October 9, 1943

PICTURE POST

JUNIOR MISS MAKES A NEW HAT

Peggy Cummins—young star of 'Junior Miss'—makes herself a hat *(See inside)*

HULTON'S NATIONAL WEEKLY

OCTOBER 9, 1943

Vol. 21. No. 2

In this issue:

RUSSIA'S OFFENSIVE

4D

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Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

READERS' LETTERS

Storm in the Swimming World: Challenge to Booker

Booker's undertaking to swim 100 yards in 51 seconds is preposterous. No swimmer in England could do it, let alone Booker, who has never even won an A.S.A. District Championship.

For 12 years, daily and provincial papers have published statements of his intention to lower the world's 100 yards' record, but not a single attempt has been made.

Picture Post, on September 11, stated he was making the attempt this month: he was, therefore, invited to do this at the Croydon Youth Swimming Gala on October 2, but no reply was received. Once more I challenge him to make the attempt, and if he can get anywhere within 60 seconds, I will give ten pounds to any charity Picture Post may select. The public would welcome the opportunity of seeing this "super-swimmer" swim.

Captain B. W. Cummins, Honorary Editor, "Swimming Times."

Booker Replies to The Challenge

I thank Captain Cummins for his offer and, as a gesture of self-confidence and appreciation of the Captain's generosity, I will pay to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross Sports Fund the sum of ten guineas should I fail to at least equal my 100 yards time on July 3 last, when at Roehampton Baths, I covered the distance in 51.2 seconds. Charity would thus benefit either way.

It had been tentatively suggested that I attempted the world 100 yards record on the 25th instant, but at my own request this suggestion was not proceeded with. The attempt will require the highest possible physical standards—involving not only my own judgment, but that of my doctor, who has advised me to cease swimming for at least three weeks. After this period has elapsed, I will resume training and keep contact with yourselves and Captain Cummins in relation to future arrangements.

George Booker, 27 Ellesmere Road, Chiswick, W.4.

We shall inform readers of the result of this challenge.

Scientific Selection

It seems a pity to use such a pretty girl for these dangerous typhoid experiments (September 25, Typhus versus Typhus). Could one not select plainer girls for these jobs?

F. Mansfield, Savernake Road, N.W.3.

Picture Post in the Mediterranean

I have just received from home a bundle of Picture Posts. In one issue I was delighted to find some pictures of friends that I knew back home in Seven Sisters, South Wales. They were in the pictures taken from the film "The Silent Village," which was partly shot at my home. Indeed, the pit scenes were actually taken at the pit where I used to work.

Picture Post is undoubtedly popular in "Blighty," but its popularity is increased a hundredfold out here; and when one sees faces that one knew so well, it becomes a real tonic, and an inspiration to strive even harder to end the conflict so as we can all go home for good.

(Pte.) D. J. D., (name and address supplied), R.A.M.C., Central Mediterranean Force.

The Russian Envoys Show Up Well

The photographs of the Russian envoys to the reception to Lord Wavell (September 25) impressed me a lot. They look so young, tough, intelligent, and sensible, against many of the other people there.

Martin Darbishire, Hill Farm, Priors Hardwick, Rugby.

The Truth About the Refugees in Britain

I have been horrified at several meetings on post-war policy lately to hear this question asked: "After the war, will there be a policy to order the return of refugees to their own countries? We Britishers want to know that our men are not going to be kept out of jobs by foreigners."

What are the facts?

In all, there are not more than 140,000 refugees in this country. Of these, many are too old or too young to work. Of the remainder, many are specialists in science, medicine, economics, etc., and are doing jobs that only they can do—and are invaluable to the war effort. Many more have set up small shops or factories and are themselves giving employment to Britons. Are the few remaining—say 10,000 or so—going to be responsible for unemployment after the war, and we a nation of 45,000,000? These "Britishers" should think before they speak.

S. Balfour, Portland Road, Oxford.

The Vicar and the Choirboy

In your account of the Conference of the Fabian Society (September 18) you report the speech of a barrister who said that he became an atheist when he "was made" to become a choirboy. Who "made" him? I have had many years' experience of choirboys and have yet to find any power in heaven or in earth or under the earth that could "make" any boy a choirboy. He must have been a Little Lord Fauntleroy. And so brainy! At the age, say, of eleven, he repudiated the Christian Faith and became a barrister. Well I would not mind being prosecuted by him but I should hate to be defended by him.

Frank Stone, Vicar of Hyde, Winchester.

The Only Way Left: Nationalise the Land

You have shown up the organised sectional interests that are opposing the Beveridge Plan. What about those who are doing their best to kill the Uthwatt Report. The Report showed the way to an orderly development of land by a scheme that would secure some of the benefits of nationalisation without the large-scale and complicated process of outright State purchase. Obviously, there are powerful interests opposing this. For example, last April, at the annual meeting of the Land Union, it was condemned as destructive of the rights of property and freedom of enterprise. More recently, we have a declaration of war by Mr. David Smith, General Manager of the Halifax Building Society. If Uthwatt is out, there is only one way—land nationalisation.

G. Gibson Ullet Road, Liverpool.

"Well, I'll see you again Mr. Barratt!

And by that time we'll have finished with the blighter and I'll be back in Blighty for good. With the lights up again, and civvies instead of battledress, and no more six-thirty reveilles! When I come home I'll want a care-free life and a pair of your care-free shoes. Believe me, Mr. Barratt, I'll be glad once more to

Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country.

"A great Black Snowball"

"Here is a great black snowball which, unless we check it, will go rolling down the years of peace and reconstruction .."
The Minister of Health.

Cases doubled.

Venereal Diseases are still on the increase. Last year the number of new cases was more than double the pre-war total. War-time conditions lead to excesses—desire for 'a good time' and too many drinks, for example, weaken self control. Venereal Diseases are spread by loose living.

Hush-hush is being banished.

Every sensible man and woman agrees that to check these diseases their cause, effects and treatment must be widely known and discussed.

How Venereal Diseases are caught.

In adults syphilis and gonorrhœa are almost always caught through sexual intercourse with an infected person—accidental infection is rare. Clean living is the only safeguard.

Syphilis is the more dangerous of the two. If not treated early, skilfully and completely it can cause total disablement in early middle life from heart disease, paralysis, or insanity. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child causing it to be born dead, or to die early in infancy, or to become blind, deaf, or mentally defective.

Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous, is more serious than is generally believed, and may cause arthritis, chronic ill-health, and—in both men and women—inability to have children.

How and where they can be cured.

Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor. Quack or self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous.

Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure. Treatment must be continued until the doctor says it may be stopped.

Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical treatment AT ONCE. A doctor or clinic should be consulted immediately about any suspicious sore on or near the sex organs, or any unusual discharge from those organs. It may not be venereal disease, but it is best to be sure.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and Central Council for Health Education.
(M-18-31)

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EDITOR **TOM HOPKINSON**

FOUNDER **EDWARD HULTON**

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PICTURE POST

October 9, 1943

1926 *The Baby Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York*

Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary of York was born on April 21, 1926, at No. 17 Bruton Street, the London house of her grandfather, the Earl of Strathmore. In accordance with law, the Home Secretary was in the house when the baby was born.

1943 *The Heir-presumptive to the Throne of England*

She is now seventeen, groomed for high office, with a working knowledge of the constitutional practice of her country. Her childhood has been as normal as is possible in her position. She wears the insignia of her own regiment, the Grenadier Guards.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IS SCHOOLED FOR THE THRONE

An amendment in the law entitles 17-year-old Princess Elizabeth to become a Counsellor of State. In the following article, the historian, A. L. Rowse, compares the upbringing of the girl who may one day be Queen Elizabeth the Second, with the upbringing of Queen Elizabeth the First.

THE accession of the Princess Elizabeth—at some date, we hope, in the distant future—will relegate the great Queen Elizabeth to being a mere Elizabeth I. It is a curious thought and one that will take some getting used to. Still, at this moment when the Princess has been made a Counsellor of State and is clearly being prepared to come more before the public eye, it is interesting to compare the education and training of each of them for their high position. Their respective trainings have some points of similarity, and naturally, after the lapse of four hundred years and a difference of circumstances, some points of contrast.

In some respects the circumstances of the two Princesses are very different. All their subjects can see, and appreciate, that the keynote of the private life of the present King and Queen is a quiet and contented domesticity. Nobody can say that that was the keynote of the family life of Henry VIII—Elizabeth Tudor's father. That was neither domestic, nor quiet, nor contented. Such pleasure as Henry VIII had out of it can be, and, in fact by the films has been, largely exaggerated. Poor Henry complained that, of all the wives he had, hardly one of them had been much comfort to him.

