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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE DECEMBER 10, 1943



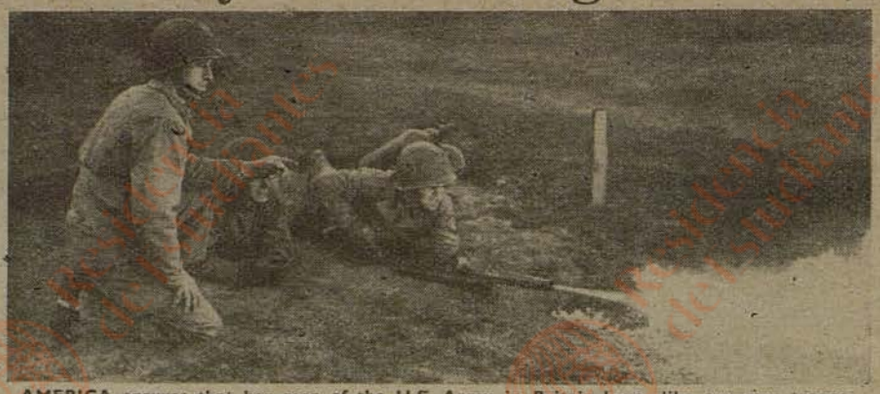
JOSEPH VISSARIONOVITCH STALIN, undisputed leader of the Russian people since 1927, whose inspired generalship has resulted in unprecedented Soviet successes following the launching of a counter-offensive against the Germans on July 13, 1943. He is depicted here by the Russian artist Karpov wearing the uniform of Marshal of the Soviet Union, to which rank he was appointed on March 7, 1943, by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. His decorations include the gold medal of a Hero of Socialist Labour and the Order of Lenin.

NO. 170 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24

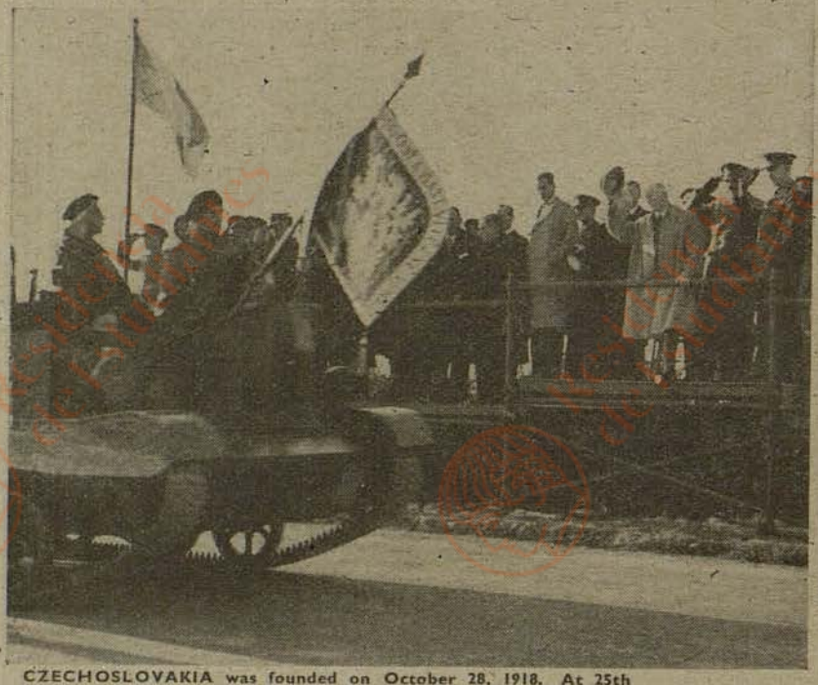
Allies' Activities Seen by Our Roving Camera



NORWAY has given many splendid men to the Allied cause, most of them as seafarers. This 2nd Officer of an oil tanker is using an Aldis lamp to signal to other ships in his convoy.



AMERICA ensures that her men of the U.S. Army in Britain have, like our own troops, realistic training before they engage in actual combat with the enemy. Invasion rehearsals in which live ammunition is used are intensively carried out, and here a flame-thrower team is going through its paces at a recently established Assault Training Centre.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA was founded on October 28, 1918. At 25th anniversary celebrations in Britain, President Benes took the salute at a parade of Czechoslovak troops; the leader of the Bren-carriers dips his standard on passing the saluting base.



NETHERLANDS airmen have mustered from homeland and colonies a Mitchell-squadron which goes on operational flights with the R.A.F. One of the planes (above) is named "Margriet," after the youngest daughter of Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard.



BELGIUM is represented in this parade of minesweeper crews by the officer shaking hands with H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who recently inspected them at an East Coast base. It was announced on Nov. 15, 1943, that the Duke had been appointed Governor-General of Australia, as from July 1944.



POLAND has for her national emblem a defiant, white eagle. It is featured on this ensign, fluttering bravely in the breeze, as men of the Polish Navy (consisting of 12 ships and personnel of 2,600) take their turn at patrolling the Channel in quest of the common enemy of the Allied Nations.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone, Planet News, Central Press

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

When the map shows the enemy occupying a pronounced salient defensively, it is obvious to the least expert eye that a blow delivered at the base of the salient would threaten to cut his communications and line of retreat. There is, therefore, a prima facie opportunity of isolating the force in the salient with the possibility of annihilating it completely, and I have seen it suggested that the Russians have lost several such opportunities. Actually the situation is far from being as simple and straightforward as the map suggests.

It must be remembered that the enemy does not present an immobile and impotent target, but is capable of evasion and of delivering counter-blows, for both of which the mechanization of modern armies gives great facilities. Failure to exploit the possibilities of the situation to the utmost cannot therefore fairly be termed a lost opportunity. That reproach would only be justified if no attempt had been made to take advantage of the situation, or if an attempt had been made ineptly.

There are many factors which may prevent the best planned attempts being brought to fruition, and they are well illustrated by the numerous occasions on which the Russians have failed during the last year to accomplish all that was perhaps too sanguinely expected, or to repeat the complete success they achieved at Stalingrad. The enemy may, if he acts promptly and moves quickly, evade the blow by retreat covered by flank defences. Falling back on organized lines of communication and depots, he has fewer supply difficulties than the attacking force.

Encircling Moves Made With Great Power and Speed

Retreat, of course, involves the abandonment of territory and probably the loss of much material, but if there is room to retreat and no dangerous defiles have to be passed even a beaten army has an excellent chance of escaping complete disaster. The failure of the Russians to intercept the retreating Germans from the Caucasus, though a strong attempt was made, provides an example.

When, on the other hand, the enemy delays or refuses to give ground the difficulties of rounding him up are of another order. They depend on the strength and fighting power of the force that is within the salient, and still more on the strength and mobility of reserves behind its base. The length and quality of the respective communications of the defending and attacking armies are also of vital importance. The success of the manoeuvre that isolated the 6th Army at Stalingrad was largely due to its being initiated from nearby well-established bases. This not only facilitated surprise, but enabled the encircling moves to be made with great power and speed. Furthermore, the Germans had no reserve forces immediately available to strike at the outer flanks of the Russians, and had only limited railway facilities for their movement.

When a counter-attacking force was eventually concentrated it was too weak and met with heavy defeat. In its retreat, however, it protected the flank of the army retiring from the Caucasus, and though it could not stop the Russians' vigorous attempts at interception it was able to delay them. It cannot be said that the Russians lost an opportunity of exploiting to the full their great initial success, but rather that the Germans, by capable leadership and rapid decisions and movements, were able to extricate themselves from a dangerous predicament in the Caucasus. Later in the winter campaign, when they stood to defend the Donbas and the Russian drive farther north was threatening Kharkov, the Germans were again in a dangerous salient.

The Russians made a most daring attempt to take advantage of the situation and to cut the German line of retreat, but the ever lengthening lines of their communications and lack of railway transport were a heavy handicap, made all the heavier by the fact that the enemy had an invaluable network of railways at his service. The encircling drive that the Russians attempted under the circumstances could not be made in great force and was bound to have supply difficulties. Obviously, too, it would be exposed to counter-attack. Moreover, the Germans had had time to bring up reserve divisions from the west, which gave them a compact striking force.

In spite of these unfavourable factors it seemed for a time that the attempt might succeed through its sheer daring. Then, however, an abnormally early thaw not merely brought the Russian mechanized drive to a standstill, but placed it in a dangerous situation. It was the turn of the Germans to seize the opportunity which possession of good railway communications and fresh reserves gave them. The Russians were driven back suffering a severe reverse, though they escaped complete disaster. Here again it is unjust to talk of the Russians losing an opportunity, which under unforeseeable circumstances in fact never really existed, in spite of the evidence of maps.



VICTOR OF KIEV, General Vatutin, commander of the Red Army on the First Ukrainian Front, is in the foreground of this group of officers at an observation post not far from the city, which was liberated on Nov. 6, 1943. Speed of Vatutin's army has earned him the nickname "Lightning Vatutin." *Photo, Pictorial Press*

A very similar situation occurred when after the failure of the German Kursk offensive the Russians broke through at Byelgorod and recaptured Kharkov. The maps showed that the Germans in the Donbas were again in danger of encirclement. But they still had the advantage of better communications. The Russians again attempted to exploit the opening, and again the Germans counter-attacked; but this time, without the assistance of the weather and without a fresh and compact striking force, they had only temporary success, and in the end only succeeded in establishing a defensive flank to cover their retreat to the Dnieper. That sufficed to allow them to extricate themselves from a difficult situation.

When the Germans rallied behind the Dnieper and the Melitopol lines the map suggested that the Russians had two opportunities of effecting encirclement. By breaking through the Melitopol position there was a chance of cutting off the force holding it from retreat across the unbridged lower Dnieper, and also of isolating the force in the Crimea. That opportunity had in fact to be created by a successful penetration of the Melitopol position. That it was created and fully exploited was a great achievement.

The other opportunity suggested by the map was the possible encirclement of the German forces within the great bend of the Dnieper. But obviously here the difficulty of making the opening from which opportunity would arise was immense. A wide, strongly defended river had first to be crossed and room secured to admit the deployment of an adequate encircling force. Moreover, even if the initial difficulties could be overcome, the difficulty of bringing up supplies and reinforcements through the bottleneck formed by temporary bridges remained. These difficulties seemed insuperable, especially as they would be increased by the enemy's air action.

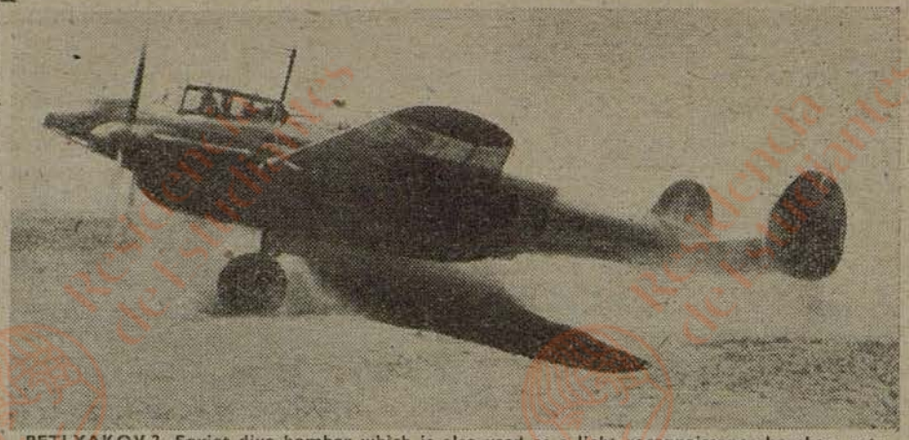
Nevertheless, the Russians, undaunted, made the attempt, and, by their supremely daring Kremenchug thrust, again made an opening. Delivered on a narrow front and penetrating deeply and rapidly, the thrust obviously invited counter-attack by an enemy served by an adequate railway system in full working order. As the military correspondent of The Times remarked, the Russians had stuck out their neck and it seemed hardly possible that they could bring up their hands to protect it. In fact, for a time von Mannstein's counter-attacks placed them in a critical position, and though they stood their ground at Krivoi Rog it was probably only the Kiev breakthrough that prevented von Mannstein renewing his counter-attacks in greater strength.

What I have tried to show is that in war apparent opportunities are often little more than openings which a good player will always try to exploit, sometimes at considerable risk, and will always be ready to seize. As at football, however, an opening does not always lead to a try or a goal, and in the majority of cases a good opponent can save the situation. Spectators may be disappointed when no definite result is achieved, and are apt to be more critical of the players who fail to score than of those who may have missed openings by being caught flat-footed. Spectators who have been players are probably less critical, unless the attack has been lacking in determination or adroitness. They are satisfied with the improvement effected if it opens the way for renewed attacks. What has been attempted often deserves applause more than the actual results achieved, and it is the determination of the Russians to miss no opening, and willingness to accept risks, that I think we should specially appreciate at their full worth. (Consult map in page 421.)

Russia Triumphant in Assault and Defence



WOMEN SNIPERS of the Red Army are R. Shrypnikova (right) and O. Bykova, seen here returning from an assignment. Women fight side by side with men on the Russian front.



PETLYAKOV-2, Soviet dive bomber which is also used as a light reconnaissance bomber, gets under way south-west of Voroshilovgrad, in the Donbas. Russian air supremacy over the Luftwaffe has played a mighty part in recent successes, and the contribution of the PE-2 is substantial. It has a maximum speed of some 300 m.p.h. and can carry a bomb load of 1,300 lb. Russians regard it as their equivalent of the British Mosquito.



WOODEN RAILS had to be laid by the enemy in some parts of the Eastern Front to overcome difficulties created by soggy ground. Terrain of this type is the country lying between Gomel-Chernigov and the 1938 Polish-Russian frontier. This German fatigue party is laboriously carrying supplies to the front line along one of these wooden tracks.



VANDALISM IN KIEV, which was such a grim feature of the German retreat from the town, is symbolized by the ruins of Pechersk Abbey, one of the lovely cathedral churches of Russia's city of shrines destroyed by the enemy. The Abbey was in the monastery district of the city and was among the first to be founded in Russia.



ACROSS THE KERCH STRAITS, narrow stretch of water separating the Kuban from the Crimea, stream German troops and equipment by way of a ferry which is reputed to have made 2,000 trips during the enemy's retreat from their last footholds in the Caucasus. On October 9, 1943, the Russians announced that the Kuban had been cleared. In the final battle on the Taman Peninsula 20,000 Germans were killed and 3,000 taken prisoner. Thus the way was opened for a frontal assault on the Crimea from the east.

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official, Planet News, Associated Press

Panorama of Victories on the Eastern Front



MILESTONES IN THE WAR on the Eastern Front are plotted on this map. It was in June 1941 that the German High Command launched its blitzkrieg against the Soviet Union. Its aim was the destruction of the Red Army and the harnessing to the German war machine of the coal and iron of the Donbas, the wheat of the Ukraine, the oil of the Caucasus and the whole of Russia's diversified industry. By December Leningrad was surrounded, Moscow besieged and the Ukraine and Donbas invaded. A year later the enemy had broken through to Stalingrad and attained the foothills of the Caucasus. In January 1943 the Russians hit back, and in one magnificent year's campaigns they have retaken Stalingrad, cleared the Caucasus, the Soviet Ukraine and the Donbas, invested the Crimea, raised the siege of Leningrad and swept the enemy back along the whole length of the 2,000-mile front. By November 22, 1943, the foremost Soviet spearhead, thrusting from Korosten at the very heart of the enemy along the highway to Warsaw and Berlin, was within 50 miles of the old Polish frontier.

