedere Tipp. "Take your cues from me, on the lines which we agreed."

But Mr. Monk needed no reminding. With action at hand, he was getting a grip on himself. He strode into the library with an almost masterful air, wrung Mr. Lapser's cautiously extended hand, invited him to sit down again, and left the stage to Belvedere Tipp.

Mr. Lapser twiddled. The soul of neatness, from his immaculately brilliant hair to his over-polished shoes, all his clothes seemed to fit him a shade too closely; and he twiddled, first with his tie, then with his outside horn-rimmed spectacles and, finally, with the dark, hairy shadow on his upper lip.

Belvedere Tipp's tone was curt, his manner forceful. "As legal representative of Mr. Monk," he said, "I understand that your company is demanding the return of the diamond. Am I right?"

"It's quite usual—" faltered Mr. Lapser.

"Bah!" snorted Belvedere Tipp. "I know all about that! But suppose the diamond is found to be of much greater value than the amount you've paid on it. Do you mean to tell me you'd do my client down for the balance?"

"You're not looking at it in quite the right light," said Mr. Lapser, twiddling like mad. "If the diamond's really worth much more than it was insured for, it's only right that the policy holder should be penalised because he should have been paying a much higher premium."

"But it works the other way, too," he added, with an ingratiating smile. "If the stone should be worth less than it was insured for, we cannot ask the policy holder to pay the balance. Unless of course, it was so over-insured as to be fraudulent!"

Mr. Monk looked hastily out of the window. Belvedere Tipp pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Lapser.

"And what would you do," he demanded, "if my client were to say that the diamond was of great sentimental value to him? Would you let him refund the money you paid him and keep the diamond?"

Mr. Monk gazed, in dumb agony, at Belvedere Tipp. But Mr. Lapser had his answer ready.

"That could be easily arranged," he smirked. "We should do it this way. We should ask him for the diamond, have it valued, and sell it back to him at whatever the current value might be. If it was insured for the correct amount, that would come to the same thing as his refunding the money. Is your diamond of great sentimental value?"

"No!" said Mr. Monk, suddenly opening a drawer in his desk, taking out the diamond and throwing it on the table, "it isn't. Take it!"

Mr. Lapser picked up the stone and twiddled with it. "I'm not an expert," he ventured, "but it looks a nice little thing."

Belvedere Tipp came and stood beside him. "Now are you satisfied?" he inquired. "Then, kindly write out a receipt!"

Mr. Lapser instantly busied himself with pen and paper. "That, of course, is official," he said, handing the form to Monk. He picked up the diamond again and was about to put it in his waistcoat pocket when Mr. Monk leapt to his feet.

"Good heavens!" he cried, pressing the bell push on his desk. "You can't carry it loose, like that! Here, give it to me! I'll get my secretary to put it in a box for you! Where on earth is my secretary? Why doesn't she answer?" He strode up and down the room. "If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll go and find her!"

But, almost before his footsteps had died away along the passage, the door opened again and Miss Firkin came in.

Belvedere Tipp pointed to the diamond. "Mr. Monk has just gone to look for you," he smiled. "He wants you to parcel that up for the gentleman from the insurance company."

Miss Firkin picked up the diamond. "It's caused so much trouble," she told Mr. Lapser, "that I'll be glad to see the back of it. I've got a little box that will do beautifully. I won't keep you a moment."

As she went out, Mr. Lapser collected his bowler hat and neatly furled umbrella. "I've got a train," he began—

But, before he could finish, Mr. Monk was back again.