The first and most striking contrast then, is that between the quiet home-life, secure and affectionate, of the present Princess and the excitements and dangers that attended upon royal blood in Tudor days. There was not much security, and little enough affection, in Elizabeth Tudor's upbringing. It was a hard school in which she grew up, with many dangers to traverse; so that she became a subtle, cautious woman, reserved and secret for all her brilliant gifts and feminine exhibitionism, a politician to her fingertips. But then she was called upon not only to reign; but to rule; and for forty-five years of astonishing success she did it, carried us through the greatest dangers and hazards to final triumph.

One of the greatest rulers we have ever had, how was she equipped for the job? Well, to begin with, Elizabeth was the best educated woman of her day. The Tudors were great believers in education —and didn't it pay dividends! Henry VIII was a very well-educated man; a good Latinist; an unusually good theological scholar, a skilled musician, among other accomplishments. He was determined that his children should be well educated—and they were.

Mary Tudor was brought up under the wing of the first generation of Humanist scholars, whose sympathies were Catholic and Oxford. Elizabeth, who was seventeen years younger, was educated with her brother (Edward VI) by the second generation, whose sympathies were Protestant. Their tutors were all Cambridge men, mostly connected with one college, St. John's.

The leading member of the group was Sir John Cheke, the best Greek scholar in England. His favourite pupil, Roger Ascham, and Ascham's own pupil, William Grindal, were mainly responsible for the higher stages of Elizabeth's education, her Greek and Latin studies, which were the most important part of it. They were, quite rightly, enthusiasts for Greek, at a time when the best of human knowledge was to be found in Greek. And Elizabeth became an excellent Greek scholar. Roger Ascham wrote a famous book, "The School-

1927 *She Learns to Travel*

Christened at Buckingham Palace. Then her parents went to Australia, and she was with her grandparents most of her first year.

1928 *She Learns to Walk*

She lived at 145 Piccadilly, met the Australian cricket eleven, went to Northants for hunting season: was mobbed in Hyde Park.

1929 *She Learns to Face Cameras*

King George convalesced at Bognor after a serious illness. She stayed with him. Had her first portrait painted. Rode her first pony.

1931 *She Learns to Tricycle*

A nurse is still behind her. In the pram is her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, who was born in 1930.

1932 *She Goes to Church with Her Grandparents*

Her portrait makes a Newfoundland stamp. In the farthest south of the Empire lies "Princess Elizabeth Land." Her correspondence is immense.

1934 *A Rare Picture: The Little Girl Who Seldom Plays Alone*

She was bridesmaid to Princess Marina. She spent August at Glamis. At Christmas she will go to Sandringham. She has tutors in many different subjects.

master"; from that and from his letters we learn quite a lot about her education.

Languages, especially the classical languages, were the staple of education then; and children were more precocious. By the time she was ten, Elizabeth was well-grounded in Latin, and she was then learning Italian and French. By the end of that year, she had finished a translation of Margaret of Navarre's poem, "The Mirror of a Sinful Soul," for her sympathetic stepmother, Queen Catherine Parr, last of Henry's wives.

She then began her Greek studies, for more than three years under Grindal, a young tutor of great promise who died early, and for a still further period under the master, Ascham. She devoted her mornings to Greek, beginning with the Testament and going on to classical authors; the afternoons were given up to Latin. Ascham was a great believer in the method of double translation:

1935 *Now There Are Always Two*
Elizabeth is nine, Margaret five. Together they visit the Royal Tournament. Together they are bridesmaids to the Duchess of Gloucester.

translating a passage first into English and then back into the original, and comparing the result. This method made Elizabeth an accurate and exact scholar. She was a very clever, sharp-witted girl, with a natural love of learning, encouraged by all her circle. Ascham could report of her truthfully, without sycophancy, by the time she was sixteen: "She talks French and Italian as well as she does English, and has often talked to me readily and well in Latin, moderately in Greek. When she writes Greek and Latin, nothing is more beautiful than her handwriting."

How well I know that hand. I have often seen letters of hers in the Public Record Office in that beautiful Italian hand she had when she was a girl. And then I have seen the scrawl she wrote when she was old and famous, eloquent of what storms of State, what stresses she had been through. I can assure you I did not look at it without emotion—nor would you, when you think what this country owes to that wonderful woman.

In addition to these languages, she later added Spanish. She did not know German; not that that

Continued overleaf

She Attends a Children's Concert
Her grandfather has died; her uncle abdicated; her father become king. She is next in succession.

1937 *She Stands in the Formal Coronation Group*
She wears miniature peeress's robes and a coronet. Now she lives in Buckingham Palace. Later the same year her father takes her to review the fleet.

1939 *She Forgets to be Formal*
The Palace balcony again, but childish excitement overcomes her. The war has begun.

1938 *Princess Elizabeth Drives with Queen Mary to See the Trooping of the Colour*
Queen Mary instructs her in some of the duties that are in store for her. At this time Queen Mary makes a point of taking her to see historic places and of telling her about current events.

was much loss then, if it is now. Besides languages she studied divinity : she read some of the early Fathers—not too much—and some of the more moderate and sensible Protestant divines, like Melancthon. That left her with a permanent influence. She had an open mind, with a sceptical, tolerant flavour; she did not believe in people roasting each other for things they could not be very sure about anyway. Apart from the classics, languages, divinity, I do not think Elizabeth was much bothered with arithmetic or science of any kind. But one must not omit to say that she was, like her father, a skilled musician : one of the best performers on the virginals—an early keyboard instrument—in the kingdom.

Such was a Renaissance education—and very well it answered its purpose in the case of Queen Elizabeth.

The education of the present Princess Elizabeth is naturally adapted to modern circumstances; it is

The Family Go Out Together
In her father's camp at Balmoral she meets boys from the factories and the public schools.

She Goes Swimming with the Others
As a Girl Guide, she learns life-saving. She swims at the Bath Club and at Buckingham Palace.

1939 *The Dignified Little Girl, and the Sister Who is Still Learning*
The King and Queen are in Canada, and the Princesses attend functions on their own. Here they are at the National Pony Show in London.

1940 *She Makes Her First Broadcast*
She broadcasts to the Empire in the Children's Hour. It is a greeting to the children of the world.

1941 *The Formal Portrait*

The posing she must frequently endure, and which she knows will grow more frequent still.

The War-time Drive in Windsor Great Park

She is educated with the approval of the Cabinet. The newsreel follows her to the zoo, the bank, the pantomime. Even driving at home she has to face the camera. She is now a national figure.

less linguistic and more varied, less concentratedly intellectual and possibly more sympathetic. The activities of the Princess as a Sea Ranger and a Girl Guide, her interest in first aid and child welfare, are unthinkable for a Tudor princess—though they would have been very useful if they had been thought of! One notices the far more limited range of Tudor days on the side of sport and physical activities. Princess Elizabeth is an excellent swimmer, who passed her life-saving test some time ago. I do not suppose Queen Elizabeth ever had a bathe in her life. She does not seem to have been much the worse for it. And there is a charming sentence, which may not be authentic, but which I get from a descendant of one of her great Ministers: apparently someone who was impressed by how up-to-date the Queen's ideas were, reported —"The Queen taketh a bath once in three months, whether she needeth it or no."

I cannot vouch for it, but it throws a flood of light on one difference, at any rate, between those days and ours.

The present Princess is a good linguist, and we all know that she is an excellent broadcaster, with a charming voice and a most taking natural manner. And that is more important than Greek to-day. Another advantage that she has over her predecessor is that she is much more widely read in English literature—so much of it has been written since Queen Elizabeth's day. The Queen saw some of the original productions of Shakespeare's Plays; but I do not suppose that she ever *read* any. The Princess is very well read in Shakespeare—as every one of English stock should be: the glory of our language.

Lastly, it is clear that a good working knowledge of history is very important for a modern sovereign. I seem to remember the young Victoria complaining that it was dry: I hope her young successor has no such reason to repine. For really, history books have enormously improved since Victoria's early days, and its study can be made most attractive.

We all know that she reads her English history in Trevelyan's "History of England"; and that could not be bettered: it is a wonderful book. But who is Mr. Muzzy from whose book she learns her American history? As a don, greatly daring, I should recommend Allan Nevins' admirable little "Short History of the United States"; and for the British Commonwealth and Empire, becoming increasingly more important in the world, W. K. Hancock's "Argument of Empire." Then, too, for the personalities of her great predecessors, Neales "Queen Elizabeth," and Strachey's "Queen Victoria." The Princess should find them fascinating, instructive and inspiring, in their so different ways: a help towards the time when she succeeds to their position in the long and historic line of English sovereigns.

It is a curious fact that the rule of a Queen has been associated with the three greatest epochs in our history: (1) the Elizabethan age; (2) the Age of Queen Anne; (3) the Victorian Age. Let us hope that a second Elizabethan age will be as good as it augurs in the splendid history of our country.