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

OFFICIAL excuses for the loss of Cos and Leros bear too close a resemblance to German explanations of retreats in Russia to be entirely convincing. It may be true that German losses in retaking these Dodecanese islands exceeded our own, but this does not alter the fact that the victory was an enemy one. Unquestionably the initial error was to trust the Italians in Rhodes to hold that island for the Allies, a task they proved incapable of carrying out when attacked by an inferior force of German troops. As soon as it was clear that Rhodes was firmly in enemy hands, any attempt to hold Cos, Leros and Samos was an obvious gamble. To set off the German advantage of a first-class military and air base in Rhodes, it was attempted to hold the small airfield on Cos, which could take but a limited number of planes. Once the enemy had overwhelmed Cos the end was in sight, and it would have been wiser to have evacuated Leros before incurring further losses in its defence.

Only one thing could have justified continuance of the attempt to hold either island or both. That would have been the certainty that Turkey would immediately enter the war on the side of the Allies, giving them the benefit of bases from which the whole of the Dodecanese and the other enemy-held islands of the Aegean could speedily have been reduced. Without Turkish bases the Allies had to make the most of Cyprus, 250 miles to the eastward of Rhodes—a distance beyond the effective range of fighter aircraft.

Though it differs in degree from the attempt to hold Crete in the face of enemy air superiority, this gallant adventure resembles it in certain other respects. Of such an enterprise it might be said, as of the charge of the Six Hundred and other operations undertaken with totally inadequate forces, "It was magnificent, but it was not war."

NATURALLY the Germans have made the utmost capital out of this small success in their ocean of troubles. Their claim to have sunk nine destroyers is obviously a gross exaggeration, but it is hardly to be expected that we sustained no naval losses in such a hazardous undertaking. Ships such as H.M.S. Echo, which right up to the last contrived to creep into a tiny bay to pick up those it had been decided to evacuate, at the same time intercepting and sinking a number of German landing craft, once more proved that the Navy never hesitates to attempt the impossible when circumstances demand it.

With the collapse of the submarine campaign against shipping, the Germans are casting about in every direction for some other means of striking at Allied sea communications. Though nothing has been heard lately of raiders disguised as merchantmen operating against commerce, it would not be surprising if the enemy were to resuscitate this method of attack upon trade; indeed, absence of news on the subject is no guarantee that it has even been suspended.

DURING 1941 quite a number of enemy raiders of this character were at sea, judging from the cases of interception that were reported. In May of that year two were accounted for in the Indian Ocean—the Coburg by H.M.S. Leander and H.M.A.S. Canberra, and the Pinguin by H.M.S. Cornwall. In November there was the remarkable duel between a heavily armed raider, the Kormoran, and H.M.A.S. Sydney, in which both ships were destroyed. Exactly what happened has never been explained, as there were no survivors from the Sydney, but it has been suggested that she closed the range with the object of finishing off the German ship before darkness fell, and was torpedoed by her adversary. In the same month H.M.S. Devonshire sank the raider Atlantis in the South Atlantic; and in December H.M.S. Dorsetshire disposed of another in the same area. An Italian raider, the Ramb I, was sunk by H.M.S. Leander in the Indian Ocean in March 1941.

CLASHES Between Light Forces in Channel Islands Area

There has been no official reference to enemy surface raiders for a long time past, though in January last a report appeared in the Press of one having been scuttled to avoid capture by ships of the U.S. Navy in the South Atlantic. It is possible that recent clashes between light forces in the Channel may have been caused by enemy endeavours to screen the movements of raiders in passage. Brest and Cherbourg are geographically well situated as bases for such vessels; and it is noteworthy that there have been several encounters lately between light forces in the vicinity of the Channel Islands, lying between those ports.

Though they may be utilized as material for exaggerated stories of commerce destruction, produced for the benefit of the credulous German public, it is manifestly impossible for raiders of this type to accomplish any serious damage. But in the last war, when we were not so well equipped as today for dealing with these pests, several more or less successful cruises were made by the German raiders Möwe, Wolf and Seeadler, the last-named a sailing vessel fitted with an auxiliary motor. Typical of these was the first sortie made by the Möwe, a former fruit carrier, at the end of 1915. She returned to Germany early in the following March, having captured or destroyed 15 vessels. Others were lost through striking mines laid by raiders, the most notable instance of this being the battleship King Edward VII in January 1916.

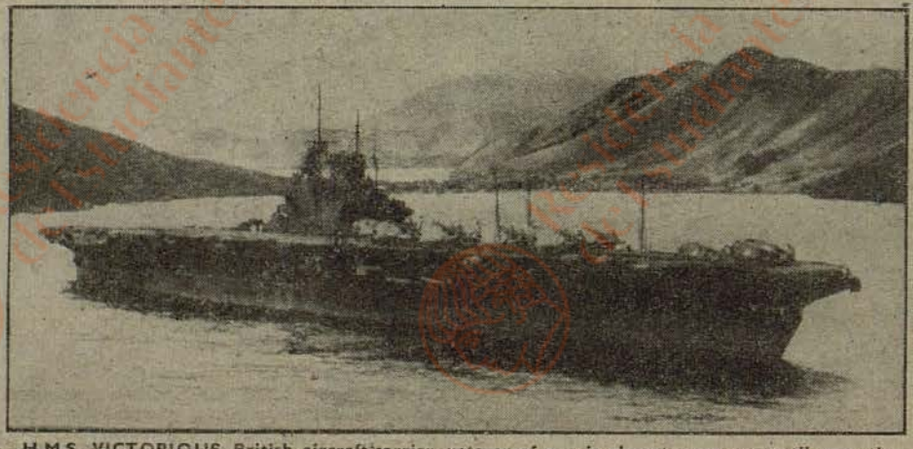


FATHER AND SON who serve aboard the same ship, Kharkov, in the Soviet Black Sea Fleet—Maxim Petrovitch and Ivan Shehербina. Both have been twice decorated for gallantry. *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

All three of the foregoing raiders were merely ordinary merchantmen, with nothing distinctive in their appearance. Of different type were the Norddeutscher Lloyd liners Kronprinz Wilhelm and Prinz Eitel Friedrich. With easily recognizable characteristics, added to the former's high speed of 23 knots, these two ships really came into the category of armed merchant cruisers. Though they did a fair amount of damage to unescorted shipping in 1914-15, fuel shortage and the impossibility of effecting permanent repairs at sea led both to internment in an American port in April of the latter year.

All such raiders suffer from certain inherent disabilities. It is impossible for the raider to attack any ships except those that sail unescorted. For a convoy to be molested would ensure engagement by the escorting warships, a conflict which could have but one termination. To keep at sea for any length of time fuel supplies have to be renewed; and since it would be suicidal to advertise the raider's movements by entering a bunkering port, the fuel must be obtained from a prize. This is not so easy when practically all Allied merchant vessels are armed and likely to fight if attacked. Moreover, fuelling at sea is a difficult and dangerous practice, through which more than one raider sustained damage during the last war.

ADMIRAL KOICHI SHIOZAWA, whose death is reported from Tokyo, was Japanese Naval Attaché in London about 16 years ago. In January 1932 he was in command of the Japanese squadron which shelled the forts at Shanghai while aircraft dropped bombs on the city. When Admiral Sir Howard Kelly, the British C.-in-C. on the China Station, arrived in H.M.S. Kent, Rear-Admiral Shiozawa made the customary official call upon him, only to be told: "If Japanese aircraft do not stop flying across my flagship, I shall be obliged to open fire upon them." Paying a hasty farewell, Shiozawa at once issued the necessary order, and as a result was superseded.



H.M.S. VICTORIOUS, British aircraft carrier, veteran of war in almost every sea, until recently has been operating with the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Here she is seen at anchor in a South Pacific harbour, her decks lined with U.S. Navy fighters and torpedo bombers. These machines were manned by American airmen, while the Victorious's own flying crews were based on an American carrier—a fine example of Allied cooperation. *Photo, Keystone*

Honoured Fearnoughts of the Submarine Service





MEN OF THE UMBRA recently awarded the D.S.M. are Ldg. Telegraphist P. J. Murray (above) and P/Os Tom Jennings and R. S. Pert, 1st and 4th in the group (right). In centre of group are Ldg. Signaller J. Smith, of the Truant (left), and Chief P/O S. Kay, of the Turbulent, also awarded the D.S.M.





HEROES OF H.M. SUBMARINE UNBROKEN are Lieut. A. Mars, D.S.O. (above), awarded the D.S.C., and Ldg. Telegraphist G. Cryer (below), D.S.M.

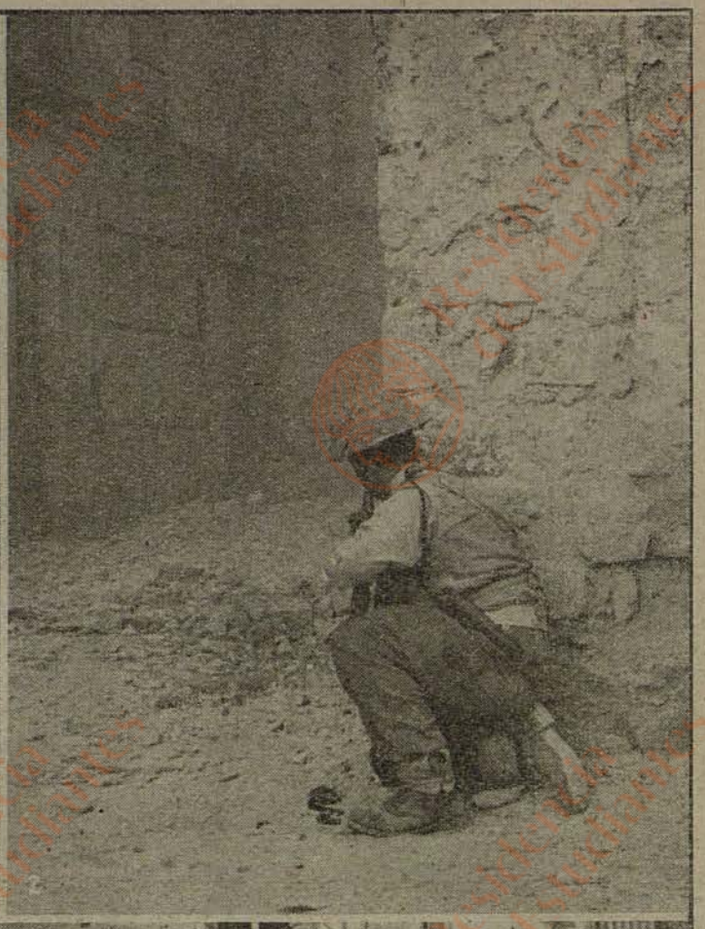


WITH THEIR JOLLY ROGER bearing insignia denoting various "kills" are Lieut. J. G. Y. Roxborough, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Commanding Officer, and his crew of H.M. submarine United, just back to a home port after service in the Mediterranean, during which the United sank 16,000 tons of enemy shipping. Bars on her flag denote ships sunk; daggers are for "special operations"; and an egg-timer recalls an occasion when the United had to lie submerged for 36 hours, whilst being hunted by enemy destroyers.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press, Planet News, G.P.U.

Street by Street We Go Forward in Nazi Italy







HARD STREET-FIGHTING lies behind recent Allied communiqués announcing the capture of villages and towns in Italy. It is heavy going all the way for both the 5th and 8th Armies, fighting as they are now in mountainous country where the enemy can hold out with the minimum of men, and delayed at almost every step by systematic demolition and road mining. In Campochiaro — between Isernia and Campobasso — these Canadians (1) had a score to settle with a nest of German snipers entrenched in a house. An accurately placed Mills grenade did the trick. Sparanise, a small village some 8 miles north-west of Capua, was for several days the scene of skirmishes between 5th Army patrols and the enemy, before British troops finally captured it on October 23, 1943; here one of our men (2) is engaged in "mopping up"—note use of rifle from left shoulder. Teano, on the road to Sessa Aurunca, important West Italian road junction, was taken on Nov. 1. Forward units enter the town (3) in street-fighting formation.

Arrival of big Canadian reinforcements was followed by the announcement of the capture of Castel di Sangro on November 23.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; New York Times

Multi-Purpose Reindeer in Red Army Service

RUSSIA'S FAR NORTH, from the Kola Peninsula to Kamchatka, land of the Lapps, Samoyeds, Yakuts and other hardy peoples, is also the land of the reindeer. On this animal the possibility of human life in these regions very largely depends; and this war has given even more importance to reindeer in the Kola Peninsula. Troops, ammunition, and other supplies are being transported to the fighting zone by reindeer sleigh convoys. Moreover, the venison is a welcome addition to Northern Russia's wartime larder, while the hides are especially useful in the making of airmen's uniforms.

Saamis, as the reindeer owners are called, bid farewell to their families (1) on leaving for active service. The reindeer teams keep to tracks (2) alongside smoothly-rolled motor roads through the snow; ambulance work (3) and dispatch carrying (4) are included in their activities. Under the Soviet regime the perfecting of stock and training of the reindeer has been encouraged, foresight rewarded by the contribution this hardy animal is making to the Red Army's achievements.

Photos, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

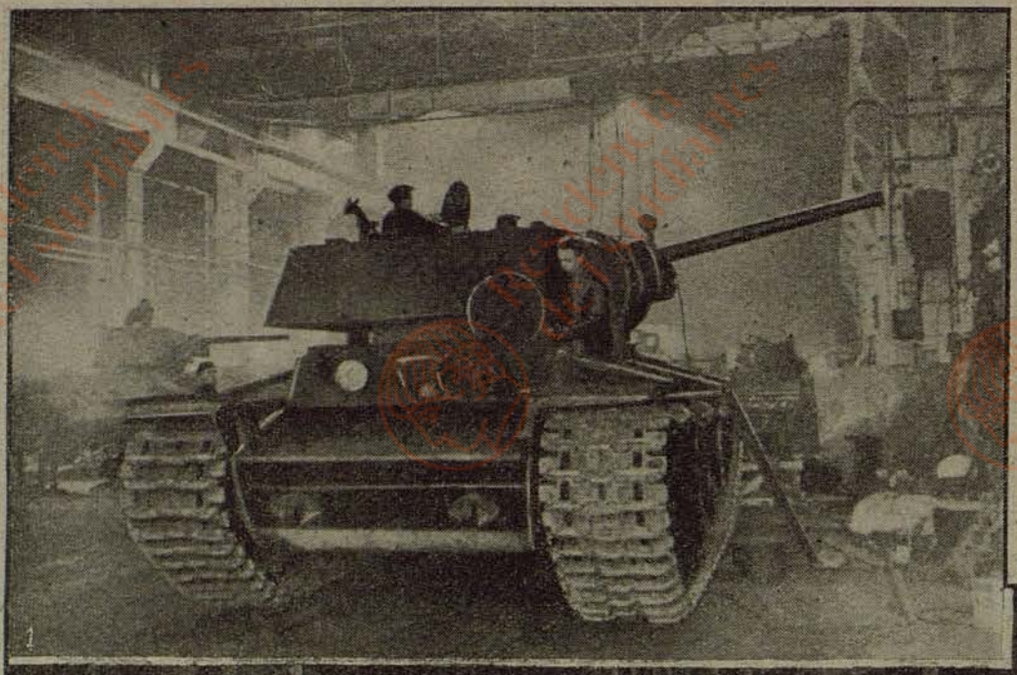








Young and Old Forge Russia's Mighty Armour



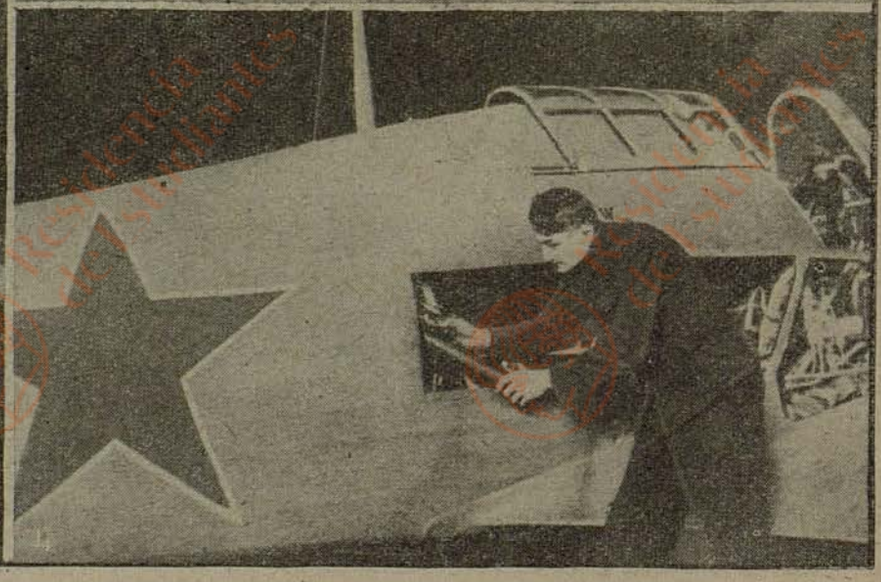
SOVIET INDUSTRY has made a tremendous contribution to the great successes on the Eastern Front. The Soviet people, declared Marshal Stalin on November 6, 1943, working in difficult conditions, succeeded so well in supplying the Red Army that the enemy's superiority in tanks, aeroplanes, mortars and tommy-guns had been liquidated.

