A
HEALTHY HEAD OF HAIR
IN EVERY
Harlene-Hair-Drill

WOMEN —Have LOVELY HAIR

Choose Your THREE And Get Them FREE

MEN! Don't be BALD

CHANGE those "wispy," lank, brittle and dull strands of hair into a veritable crown of thick, wavy, gleaming lustre!

Cover those bald patches and let new, gloriously rich and colourful hair spring to life where now is only a sparse and meagre growth!

The remedy is literally at your fingertips in "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL." To-day is made a great triple gift offer to all. You may choose any 3 of the preparations below. Post the Coupon and get them Free.

(1) HARLENE HAIR GROWER & TONIC

HARLENE is the "champagne-reviver" of the hair roots. Its rich hair-feeding nourishment literally infuses NEW LIFE into the hair. Dormant hair roots are reawakened and reactivated. Thin, brittle, and falling hair shafts become revived and reinvigorated.

—Falling Hair quickly stops falling.
—Bald Patches are covered with a healthy growth of new hair.
—Thin, Brittle and Harsh Hair becomes gloriously thick, beautifully soft to the touch . . . a veritable crown of gleaming beauty.

Those who practise "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" possess beautiful heads of hair which are the constant envy and admiration of all. Get a Bottle of HARLENE *TO-DAY* and test it for yourself! 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/9 per bottle

(2) CREMEX SHAMPOO

No hair can be healthy unless it is cleansed regularly and thoroughly to remove dust and deposits, etc. Shampoo with "CREMEX." Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. FREE Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos.

(Single sachets 3d. each.)

(3) UZON BRILLIANTINE

"UZON" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair and is invaluable to those with overdry scalp. Keeps unruly hair in place and preserves that well-groomed appearance for the whole day. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

(4) HARLENE WAVE SETTING LOTION

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Protects against fog, mist, damp and even sea air. Saves £ £ £'s on Hair Waving Bills! Women with thin, weak hair will find it wonderfully beneficial to the actual texture of the hair, as it contains ingredients used in the world-renowned HARLENE Hair Grower and Tonic. 7½d and 1/3 per bottle.

(5) HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Every lady with fair hair should at once use "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash. This is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair, and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

(6) ASTOL HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

Grey hair is a tragedy—particularly when it can so easily be remedied. If your hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured, you should use "ASTOL" Hair Colour Restorer, which will quickly bring it back to a youthful colour—making you look years younger. Equally suitable for ladies or gentlemen. 1/9, 3/- and 5/-.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples & a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *Attach Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your Name and Address and state which numbers are required.*

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.9031), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., LONDON, W.C. Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of price. (Post free within the British Isles and Irish Free State.)

Ship's doctor said I had a gastric ulcer

"Relief was marvellous"
writes Mr. Olson

What a terrible plight to be in! Constant pain through stomach trouble is bad enough for anyone, but the dismal prospect of an operation makes matters ten times worse.

Mr. Olson, of Hainault, Ilford, tells how, in such a desperate situation, he successfully found relief. Read his letter:—

"I am a seafaring man and for years have suffered terribly with my stomach. Two months ago I was examined by the ship's doctor, and he told me I had an ulcer and would very likely have to go under an operation.

"Then I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The relief was marvellous, and now I am quite well again. The doctor is passing me O.K. My stomach is better than it has been for years and years. All thoughts of an operation are banished, for there is no need of one now. I take a dose regularly or when I get any pain. I recommend it to anyone who suffers with their stomach. I have tried many 'cures,' but this is the best so far."

You can stop your stomach pain in the same quick way that brought Mr. Olson his release. Stomach trouble means that food is not properly digested, causing wind or gas. Painful gnawing acid eats into the stomach walls, leading to dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcers.

The original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder stops the trouble, removes the cause, and protects you from further attack. There are imitations of **Maclean Brand** Stomach Powder, so be careful when buying to see the signature **"Alex. C. Maclean"** on both bottle and carton.