1943 *She Attends Her First Big Occasion on Her Own*

April of this year. She is seventeen. As Colonel of the Grenadier Guards she visits an armoured battalion, makes a full inspection, and takes the salute alone. Her childhood is now almost over.

The Way Back: A Soviet Tank Rolls Westward—Direction, Germany

Already the Germans feel the morning frost in the Ukranian air. Their summer catastrophe—the season of their one-time victories—now yields to their winter of fear, the winter that Hitler promised them they would never again spend in open billets. Driven from Kharkov, Orel and Smolensk, the Germans are recoiling from the 'black earth' granary and the Donetz arsenal that the Führer assured them was theirs 'for eternity'.

THE GREATEST OFFENSIVE OF THE WAR

We have reached a climax in history. We have reached it because of the series of staggering blows struck by the Russians. How have they done it? Where does their success lead them? Where does it lead us?

NEVER before in history has a great offensive opened amidst such confusing circumstances as the one that is still sweeping on towards the Russian frontier. The Russian summer offensive of 1943 was started by the Germans, not by the Russians. It was disowned both by the Germans and by the Russians. Its full immensity did not burst upon the world until millions of men and thousands of tanks were engaged in what was probably the decisive battle of the Russian war.

The uneasy lull on the Russian Front had lasted four months. There was widespread belief that the summer and autumn would pass without anything startling to break the humdrum lull of patrol activity on the 2,000 mile front.

Then, towards the end of June, the Russians began to bomb German railway junctions in the central sector. The Germans retaliated by heavy bombing raids on Russian supply centres far behind the front. This was something new on the Eastern Front, and it was followed by marked signs of German disquiet and uncertainty.

On the first Sunday in July, the Germans voiced their concern. A German news agency reported that "the entire Eastern Front continues to present a picture of expectancy. The Russian deployment and offensive preparations have proceeded so far that an offensive must be expected at any time." At dawn on Monday, July 5, the German High Command gave the order to strike first. Fifteen German divisions moved southwards from Orel; fifteen more moved northwards from Byelgorod. Both formations penetrated some distance into Soviet lines.

They aimed at a point behind Kursk, in an effort to cut off this salient, which was the chief offensive springboard for the Red Army.

From the first the Germans met heavy resistance, and they remained in a continued state of nervousness about Soviet intentions. By Friday—the fifth day of the attack—their main thrust had come to a standstill. For the first time in the history of the Russo-German war, the Russians had not resorted to retreat in depth, but were standing and fighting it out with the Germans over every inch of ground.

There was no doubt left in the German mind that the Russians had assembled a great offensive force, which they were about to launch when the Germans attacked. Both to the south and to the east of Orel, great Russian tank formations had been concentrated, and these now struck against the head and flank of the German force which was seeking to break through under Field Marshal Von Kluge.

The Town They Hoped to Stay In

Scorched by the Russians, burnt out by the Nazis in retreat, Kremanchug becomes an inhospitable tangle of blackened girders.

The Germans Crouch Outside Their Billets under a Hail of Russian Fire

Advancing parallel with the German retreat, the Russians give them no respite. The Germans want to disengage and rest; the Russians answer, "Anyone can hug a bear: the difficulty is to get away from it."

As the battle passed into its second week, the Germans found themselves faced by two of the most brilliant Russian generals. Rokossovsky opposed them in the Byelgorod sector and Timoshenko attacked the flank of the Nazi formations heading for Kursk. It was then that the Germans realised what they were up against. Not only were they unable to reach their objective and cut off the Kursk salient, but the Russians would not permit them to disengage, as they attempted to do on a number of occasions. The German plan, it is now clear, was to go in, to disturb and disrupt the highly complicated time schedules and forward preparations which were an essential part of the plans for the Soviet offensive, and, when that had been done, to withdraw in good order and wait for another opportunity to repeat the manœuvre.

The Russians Pass To The Offensive

It took the Russians two weeks to halt the German advance, and to start their own planned offensive. The battle was now described by the Germans as a "blood-mill" which would grind down the manhood of the Red Army. And on July 19th they announced that the Wehrmacht had gone over to the defensive on the entire Russian Front. Four days later, on the 23rd, Stalin himself announced that the German attack from Orel and Bielgorod had been liquidated.

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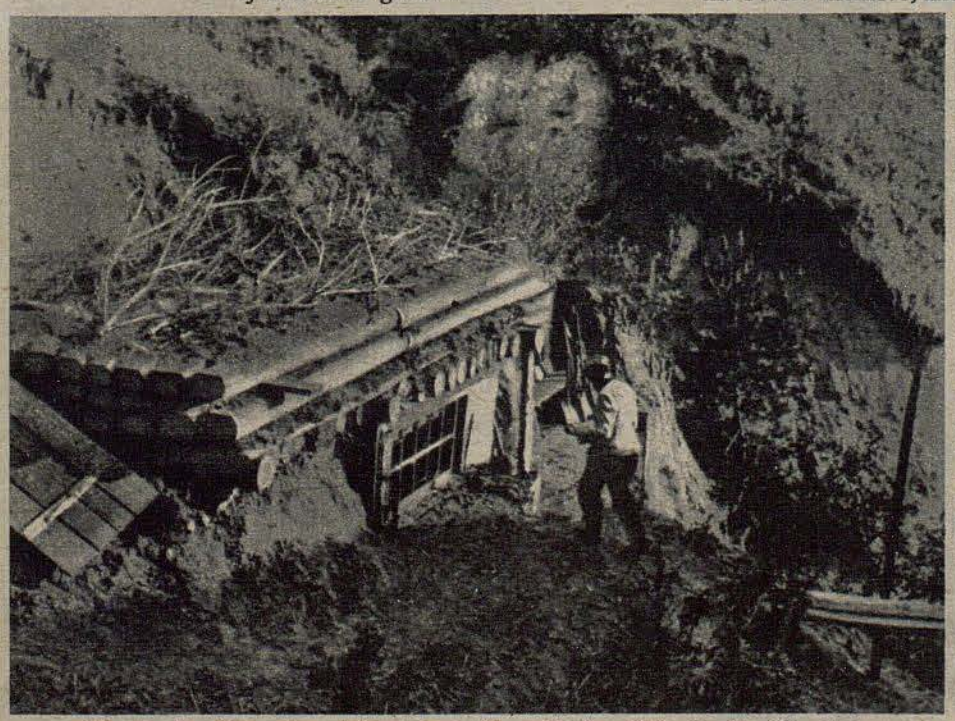


How the Germans Meant to Spend the Winter in Russia

Strongly-built dug-outs, warm, dry and well-supplied, where the German soldiers could go to ground until the spring. The German soldiers' fading dream.

How the Germans are Already Spending the Autumn

Holes scooped out of muddy banks are the only shelter for the weary, dispirited Germans as they trudge back—fighting all the way—no one can say how far.

THE VANQUISHED: *Nazi Soldiers Fall Back Through the "Ghost Land"*

The "Wood of the Spirits" or "Ghost Wood" is what the German soldiers call it. For the German army through all time, the vast country of Russia will for ever be the Ghost Land.

Now came the crucial moment. Would the Russians be able to repair the damage done to their organisation, and to adjust their plans to the revised time-tables and needs of the new situation? The German High Command had not long to wait for an answer. With hardly a pause, the Red Army proceeded with its plans. The Russian High Command had collected the greatest mass of artillery ever known. Backed by self-propelled artillery, heavy and very heavy tanks—"Creeping Fortresses" the Germans called them—and by intensive air attack, they began the systematic pounding and reduction of the German positions at Orel.

The second phase of the battle lasted twelve days, while Russian forces converged upon this strongest outpost of the Germans, from the north and from the east. On August 5, exactly one month after the Germans had launched their spoiling attack, the Russians entered Orel.

Here again the Germans had been strikingly misinformed. Only a few days before Orel fell, one of the leading German newspapers wrote that, "Orel has become a symbol of internal strength in which one will always see the test of the German soldiers far beyond all the successes they have achieved so far."

With the fall of Orel, there began the second phase also of the battle of Byelgorod. Here too, the Germans had managed to make some headway and to disrupt preparations, but, coinciding with the news of the evacuation of Orel, Marshal Rokossovsky launched an attack on Byelgorod, and advanced 37 miles in the direction of Kharkov. Great tank battles were fought against the German S.S. Divisions which were concentrated here. At the end of the first week's fighting, the Germans launched a determined counter-attack, forced the Russians back, and began a drive northwards, but it did not last. By the 15th, the counter-attack had run its course, and the Russian offensive was resumed at a greater pace than before. On August 23, Kharkov was once more in Russian hands.