Feature of Russian industrialism is allotment of responsibility on ability alone. Children from the age of 14 upwards work side by side with older folk. 18-year-old Nikolai Yerofeyev (4) is a foreman in an aircraft factory; 17-year-old Nina Monakhova (3) left her typewriter to make mortars: under the Stakhanovite record-breaking system she can rise to almost any position. A damaged tank (1) did not require to bear the honoured name of Suvarov to get the most careful attention from young repair-workers. "All-in effort" includes public and private savings-for-victory schemes: here (2) delegates of a factory hand over to crews a number of tanks they had saved to pay for.

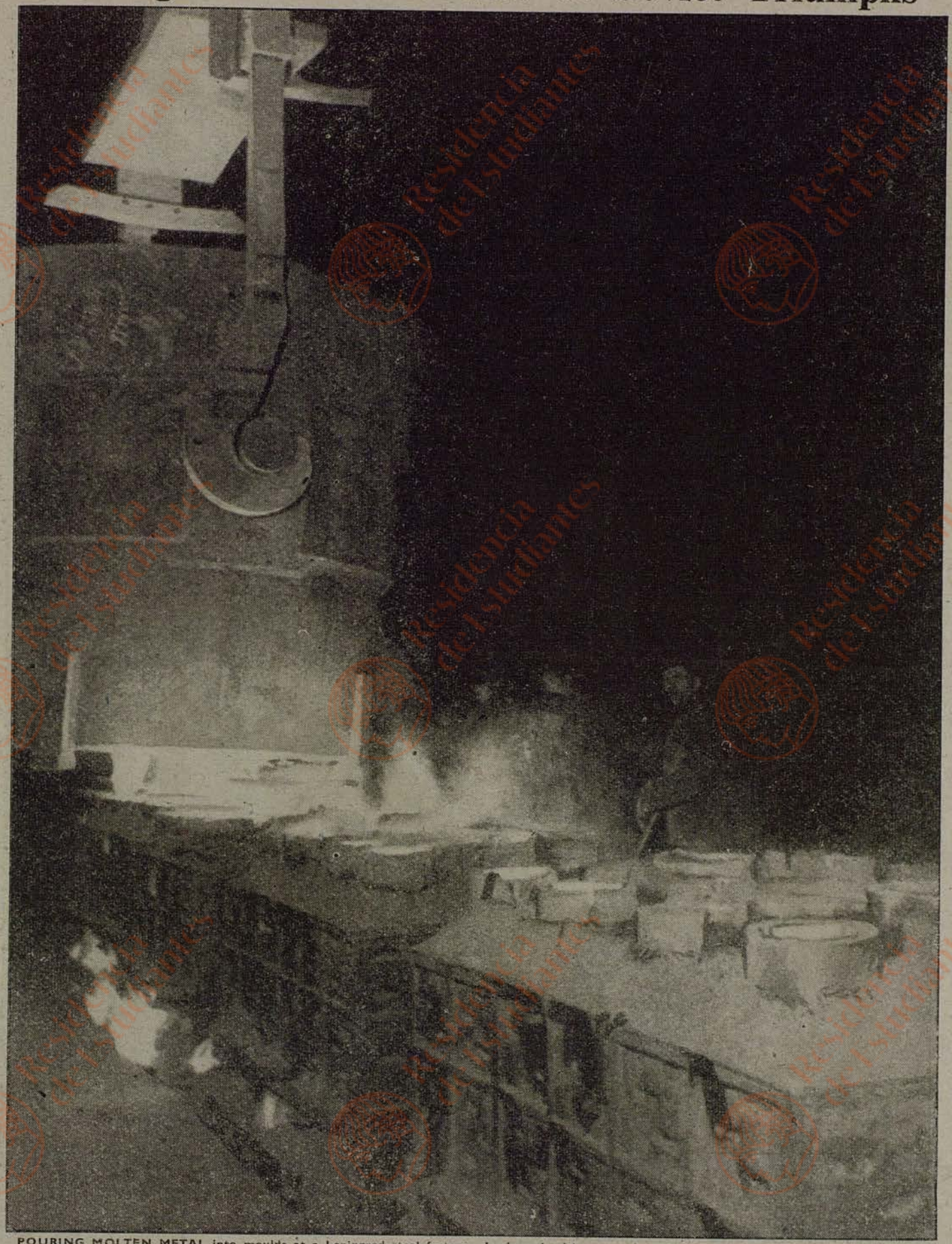
Photos, Pictorial Press







Leningrad Steel a Source of Soviet Triumphs

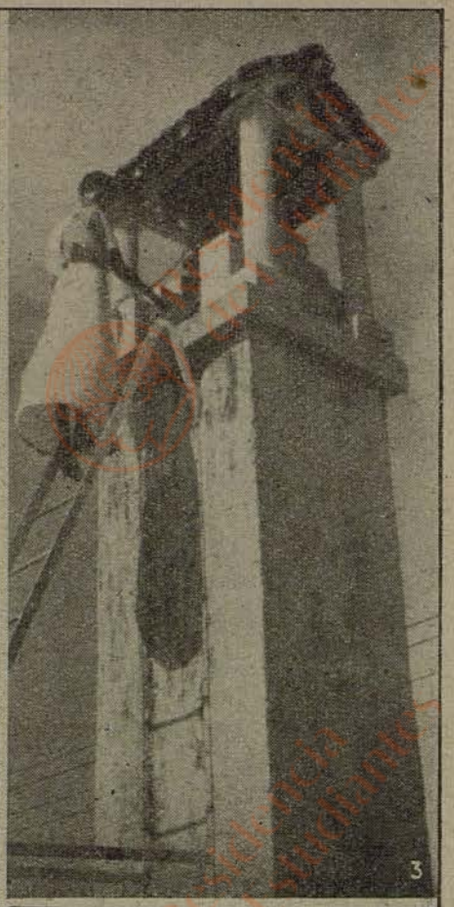


POURING MOLTEN METAL into moulds at a Leningrad steel factory. Leningrad, with a normal population of 3,200,000, is an electrical engineering and machine-tool centre. Its shipbuilding includes steamers, ice-breakers and timber vessels. At the outbreak of this war it ranked second only to Moscow in the production of electric power. Strategic withdrawal of Russian centres of production to the Urals, Siberia and Central Asia has diminished Leningrad's industrial importance, but it is still the chief Baltic outlet of the U.S.S.R. and is connected with the White Sea by the Stalin Canal. See also p. 564, Vol. 6 : pp. 394, 395, Vol. 7.

Photo, Pictorial Press

Ceylon is Well Prepared for Japanese Raids













PIVOT OF S.E. ASIA COMMAND, to which Lord Louis Mountbatten was appointed on August 25, 1943, Ceylon has raised its civil defence services to a high pitch of efficiency. Tamil Red Cross nurses (1) and doctor in a casualty ward, tend a lad who is a rehearsal air-raid victim; while there is an Anderson quality about this shelter (4) in the compound of a public building. Ceylon Information Department's propaganda (6), too, has the 1943 note, whilst the porter (5) displays an anti-Goebbels slogan. The tom-tom beater (2) announces air-raid practice, and the attendant mounts to his bell (3), Cingalese counterpart of our siren.

Photos, Pictorial Press

Lord Wavell Takes Over as Viceroy of India

FAMINE in India, mainly in Bengal, was the urgent problem facing Lord Wavell when he arrived on October 17, 1943, to be installed as Viceroy in succession to Lord Linlithgow, who, with Lady Linlithgow, greeted him at Viceroy's House, New Delhi (right). Principal causes of the famine were soaring prices of food and other goods, shortage of grain crops in stock, export of food to meet Allied war needs elsewhere, and lack of shipping to rush supplies to stricken areas when the crisis came. In Calcutta alone 8,000 people had died from starvation and attendant diseases between August 15 and October 15, 1943.

Lord Wavell acted with military resource and speed. "Like another great soldier before him," declared Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for India, on November 4, "Lord Wavell came, saw for himself and took action." Installed in office with the minimum of ceremony on October 20, he toured Calcutta and Midnapore on October 26-27: below he is seen with Sir Thomas Rutherford, Acting Governor of Bengal, watching service of meals to the needy at a free kitchen. On October 28 he called in the Army, of which he had been so recently C.-in-C., to set up relief camps and get food moving from military and other stores to the afflicted areas.

Photos, British Official; Keystone





How Hitler's Canals Help the Nazi War Effort

When the R.A.F. struck at the Dortmund-Ems Canal in 1940, and later bombed the ship elevator at Henrichenburg, they demonstrated that the tremendous importance to Germany of her inland waterways was not to be overlooked by our strategists. How specially vital are Hitler's numerous "Wasser-strassen" is here explained in detail by W. WERTH.

With the Allied forces steadily closing in on the citadel of Hitler's so-called European fortress the inland transport problem becomes daily of increasing importance to Nazi strategists. A short while ago Harry Hopkins, first adviser to President Roosevelt, drew special attention to Germany's traffic on inland waters, estimated today to exceed 120 million tons a year.

Ever since the Reich's foundation the great rivers Rhine, Weser, Elbe, Oder, Main, Neckar and Danube have been dredged and made usable to shipping; and a most intricate system of canals has been initiated. Today they are the most up-to-date waterways in the world, excelling even those of the Low Countries and France. And with thousands of barges confiscated from Holland, Belgium, France and the Balkan territories, Germany's inland fleet is greater than ever.

In a class of its own is the Kiel Canal, lifeline of the German Navy, connecting the Baltic with the North Sea.

All the great navigable rivers in Northern Germany run, more or less, in a south-north direction. The general plan for inland traffic by water required the construction of a water highway across the North-German plain, connecting the inland ports of the Rhine and the industrial areas there and on the Ruhr with the harbours on the North Sea and the Baltic shores, and at the same time with Berlin and other great inland cities and industrial centres, such as Magdeburg, Hanover, and Leipzig. In this way ore from Hamburg and Sweden via Stettin could be brought directly to the furnaces, and in the opposite direction coal, coke, cement, potash and other heavy goods; also foodstuffs could be conveyed to the great central markets.

Many locks overcome differences of altitude, and by special bridges canals are led across rivers. One can sometimes see two different "trains of ships" one above the other. Some years ago enormous ship-elevators were built—one in the west, near the river Lippe and the town of Henrichenburg, another between Berlin and Stettin at Niederfinow. A lift carries 1,000-ton barges in five minutes to a height of 110 feet from the level of the Hohenzollern Canal to the river Oder, thus rendering a series of locks unnecessary.

Big canals demand extensive harbour installations, cranes, warehouses, granaries, tanks, and similar equipment, and the much-bombed city of Duisburg is one of the largest ports in the world. Berlin, where various canals meet—crossing the city or by-passing the outskirts—has various harbours, and a very considerable part of the capital's great industries is supplied by barge traffic.

Of a different type is the inland shipping in Southern Germany, involving use of the rivers Main and Neckar. Originally, in both rivers a heavy iron chain of more than 100 miles in length was sunk, and specially constructed tugs without propellers or paddles crawled along this chain, which was wound over the tug. To a certain extent this system is still in use, but since 1921 so-called "Staustufen," that is "dam-steps," have been constructed; these make a river into a kind of huge staircase for shipping. At certain distances the water is dammed up by gigantic movable cylinders, which can be adapted according to the water-level.

Thus various purposes are fulfilled: the rivers, which often overflowed in winter and nearly dried up in summer, have now a constant water-level; a sufficient depth of water is secured for barges up to 1,000 tons; and overflow is used by huge power stations supplying electricity to industrial undertakings in the surrounding districts.

Modern locks lift a ship step by step. The industrial heart of Württemberg, around Stuttgart, is thus directly connected with the coal mines of the Ruhr. The linking up of the Rhine and Main with the Danube right through the industrial area round Nuremberg has been achieved by the modernizing of the hundred-year-old, small Ludwig Canal. Oil from Rumania, previously shipped to Regensburg on the Danube only, together with rich products of the Balkans, can now be transported directly to all centres in Germany proper.

There is another group of shipping, no less important, connecting the Upper Oder with the famous coal mines and factory districts in Upper Silesia; it was Rudolf Hess (now a prisoner in England) who opened the Adolf Hitler Canal in 1940. A curiosity worth mentioning is the connecting of lakes in East Prussia by transporting small steamers on specially designed railways across intervening stretches of land.

The Germans have aimed at a standard-type barge of 1,000 tons for most of their inland water traffic. Canals near the Rhine and Ruhr carry 1,250-ton ships. These are driven by their own Diesel engines or towed by tugs. Some of the most important waterways are provided with electric locomotives running along a tow-path, thus accelerating otherwise slow goods traffic. A "train" of four or five large barges is equal to the load capacity of a sea-going merchant vessel. It also equals about 50 heavily-laden goods trains, thus relieving pressure on railways.

The time is approaching when Hitler, faced with new fronts, will have to move his divisions very quickly indeed to danger spots. His autobahnen (motor roads) will eat overmuch petrol; but canals will greatly help the railways, congested as they are, and short of rolling-stock and locomotives. Doubtless more attention will be paid by Allied bombers to Hitler's canals when the time is ripe.

Possibilities of devastating floods, causing enormous industrial dislocation, are also borne in mind by the R.A.F., as was demonstrated on May 17, 1943, when Lancaster bombers in a daring low-level attack breached three vast dams serving the Ruhr industries (see pp. 24–25, Vol. 7), a feat described by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris as "a major victory in the battle of the Ruhr, the effect of which will last until the Boche is swept away in the flood of final disaster."