Look for this Signature—
Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but **only in bottles in cartons**, both bearing the signature *Alex. C. Maclean*

All Chemists sell MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder at 1/3, 2/- or 4/- in Powder and Tablet form.
Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

SHORT STORY
about two men who could never meet without quarrelling

The Spinning Whale

by A. D. DIVINE

THE Lofoten came up over the edge of the world an hour before sunset, and Aslaksen, sitting on the little ridge of rocks behind the whaling factory, said shortly, "Bjorn brings the wind with him; go down and warn McBane."

Bjorn was coming in. Well, they had finished cutting up the two fin whales an hour ago, and there was nothing left. Bjorn would bring in something.

Aslaksen watched his messenger go down to the pumping jetty from which the heavy rubber pipe line ran out to the little tanker in the harbour.

The boy dropped from the pumping jetty into a praam, and sculled out to the tanker. Aslaksen watched the colloquy between him and a paunchy little man, McBane, of the tanker.

He saw McBane dismiss the boy and stump into his chart-room.

The boy came up the little path past the blubber house, and stood before Aslaksen respectfully.

"Well?" said the manager.

"He said he would sail when he was full," he said slowly.

"All right." Aslaksen lifted himself up heavily. He took the path that the boy had used. He had a grouch against McBane.

He dropped into the praam and taking a single oar, sculled out towards the tanker.

"Captain McBane!" he bellowed.

McBane thrust an irascible head out of the doorway of the chart house.

"Well?"

"I sent my boy with a message that the wind was coming," said Aslaksen. "And you do nothing!"

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McBANE came and leaned on the bulwarks. "What should I do?" he inquired mildly. "Build a wall to keep it away?"

"Get the pipe line ashore and get to sea," said Aslaksen.

"The pipe line's your job," said McBane. "You can take it in with you now if you like."

"You have not signalled for the pumping to stop," he said. "Make two blasts."

"This is my ship," said McBane cheerfully. "Who do you think you're giving orders to? You can take the pipe line away if you want, but while I lie here with the tanks not full I'm taking in oil—and I'm not giving any signals to stop."

"You'll lose your ship!" said Aslaksen fiercely, his great Viking moustaches bristling with fury.

"I can handle my ship," said McBane, with gentle malice. "I can handle anything, even a waterboat."

He referred to an ancient episode in Aslaksen's life, when he had put the waterboat at Saldanha ashore on a bank of dead oysters—and had never been allowed to forget it.

Aslaksen thumped the loom of his oar down on the counter of the praam, and, swinging her nose round with a savage stroke, headed her away from the ship.

"Any time you want me to handle a boat for you—say so," called McBane behind him.

Aslaksen sculled in towards the flensing slip as if the wind were at his stern. As he drew abeam of the pumping house he bellowed, "Sigurd! Sigurd!"

A little round man stuck his head out of the shed. "Stop the pumps!" he ordered, and then to himself he added, "And that's something McBane forgot."

He beached the praam and strolled up towards the office.

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BEHIND him the noise in the pump house died down and ceased. Aslaksen heard a long drawn and angry blast from the tanker, the signal for the pumping to begin again.

The foreman was standing at the winches. "Take the men out to the raft," said Aslaksen, "and get in the pipe line."

"Could it wait twenty minutes while the knives are sharpened?"

"No!" said Aslaksen. "Now."

The raft was a big affair of steel oil drums and a wooden frame that was moored, normally, in the centre of the bay. To it the whales were made fast while they waited their turn for the flensing slip. From it the whalers took their provisions and their coal as they paid their fleeting visits between trips. It was the nearest approach to a base that Stony Bay possessed. Now it was off its moorings, tied up alongside the tanker.

The men went out in the big praam to handle the pipe. Aslaksen strolled back to the edge of the water. And as he strolled he suddenly saw a gull, facing out to sea, sweep back inland over his head. The wind was on them. He began to curse McBane silently for a pig-headed fool.

Then he realised that he had forgotten the Lofoten. He looked out to sea. Well out beyond the blinders, that were breaking angrily now with the low tide and the swell, he saw her swinging in, very close. He called a man to him, sent him for an oar, and began to push the smaller praam into the water again. Together they pulled out in the teeth of the wind.