"Stupid of me," he muttered. "I'd clean forgotten that I'd given the girl the day off. Still, I've got a box—"

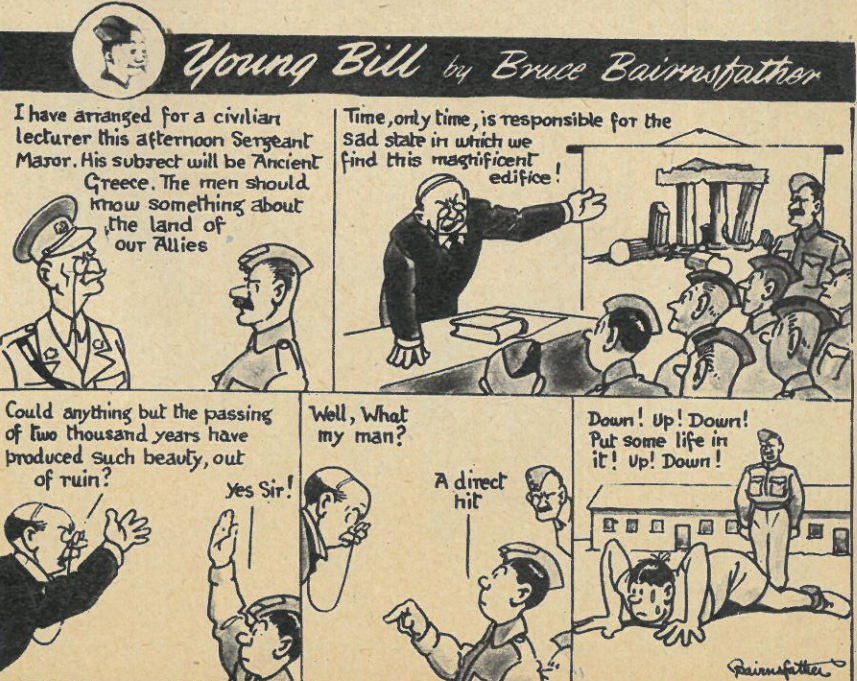
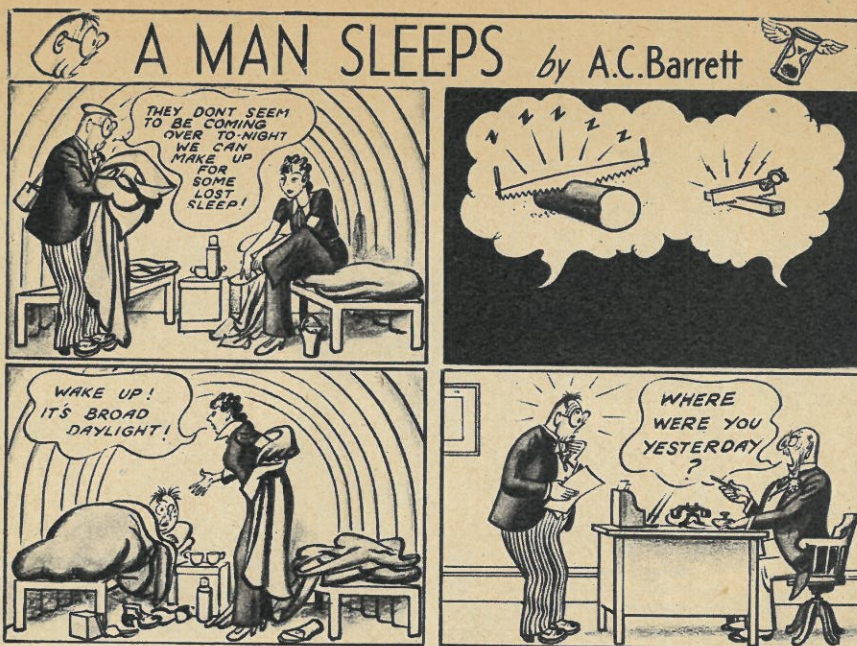
"What!" shrieked Mr. Lapser. "You've done what—?"