With the fall of Kharkov, and the capture of a number of bridgeheads on the western bank of the Donetz to the south of Kharkov, the German position in the Donetz Basin became untenable. They had held these fortified industrial areas, served by the best network of railways in the Soviet Union, for two years, but now, if they wanted to avoid another Stalingrad, they had to abandon this

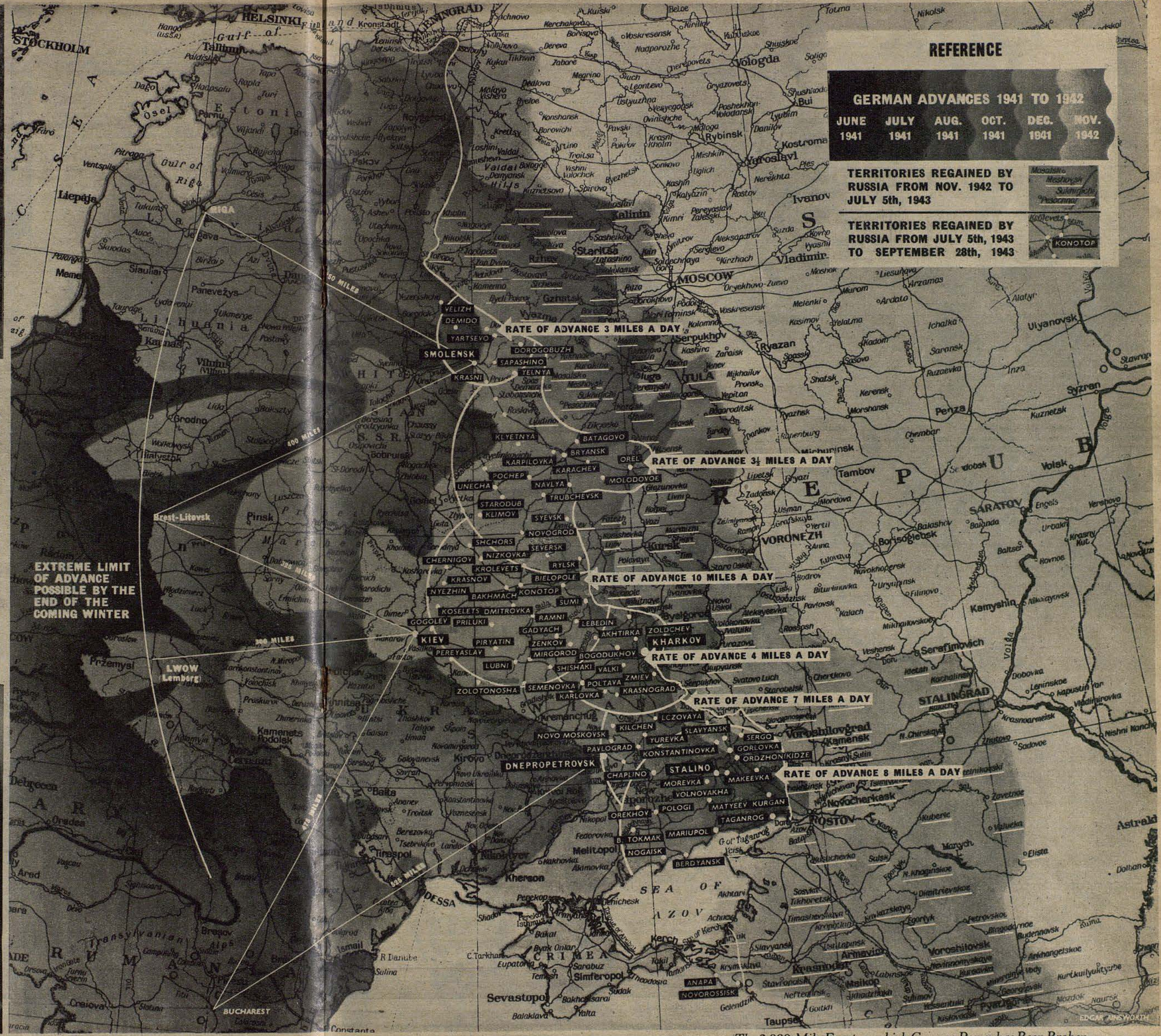
Continued overleaf

THE VICTORS: *Timoshenko*

His troops flung back the Nazis directed at Kursk in the opening stage of the campaign.

Rokossovsky

The victor of Stalingrad. His troops opposed the Nazi formations in the Byelgorod sector.



THE GREATEST BATTLEGROUND OF THE WAR, WHERE THE FUTURE OF MANKIND HAS BEEN DECIDED: *The 2,000-Mile Front on which German Power has Been Broken*

Map shows the whole progress of the Russian war to date. Only three months ago the long lull on the Russian battlefield was shattered. It was shattered first by the Germans, who moved south from Orel and north from Byelgorod in an effort to cut off the Kursk salient. The offensive failed—with catastrophic results for the Germans. Since then the Russians have swept forward—on, on, towards their old frontiers.

THE NAZIS' UPHILL BATTLE: *Their Retreat Across the Western Rivers*

An amphibious car is bogged in the rising ground towards the west bank of the Dnieper. A German squad, with pick-axes and spades, scramble to hack a path for the vehicle. They're in a hurry. They're moving west. As Lenin once said, "The soldiers are voting for the end of the war with their feet."

most precious territory. On September 2 the Russians were back in Stalino, and by September 9 they could say that the entire Donetz Basin had been cleared of the enemy.

And now the Germans made their most serious miscalculation of the entire campaign. They must have recognised that the Russians were employing larger and better armed forces than those of the Wehrmacht. They had to prepare, therefore, to meet the Russian assault where they considered it to be most serious. From the subsequent disposition of the German forces, it has become clear that the German High Command considered the point of the greatest danger to be the area south-west of Kharkov, with the town and railway junction of Poltava as its focal point. Large tank formations, including the four best known S.S. Divisions, *Adolf Hitler*, *Gross Deutschland*, *Totenkopf*, and *Viking*, were sent to hold this "bolt" position so as to keep open the line of retreat from the Donetz Basin, and also face the main thrust of the Russian offensive.

The Germans Turn Tail

By the end of August it had become clear to the Russian Supreme Command that the Germans were not staying to fight, but were executing a planned retreat to the Dnieper.

The Germans were making great efforts to keep the retreat from the Donetz open, to halt the Russian attack in the direction of Bryansk and Smolensk, and so give the German retreating forces time to scorch the Russian earth a second time. This would prevent the Russians from repairing the damage in time for an early winter offensive.

At this point, the Russian Supreme Command changed its plans, and also the line of operation of the troops advancing from Orel. The great force assembled on the Kursk springboard was pushed through Sumi, along the Kursk-Kiev railway to Konotop, Bakhmach, and Nyezhin. On September 2 they captured Sumi, on the 6th Konotop, on the 9th Bakhmach and crossed the river Desna, and on the 14th Nyezhin. This was the break-through which has changed the entire aspect of the Soviet summer offensive. This is the assault which threatens the plan behind the German retreat.

Four factors decided the nature of the Soviet offensive. The Red Army Commanders had to conserve manpower. They had to beat time in the race with the autumn rains. They had to win railways for future use, and finally they had to overcome the geographical handicap provided by the curious configuration of all rivers in this part of the Soviet Union.

The German plan, once their attempt to foil the Russian offensive failed, was to fall back on a defensive "cushion" behind the Dnieper river, extending from Vitebsk to Lake Peipus and the Gulf of Finland. The Dnieper here, like every other Russian river, has a low east bank and a high west bank. The great cities, nine in number, are all on the western bank of the river.

The German plan, therefore, was to fall back for this winter on these cities, guarded by the broad moat of the Dnieper. They had fortified Smolensk, Gomel, Poltava, and the Crimea as bastions, to delay and break the force of the Russian assault when it came, and they had created defences stretching 50-100 miles to the rear of the Dnieper.

The Germans were convinced that the Russians would not reach the line of the Dnieper before the rains set in, that they would not be able to assault Gomel and Poltava while they still enjoyed the mobility of summer warfare. All this has been changed by the speed of the Red Army's progress.

What Lies Ahead in the Winter?

The Russians, on their side, are repairing the damage done by the retreating Germans, particularly to roads and railways, of which they now have more than they have ever enjoyed before. They are already transporting their winter equipment to the front, and they are preparing to give the Germans the least possible pause during the rainy weeks to recover and restore their defensive positions according to plan. In particular, there are signs that the Russians are preparing to use their specialised winter troops in the northern sector between Leningrad and Moscow as soon as the frosts come.