NETWORK OF WATERWAYS mapped here plays a great part in solving Germany's internal transport problems. The enemy's river-canal system is acknowledged to be the most modern in the world. See table on left for key to numbers.
Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

GERMANY'S GREAT INLAND WATERWAYS

CANAL	BARGE CAPACITY	DETAILS
1. Kaiser Wilhelm (North Sea-Baltic Sea)	Tons Over 1,200	Opened 1895. Length 61 miles. Draught 36 feet. Surface width 112 feet; bottom width 48 feet. Double locks at both ends. Traffic up to 22 million tons (1930).
2. Dortmund-Ems	Over 1,200	Length 166 miles. 20 locks, with ship-lift at Henrichenburg. Length 41 miles. 7 locks.
3. Elbe-Trave	Over 1,200	Length 41 miles.
4. Lippe	Over 1,200	2 locks.
5. Rhine-Herne	Over 1,200	Length 23½ miles. Communication: Ruhrort-Herne, then Dortmund-Ems and Midland Canal. 8 locks.
6. Main-Danube (Under reconstruction)	Over 1,200	Originally the Ludwig Canal, 108 miles. In 1921 modernization started; including the river Main from Aschaffenburg, about 175 miles. 24 locks; dam near Passau.
7. Neckar	600–1,200	Using the river by "dam-steps"; about 125 miles. 26 locks.
8. Midland	600–1,200	Started 1905. Many short branch-canals to industrial centres as: Bernburg-Strassfurt, Leipzig-Kreypau, Rhine-Herne, Lippe, etc. 4 locks.
9. Ihle-Plauer	600–1,200	Connecting rivers Havel and Elbe, 41 miles. Double lock, ship-lift.
10. Koenigsberg-Sea	600–1,200	Connecting Koenigsberg with Baltic Sea, 20 miles. 2 locks.
11. Hohenzollern (Berlin)	250–600–1,000	Connecting rivers Havel and Oder, part of the "Great Ship Way" Berlin-Baltic Sea. Length 63 miles. 7 locks; ship-lift at Niederfinow.
12. Teltow (Berlin)	250–600–1,000	Connecting rivers Spree and Havel. Southern Berlin. Length 24 miles. 1 lock.
13. Oder-Spree (Berlin)	250–600–1,000	Connecting rivers Oder and Spree. Length 56½ miles. 7 locks.
14. Ems-Jade	Under 250	7 locks.
15. Adolf Hitler (Oder-Upper Silesia)	600–1,000	Constructed during this war.









Photos, Planet News, Pictorial Press

Historic Kiev Restored to Soviet Russia

In German hands since Sept. 22, 1941, Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, was successfully stormed by Soviet forces on Nov. 6, 1943, after operations claimed to be unequalled for speed and intensity. Whilst a smoke-pall still hung low over the once beautiful city (3), and Soviet tanks rumbled along Kreschatik Street (2), inhabitants were thanking Gen. Vatutin's troops, near the famous Opera House (1). A pyrotechnic display in celebration of the victory lighted the Moscow sky (4) that night.













Sweeping the Hun From the Northern Caucasus

Final clearance of the Germans on October 9, 1943, from the Northern Caucasus was due to the brilliantly combined fighting of Soviet troops, sailors and airmen. Ground crew overhaul the armament of a Red Air Force fighter (1). Marines of the valiant Black Sea Fleet go in with the bayonet to "winkle" the enemy out of a rocky coastline position (2), while Red Army reinforcements march tirelessly along a mountain highway (3) to join their comrades in the fighting line.

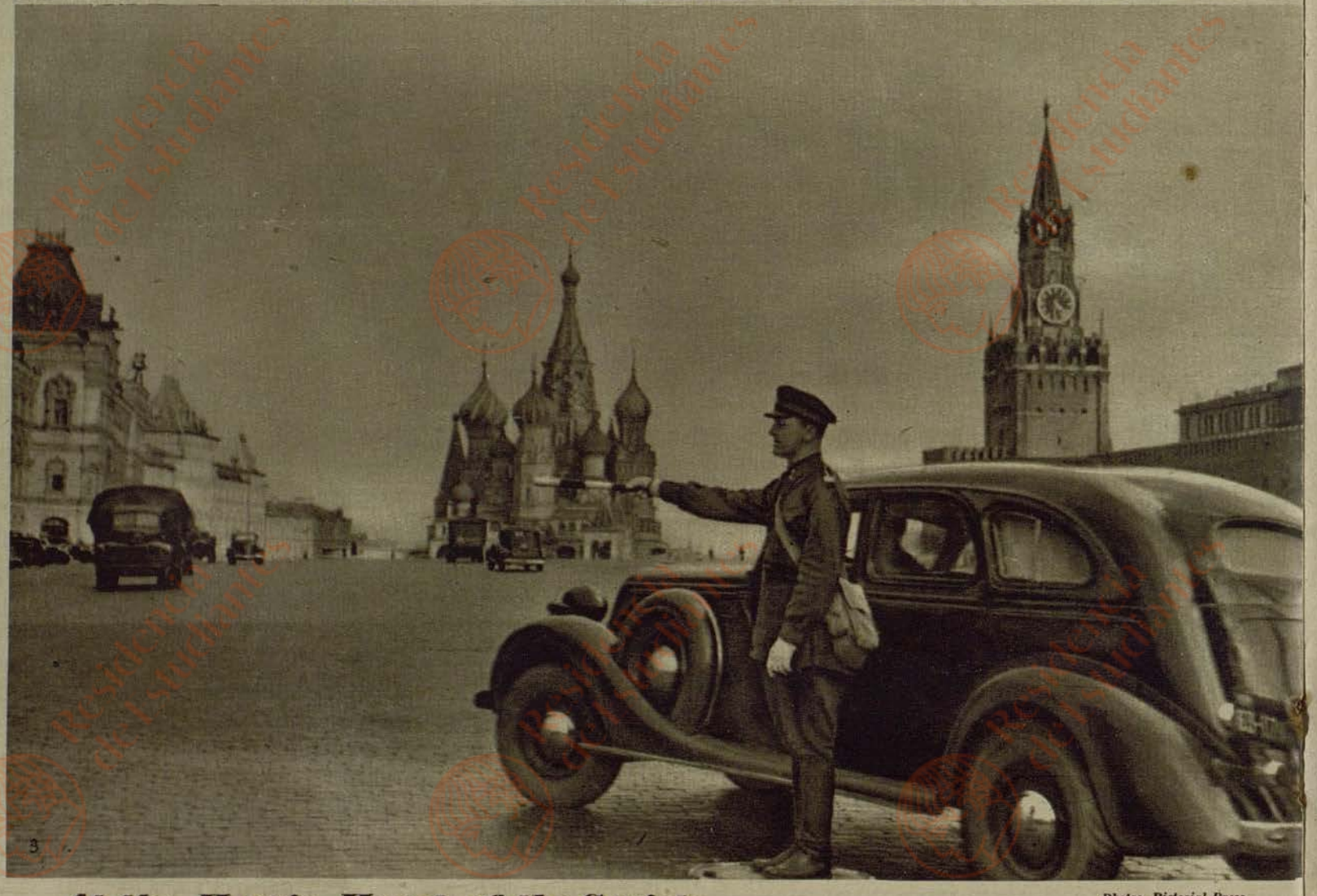
Photos, Pictorial Press

The Rising Tide of Victory Amid the Snows

Prone in the snow, invisible to enemy planes, Red Army snipers (5) picked off unerringly stragglers from the fleeing Nazi forces as these trudged despairingly along almost impassable mountain roads, menaced at every step by avalanches, dogged by violent storms. Two Soviet pilots (4), well content after a triumphant dog-fight, land in brilliant sunshine, to be greeted with congratulations and regaled with a welcome drink by a smiling girl from a near-by collective farm.







At the Heroic Heart of the Soviets

Photos, Pictorial Press

With the failure of the last German attempt to take Moscow, in March 1942, life in the Russian capital resumed its normal course. This girl (1) controls bridge traffic over the Moskva River; a militiaman (3) does similar duty in Red Square, with walls of the Kremlin on the right, St. Basil's Cathedral in background. On Jan. 18, 1943, siege of Leningrad was raised after a bloody crossing of the Neva, on whose embankment a field gun (2) is mounted. (See also illus. pp. 394 and 395.)

VIEWS & REVIEWS Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Military Gangsters Sway Modern Japan

WHAT sort of people are the Japanese? I remember during the war they fought with Russia there was a popular song called "Pansy Faces," and a verse was introduced about the "little Japansy faces" which "looked up at me and smiled." We were allies of the Japanese for many years. We were told what a delightful race they were, so artistic, so neat and tidy in their homes, so anxious to be up to date in everything, such admirers of our ways that, in the words of another song popular at the time, "if they couldn't be like us, they'd be as like us as they were able to be!"

When we think now of Japanese faces we don't think of them as smiling; we think of them as distorted with malignant cruelty. We hate the thought of their slant-eyes, yellow skins, straight, black hair, tight lips. How can we account for this change in them? Were they always ready to indulge in atrocities if they got the chance, and to follow leaders with crazy aims of Pacific dominion and no more honour than—indeed, not so much as—bandits or burglars? Or was what we were ordered by our Foreign Office, working through the Press and Parliament, to believe about them substantially true? Is their behaviour at present a mere temporary aberration, a madness that will pass away?

WELL, my theory about masses of people, whatever their race, colour, or creed, is that they can be made to behave decently if decency is urged upon them by leaders whom they trust, or made to act like devils if their leaders are of the devilish sort. I do not believe that masses of people have wills of their own. As individuals, yes; as mobs, no. The origin of the term "mob" was, you know, the Latin *mobile vulgus*, the herd that can be driven this way or that, "like a feather in the wind," as the writer of the song La Donna è mobile in Rigoletto put it. Democracy, is in my view of it, not government by mobs without wise guidance, but government according to the wishes of nations instructed and inspired by those with trained intellects, wide knowledge, and noble characters.

Now, in those days when we were told to respect and like the Japanese, they had such men to lead them. Since then the power over them has passed to thugs, whom Prof. John Morris, author of Traveller from Tokyo (Cresset Press, 10s. 6d.), calls "military gangsters"; they have inflamed the minds of a people who were not long ago peace-loving, kindly, wishful to be friends with all the world. Even now, Mr. Morris tells us, those who were his intimates when he was a professor in Tokyo are still like that.

"THE majority were intellectuals, many would have done anything to prevent this war and were profoundly shocked when it came." They had been too lazy, or too timid, or too much occupied with their private interests and studies, to make any serious attempt to save their country from the generals and admirals who are actuated not by a desire for the well-being of the people, but by their own lunatic ambitions and lust of domination.

The army now, Prof. Morris says, has complete control of the government. "In fact, it is the government. Every branch of the national life—education, industry, commerce, even religion, all are subject to its will, and it is committed to a plan of almost unlimited aggression." Mr. Morris does not believe the Ministers of the Mikado knew about the attack on Pearl Harbour until after it took place. In the Foreign Office the day the news of that shameful act of treachery reached Tokyo he found the officials "just as much surprised and stunned as the ordinary man in the street." He suggests that the gangsters acted as they did without letting the Ministers know what they had planned. "I think it not unlikely that the attack on Pearl Harbour was launched by the Armed Forces without the previous sanction of the Government."

That is a startling suggestion. It may be sound. But I would put forward another, based on some knowledge of what Japanese Jingoes can do in the way of mystifying world opinion. They may have argued in this way: We had better leave a door open through which we might escape from the consequences of our making war, if it should go badly for us. In that event we could let the politicians tell Britain and the United States, "We were not to blame, so you can make peace with us."

I have in mind many instances of such double-crossing by Japanese statesmen, military leaders, and business men. When peace was made after the Russo-Japanese War, President Theodore Roosevelt played the part of mediator. He told me the Japanese got what they wanted by asking for much more than they wanted, and withdrawing their demands for what they did not want at the last moment so as to appear reasonable, even generous, and secure what they really cared about.

THIS low kind of cunning does not appear from Prof. Morris's book to be general among the Japanese, whether they are intellectuals or not. He "grew extremely fond of them." After Japan came into the war Britons were regarded with suspicion by the police, who seem to be as bad as Hitler's Gestapo, but "not one of my Japanese friends ceased to visit me and I even made a few new friends. Some of them went to great personal trouble to keep me supplied with food. I shall never forget their kindness or the risks they took; in a country with so vicious a system of police spying, it requires considerable courage to pay regular visits to an enemy alien in wartime."

IT is not easy to look at other nations' habits and customs without making odious comparisons, without abusing or making fun of them because they are not like our own. As I read Prof. Morris's amusing and informative pages, I could not help thinking of Alice's Wonderland. Take their system—or lack of system—in numbering their houses.

Every street is divided into blocks. The houses in a block are numbered as they are built, irrespective of their position in it. Should the block happen to be large, the house numbered One may be at this end of the street and that numbered Two at the other end.

Moreover, should several new houses be built on a site formerly occupied by one, each retains the number assigned to the original house, so that it is common to find several houses in one street all with the same number. A friend of mine lived in a street in which eleven other houses had the same number as his own.

On the other hand, when one house has been built on a site formerly occupied by several, you get the opposite result. Another friend lived in a house numbered 25-30. To add further to the confusion, the arrangement of the blocks themselves does not conform to any plan; one often finds Block Number Six, for instance, adjacent to Block Number Ten.

But when you do find the house you want, it always has a garden and is always detached. "The rows of sordid little houses or semi-detached villas that so disfigure our towns are unknown in Japan."

ANOTHER topsy-turvy method is connected with the telephone service. Instruments are very hard to get; you may have to wait four or five years. Therefore anyone who has a telephone is expected to let all his neighbours use it. Not only to call people themselves, but to be called! "There were times when the queue in my small study was like one outside a public call-box, and the cook would often have to run down the street to summon someone when she was in the midst of preparing a meal." Prof. Morris even found that one of his neighbours "actually had my telephone number printed on his card."

In restaurants the Japanese get more pleasure out of the artistic surroundings and the dainty way food is served than out of eating it. The author confesses that some of their favourite dishes made him literally sick. What meals they get now are of poor quality, so lacking in nourishment that "it is bound in time to undermine the health of the rising generation." But they "will not crack; they will support the army to the end." And the army "must conquer or perish."



PRELUDE TO PEARL HARBOUR. Japanese pilots being briefed for the treacherous attack on America's great Pacific naval base while Japanese envoys were still discussing "peace" in Washington, December 7, 1941. This photograph is a "still" from an enemy news reel now in the possession of the U.S. Government. The Pearl Harbour incident is discussed in the book reviewed in this page. *Photo, Associated Press*

Dashing D.R.s of the Royal Corps of Signals

His motor-cycle isn't the only accessory with which the Dispatch Rider must be familiar. Indispensable to every military formation, as explained here by JOHN FLEETWOOD, he is a man of many parts and of hard and specialized training, and resourceful withal. See also facing page.

SOLDIER, signaller, secret agent, scout, King's messenger, Commando . . . . even that is not a full summing-up of the work of dispatch riders of the Royal Corps of Signals. Every military unit or formation has a dispatch rider section, and if it hails from the official Corps so much the better, for none are so fully trained and equipped as the men from the R.C.S.

Probably more than any other campaigner, the D.R. must be a man of scores of parts. True, he must be soldier first—the swift tempo and varied needs of mechanized total war demand that. But before he is ready to take the road as dispatch rider there is a course of some months, suitably reduced and compressed to meet increasingly heavy demands on the Corps. He fills every second of it.

It begins, as you might expect, with machine maintenance, and if—usually as



ROUGH GOING is all in the day's work of a Royal Corps of Signals dispatch rider even when, as here in North Africa, the terrain is reminiscent of pre-war Isle of Man T.T. trials. Bulk of the Army's correspondence, marked maps, the most important operational orders and secret messages which cannot be entrusted to wireless, are carried by these devil-daring and superbly enterprising motor-cyclists. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

ex-motor mechanic or cognate trade—the practical experience the applicant brings to the job is insufficient, intensive training makes good what is lacking. Before he graduates he knows his machine inside out. The knowledge is a vital necessity both to him and his job, since his trusty motor-cycle must—literally—never fail him.