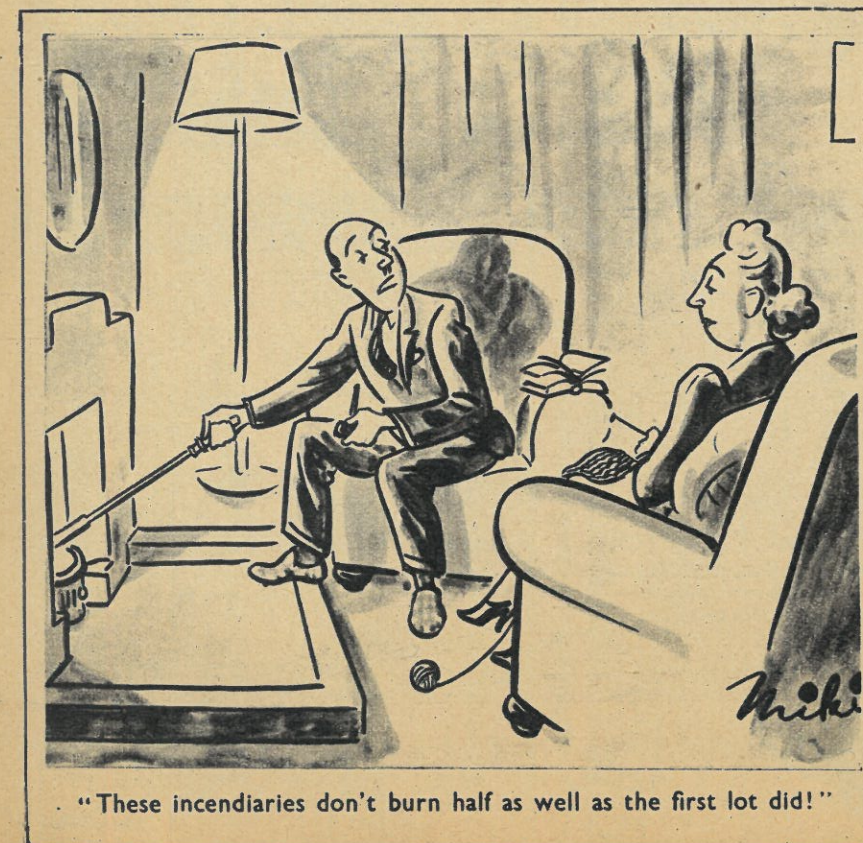
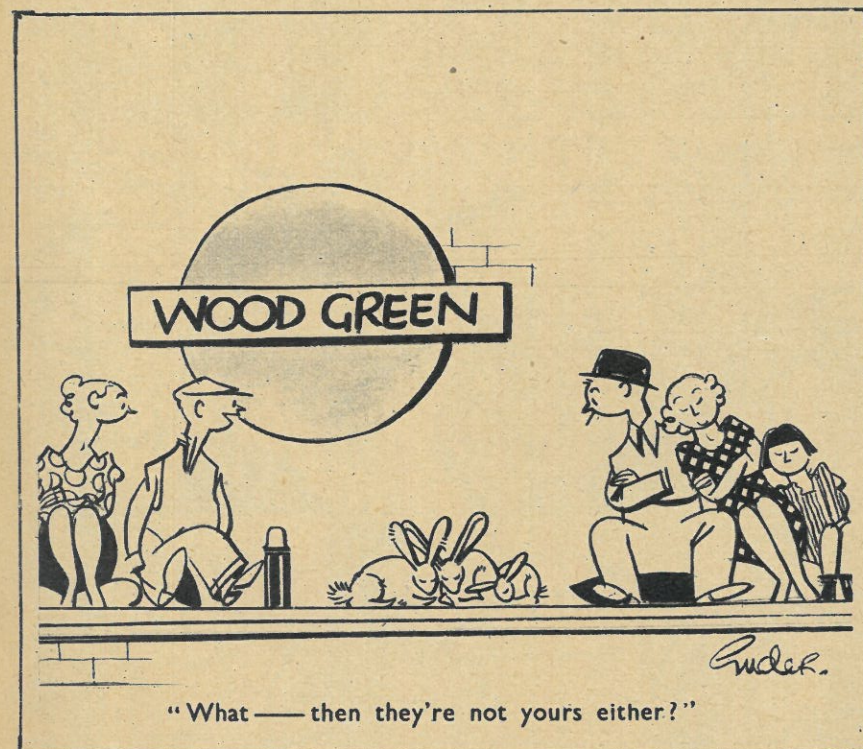
Belvedere Tipp spoke in tones of grave bewilderment. "But your secretary, sir, has just been in and taken the diamond!"

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Monk. Suddenly he clutched his head with both hands. "What was she like?" he demanded. "Quickly! What was she like?"