It has been the German plan to use not more than 50 to 60 divisions in the rearguard fighting during the retreat, to move the remaining 130 divisions back behind the Dnieper, prepare them for their winter stations, and keep a margin in reserve for use elsewhere if necessary. The first part of the plan was partly successful, although losses suffered in the battles for Orel and Poltava were heavier than the German High Command had anticipated. Now, with the Russians advancing at such high speed, the Germans will not be able to play with their reserves far behind the front.

The summer battle is virtually over. But the pace and energy of the Russian forces, numbering something like 300 divisions, will keep in their grasp the initiative they have gained.

This is the balance-sheet of a three-months' offensive, which started before Orel and which has not yet run its course. It is the story of the great offensive of the war, which has undermined all the German plans carefully prepared for the defence of the fortress of Europe; the offensive which "fixes" the Germans in the east, and which has made it impossible for them to man western and southern Europe with forces strong enough to protect their fortress against assault and invasion.

Soviet Sappers Blast Them on Their Way

Ahead of the enemy, Soviet guards are dropped to blow up the bridges—to cut the Nazi retreat.

1 *The Deer Stalkers Start Out for the Hills*
The professional stalker leads, carrying the rifle. Behind follows the ghillie. In the middle is "the gentleman" who hopes to shoot a stag.

2 *The Stalker Spots Something Moving*
From the hilltop, the stalker points ahead. Binoculars in hand, the shooter follows his finger. But there's nothing there after all.

DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS

Among the hills of Inverness-shire, our cameraman gets a unique set of pictures of the queen of Highland sports

IN the wholesale meat market, venison fetches tenpence a pound. In the Highland deer forests, which are the chief source of supply, the killing price averages about £200 a beast. The difference between the value of the deer as venison and venison on the hoof as a Highland stag is the price which people who can afford it are willing to pay to indulge in the sport of deer-stalking.

Bar none, the pursuit of the antlered stag is the most expensive sport there is. Apart from incidental expenses, which are considerable, the lease of a first class deer forest costs anything from £4,000 to £5,000 a year. The season when the stags are in condition for shooting is limited to about six weeks between the end of August and middle October. In that period, if you're lucky with the weather and shoot straight, you'll probably account for 80 to 100 beasts. Later on you can shoot hinds if you want to; but it's unlikely that you'll want to. The

Continued overleaf

3 *They Spy Out the Landscape: The Fascination of Stalking, in a Single Picture*
Alone in the blue hills of the Highlands, the stalkers search the folds and slopes with their telescopes for a sight of red deer. Not till they sight a stag can the stalk proper begin.

4 *"The Child of the Mists": A Hind*
At the foot of a corrie, the stalkers focus on a beast. But it's a hind, not a stag.

5 **A STAG IS SIGHTED:** *The Stalk Begins*

Advancing cautiously upwind, taking advantage of every scrap of cover, the stalker—rifle at the ready—leads the way to the stags.

6 *"The Approach" : When a Mistake Can Ruin Everything*

The stags are in the corrie below the rock, not more than 150 yards away. The stalker plans to put the shooter behind the rock in front.

7 *The Stalker Shows the Stag to the Shooter*

Behind the rock, the stalker shows the stag and passes the rifle. His part of the job is done. Now, it's all up to the man with the rifle.

8 *The Suspicion of the Deer is Aroused*

The stalker points out a parcel of hinds streaming up the hill. The stags are suspicious. Quickly, the shooter selects his beast.

Scottish hills in mid-winter are no place for a Sassenach; so the necessary business of thinning down the female stock is usually relegated to the Highland stalkers, who are made of sterner stuff.

But, if you're thinking of going in for deer-stalking yourself, you'll be wanting to know what you'll get for your money. It's true that you can hire a kind of place where you may get a few stags, for considerably less than the top figure. But, at its cheapest and most inferior, deer-stalking is an expensive business. The Highland landowners have to live on what you pay to hunt on their blue hills. The land—there are about 2½ million acres of so-called deer-ground in Scotland—is of little value except as sporting property. But, as sporting property, the native heath of the clansman is unique. You can't go hill-stalking in the Highland fashion anywhere else in the world. So if you want a trophy of antlers to hang over your mantelpiece, you must be prepared to dig deep into your pocket for the privilege. But, when you've written your cheque, don't kid yourself that the rest is going to be easy. Before you can count the points on the antlers, you've first got to catch your stag. And to do that, you've got to put up with all the human discomforts which most people spend money to avoid.

Your £5,000 forest—in which there won't be any trees except, maybe, a few wind-blasted saplings in the more sheltered parts—will consist of about fifty to sixty thousand acres of desolate hill country, spongy and wet in the flat parts, rocky on the slopes. There'll be a lodge for you to live in, probably damp like the hills and, like the hills, rocky in appearance. In attendance there will be a team of Highland stalkers and ghillies. (The stalkers usually go with the forest; you'll probably have to hire the ghillies.) Their job is to lead you to the stags and to do the butcher's work when you make a successful shot.

The stalkers will treat you with polite deference; but the kind of deference of an ambassador talking to the representative of a foreign power. They will welcome you to their country, but they'll make it quite clear to you that it is their country and you're not to take any liberties. Your place as the "gentleman" is to do exactly as you're told and not to ask a lot of dam-fool questions. In return, you may be given the chance of shooting a Highland deer. And no matter how much money you've spent on your forest, if you don't toe the line with the stalker—who's king in his own country—you'll get nothing at all.

When you set out on a stalk, you move under escort. The stalker walks on in front. The ghillie, usually carrying your rifle in its canvas case, follows behind. Your position is that of the ham in the sandwich. In single file (no talking) the three of you go up into the hill.

The first stage of the stalk, in technical language, is the "spy." With easy grace, the stalker leads you, stumbling and panting behind, to a piece of high ground where he can survey the surrounding hill-side through his telescope. Sitting beside him, you probably spy through your telescope, too. You see nothing. But the stalker, like an old falcon, fixes on a spot of the horizon. You look at him question-ingly. If he wants to, he may tell you what he sees. But, quite likely, he'll say nothing at all. He'll just snap his spy glass back in its case and lead you away on another silent trek over the hills.

It may easily happen that you'll go all day without sighting a single sizeable stag (the stalker won't let you shoot anything which he considers too small). You may see nothing but hinds. But there comes a time when the stalker turns to you and says "I see stags." Patiently, he helps you align your telescope until at last you can pick out some-thing brown and moving on the purple hillside far away in the distance. If you're an ass you may say "I can see deer. But how do you know there are any stags?" "Stags," says the eagle-eyed stalker in his soft Highland voice, "has horns." Humbly you get to your feet and follow.

Now the stalk proper begins. Keeping up-wind

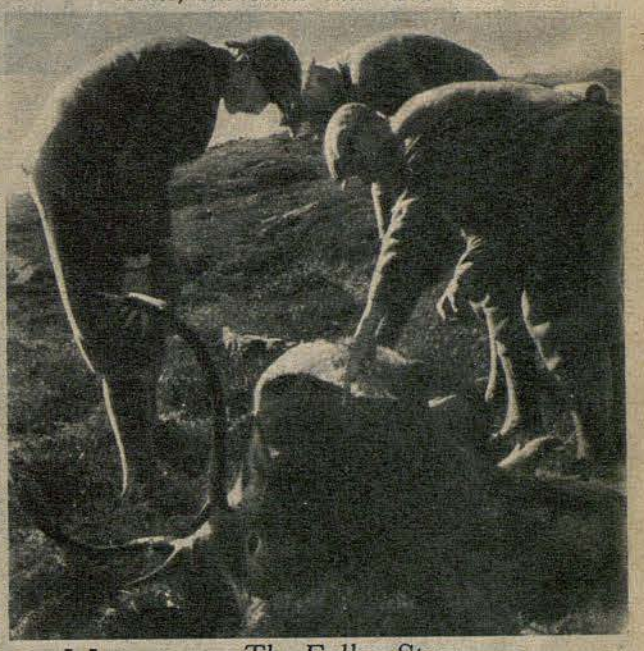
9 *The Shooter Takes Aim and Fires*
The stag starts to move off. But, with a low whistle, the stalker attracts his attention. And the bullet thumps home.

of the beasts, using the cover of every fold in the hill, creeping round rocks, peering carefully into every corrie, the stalker leads you cautiously forward. Keeping close behind, you imitate his every movement, crouch when he crouches, pause when he pauses, almost breathe in rhythm with him. Your heart pumps with wild excitement. You wade through burns, slither down ankle-spraining rocks, squat silently in marshy hollows, oblivious to cold or wet. Suddenly, when you've long ago lost all idea of your position, the stalker stops you with a warning hand. Together you crawl forward to a covering rock. And there, briefly, you are given your instructions. The stalker, as he takes the rifle out of its canvas case and slips the cartridges into the magazine, tells you there's a stag in front. He gives you the range and tells you where you're to shoot. And, at last, you are allowed to take your rifle into your own trembling hands and crawl forward to take a shot. If the stalker knows you well, he may let you make the last 80 or 100 yards approach alone. But the probability is he'll go with you. The ghillie stays behind until he hears the crack of the shot.