IF, despite all he can do, it does fail him, then he must complete his task by seizing another machine or an enemy vehicle, or by getting a lift in a truck or lorry, or finishing the journey afoot—the last and degrading extremity. No matter what problems confront him, he must reach his objective. That is the cardinal feature of a dispatch rider's training. But even 100 per cent efficiency in "keeping himself on the road" would be useless without tip-top proficiency in a score of other directions.

In the fullest sense he is a signaller. When training is over, there isn't much he cannot tell you about that. As well as the laying and repair of field telephone lines and communications of all types, he can smell out breaks in lines outwardly perfect. He must know almost at a glance how much enemy cable to rip up, how much to take away, in order to make the line useless.

Uninterrupted communications are vital, and it is the D.R.'s task to fight the interruptions. Malta provides a vivid illustration. The power behind the island's communications was Lt.-Col. Ellis of the R.C.S.

"DURING the blitzes," he said, "our biggest job was to keep the telephone wires, which carry our service all over the island, intact. Often they provided the only means of transmitting essential information throughout the island—sometimes the only way to issue air-raid warnings. But they seemed to have a fatal attraction for bombs and shell fragments. The moment we knew a wire was down we sent out to repair it. These men would race death a score of times to restore a cut line, and no one will ever know the full story of the heroic linesmen who strove, not merely between raids, but literally between bombs, to keep the lines up."

If it isn't ground and overhead lines, it is dispatches personally carried; and the Big Blitz was as much a major operation for the Signals boys as for the A.R.P. and fire-fighting services. With telegraph and telephone communications down, dispatch riders fought their way at top speed through the scorching, screaming hell with urgent dispatches to rail termini and signal stations.

Uninterruptedly the service was maintained along the roads—for there was no other way—though these were often made impassable by piles of red-hot debris and huge tongues of flame from burning buildings on both sides. Black-out added to the difficulties. It was no picnic, when fire-bombs gave place to H.E.s, riding the roads without lights at the risk of diving headlong into craters and unlighted roped-off road sections.

All the same, this was no novelty for the experienced D.R., trained to overcome all obstacles. Most of them considered it almost elementary compared with problems met with on active service. Travel by night across the desert meant ability to read the stars. Without a perfect memory the D.R. would be useless; how would he commit to memory long, intricate messages which, written, might fall into the hands of the enemy? He must know map-reading from A to Z, even be able to memorize from a map any 40 miles of untravelled road. To recognize all unit signs and flashes, and know upon whom to make his calls he must have a thorough knowledge of army organization.

"Here," said the examiner at one of the schools, "is an imaginary road-block—a large hole. How would you get across?" "With an imaginary plank," replied the humorist of the class. The actuality is not so humorous. Time and again dispatch riders have had to negotiate huge crater pools with planks. This fact underlines one of the basic qualities of D.R. make-up—resourcefulness, the attribute which operates as when Signalman Chalker was escorting a D.R. truck carrying important dispatches from Harrar in Abyssinia. About 20 miles out progress was impeded by a flooded river four feet deep. Hurling the dispatches across to a South African officer who had a motor-cycle on the opposite bank, Chalker persuaded some coloured boys to carry his own machine across. Farther on he overtook the officer, whose machine had broken down, and, without stopping, collected the mailbag as he passed. Shortly after, his own cycle failed him. Nothing daunted, Chalker commandeered a supply lorry going the other way, turned it round and reached the aerodrome just in time to clear the mail by aeroplane.

INGENUITY flowed freely when D.R.s of the desert Reconnaissance Corps, badly needing more bikes, raided the Hun lines and captured nine brand-new machines. And there is infinite resource in the army courier's quick-time methods of mending a puncture. One is to stuff up the hole with grass!

Other attributes officially tagged to D.R.s are energy, initiative and cunning. And the greatest of these, the older hands will tell you, is cunning. On patrol with our cars in Tunisia, a Recce D.R.'s motor-cycle broke down. The enemy was so near that he had to leave it in a ditch in no man's land. Later, he set out with a 15 cwt. truck to retrieve it. Near his cache he spotted two German soldiers settling down for a nap in a farmyard by the roadside. Stopping the truck, and equipped only with a revolver—sole official armament of the D.R.—he crawled forward and captured both men as they dozed, thus acquiring valuable identifications of the enemy units confronting our troops.

That was cunning allied to courage. Often by such acts and by closely observing enemy movements, a D.R. may be a commander's important source of information. Frequently he may be the sole means of communication, as at El Alamein when all radio communication was ordered to be suspended for security reasons, and tank commanders picked up with nets the urgent dispatches that D.R.s held aloft on sticks as they roared by.

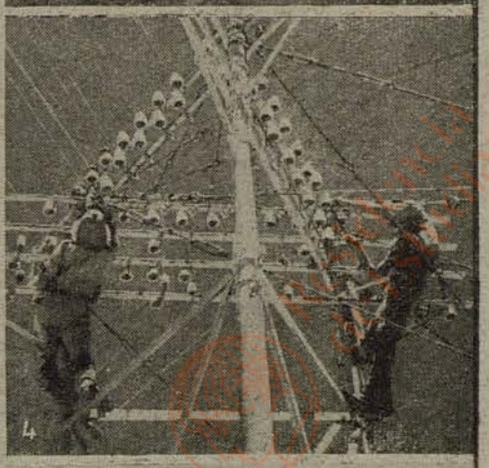
And let us not forget the signals girls of the A.T.S. Their work is on the home front, but it is none the less vital. Generally, their function is as Signals Operators; and a fine example of it was when sneak raiders' bombs wrecked an A.T.S. billet in an East Anglian town last May. Though a number of their colleagues had been killed outright, four surviving girls in a nearby house hardly turned a hair; they just carried on.

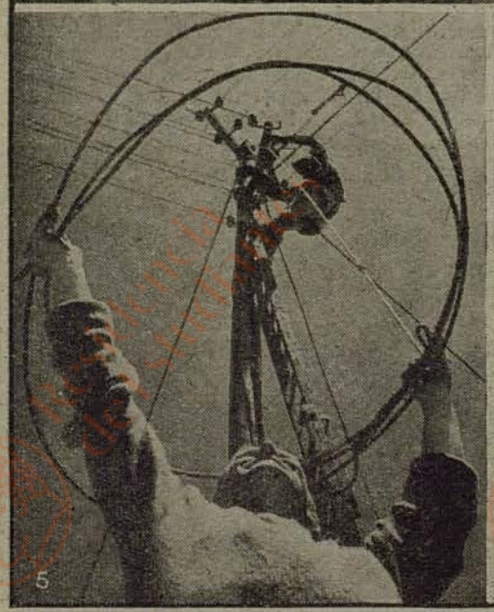
They Keep Open the Line From H.Q. to Front













THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS, formed June 28, 1920, to deal with the study and practice of signal communications, has developed into a highly specialized and technically skilled body responsible for the operation of all the Army's systems of communications. Means employed by the Corps include the radio, the telegraph-line and dispatch riders (see opposite page). Latest acquisition of the radio section is the "Golden Arrow," a mobile, high-speed wireless station (1) to keep field armies in contact with H.Q. A radio operator (2) gets down to the job as British troops pass through Belpasso, Sicily. Cadet-linesmen (3) learn maintenance details from models, in preparation for work under all conditions of war and weather (4, 5 and 6).

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

BY the end of the year we shall have gathered the greatest harvest that the country has ever known. So announced Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, in a recent broadcast. It is a striking fact, and all the more remarkable in that the huge amount of food has been grown on the smallest acreage of land devoted to our agriculture since official records have been kept—this because every month of the war we have had to give up more and more land for aerodromes, battle-training grounds, and other martial purposes. Farmers and their men, their wives and the women and girls of the Land Army, between them have astonished the world ; and grateful thanks are due, too, to the great body of volunteers who have spent much of their holiday periods on the land, helping the harvesters of grain and roots. Fortunately, the weather has been kind—at least in most parts, although in the West Country and in the north persistent rain drenched the crops and laid them low, so that farmers and farmworkers had to stand by helpless for several weeks, watching their precious produce spoil.

So far as can be estimated we are likely to get one million tons more bread-corn and over a quarter of a million tons more potatoes than last year—and last year was a record one. That in itself, said the Minister of Agriculture, means a saving of enough ships to transport overseas vehicles, supplies, guns, ammunition and equipment for some eight to ten divisions. " And that is merely this year's increase over last year's. So you can picture for yourselves what last year's prodigious total means, and can see that the fields of England have had quite a lot to do with the collapse of Italy." In years gone by Michaelmas used to be the traditional end of the farming year. But things are very different today. Now a start is made with sowing for next year while this year's stooks are still standing in adjoining fields ; and in the depth of winter the farmworkers are busy in the fields, ploughing and planting so that next year's harvest shall surpass the one that has just been gathered and garnered.

BECAUSE of the fertile cooperation of man and Nature we—the forty-five millions whose homes are in this little island—are the best-fed people in Europe ; but at the same time we must recognize that this happy state of affairs would not have been possible but for the careful planning and foresight of the Ministry of Food. Lord Woolton has triumphed in a position that has proved the grave of more than one good man's reputation ; and just because he has been so successful he is now being transplanted to a fresh field of effort. On November 11 it was announced that he had been appointed Minister of Reconstruction with a seat in the War Cabinet—in other words, he is entrusted with the task of implementing what Mr. Churchill in his Mansion House speech of November 9, 1943, described as " a vast and practical scheme to make sure that in the years immediately following the war there will be food, work and homes for all." To provide these things is a simple duty, went on the Premier, and " no airy visions, no party doctrines or party prejudices or vested interests shall stand in the way."

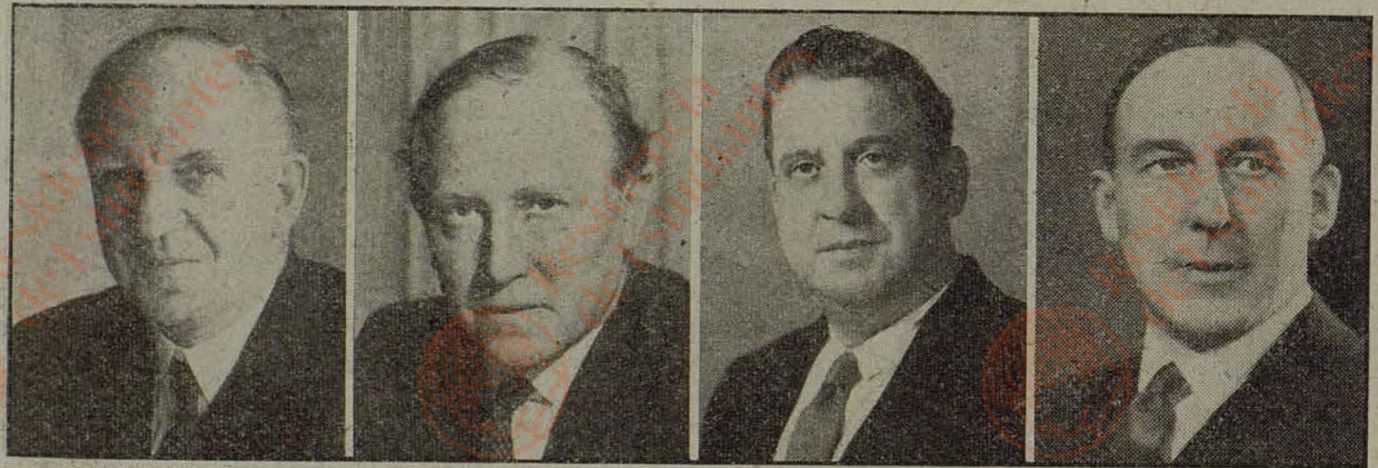
THE New Britain Plans Are Now Lord Woolton's Responsibility

Lord Woolton is not a party politician in the usual sense ; he has let it be inderstood that he has no political ambitions, but intends after the war to return to the world of business in which he was so successful in the years gone by. (Of his chairmanships the most important was that of Lewis's, the departmental stores that are so prominent a feature of the northern cities ; and he was once warden of a university settlement in Liverpool). His new appointment may lead him to change his mind and his plans. The new Britain is now his responsibility, and the measure of his success will be reflected in the lives of us all. Obviously, the Prime Minister could not have made a better choice ; and it is generally anticipated that the reports of Beveridge and Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt will be retrieved from the pigeon-holes in Whitehall and some at least of their proposals included in the reconstruction programme.

Other Cabinet changes were announced at the same time as Lord Woolton's appointment. Mr. H. U. Willink, K.C., M.P. for Croydon N., became Minister of Health in succession to Mr. Ernest Brown, who received in exchange the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. Willink is a newcomer as M.P.s go—he was elected only in 1940 ; but he has been highly commended for his work as Special Commissioner for rehousing in London following the great air raids. Lord Woolton's place at the Ministry of Food is filled by Col. J. J. Llewellin, who for some time past has been British Minister Resident in Washington for Supply and Chairman of the British Supply Council in North America. The new Minister in Washington is Mr. Ben Smith, a Labour member who can look back upon a varied career, in which he has been lower deck boxing champion in the Royal Navy, a driver of horse cabs and taxis, an organizer of the Transport and General Workers Union, and Treasurer of the Royal Household. Then Mr. Duff Cooper, lately Chancellor of the Duchy, goes to North Africa as the British envoy to the French Committee of National Liberation ; and Mr. Lennox Boyd succeeds Mr. Ben Smith as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

SO few and scattered have been the raids of late months that there has been voiced in some parts a suggestion that the Civil Defence volunteers might be released from some of their duties. Mr. Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, is convinced, however, that the time has not yet come when we can safely relax our precautions. "If Hitler thought that his bombs would be greeted by incompetence and muddle," he said on November 18, " he would certainly risk more of his planes more often. Civil Defence personnel and Fire Guards who do duty and training on a raid-free night should consider that they have won a victory, not that they have wasted time." Mr. Morrison then referred to a recent incident, in which a crowded London dance-hall had received a direct hit from a German bomb. Very largely, he said, it was a job for the Rescue Service, but all the Civil Defence services, the W.V.S. and the N.F.S., put up a great show. "We had come to expect that of them, but a new point was the way in which a number of the Fire Guard won their spurs that night."

WHEN such an incident as this occurs, the Wardens and their comrades come into their own. But really they are doing a fine piece of social service, every day and everywhere. "Down our street we've got a utility lady warden," said Anthony Gordon in a broadcast a short time back. "In addition to her ordinary jobs of looking for bombs, mending gas-masks and collecting old iron, she looks after all the kids in the neighbourhood. She tells them when their teas are ready, ties their bootlaces, wipes their noses, gets their balls down off roofs. And if two of them start fighting she 'stops it by the simple method of clipping the bigger one's ear. She's a boon to the children, but a bigger one to the mothers who want to get on with their work ; and I suppose by stopping the children fighting, she does a lot towards stopping their parents getting at it too . . ."



LORD WOOLTON, C.H. Minister of Food since April 1940, his new appointment as Minister of Reconstruction was announced on Nov. 11, 1943. He is an administrator of outstanding ability.