"Tall, scraggy and middle-aged," said Mr. Lapser promptly.

(please turn to page 30)





No Stone Upturned—continued

Mr. Monk collapsed into his chair. "My secretary's short, plump and young," he whispered. "I've been robbed again!"

Belvedere Tipp gave a yell and pointed to the window. "There she goes!" he cried. "Look!"

"My goodness!" shouted Mr. Monk, "that's the woman who's been hanging round here for days—"

"Where?" burred Mr. Lapser, trying to peer over their shoulders. "I can't see—"

"Too late!" roared Belvedere Tipp. "Into the garden! After her! Follow me!"

Once in the garden, Mr. Lapser had no difficulty in overtaking Mr. Monk. Belvedere Tipp allowed him to tie for the shrubbery.

"Where?" demanded Mr. Lapser.

Belvedere Tipp pointed to the undergrowth. "Right in the middle," he said, and plunged in. Mr. Lapser dived after him. The shrubbery deepened into thick and bramble. Weeks of rainy weather had caused a stream at one end to overflow and make a miniature morass of the tangled surface. And, while Miss Firkin was comfortably ensconced, behind locked doors, in the drawing-room, and Mr. Monk was enjoying a much needed tonic in the library, Belvedere Tipp and Mr. Lapser were plunging through the wilderness like a couple of berserk steam rollers.

Belvedere Tipp played his part nobly. Whenever Mr. Lapser showed signs of flagging, he would be spurred on by shouts of "There she is! Quick!" from, apparently, the other end of the shrubbery. Then, when he had fought his way there, he would be mortified to hear another shout from the very spot that he had left.

Mr. Lapser wiped some mud from his eye. His face was black, his hands were scratched, his neat trousers were torn and bedraggled, his coat was split and one end of his collar pointed skywards over his shoulder. But his bowler hat, dented and battered, was still sitting proudly on his head.

"Let's get in," he said, tersely.

Mr. Monk met them at the door. "I've notified the police," he said. "There's nothing else we can do."

Belvedere Tipp surveyed the damage to his own person, with a certain ruefulness. "I think, sir," he said, "that when Mr. Lapser has made himself tidy, he will wish to report to his company."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Lapser

nastily. "Look here, Mr. Monk, I came to collect that diamond. It belongs to us. We've paid the claim and you've recovered the property. Well, I haven't got it! What are you going to do about it?"

"But you've had the diamond!" said Belvedere Tipp, smoothly. "Mr. Monk has your official receipt. It is unfortunate, but hardly my client's fault, that it has been stolen again. But I would point out, sir, that this time it was *your* property."

Had he been able to see the scene that was being enacted in the library while he was making his stiff and painful way to the station, Mr. Lapser would have felt even harder done by. For the diamond was once again reposing in Mr. Monk's palm, Belvedere Tipp was placing a useful cheque in his pocket book, and Miss Firkin was putting her knitting away before starting on the return journey.

It was many months before Belvedere Tipp saw his client again. Then, one week-end when he was walking in the country, he chanced to meet him at a village inn.

"My dear sir!" he exclaimed, "this is, indeed, a pleasure! I trust that all goes well with you, and that you have had no more trouble with the insurance company?"

Mr. Monk looked guilty, but pleased. "No," he said. "They seem to have forgotten all about it. But that diamond expert friend of mine is rather absent-minded. He got some stones mixed up and that worthless one wasn't mine at all."

Belvedere Tipp nearly knocked his glass over.

"No," Mr. Monk went on. "Mine was actually worth much more than I thought. But I didn't like to worry the insurance company any more about it." He gazed, whimsically, at the ceiling. "You must come and see my new botanical garden sometime."

PHOTOCRIME SOLUTION (See page 28)

THE pearls were not stolen. One cannot lie down in bed without crushing in the pillow. Note Lovell's and Carter's pillows in picture 3. When Snaith was questioning the men he noted the crushed-in appearance of their pillows, and recollected that Lucille's pillow was quite smooth and uncrushed (picture 2). Obviously, Lucille had not touched her pillow that night. Her story of having been awakened by a noise was a lie. Further interrogation by Snaith revealed that Lucille had lost heavily at cards, had staged the theft in order to reimburse herself at the expense of her insurance company.