Things were happening quickly now. The pipe was free. The tanker was hauling out to her starboard anchor. Aslaksen watched it come home, with a cascade of water from it, and the tanker began to work out to her port hook.

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SUDDENLY under her stern he saw the Lofoten. And even as he saw her he saw that there was no place for her to make her catch fast. Pulling hard he slipped over the pipe line, surged round the tanker's stern and drove across the wind to the angry catcher. She was bellowing distressfully on her whistle now.

Bjorn, the gunner of the Lofoten, was leaning from his rocking wheelhouse, cursing broadly in Norwegian. Beside him curved up the stump of the tail of a colossal blue whale.

Even as Aslaksen took in its length out of the corner of his eye he gasped. It was all of ninety-six foot and fat in proportion. A giant whale, the catch of the season. No wonder Bjorn was mad. And what were they to do with it? Bjorn could not play about in the narrow bay. The tanker at the moment was taking up almost all the navigable part of the anchorage.

The Lofoten had time only to hand over her catch and steam straight out to sea again. And how to hand it over? The sea was making fast, the wind was blowing with gusty violence.

Bjorn was yelling again. He wanted Aslaksen to take the line. To take it and ferry it across to the raft.

"Make it long . . . long," shouted Aslaksen.

A heavy coil of rope whistled through the air. The man who partnered Aslaksen grabbed it and made it fast. Bjorn pulled the Lofoten's whistle string three times in cheerful acknowledgment, and the little whale-catcher danced round on her tail and headed out to the sea and safety.

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ASLAKSEN and the other man began to pull with the devil behind them across towards the raft.

The tanker had got in her other anchor now and was slowly steaming out in the wake of the Lofoten. McBane came to the windbox of his bridge. "Pull!" he shouted. "Pull like hell. You'll be tired before you reach South Georgia."

Aslaksen, feeling the strain already, saw the crash and flather of the tanker's wake, and felt the praam tossing in the boil of it.

They never reached the raft. For one thing it was driving shorewards with the weight of the pipeline, and for another the whale was drifting in fast with the wind. For the third the line was a good ten fathom too short.

The big blue bull, the catch of the season, was spiked on the rocks before they knew where they were, and the rising tide drove his great belly higher and higher until it settled him at the top of the tide, hard and fast aground.

Aslaksen was not pleased.

The next two whale catchers to come in after the two-day gale had subsided were set to work to tow the great whale off. Both failed.

On the fourth day McBane and the tanker came down from the coast to pick up a new load of oil.

Aslaksen was empowered to call on the services of any ship for any purpose in an emergency. He decided that the big bull was an emergency.

McBane fought valiantly against the use of his ship to haul off the already stinking carcase. Aslaksen was obdurate.

It was some while before Aslaksen was satisfied with his end of things. Making lines fast to the whale's tail was not an easy matter.

In the end, however, a praam went out to McBane and the heavy whale lines were hauled on board. McBane took in his anchors, went slowly ahead until the lines were taut, and then put his engine-room telegraph down to full ahead.

Nothing happened. He tried the effect of a little slack in an effort to jerk the whale off the bed on which it rested, but he only snapped the lines, and they had to settle down while new lines were bent on and the whole process gone over again.

After half a dozen efforts McBane, furiously determined to get the big blue off, laid out both his anchors dead ahead at the full scope of his cables, and announced that he was going to haul taut with his windlass and then try the effect of windlass and main engines together.

McBane was busy laying out his anchors. Aslaksen climbed on to the whale and walked down the great slope of him towards the tail. He wanted to see if the lashings would hold. A little crowd on the beach watched him go.

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THE skin of the blue was like rubber, it was like walking on a vast pneumatic cushion. There was a spring to it. Aslaksen walked cheerfully.