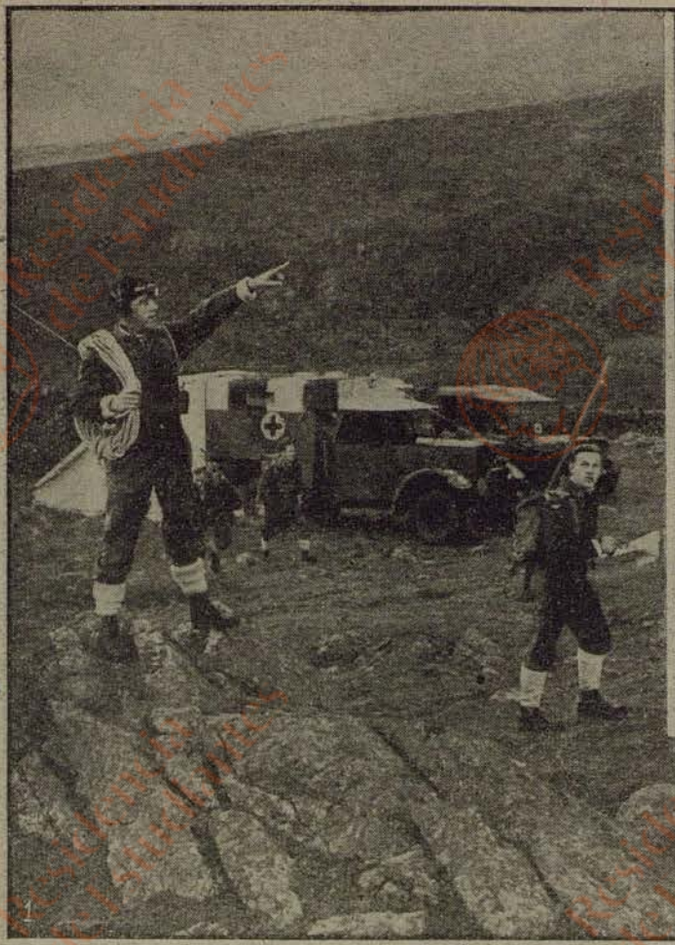
COL. J. J. LLEWELLIN, M.P. Succeeded Lord Woolton as Minister of Food. Was Minister Resident for Supply in Washington ; prior to that was Minister of Aircraft Production.

BEN SMITH, M.P. New Minister Resident for Supply in Washington, with Cabinet rank. Was formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

H. U. WILLINK, K.C., M.P. Minister of Health in succession to Mr. Ernest Brown. Formerly Special Commissioner for air-raid homeless in the London Civil Defence Region. Now becomes a Privy Councillor.

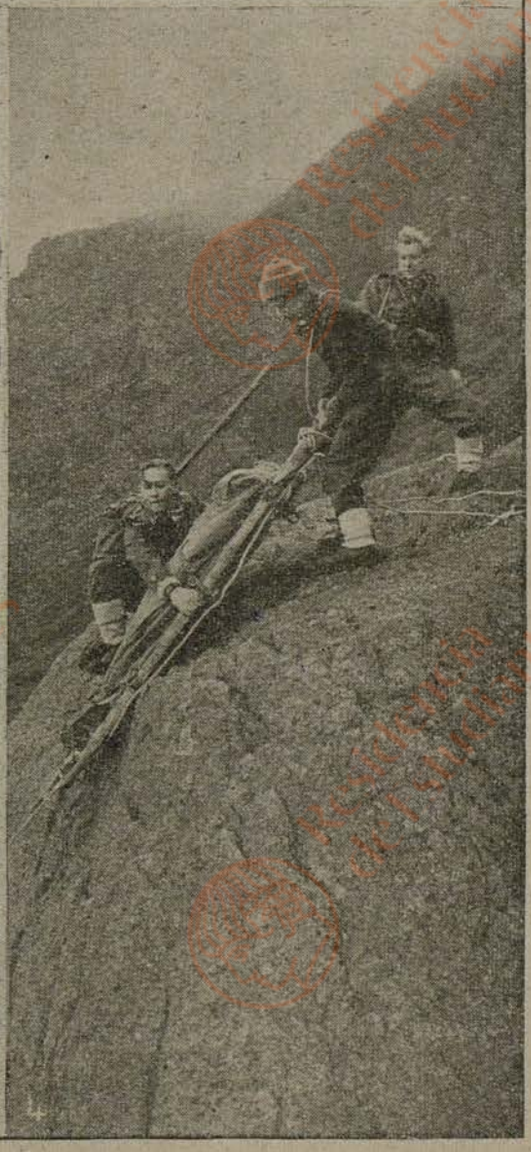
Photos, Topical, Barratt's

R.A.F.'s Speedy Succour for Crashed Flyers



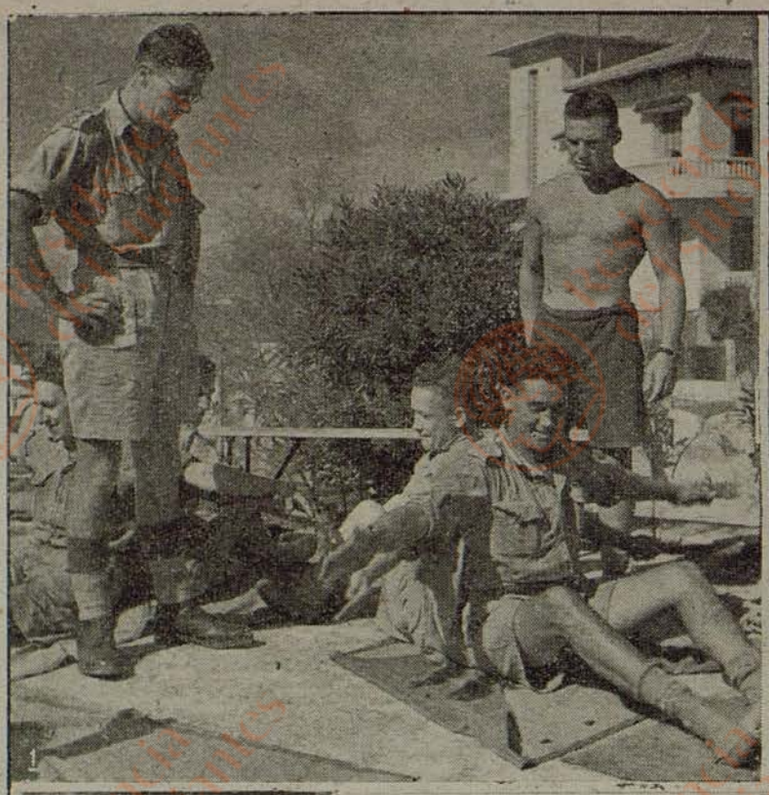






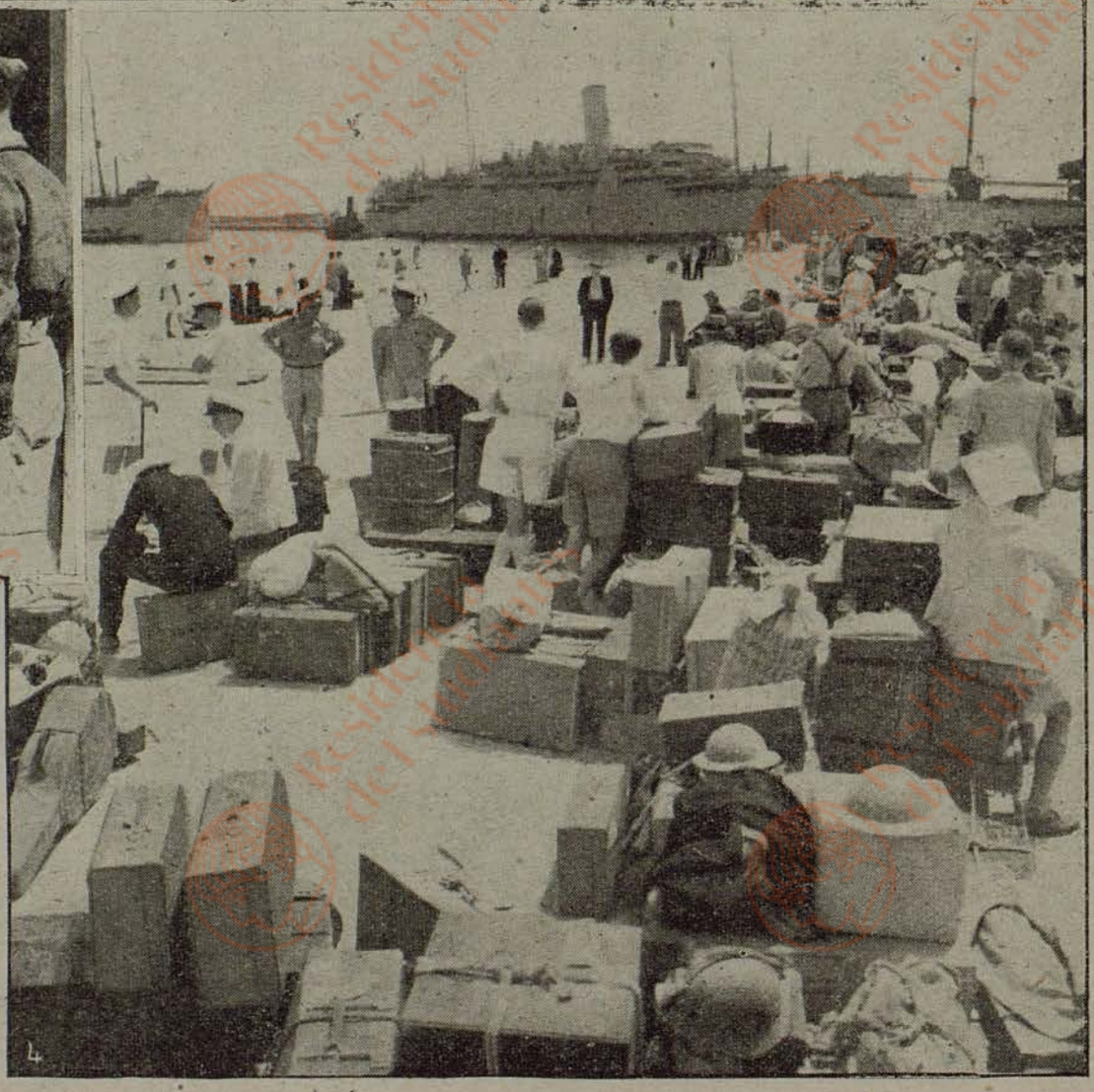
RESCUE IS THE JOB of the new R.A.F. Mountain Service, which brings expeditious aid to airmen crashed in hilly areas where an ordinary ambulance tender would be unable to go. Each rescue unit has a powerful four-wheel-drive ambulance fitted with medical, rescue and radio apparatus, and a jeep to act as tender. The ambulance having been brought as far as possible (1), members of the unit—equipped with head torches and wireless sets, and attired for mountain climbing—make for the scene of the disaster, while others (3) set up an emergency tent. One Welsh unit has as M.O. a skilled mountaineer, Flt.-Lt. G. D. Graham (2, wearing woollen helmet). He leads his men to the spot, and the injured airman is lowered (4), strapped to a stretcher. *Photos, Fox, Planet News*

Busy Port of Algiers Now a Vital War Centre









ALGIERS TODAY presents a spectacle of military and political bustle. It is the administrative and commercial centre of North-West Africa, and through its port (4) pass men and material vital to the war; these are Britain-bound passengers waiting for their transport to back in. Allied sick and wounded patients convalesce here: special recuperative exercises (1) are included in the treatment. Generals Giraud, de Gaulle and Catroux (2—l. to r.) faced the first session of the provisional Consultative Assembly of France on November 9, 1943. Tommies on leave rove the bazaars for gifts to send home; like this one (3) bargaining for a tiny garment (held up by the seller)—maybe for the baby he has not seen for many months, if at all.

Photos, British & U.S. Official

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

With the Soviet Troops I Entered Burning Kiev

All night the battle raged at the city walls. Flames seethed and hovered over it; the German incendiaries were working feverishly. In the morning, Nov. 6, 1943, the Russians regained the city by storm. Major H. Bukovsky, of the Red Army, who entered with the conquerors, sent the following vivid dispatch to the Soviet War News. See also illus. page 431.

FROM our observation post it seemed that Kiev was one sea of flames. I could see the eyes of our men fill with tears at the sight of the burning city. They had seen so much already. It would not have been strange if they had forgotten how to weep. But they wept for Kiev.

Our troops did all they could to save Kiev. Day after day they pounded away at the Germans' formidable defences. Then they executed a bold manoeuvre in the rear of the Nazi garrison. For brevity and speed the Red Army's Kiev operation has no parallel in history. All arms—artillery, infantry, tanks and air force—distinguished themselves equally. The enemy was overwhelmed and annihilated; the woods beyond Pushcha-Voditsa are littered with hundreds of wrecked guns. The charred carcasses of scores of his Panzers lie around Priorka and Svyatoshinv.

On November 6 Lieutenant-Colonel Ponomartsev's Red Banner Guards Regiment burst into Kiev from one end, fought its way to the centre, and began to clear a path to the opposite end. At the same time Capt. Chumachenko's tank battalion, together with infantry under Hero of the Soviet Union Capt. Ivanin, invaded Kalinin Square.

I overtook these troops in the morning in Kreshchatik Street, Kiev's main thoroughfare. The tanks were moving forward illuminated by the rays of the rising sun and the glare of a burning house at a street corner. As I watched, the partition wall collapsed and long tongues of fire shot across the street.

We drove through a pall of smoke to the Regional Soviet building. Farther along the smoke cleared, but the streets were in ruins. All the way to the suburb of Bessarabka we saw nothing but a chaos of destruction, traces of barbarity unequalled since the times of Batu. In Kreshchatik Street we halted and bared our heads. A grave opened before us in a lawn near the Regional Soviet building. Junior Lieut. Sheludenko's scouts were burying their fallen commander. Near the grave stood a girl holding a wreath. The Lieutenant had been killed just as his troops burst into the city streets.

From Kreshchatik Street we swerved to the right—everywhere fires, debris, ruin. We reached the monastery of caves, the ruins of the Cathedral of the Assumption, which the Germans blew up two years ago, and the wrecked City Museum buildings. Here we met one solitary person—Sergei Emelyantsev, senior mechanic of the Kiev waterworks. He was an old man, but he was desperately eager to be allowed to come along with us. "Let me join you, if only in a supply column," he pleaded. "I'll show you where there are German tommy-gunners beyond the waterworks, firing at our troops on the Dnieper."

Entering a liberated city with the army is a heart-rending experience. In Priorka and in Podol weeping women embraced the tired, smoke-stained soldiers, who were still feeling the strain of the recent battle. Glass splinters crunched under their feet as they marched. I sensed their mingled elation and grief, their poignant pity for the women, old men and children who came forward to meet them, the people of Kiev, with faces ravaged by torment and long-deferred hope.

KIEV was half empty when our troops entered it. The Germans had evicted all the inhabitants from the centre, from Podol and the monastery district, and proclaimed the city a military zone. Long before the battle the compulsory deportation of inhabitants to Germany began. We were told of frightful scenes enacted at Kiev station only a couple of days ago. The Germans had herded the people into goods wagons, crowded almost to bursting. Those who could not be packed in they shot on the spot.

It is still too early to say how many inhabitants are left in Kiev. Lenin Street is deserted. Near one burning house we saw three women trying desperately to save some furniture. They had hurried here from the outskirts, only to find their homes in flames. Novokaravayevskaya Street, far out in the suburbs, swarmed with women weeping with joy. They were the people whom the Germans had evicted from the centre of the city. At No. 14 they told us how the evictions were carried out. German soldiers armed with bottles of petrol entered the houses and ordered the tenants to leave. If anybody refused, the Germans drenched the beds and furniture with petrol and set fire to them. Before they retreated they blew up a water main, so many streets were without water.



MAJ.-GEN. LODYGIN, Divisional Commander of Soviet infantry, at his observation post outside Kiev just before the Russians recaptured the city. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

We met a man who declared he was the sole surviving Jew in Kiev. He led us to the Jewish cemetery. This was the site of the awful tragedy of September 1941, when tens of thousands of Jews—men, women and children—were shot. Even after that the Germans continued to exterminate anyone whom they took a fancy to class as a Jew.