When you see a Highland stag for the first time lording it in solitary glory over the mists of the hills, it's an experience you won't easily forget. Some men are so overwhelmed by the sight that they can't shoot at all; the feeling is called "stag

Continued overleaf

10 *What the Stalkers Saw*
Three stags are in the picture, two large beasts, one small one. Two were shot.



11 *The Fallen Stag*
The stalker shows the shooter where the bullet went, straight through the heart.

12 *The Stalker and the Ghillie "Gralloch" the Beasts*
As soon as the beasts are shot, the stalker and ghillie bleed and disembowel the beasts (called "gralloching"). Then they manhandle them down the hillside.

fever." But there's nobody, however many stags he's shot, who doesn't feel a pang of regret when the bullet thumps in. Even as he falls the great antlers of the stag seem to be lifted in challenge. And he dies with his head raised, on his feet.

It's a rule of the forest that no shot is taken except at a safe killing range, usually between 80 and 130 yards. At that range, with a modern rifle, a humane kill is almost a certainty. Indeed, to kill a stag, providing you keep cool, requires no feat of marksmanship at all. The sport is in the stalking; getting to close quarters with one of the wiliest of beasts in the most difficult open country. The aim is to find the beast with the biggest antlers. The average antlers have six or eight "points." The ambition of every deer stalker is to shoot a "royal," a stag with twelve or more points on his antlers.

After the shot, the stalker and ghillie bleed and "gralloch" the beast, which is deer-stalking language for disembowelling. Then they pull it down the hillside with a rope attached to the head. At the nearest convenient point, a pony waits to carry the beast back to the lodge.

At the lodge, the stag is weighed, skinned and cut up. The venison goes to market. The shin bones are put aside for people to rub over their riding-boots with. The skin makes leather for polishing cloths. The only completely useless part of the beast are the antlers, and the antlers—if they're big enough—"the gentleman" carries proudly home to be displayed, traditionally, in the coconut-lined passage between the front hall and the billiards room.

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

13 *How the Stags are Brought Down from the Hill*

A rope attached to the walking staff is tied to the beast's jaw. Together, stalker, ghillie and shooter sweat and toil to drag the sixteen-stone stag over the burns, through the peat bogs, and the heather, to the lower ground.

14 *A Stag is Hoisted on to the Pony*

The pony comes up from the lodge. While the stag is heaved on his back, the stalker covers the pony's head with his coat to prevent him shying.

15 *In the Larder at the Lodge, the Head Stalker Weighs the Stags*

The stags are weighed clean; that is, with all their entrails removed except liver and heart. The weight of the two beasts in the picture was 16.9 stone and 16.1 stone, which, for Highland stags, is good.

16 *The Feat is Recorded in the Game Book*

In a hut lined with antlers, the shooter gives the details of the day's sport to the head stalker, who records the weight of the stags, who shot them, and the date.

The Wife of a Potential Murderer

She plays the second of "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." As the play begins, she finds a rose which betrays another woman in her artist husband's life, and the lights are dimmed for drama.

BERGNER AGAIN!

Still playing a persecuted little thing, Austrian-born Elisabeth Bergner draws sympathetic crowds on Broadway. She became British in 1938. Left us in 1941.

He Tries to Poison Her

She falls ill. Her husband helps her upstairs. She does not know he has tried to poison her.

She Tries to Shoot Him

She doesn't die. He takes a cord to strangle her: she defends herself with a revolver.

ELISABETH BERGNER came to England in 1932. Things were difficult for her on the Continent. A shy, appealing little waif who grimaced, whistled, played patience on her tummy and turned somersaults on her sofa, she would not be called "the Austrian Bernhardt." She was Bergner or no one. And she triumphed. In the film "As You Like It," she got bigger credits than Shakespeare. Barrie wrote "The Boy David" especially for her.

When thirty-eight, she obtained British citizenship. Austria was annexed. In 1941, "out of gratitude for her adopted country," she joined the cast of "49th Parallel." For this she was given money and permission to go with her husband to Canada. But when the unit returned to finish the film in a Britain expecting invasion, she was not with them, and her part had to be scrapped. She had developed ear trouble.

She is still in her new world. Now 43, she draws admiring crowds on Broadway to see the same frail, wistful, little creature we saw in the early thirties.

She Threatens Her Husband with Exposure

He tried to murder his first wife. Bergner has proof of this in writing. She tells him it will go to the police if she dies.

So He Poisons Himself Instead

His two wives have collaborated against him. So he drinks the poison he prepared for Bergner, and she is left deserted, pathetic, appealing at the end.

1 & 2 *Peggy Cummins starts to make the hat. First she takes the hood, (which must be a fur felt, not a wool felt), and marks a circle round the crown with tailor's chalk about six inches from the centre top. Then she cuts right round the line so that the crown and brim fall apart. The crown part will be used for both versions of the hat. The brim part, which is more difficult to handle, will be used for the second, tailored Version only.*

3 *Now she shrinks the crown with a very hot iron and a wet cloth. The "block" is a pudding basin padded as described in the article. She works over the hood until it fits the block as tight as a skin.*

JUNIOR MISS MAKES A NEW HAT

Here's a new hat to make at home. Or rather one hat with two versions—one easy to make, one requiring experience. Peggy Cummins, lively young star of "Junior Miss," shows you how to make them both.

A HOOD, a pudding basin, some millinery wire, and an odd piece of material. That's all you need to make the ruffled hat in which Peggy Cummins looks so charming on the opposite page. For the tailored version she wears on the cover, you need some ribbon and veiling instead of the material—and a bread board as well.

A first-class milliner—Rose Bertin—designed these two versions of one hat for Picture Post. She made one version—the ruffled one—really easy to make; you can achieve it even if you've never tried your hand at hat-making before. The tailored version is harder; we don't recommend it unless you've a little experience of millinery. If you have, then you can make one hood give you two hats by changing the brims from time to time.

First step—find your hood. These are scarce, but most shops get in a stock of hoods now and again. If you can't find one, you can use the crown of an old hat. If you've one of those country hats that pull right on to the head, you can cut off the crown and shrink it on to a block just as though you were using a hood. In either case, be sure you use a fur felt. A wool felt is not pliable.

Second step—take your hood and cut off the crown. Make a circle all round with tailor's chalk about six inches from the centre top. Then cut round the circle.

Now you must block your crown. If you have a milliner's block, the job is easy. If not, take a pudding basin (size 4 inches deep, 6½ inches across the mouth), turn it upside down, and pad it slightly with cotton wool so that the shape is oval instead of round; tie your cotton wool on with tape. If you like a very square crown, you can use a deep cake tin of suitable size, or a saucepan without a handle. To test the size, try it first with any other hat you have of the forward-perching type.

Now slip your crown on to the pudding basin—you'll find it's much too big for it. You must shrink it with a very hot iron and a wet cloth until it fits it tight as a skin. Don't expect it to shrink sufficiently in a few minutes. You may have to work over the crown three or four times to shrink it enough. When you are satisfied that it fits the basin tightly, leave it overnight to dry. Then take it off, and trim it down so that the depth is 2¼ inches. Now stiffen the edge by stitching millinery wire right round the inside.

To make your ruffles, you want a piece of stiff material such as moiré, taffeta or velvet. Fold it double *on the cross*, and cut two strips in double material—one 3¼ inches wide, one 2 inches wide, both 48 inches long. (You can join the material if necessary.) Run two rows of thread along the top of each strip, turn in the open edges, and draw up to 19 inches. Pin and tack them to the crown so that they lift slightly at the left side and dip at the right, try on your hat and make any adjustments before finally stitching the ruffles in place.

The second hat is more difficult because there is more blocking to do.

You use the same crown, but dent in the top slightly with an iron over a damp cloth.

Now take the brim part of the hood, and run a strong tacking thread round the edge. Then lay the brim flat, and put a bread board 11 to 12 inches in diameter on top of it. Now you must mould the

4 *This is the brim for Version 1. Having stiffened the crown with wire, she pins, tacks and stitches on two taffeta ruffles.*

5 *This is the brim for Version 2. She runs a thread round the brim, draws it up, slips the brim over a bread board.*

brim with a hot iron and a wet cloth so that it turns in over the board to form the bevelled edge. See how Peggy Cummins does it in the photographs, drawing the tacking thread gradually tighter. (If you have some drawing pins, they will help you to get the brim in place.)