The lashings were as secure as was possible in the circumstances, but Aslaksen was not sanguine. Clearly the rock had spiked the big blue in more than one place. To drag that solid flesh past sharp spikes sticking into it was a task for a bigger boat than McBane's. He walked back to the high part of the belly and stood there watching the tanker.

There was a long blast on the tanker's whistle. McBane wanted to go ahead. Aslaksen stood there, not troubling to get off the carcase. He was sure the blue would not come away.

Aslaksen waved a cheerful hand. It was clear that nothing would move the whale, even McBane's latest trick—and even as he decided that, a great swell moved in over the bay.

It was the last echo of the gale, the last great swell out of the south. It lifted the blue whale's tail stump, it came nearer, crashing along the rocks, lifted the seaward end, lifted the middle, lifted the head. The tanker surged out to seaward, the whale tore away from the last of the rock spikes, and slowly and grandly surged seaward also.

On the beach the little crowd set up a cheer. Aslaksen, standing on the high belly of the whale, waved acknowledgment, and struck a triumphant pose.

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McBANE was still hauling, the whale went out into deep water, and as it went, something curious began to happen. It may be that the gases, from decay since the whale had been ashore, had altered its centre of gravity. Whatever it was, the big blue suddenly began to move with a sideways movement, a spinning movement.

Aslaksen turned uneasily and moved with it. The movement grew slightly faster. So did Aslaksen's steps. Presently he was like a man climbing a hill, then he was like a man climbing stairs, then he was like a squirrel in a treadmill.

McBane was easing off now. It was not that he had sympathy for Aslaksen's predicament, but that he did not want to overrun his anchors. The whale, however, had acquired impetus, it continued to move forward, surging slowly up to the tanker.

The spinning died down. Aslaksen was almost safe now. It died completely away—and then, because it had twisted the rope in its first motion, it began to spin the opposite way.

The new movement, or some tricky fold in the whale's battered skin, betrayed Aslaksen. He slipped, clawed wildly for a moment, and pitched with a splash into the water.

McBane, leaning over the side of the bridge, burst into a roar of laughter. On the beach the little crowd was yelling delightedly.

And then McBane sobered abruptly. He remembered the sharks, and he remembered also that Aslaksen had on heavy sea boots, and was an indifferent swimmer. And even as he remembered he saw a great fin tearing through the water.

The blubber of the big blue had called up all the sharks of Stony Bay.

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ASLAKSEN had gone over almost underneath the bridge. McBane yelled harshly to his mate, "Take over," and on the same instant jumped.

Fortunately the sharks found raw and pacific blubber more to their liking than a splashing man. Even so, it was a good three minutes before the praam came round from under the tanker's counter and got the two of them aboard.

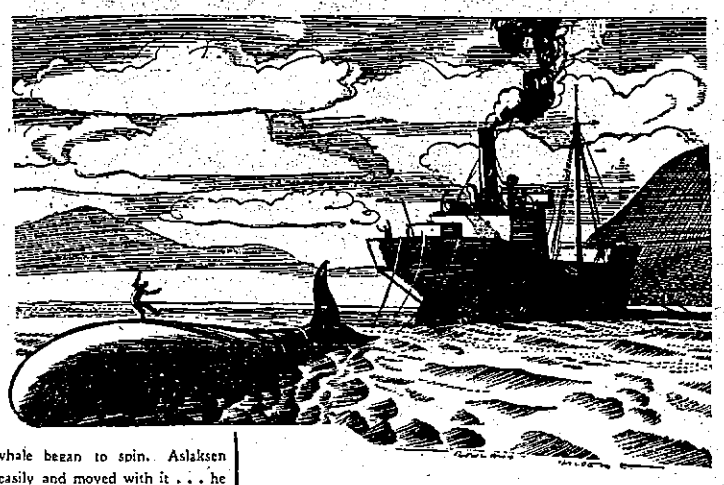
Aslaksen was completely exhausted. He was, in addition, worried enough to be grateful. "Thank you," he said soberly, after he had taken a huge gulp of whisky—and he did not mean for the drink.

McBane took a gulp himself. "What for?" he said, faintly sheepish.