We climbed Vladimir Hill. Before us lay the Dnieper. The last of the troops from Trukhanov Island were being ferried across. To the left lay the vast district of Podol. Endless columns of tanks, artillery and rifle regiments wound along its streets, to disappear down the high road, where the receding battle thundered. At midday we took off from the airfield. An unforgettable sight unfolded before our eyes. There lay the vast, inexpressibly beautiful city of Kiev, wrapped in smoke and flames. After excruciating torments, it was awakening to bright day.



BURNING KIEV (left) was a pyre of German hopes in the central sector of the Russian front. One of Russia's oldest cities, it has been laid waste many times—notably in 1240, by the Tartars—only to rise again, as assuredly it will under the Soviets. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

I Saw Nazi Paratroops Attack in Leros Battle

Sole war correspondent on Leros, L. Marsland Gander witnessed severe fighting between Allied and German forces for possession of this island in the Dodecanese. He left only two days before the exhausted garrison, after prodigies of endurance and courage, was compelled to capitulate, Nov. 16, 1943.

DARINGLY landed on a rocky hillside yesterday, Nov. 13, a force of German parachutists was strengthened at dawn today by reinforcements dropped through the furious fire of many machine-guns. The Germans suffered numerous casualties. I saw a Junkers transport plane, hit squarely by a Bofors A.A. gun, fall into the sea.

Creeping into Alinda Bay in the half-light, a landing craft was heavily machine-gunned and bombarded from the overlooking height. The air was full of red streamers of tracer. Men were seen scrambling ashore from the craft, which eventually blew up with a great mushroom explosion.

The parachutists' plan was to cut the island in two halves, seizing the wasp waist between Alinda Bay and Gurna Bay. These bays separate the two main rocky humps of the island. Having slipped the cordon, the craft landed reinforcements on the northern shores. There have been no further landings of German troops this morning.

THE garrison was greatly encouraged in its stern fight by the appearance of a formation of Beaufighters, which interrupted the strafing of the enemy fighters and the constant dive-bombing of the Stukas. Nine German planes, it is claimed, have been shot down to date by one Bofors A.A. gun alone.

Leros is only eight miles long and you must watch your step in moving about, since the air is full of bullets, and bombs fall with monotonous regularity. Though attacked by Stukas for three solid days, the Italian batteries are still firing.

The previous day, Nov. 12, German Junkers in groups of four to seven attacked at intervals of a quarter of an hour or so in an effort to crack the Leros defences by bombing. They did not succeed, as was shown by their reception. After a night of alarms I was finally awakened at four o'clock by an orderly saying, "An invasion fleet reported near the island, sir!"

I climbed to the top of a hill and watched seven invasion craft behind a smoke-screen creeping southward past Alinda Bay. On being shelled by our shore guns they sheered off and circled the island. Five landing craft attempted to enter Della Palma Bay, but three were hit by shells and one sank.

Another enemy group which got ashore near Appelici was pushed back to the beach again. Near my vantage point was an Italian light A.A. gun which gave one group of dive-bombers a nasty surprise by putting a good burst straight into the leading Ju 87, thus diverting the bomber's attention to itself. A most determined attempt by enemy invaders came this afternoon, when a couple of dozen troop-carriers swooped through machine-gun fire to drop parachutists on the island.

As I write, Stukas are beginning their customary contest with our land batteries. Hungry for prestige, the Germans are making every effort to capture the island. They are not bothering about losses. These days remind me of the siege of Tobruk. Holes in the ground, tunnels between rocks are our homes. Everyone in the garrison is in strangely high spirits, but all wish we had fighters. Despite the tough time they are having, they are cheerful and giving a good account of themselves . . .

Once again our forces were fighting without adequate air cover, as in Norway, Greece and Crete. This time, however, it was not a shortage of aircraft pilots which brought about such a disastrous situation, but merely the geography and distance of our nearest fighter bases from the scene of action.

In fairness to the R.A.F. it must be said that gallant efforts were made to reach the island with all the available long-range fighters. These R.A.F. sorties, which had to bypass enemy fighter fields on Rhodes, Crete or Cos were almost quixotic.



LEROS, Dodecanese island which, with adjacent Cos and Samos, was occupied by British troops on September 25, 1943. Strong German forces were landed on November 12 and the island capitulated four days later.
Map by courtesy of Daily Telegraph

I Took the First Churchill Tanks into Action

Suitably adapted to the terrain, Churchill tanks went into action for the first time in North Africa, near Sbiba. Their baptism of fire is here vividly described for "The War Illustrated" by Sergt. G. Powell, who was awarded the Military Medal for his gallantry and resource on that occasion.

IT was on a Sunday, February 21, 1943. We had just come to the end of a journey of 108 miles non-stop; no food, no sleep, and no maintenance, which must be considered excellent for a forty-ton tank. At 16.00 hours I was ordered to have my troop all set and ready to go into action by 17.00 hours. Without any grumbling from my boys, there's no need to say that we were all keyed up and ready at the appointed time.

But things do go wrong sometimes. I was approaching the Guards' positions when my tank just packed up. With so little time before zero hour I had no alternative but to ask for another tank. We soon had the new one ready for action, and the next thing was for me to try to get further details of what part my troop was to play in the action.

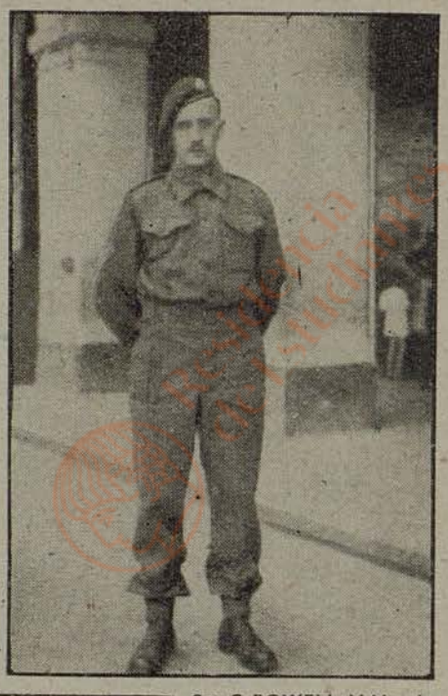
I was told that in front, 400 yards away, were a range of mountains with a road running through them. I was instructed to keep off the road (which was quite natural because Jerry was slinging his big mortars about), so there was no choice but to go over the mountain, which is not a pleasant feeling for the tanks. The only information I could obtain was that over the far side of the mountain there were two or three Arab huts which Jerry was using as machine-gun nests. My job was to wipe these out. "A bit of cake," we all called it. I was also taking in with me a platoon of Coldstream Guards.

When we arrived at the summit of the hill (I should say mountain) I couldn't see any of the enemy, but I felt something hit my leg and also noticed that my wireless operator had been hit. When we finally got over the top of the mountain, I could see my objective—about twenty Jerry tanks all lined up with a row of anti-tank guns at the back and a battery of machine-guns behind them!

I just turned my head for a split second and saw my other two tanks getting blown to "hell." Making a quick decision, I decided to charge the enemy, as it would have been suicide to try anything else. Jerry hit me about twelve times, making my tank useless for firing as he had already hit both of my guns. But I could now see the Germans getting out of their tanks and bolting. Giving orders to my driver to turn around, imagine my surprise to find German infantry not more than five yards to my front. But we scraped them out for the count.

At this point I began to feel just where I had been hit; I couldn't stand, but was just hanging up by the handlebars of my cupola. On the way back I started to look out for any of my boys that might have been lucky enough to jump out of their tanks when they went up. I found three of them; two were badly burned (they died later) and the other was just shaken up. I also discovered a Guardsman who had been badly hit. So with my tank loaded up, I returned to our original starting point.

I was told later that the enemy retreated for about fifteen miles shortly after that engagement, and I think it made it easier for our boys to take the Kasserine Pass.





Sgt. G. POWELL, M.M., who was in the thick of the fighting round Sbiba, Tunisia (see map), in February 1943, when the new Churchill tanks went to the support of the Guards during Gen. Alexander's counter-stroke against Rommel. Their first appearance in battle was crowned by the taking of Kasserine on March 1, giving control of the vital Pass.
See also p. 645, Vol. 6.

I Crashed and Was Lost in the New Guinea Jungle

A young American fighter pilot, Capt. C. P. Sullivan, was flying over the Ramu Valley, on a mission to Wewak, when one engine of his Lightning cut out. A Japanese fighter forced him into the clouds—a second engine failed, and he went down. Here he tells of his thirty days' adventure.

I SPENT the first night propped against a tree, listening to the noises of the jungle. On the third day an Allied bomber flew over, but failed to see me. I then set out along a native path. I made a raft of three logs, and floated down the river until the raft hit the bank and capsized. Then I went into the mountains. I had only ration chocolate to eat, and was getting weak. Suddenly a black face popped up, and I raised a hand and said "Hi!" It belonged to a native. He gave me a banana and I went with him to a village where I was given some pig and sweet potato.

I slept that night in the village, and next day my host, whose name sounded like Sego, agreed to come part of the way to Bena Bena. The head man of the village came along. Presently we fell in with a party of hostile natives, from whose demeanour I suspected treachery. The moving spirit in the second party was a pretty mean-looking guy who answered to the name of Addi. Sego and Addi began to argue, and Addi got mad. They were obviously arguing about me. We went to another village where another man and Addi sat down uncomfortably close to me. I went and sat with Sego, but Addi objected and there was a lot of bow and arrow and knife rattling. Addi wanted me to lie down in a hut and go to sleep.

It looked too much like a trap, so I went out and put a slug into the breech of my forty-five. I sat down where I could see them all, and told them if they did anything to me our bombers would come and get them. All but Addi looked impressed. The head man wanted to move round behind me, but I flicked my gun at him and made him sit down. I told them I would shoot them if they made me move. Addi jumped up and came at me yelling, and grabbed my arms, and I had to shoot him. Then the head man rushed at me and I shot him, too. I felt pretty bad about it after, but there was nothing else I could do. The rest ran away and I ran, too. I lay hidden, and presently some women came and wailed over the bodies.

I LEFT just before dawn. I took off my boots so that I could move quietly, but they rattled against the trees, so I left them. That was a big mistake. I went up and down ridges barefooted for sixteen days; I kept a little stick and cut a notch on it for each day. After I left the natives I had only four pawpaws and maybe a dozen each of passion fruit and bananas, with a lot of black seeds in them. Every night I got wet, but always managed to keep my gun dry. I tried eating grass, but it was awful.

I had only six matches, and took almost a day collecting dry stuff for a fire. No one came, so next day I made a really big one. Still nothing happened, so I decided to go on. It was tough walking barefoot on burnt stubble. About noon I saw the reflection of something on a hill. It took me until next morning to reach it, and I found it was an Aussie camp. I couldn't say anything for a while, but they were just swell to me, and their officer, Lieutenant Jim Harper, of Melbourne, cut my hair and gave me food and clothes and boots, and even took me to a creek and washed my back. This was the twenty-fourth day after I crashed. After three days I went down to Dumpu, where they put me in a little runabout plane. But that crashed, too, though the pilot and I weren't hurt. I finished the journey by transport plane to hospital, where I am rapidly recovering strength.



WEWAK, vital Japanese supply base in New Guinea, is the scene of this swoop on an enemy freighter by a U.S. Army Air Force medium bomber, which skims the water to drive home its attack. *Photo, Planet News*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

NOVEMBER 10, Wednesday *1,530th day*

Italy.—Fall of Castiglione to 5th Army announced. Fierce enemy counter-attacks against American at Venafro and British at Calabritto repelled.

Russian Front.—Ivankovo and Gribenki captured by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—Rabaul (New Britain) heavily attacked at night by 200 Allied aircraft.

Air.—Modane, French Riviera frontier town near mouth of Mont Cenis tunnel, heavily bombed at night.

NOVEMBER 11, Thursday *1,531st day*

Italy.—Air reconnaissance revealed Germans scuttling ships at Leghorn and Pisa.

Mediterranean.—Annecy (France) ball-bearing works and rail yard bombed by Liberators.

Russian Front.—Radomesl, Brusilov, and Kornino in the Zhitomir region captured by Russians.

Australasia.—Announced that U.S. troops, their task accomplished, had withdrawn from Choiseul Is. (Solomons). Japanese cruiser and two destroyers sunk in Allied carrier attack on Rabaul (New Britain).

General.—War Cabinet changes announced; Lord Woolton appointed Minister of Reconstruction; Col. Llewellin, Minister of Food; Mr. H. U. Willink, K.C., Minister of Health; Mr. Ernest Brown, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Ben Smith, Minister Resident in Washington. Martial Law proclaimed in Lebanon Republic; the President, Prime Minister and chief ministers arrested by French troops.

NOVEMBER 12, Friday *1,532nd day*

Mediterranean.—British-held island of Leros (Dodecanese) invaded by Germans; Italians fighting side by side with British.

Russian Front.—Zhitomir captured by Red Army; Korostyshev taken.

General.—Announced that Admiral Sir J. C. Tovey, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., promoted to succeed Sir Dudley Pound as Admiral of the Fleet. French troops cleared barricades in Beirut (Lebanon).

NOVEMBER 13, Saturday *1,533rd day*

Italy.—Allied and German troops in fierce battle for Mount Camino ridge, S.W. of Mignano.

Air.—Bremen bombed by U.S. Fortresses and Liberators.

NOVEMBER 14, Sunday *1,534th day*

Italy.—Capture of Atessa by 8th Army. Filignano and Pozzili by U.S. troops, announced.

Mediterranean.—Sofia bombed by U.S. Mitchells.

Russian Front.—Chepovichi, 20 miles S.E. of Korosten, taken by Russians.

NOVEMBER 15, Monday *1,535th day*

Mediterranean.—Announced that Greek paratroops landed on Samos (Dodecanese) to strengthen British garrison.

Russian Front.—Kaganovichi, in Kiev sector, captured by Red Army; Soviet troops cut vital Gomel-Rezhitsa railway.

China.—Hong Kong and Kowloon bombed by U.S. Liberators.

General.—Duke of Gloucester appointed to succeed Lord Gowrie as Governor-General of Australia as from June 1944. Gen. Catroux arrived in Beirut (Lebanon) to deal with crisis.

NOVEMBER 16, Tuesday *1,536th day*

Mediterranean.—Leros, overwhelmed by German bombers, capitulated to the enemy.

Russian Front.—Fierce enemy counter-attacks S.W. of Kiev salient repelled.

Pacific.—Japanese aerodrome of Jaluit (Marshall Islands) bombed by Liberators.

Air.—Knaben molybdenum mines and Rjukan power station (Norway) bombed by U.S. Fortresses.

NOVEMBER 17, Wednesday *1,537th day*

Russian Front.—Korosten and Rezhitsa captured by Russians. Chernobyl, on lower reaches of River Pripet, taken. Enemy gained ground in Zhitomir region.

Australasia.—Japanese air bases on Buka Island, N. of Bougainville bombarded by U.S. naval task force.

Air.—Ludwigshafen bombed by Lancasters and Halifaxes.

General.—The Emir Feisal and Emir Khalid, sons of the king of Saudi Arabia, arrived in England.

NOVEMBER 18, Thursday *1,538th day*

Mediterranean.—Allied Air Forces attacked Eleusis airfield (Athens).

Russian Front.—Heavy enemy counter-attacks repelled at Zhitomir and Korostyshev.

Air.—Kjeller, Luftwaffe depot 11 miles N.E. of Oslo, Norway, raided by U.S. Liberators. Berlin (350 block-busters dropped in 30 minutes) and Mannheim-Ludwigshafen heavily bombed in great double attack; largest number of heavy bombers ever sent to Germany took part in raids.