BLITZTON, 1941—continued

the school to see about registering their children and they got to know Miss Pondersley. She and her staff seemed to them more approachable than "the authorities." They got into the habit of thinking that "the teacher" would know, and they began to go to her with every kind of bombing trouble, from missing relatives to how to find a new home.

Very often it wasn't her business, really, but she didn't like to refuse to help, and if she couldn't do anything, she at least knew the right person to send them to.

Now she knows more than most people about the problems of Blitzton. Instead of being a little, insignificant, rather shy woman, she has become well known in her neighbourhood. She has grown in everybody's opinion.

I could give you a longish list of people who are on the way to becoming old soldiers in Blitzton in 1941. Miss Pondersley thinks the minister is one of them, or, at least, the minister in her particular district. She says rather defensively: "I'm not a bit religious, but I do think he's done a grand job."

She means that he has turned over from sales of work and choir practices and school outings to seeing that homeless people are fed and the aged sent to safety. She also means that he gets on with the non-churchgoing people better. All this generous rush

of work has widened his outlook. Just as Miss Pondersley has grown in stature, so he has grown in breadth.

Among other old soldiers in the making are the grass-widowers of Blitzton, men whose wives and children have been sent to the country.

Some of the laziest husbands in the town have had to learn to look after themselves. One of them is John Slingsby, whom you can see roof-spotting on the corner site opposite the church. He volunteered for that job because towards the middle of September, when London had copped it badly, but before the bombing of Blitzton had begun, a Mr. Greenbaum came to stay for a weekend at the "Black Bull."

John met him in the bar, and didn't think much of him at first. Then over a drink Mr. Greenbaum said: "Wonder how long it'll be before my hand stops shaking?"

He explained that he'd been a roof spotter in the East End of London all through the worst of the bombing, and he just had to have a weekend break. But he added: "I'm going back. I wouldn't miss it. You get something in the East End these days you don't get anywhere else."

Now John Slingsby knows what he meant. All Blitzton knows, too, and pushes its chest out just a little as it walks past the bomb hole in the square.

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX



From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4 including Purchase Tax
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS

CHAPPED HANDS
HEALED OVERNIGHT
BY RUBBING IN
Snowfire
TABLET
3½d
Family size 8½d
including Purchase Tax

IN
THE BRILLIANT JANUARY ISSUE OF
PARADE

Below are a few of the articles and features of the January issue of "Parade" enlarged to 112 pages. Now on sale.

CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- WHERE LIFE IS LEADING US
- JAPAN HAS MISSED THE BOAT
- PRIME MINISTER OF AMERICA
- HOW TO TALK TO AN ELEPHANT
- LONDON AFTER THE WAR
- NATURE'S FLYING MACHINES
- LOVE AND MR. BOSWELL
- BIG LITTLE MEN
- YOUR PERFUME, DEAR LADY
- PILTDOWN MAN FIGHTS AGAIN
- TIME IS STILL A PUZZLE
- SING IN YOUR BATHTUB!
- THE MAN BEHIND THE GALLUP POLL
- Etc., Etc., Etc.

NOW ON SALE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up!" Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/- (Purchase Tax extra).

Meier slipped this country. Waldberg secretly confessed after their arrest told of the instructions they received. orders were to mix with listen to your talk and by as refugees and winning pathy. to get you to talk others have slipped net that caught Waldberg. no doubt they are similar orders.

ATLANTIC OFFENSIVE BEGINS

AN intensified drive against the U-boat shipping menace to has begun.

CAN YOU READ BETWEEN THE LINES?

You can recall the recent reports of the Government's intention to extend the duties of the Fleet Air Arm for the purpose of fighting the Nazi submarine menace to our shipping. Do you know what is behind that step? Were you able to read between the lines? You did, if you read "News Review" a few days later! "News Review" is the news magazine of informed people. It cuts through to the core of every happening of vital national and world importance and gives you the FACTS. "News Review" reveals the full significance of many news stories you might overlook or consider of no importance, or a story you are unable to fathom. To track down rumour and to interpret truly, accurately and reliably the on-the-surface news is "News Review's" job. World-wide cabling, conferences, research, expert analysing, writing and re-writing lie behind every paragraph appearing in this famous journal that is read by people who don't want theories and wishful thinking and can judge things for themselves when they are given the TRUTH. Be sure to read "News Review" every Thursday—sixpence.