"For saving my life," said Aslaksen gravely.

"Saving your life be damned," said McBane testily. "If I hadn't pulled you out of the ditch, how could I have told you what a fool you were, standing on the carcase like that? I told you I could handle a boat, didn't I?"

"Yes" said Aslaksen, meekly.



"The whale began to spin. Aslaksen turned uneasily and moved with it . . . he was like a squirrel in a treadmill."

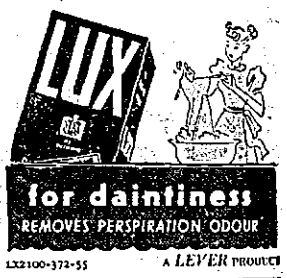
All the characters in this story are entirely fictitious.

All dainty women are DAILY DIPPERS!

IT'S EASY TO OFFEND by wearing undies more than a day without washing them. But a hint of perspiration is very hard to forgive.

Don't take risks. Free your undies of perspiration as soon as you take them off, by squeezing them through Lux suds. Two minutes it takes—and they're fresh as a daisy for wear next day.

You know, perspiration acids left overnight in lingerie rot it quicker than anything. That's why daily-dipped undies last twice as long. Nice women are all Daily Dippers. And you?



LX2100-372-55 A LEVER PRODUCT

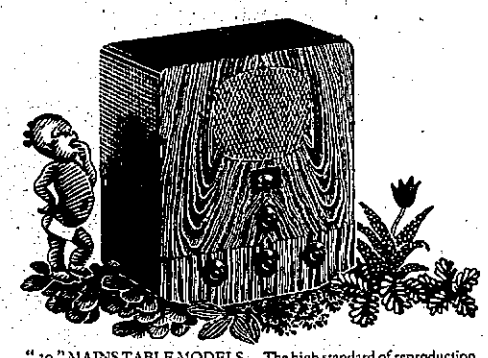
HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy, yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.—(Advt.)

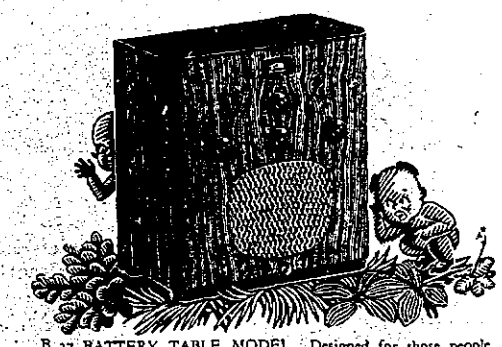
MURPHY

NINE LITTLE
EIGHT LITTLE
SEVEN LITTLE
SIX LITTLE . . .

Only one dealer in ten sells Murphy sets. That does not mean to say that the other nine aren't good dealers. It simply means that we spend a lot of time selecting the one who, we think, best matches our (probably very imperfect) standards. Because we sell only through these selected dealers, it may be a little less convenient for you to buy, but that is more than offset by the saving you have in the price of the sets and the knowledge (before you go to the shop) that the dealer will be someone you can trust to give you a 'fair deal.' Frank Murphy



"30" MAINS TABLE MODELS. The high standard of reproduction and reliability of Murphy Table Models is already pretty well known. These sets are Supersonic Heterodyne Receivers, fitted with moving-coil loudspeaker. Automatic Volume Control and variable tone control. Beautifully finished cabinet in Walnut with a contrasting band of Zebrano across the base. For A.C. MAINS £9.17.6 D.C./A.C. MAINS £10.2.6



B. 27 BATTERY TABLE MODEL. Designed for those people who, although not blessed with electricity in their homes, would like as near as possible the same performance at the same price as the all-electric table models. The controls and general specifications are similar to the "30" Table Model above, and (for the technically minded) the H.T. consumption is only 10 m/a. Cabinet veneered in Walnut. £9.17.6 *excluding batteries.*

All Models available on Hire Purchase Terms. Prices do not apply in I.P.S. Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts. Telephone: Welwyn Garden 800.

C.R.C. 514