When the edge is turned over all round, and shrunk to perfect flatness, leave to dry. Then turn the board over, and mould the under brim to perfect flatness in the same way, pulling all gathers right into the centre. You must work until it is quite flat for 3¾ inches from the outside edge. This allows 3¼ inches for the width of the brim and half an inch turn-up.

Next step—place the crown in position on the brim, and draw a chalk circle where it is to go. Cut round half an inch inside the circle. Turn up this half inch, and stitch crown in place.

Trim the bevelled edge so that it is half an inch wide all round, and stitch millinery wire in the fold

6 *With hot iron and wet cloth, she shrinks the brim on to the board, drawing the thread tighter and tighter. When dry and trimmed down, this gives the bevelled edge.*

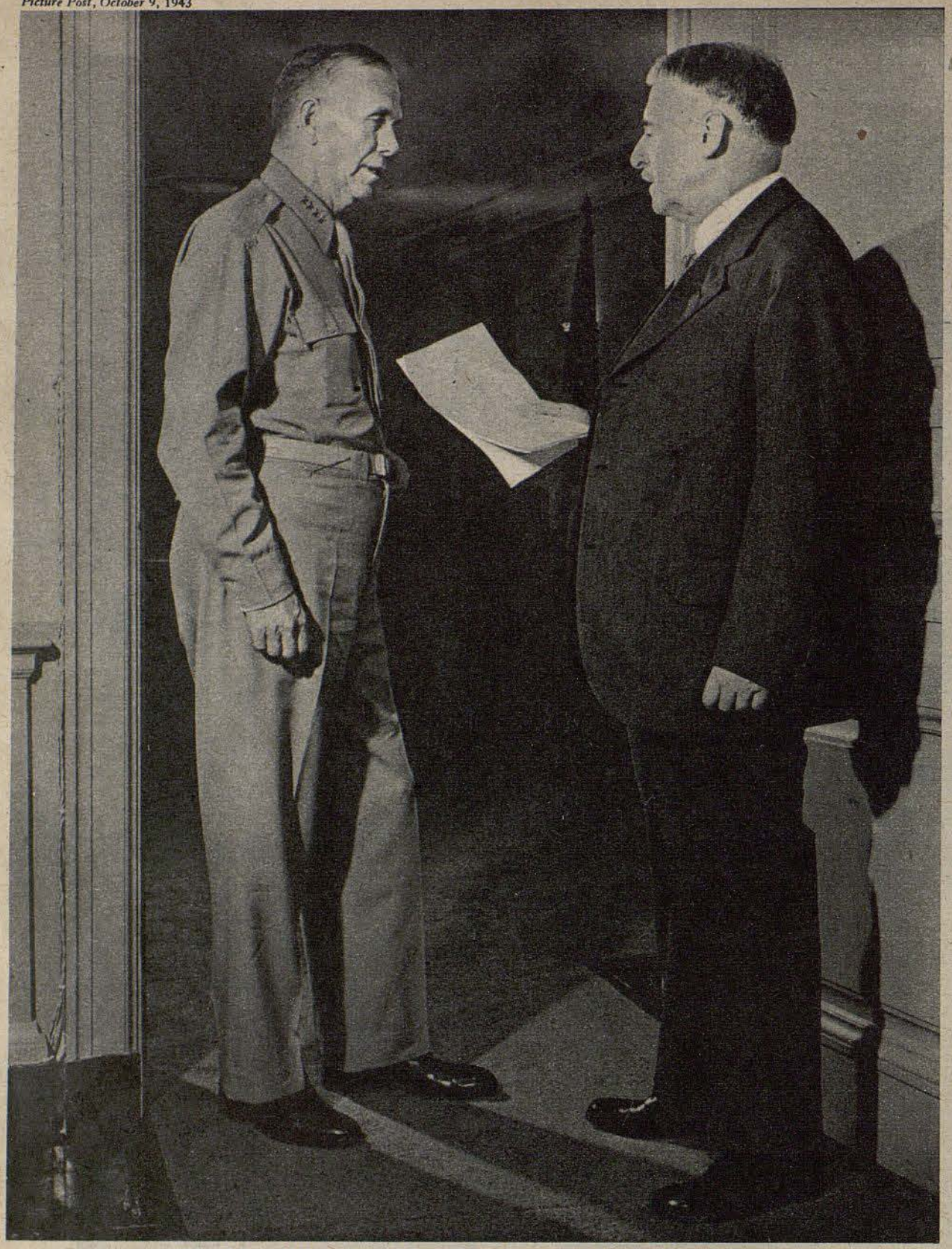
to stiffen, and to hide the wire stitch a very narrow strip of felt over it. Now mould the bevelled edge into its final upright shape with your fingers, damping it in the steam of a kettle.

And now you can choose your trimming. Rose Bertin suggests braid or ribbon round the crown and round the bevelled edge. Or a cloud of veiling, as you see it on the cover. Or perhaps a quill. Peggy Cummins is just going to try out a quill in the photograph on this page.

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES.

AND HERE ARE THE FINISHED HATS

First, the frilled hat—gay to wear, but easy to make. Second, the tailored hat—with the same crown, but a felt brim. This is harder to make : better not try it if you haven't made a hat before.



The Men Who Have Next-door Rooms: Marshall and Stimson
When he works in his Washington office, General Marshall's door is often open. The occupant of the next room sometimes talks through it. He is Henry T. Stimson, U.S. Secretary for War.

They Make an Historic Decision
Marshall and Stimson, under the President, control the war machine at the crucial moment in all America's military history.

INVASION GENERAL: AMERICA'S CHOICE

General George Marshall is designated Anglo-U.S. World Commander-in-Chief. His prime task will be to move and supply our invasion forces. He has already had exceptional experience in transferring troops to every theatre of war.

"LOGISTICS." The word is more familiar to Americans than to us. It is an un-basic English word which Mr. Churchill used when he returned from Moscow. It is an ugly word for an important subject that we are all thinking about to-day. It means, among other things, the science of moving and supplying armies. And no man is more closely concerned with global logistics than General George Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff.

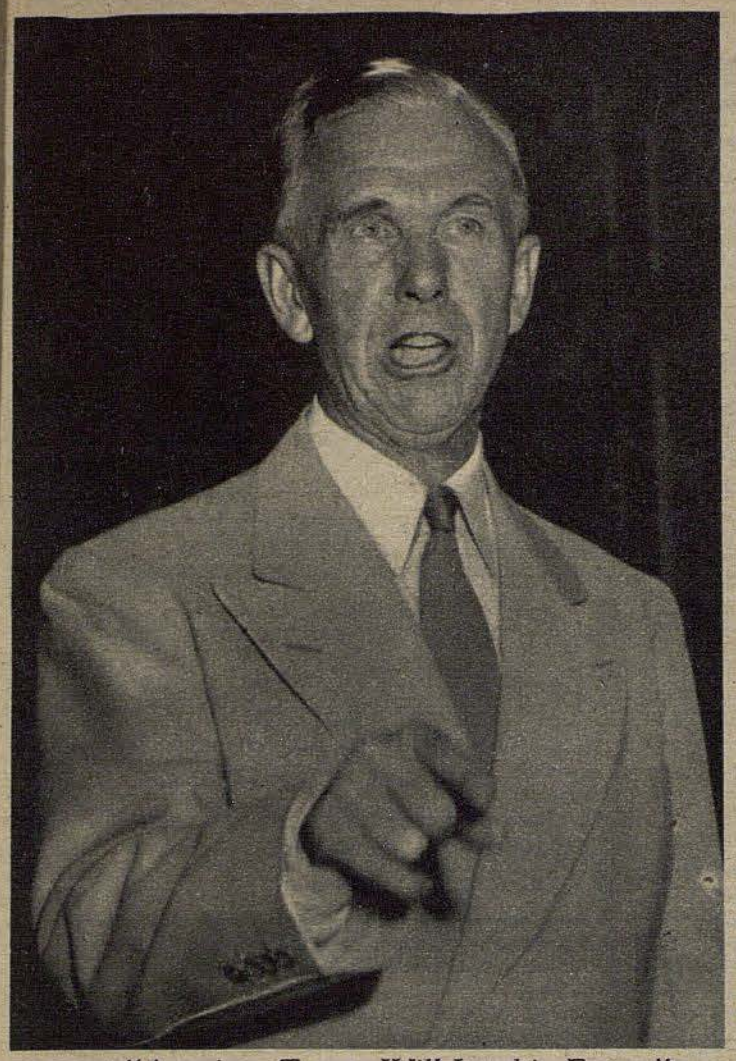
He has the job of carrying the vast Allied armies into the Second Front in the West.