NEWS REVIEW

EVERY THURSDAY

With Warfare' rations, H. or C.
O.K. saves monotony.

SAYS *Master O'Kay*



O.K.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

AMAZING RELIEF FOR THIS RHEUMATIC VICTIM AFTER 10 DAYS!

READ THIS TRIBUTE. "After months of torturing pain the relief has been amazing after using BELTUNA Lotion for only 10 days. I could not lift my arm or draw my breath without most agonizing pain."—Mrs. E. Nudds.

BELTUNA brand LOTION has again demonstrated its wonderful healing powers, and its capacity to overcome the most stubborn cases of Rheumatic disorders. BELTUNA disperses the uric acid crystal formations in joints and muscles bringing quick relief from pain. Buy a bottle to-day.

INSTANT RELIEF in cases of:—
RHEUMATISM
LOCKED JOINTS
SCIATICA, GOUT
LUMBAGO
NEURITIS
SPRAINS
STRAINS
BRUISES, etc.

BELTUNA LOTION

KILLS THE PAIN — MAKES WELL AGAIN!
From all chemists 1/3 2/3 5/6 1/2 Gall Bottle 12/6.

DON'T LET COUGHS KEEP YOU OFF DUTY

Guard your health. It has no more insidious enemy than cough or cold, which leads to greater troubles. So get rid of coughs and colds—quickly. Kay's, with its thirteen ingredients, works like magic. From all chemists, 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per bottle.

FREE. Send 2d. stamps (to cover cost of packing and postage) for GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE, to Kay Bros., Dept. I, Stockport.

EVERY COUGH IS A CALL FOR
KAY
LINSEED COMPOUND

BABY SIZE
6D
OTHER SIZES AT
9D 1/6 2/6



Gaymer's
"Pommie"
6D DRY
The Perfect pick-me-up
GAYMER & SON LTD ATTLEBOROUGH

Other GAYMER favourites:

- V.D. relief from Rheumatism
- In Screw Quart Flagons
- ★ ★ for all occasions
- GAYMER DRY
- ideal with meals
- full bodied
- GAYFLAG quality with economy
- GAYSEC for health and home
- CYDETTE non-alcoholic

CHEAPER WALKING

Do you expect to have to walk more this winter? If so remember that you can walk with less wear if your shoes are soled with Dri-ped. Dri-ped lasts twice as long—and it's waterproof as well.



For your next shoe repair

HōVIS

needs less Butter

It spreads more thinly and the ADDED WHEAT GERM makes it just as nutritious

Best Bakers Bake it

Macclesfield



DON'T WASTE IT

MINISTRY OF FOOD
LONDON S.W.1

This is the emblem of the Ministry of Food. It is the banner under which you, too, are fighting; helping to defeat the enemy's attempt to starve us out.

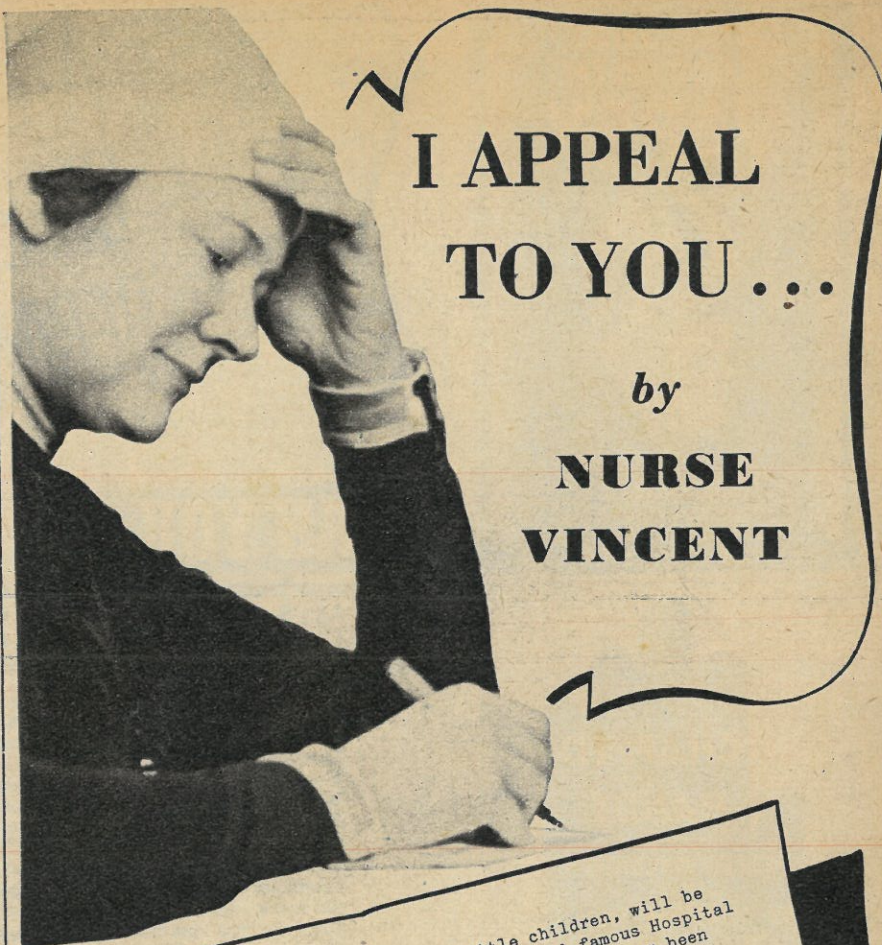
Through rationing, price control and other measures, the Ministry of Food sees that all get a fair share of essential foods at fair prices.

But nearly half of our food comes across the sea. The U-boats attack our food ships, and although most arrive safely, some are lost.

Now, here is *your* part in the fight for Victory. When a particular food is not available, cheerfully accept something else—home produced if possible. Keep loyally to the rationing regulations.

Above all—whether you are shopping, cooking or eating—remember “FOOD IS A MUNITION OF WAR. DON'T WASTE IT.”

Woolton
MINISTER OF FOOD



I APPEAL TO YOU...

by
**NURSE
VINCENT**

All mothers, in fact, every lover of little children, will be grieved, indeed indignant, to know that the world-famous Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1, has been cruelly damaged by our enemies.

The hospital where, since 1852, an open door has been kept for the admission of any sick child needing skilful nursing. Where little ones whose parents cannot afford a family doctor can always be sure of as good a chance of recovery as other children more fortunately placed. Where children suffering from diseases which baffle the family physician can be treated by brilliant specialists. Where crooked bones are straightened, where life, health, hope and happiness are handed out to all who seek it. Not only to London children, but to little ones brought from all corners of the earth.

Some of our readers have personal proof of the skill and kindness meted out. There are problems that occasionally crop up which only a doctor of great experience with children can solve. When I have been advised to take her child along to this hospital. In every case sympathy and help have been willingly given.

Owing to the increased demand for more room, the hospital was being rebuilt. More room was needed to extend this great work of healing. Better possibilities of light, air and sunshine were incorporated in the plans. The beautiful modern building, which was to cost £350,000, was almost complete. Then one night the bombs fell, crashing through the roof, scattering destruction. Fire and flood followed. By the bravery and untiring efforts of the medical, nursing and domestic staff, every little life was saved. But the hospital itself has suffered.

Yet its door is still open, for the work must continue. But money is urgently needed for our rebuilding fund for this wonderful healing centre, this symbol of our faith in a happier, better future.

PLEASE HELP. I do not often make an appeal, but I do this one from the bottom of my heart. No contribution is too small. Send it as a New Year Gift, and any you can collect, to the Secretary, the Hospital for Sick Children, Special Appeal Office, 67 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "Nurse Vincent Appeal" in the top left corner. PLEASE, PLEASE HELP.

Blanche Vincent