During the last war he was summoned to France by General Pershing to join his staff. In less than a fortnight, the young Colonel—he was 37 at the time—organised the transfer of 820,000 men and 2,700 guns for the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Pershing, on page 285 of his memoirs has written, "The details of the movement of troops connected with this concentration were worked out and their execution conducted under the able direction of Col. George Marshall of the Operations Section of the General Staff, 1st Army."

Pershing's pat on the back to Marshall for his logistics in World War I was a strong recommendation to Roosevelt when World War II began. The day the Germans broke into Poland, the President made Marshall Chief of Staff, lifting him over the heads of thirty senior officers. He recognised that when the U.S.A. took its place in the war, its chief problems and opportunity of victory would lie in its ability to shift and equip great armies.

General Marshall is an organiser. His personal life is simple and methodical. "No one," he says, "has an original thought after 3 p.m." We may not agree with this, but General Marshall, in support of his theory, begins work at 7.30 in the morning and tries to finish, though he rarely succeeds, by 5 p.m. At his office in the Munitions Building on Constitution Avenue, Washington, his first care is to examine the reports that flow into him from the

When He Visited London
With Harry Hopkins, General Marshall came to Britain in April, 1942, to see his troops.



"American Troops Will Land in France"

When American troops first land in England, Marshall makes an historic statement on their ultimate destination.

The Men Who Carry Out His Orders—Arnold and Eisenhower

General Marshall, left, leaves a Joint War Council at the White House with General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Force, and the C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean.

Combined Chiefs of Staff. This, until now, has been our nearest approach to a global Allied Command. He is in daily contact with the Secretary for War, Henry T. Stimson; General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Force, and Lt.-General B. B. Somervell, Chief of the Service of Supply, attend a daily routine conference with him. As the American Army expands from its pre-war strength of a few hundred thousand into Marshall's projected eleven million, he keeps his finger on its pulse, knows its condition at any given moment, and is therefore able to forecast what it can do.

At Omaha, General Marshall has just said to an American Legion Conference: "We are about to begin a great offensive in which the full strength of America's Armed Forces will be hurled against the enemy in Asia and Europe."

This world-wide task, confirmed by the Quebec Conference, needs for its fulfilment a general with world experience in the moving of armies. Roosevelt's enemies—including those anti-British, pro-Fascist bodies who hide in the Republican camp—are saying that Marshall's promotion to global C.-in-C. means "kicking him upstairs." He would not, they allege, have any effective control of strategy in the coming Battle of Germany.

Those who know Marshall know that he wouldn't accept this elevation to the War Lords if there were no job for him to do when he got there.

Can any one man undertake so massive a command as that of World C.-in-C. of the Anglo-U.S. Forces, with all the dovetailing necessary to fit it into the strategy of our Russian and Chinese allies? Marshall will depend for success on the skill of his subordinates, some of whom will have at least as important duties in their own right as the C.-in-C. himself. The General who will lead our forces in the actual invasion may well be someone other than Marshall. The global C.-in-C. must be in touch with the Pacific War, as well as with the Second Front in Europe which he has so consistently favoured.

But he has always said that you can't carry the war into the enemy camp unless you carry the men and supplies. To do that, the C.-in-C. must have a masterly knowledge of the art and science of logistics.

Few people, American or British, who recognise the importance of successfully moving armies on the chess-board of war will doubt that Marshall has unequalled qualifications for his global job.

The forecast is that he will take up his headquarters in London which he has already visited once during the present war. Then, his main object was to inspect the bases for the American forces who in April, 1942, were beginning to arrive in full flood. The ease with which the U.S. troops have taken up their battle-stations in Britain is largely due to Marshall's organising work behind the scenes.

The Americans who most strongly support General Marshall in his new tasks are those who will miss him most in Washington.

The Picture That is One of His Favourites

Four years ago, before America even thought of war, Marshall was sworn in as Chief of Staff —and photographed with his wife. Since that day he has built up the U.S. global forces.

A UNITED COMMONWEALTH (1)

by EDWARD HULTON

THE speech which Mr. Curtin, the Australian Labour Prime Minister, made in August at Adelaide came as quite a surprise to the public in the United Kingdom. It advocated a new council, certainly for purposes of constant consultation, and perhaps possessing executive powers, for the whole British Commonwealth.

As Mr. Lionel Curtis, the great authority on the Empire, has written recently in *The Times*, the public here has not been adequately prepared for a closer union of the Commonwealth. Mr. Curtis also stated that the press had failed in its duty; had believed thoughts of union to be "dangerous thoughts" which might offend the Dominions, and might even upset the United States and other countries, and had accordingly suppressed them, with results which might well be disastrous.

Elaborating the speech which he had made at Adelaide, Mr. Curtin said that it would be easy to devise machinery for what was an inevitable post-war development. The Commonwealth had collaborated during the war; surely it could do so for peace. He envisaged a council with a structure similar to that of the present Pacific War Council. The Dominion representatives would be the High Commissioners, who could be replaced at appropriate intervals by Ministers of the Dominion Governments. This Empire council would be a permanent body, meeting regularly; and bearing in mind everything that was inherent in Dominion status, he thought that the meetings should occasionally be held at Ottawa, Canberra, Pretoria and Wellington, as well as in London. The council should be equipped with an expert secretariat. "The place which Australia will occupy in the Pacific after the war can never be the same as it was up till 1939. Therefore she must have the advantage of a concerted Empire policy, if she is to be a power to stand for democracy in the Southern Pacific. Similarly, Britain's power as a force for peace in the future will be strengthened in the world, if a firm voice against potential aggressors comes from the Empire, and not merely from London." Mr. Curtin added, "The economic war in the post-war years will be fierce and complex. Australia cannot allow her economic position to be unknown, or misunderstood, with the Pacific studded by bases occupied by half a dozen nations shut out behind tariff walls. All these phases of Empire government after the war call for constant association between the best minds of Britain and the Dominions. Anything less is fraught with dangers, in terms both of decisive security and of economy, too apparent to be ignored."

About the time that this speech was delivered, Mr. Amery, a former Secretary for the Dominions, and a man most learned in Empire lore, was glorying in the existing Commonwealth system. He set his face against a federal system, largely on the ground that nationalism was increasing everywhere. He relied for closer co-operation on improved communications. [But there was a good telephone and air service to Berlin !] Major Attlee, the recent Dominions Secretary, admitted that the Commonwealth system was "not static." "As time went on we *might* find that more elaborate machinery was needed. The tremendous advances in air travel *might* lead to developments in co-operation, *which we could not now forsee*. What a great advantage it was to have visits from Dominion statesmen !" What feebleness !

Mr. Lionel Curtis has pointed out the marked contrast between the views of Mr. Curtin and those of Mr. Amery and Major Attlee, "according to both of which things are to remain as they were before the war, in the best of all possible Commonwealths. Mr. Amery repeated the well-worn argument how the Dominions rallied to the common defence in 1914 and 1939. He studiously avoids the real point I have made, that the final purpose of the Commonwealth is not to win world wars, but to prevent their breaking out." Mr. Curtis later commented on a letter to *The Times* by Mr. Robert Cary, M.P., who had written, "The influence of the Dominions might have prevented even such modest preparations as this country began to make in the years preceding the war." His comment was that if the Dominions had a lower sense of responsibility for Commonwealth defence than the United Kingdom, the answer could be seen in Sir Edward Griggs recent book, quoting the Imperial Conferences in 1923 and 1926, as laying it down that "the primary responsibility of each portion of the Empire is for its own local defence." The responsibility of defending the Empire as a whole was reserved to the United Kingdom. All citizens of the Commonwealth, he believed, ought to have equal political *and financial* responsibility. Ever since the Boer war Mr. Curtis has been urging a complete federation of the British Commonwealth, with an Imperial Parliament. On the other hand, in two letters to *The Times*, Mr. Leonard Behrens feared that a closer union might cut across the desirable closer union of the United Nations; and that the creation of an organic bond would jeopardise the right of the Dominions to be regarded as independent sovereign states.

A complete federation of the Commonwealth is probably not practical politics at the present time. On the one hand, it is true that what is required is not legalistic or elaborate machinery, but the effective will to act in concert. On the other hand, it is very hard to believe that the present machinery is adequate, if it can be said to exist at all in time of peace ! Such "machinery" in time of peace is confined to the Crown, and the Imperial War Graves Commission ! An "Imperial Conference" does meet, at intervals of years; but between meetings it does not possess the services of a single typist.

Mr. Curtin's proposals seem essential. And a properly co-ordinated Commonwealth would be a more effective democratic force to work in concert with the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. In comparison with Mr. Curtin's, the views of Mr. Amery and of Major Attlee do not look enterprising. Closer union within the Commonwealth would greatly facilitate "Beveridgism" and all the tasks of peace. Without closer union there may very well be another war. Truly has it been remarked, "Without vision the people perish."

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