NOVEMBER 19, Friday *1,539th day*

Russian Front.—Ovruch seized by Russians. Dnieper forced in Cherkasy area. Soviet troops abandoned Zhitomir.

Air.—Fortresses attacked Western Germany. Leverkusen, near Cologne, heavily attacked at night.

NOVEMBER 20, Saturday *1,540th day*

Russian Front.—Russians defeated German thrusts at Korostyshev.

Australasia.—U.S. Marines and troops landed on the Makin and Tarawa atolls (Gilbert Is.).

NOVEMBER 21, Sunday *1,541st day*

Russian Front.—Russian troops reached bank of Beresina, N. of Gomel.

General.—Mr. William Strang chosen to be British representative on the European Advisory Commission. French National Committee decided to reinstate M. Khoury as President of the Lebanese Republic and liberate other ministers; negotiations on independence to be opened with Syrian Government and later with Lebanese Government.

NOVEMBER 22, Monday *1,542nd day*

Italy.—Announced that considerable Canadian reinforcements had arrived.

Russian Front.—Enemy counter-attacks in the Korostyshev and Chernyakhov sectors repulsed.

Air.—Berlin received its heaviest raid to date; 2,300 tons of bombs dropped.

General.—Mr. Duff Cooper appointed British representative on French National Committee. Lebanese demonstrators occupied the Chamber, seat of the government, and the police headquarters.

NOVEMBER 23, Tuesday *1,543rd day*

Australasia.—Disclosed that U.S. troops landed recently on Apamama atoll (Gilbert Is.). Announced Makin Island (Gilberts) captured by U.S. troops.

Mediterranean.—Revealed that British, Greek and some Italian troops evacuated from Samos (Dodecanese).

Russian Front.—Bragin, in district of lower Pripet, occupied by Russians. Soviet troops forced to give ground south of Kiev salient.

Air.—Berlin heavily raided for second successive night; 5,000 tons of bombs dropped on the capital in last week.

★ *Flash-backs* ★

1939

November 23. *German magnetic mines laid in East Coast estuaries.*

1940

November 11. *First large-scale Italian air raid on Britain.*

1941

November 16. *Germans captured Kerch in the eastern Crimea.*

November 17. *British Commandos raided German H.Q. in Libya.*

November 19. *H.M.A.S. Sydney sunk in action with German raider Steiermark, which was also destroyed at the same time.*

1942

November 10. *Oran (French North Africa) captured by U.S. troops.*

November 11. *German troops entered Unoccupied France. Casablanca and Bougie capitulated to U.S. and British troops.*

November 12. *British First Army occupied Bône in Algeria.*

November 13. *8th Army captured Tobruk and Gazala in Cyrenaica.*

November 15. *Contact made between Allied and Axis forces 12 miles N.W. of Jadeida, Tunisia.*

November 20. *Benghazi (Libya) occupied by British 8th Army.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE greatest difference between surface war and air war lies in the association in each case between strategy and tactics. In surface war, both on land and at sea, strategical situations can be created by the grouping of armies or of navies with the possession of adequate lines of communication, ports, and supply facilities. Tactical actions in the face of the enemy are the products of the strategical situation.

It is usual for opponents in war so to manoeuvre that the strategical situation falls favourably before one side or the other strikes. This applies both in advances and retreats, and in the present war it has been seen more often with greater skill during the retreats than during the advances. It must be assumed that during her present great retreat in Russia, and from Africa, Germany has planned to gain by those manoeuvres a strategical situation more favourable to her than the position she held before the retreats began. Let us examine this point more closely, for it is an important one in the war at the present time, and the lessons that can be learned from it are pointers to operations on an ever-growing scale against Japan.

The all-important factor to be borne in mind is the different relationship between air strategy and tactics. The strategic situation in surface war, as we have just observed, is contained in the latent strength of the forces in the dispositions they hold before they strike. It is, indeed, a situation of threat and not of action. In such circumstances, when tactical situations follow, the forces are not always fully locked in battle; an example of reaction from a strategic situation was the inconclusive battle of Jutland in the last war, when the British Commander-in-Chief naval forces decided that the favourable strategic situation was more important than the uncertainty of establishing a successful tactical result. Nothing of this kind can happen in air war.

AND that is the principal reason why this war, and its actions, differ from previous wars. Failure to recognize that cardinal change in the principle of war has cost Britain and her Allies dearly enough. The change of principle has been unobserved or ignored by many generals and admirals, and regarded as a method, with unfortunate results in numerous actions fought all over the world.

The strategic air situation results in constant action, action even more continuous than the tactical air war over the fields of surface actions by land and sea. In air war you cannot hold a great air fleet leashed without striking. The policy of Jellicoe, at Jutland, could not possibly be that of the leaders of R.A.F. Bomber Command, or the U.S. Army Eighth Air Force, or the Mediterranean Strategic Air Force. It was possible to dominate the sea in 1914-18 by holding a Battle Fleet in strategic reserve in Scapa Flow. That is no longer possible. We dominate the sea mainly by superior air power. Battleships are used as escort vessels, anti-aircraft ships to provide gun-fire power for the local protection of merchant ships. Their former strategic threat has been reduced by the air weapon to a faint shadow of its former glory, a shadow that falls mainly from the past. The German capital ships, far fewer than in 1914-18, were not knocked out by Britain's superior fleet, nor did this keep them in harbour.

They have been crippled by the air weapon, kept in port by the air weapon, and because the Germans knew the power of the air weapon and made the most extensive preparations for its use before 1939 they built their capital ships to stand against it better than we had done, and so their ships were harder to sink than ours. But, even so, with all the ingenuity of a people who intended to subjugate the world by the use of excess air power, their ships have failed lamentably because they have been continually restrained by the air weapon.

THE fleets of Britain, Japan, America, and Italy have all felt the effects of this new weapon. It has changed the character of naval war. Because of this there are sailors of high rank who contend that the aeroplane is not more than a gun, a weapon, and that Air Power is not a basic condition of war demanding the backing of a separate Service to secure its full use. They are wrong. The aeroplane is but at the beginning of its development. The most successful single-seat fighters of the last war had engines which developed between 130 and 180 horse-power.

Such fighters today have engines of some 2,300 horse-power. Two machine-guns have been augmented to twelve. Cannon guns, then almost unknown, have been developed increasingly to the size of efficient anti-tank shell-guns. Bombs outweigh the greatest naval shells by nearly four times. The aircraft that are used today are not weapons, they are vehicles for weapons, shells, bullets, torpedoes, bombs, as surely as ships are vehicles for weapons. And they are the enemies of ships, the very enemies that have reduced the former strategic grandeur of navies—that lasted from Philip of Spain's day to Jellicoe's—to that of vessels of tactical value, unable to operate save in dire peril until the army and the air force clear the littoral for them, and by divesting the enemy of his striking airfields make passage safe for ships under cover of our own-held airfields.

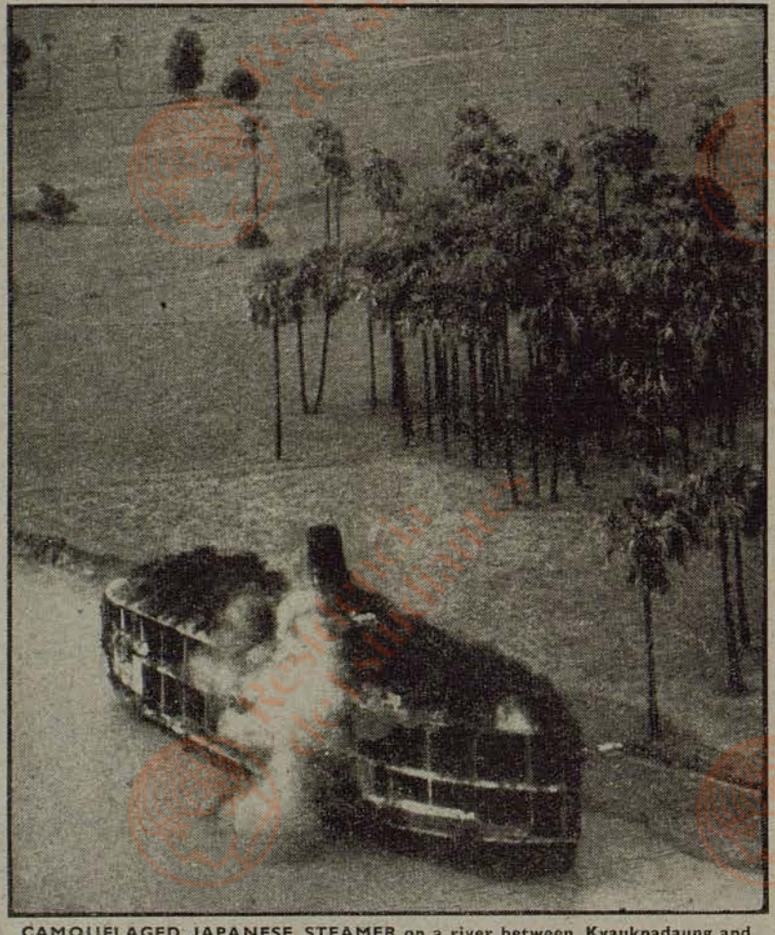
AIR Power's Decisive Part in Atlantic Submarine War

The demonstration in the Mediterranean was the forerunner of the domination of the oceans in the future by air-power. Indeed, who can deny that air power has played the decisive part in the submarine war in the Atlantic? We were steadily losing it until aircraft of sufficient range and carrying power were employed so that only a small gap was left, which in turn was sealed with short-range Swordfish from small aircraft carriers. Soon there will be no gap. There will be no need for the short-range Swordfish. The land-based aircraft will be the supreme power over all the seas and oceans.

The strategic air forces batter Germany and occupied Europe. They cut the railway lines leading from Germany to Italy. They destroy ball-bearing manufacturing plants, chemical manufacturing plants, mines in Norway, railway yards in Sofia. The naval strategy of 1914-18 could not have starved out Germany in 1939. Only air strategy can do that; not by sitting in port, but by hitting again and again, ever harder and harsher blows.

THE whole war is keyed upon air power. Whosoever possesses it in sufficient proportions will knock the keystone out of the enemy's arch and his whole military edifice will fall. It will happen in the big scale as in the small. Our own loss of Leros is a pointer to the principle which some generals and many admirals overlooked and overlook. Troops cannot without very great risk be placed beyond the reach of our own air protection even if we have naval supremacy.

Nothing can take the place of air power either in strategy or tactics. To place troops beyond the air cover of the most efficient fighters is to fight this war on the principle of 1914-18. That was why we lost in Norway, France, Greece, Crete, Singapore. That was why Germany lost at El Alamein, Nofilia, Tunisa, Pantelleria, Sicily. After all these lessons why should we stick our troops in Leros (see eye witness story in p. 442), Samos and Cos? Only to lose the islands and most of the troops. Are we blind, or, in the American sense, merely dumb?



CAMOUFLAGED JAPANESE STEAMER on a river between Kyaukpadaung and Muale, Burma, is squarely hit by an R.A.F. Beaufighter. Bombing has gone on right through the monsoon season and our ever-growing air strength is seriously weakening Japan's long, narrow and exposed supply-lines through Burma, the north-eastern limit of Lord Louis Mountbatten's South-East Asia Command.

 Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Sky Trails of Two-Ton Bomb Load Fortresses



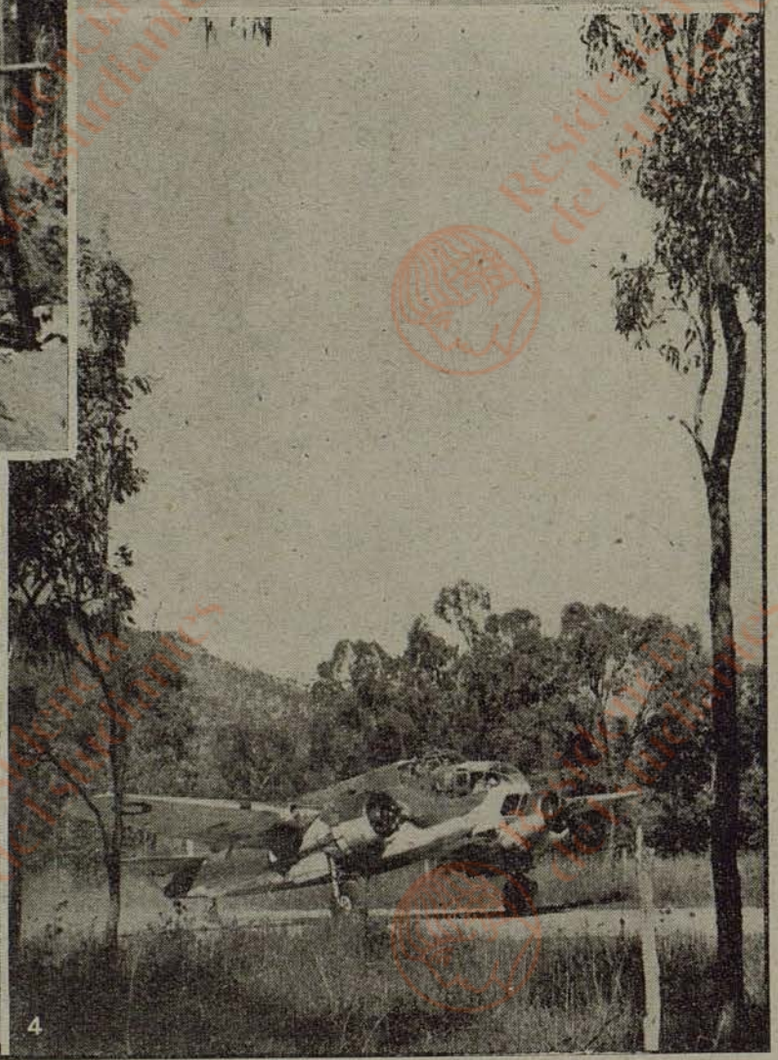
WRITING IN THE SKY, spelling the doom of Nazism in Europe, comes from four-engined Flying Fortress bombers of U.S. Army 8th Air Force. The machines leave a four-plumed wake behind them when operating at high altitudes. Their trails are clearly distinguishable from the single wakes streaming from single-engined fighters which have swooped into the attack and the tell-tale tracks of which traverse the photograph from left to right. Flying Fortresses have a ceiling of 40,000 ft. and a range of 2,500 miles, and can fly at 290 m.p.h. with a bomb load of over two tons. Long-range Thunderbolts escort them all the way to the target. *Photo, U.S. Official*

From Jungle Bases They Fly to Fight Japanese









IN THE WILDS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA are stationed men of the Royal Australian Air Force who are playing a vital part in the Battle of the Pacific. From an improvised control tower (1) an officer gives the "okay" to a homing machine, while a Beaufort bomber (4) taxies to a narrow clearing from which it can take off. Splendid performances are to the credit of both men and aircraft; this Avro 10 Fokker-type plane (2) has made many pioneering flights over wild New Guinea country, and W.-Cmdr. Clive R. Caldwell (3, right) has earned the nickname "Killer" for bringing down 20 Japanese planes.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Editor's Postscript

THE Dutch are a canny folk, rather like our Northumbrians. They pursue their objects with a quiet steady persistence that often deludes observers imperfectly acquainted with them into the belief that they are not really doing anything out of the ordinary. The Nazis in Holland have been learning a lot about this Dutch characteristic. Civil servants, for instance, appear to be getting on with their work as usual, not hurrying, but not slacking either. What they are doing very often is filling up forms incorrectly, passing documents on to the wrong departments, or putting important papers which may be called for at any moment into drawers or pigeon-holes where no one would think of looking for them. This slows down, if it does not derange altogether, the business of the public offices. Private offices contribute also to the bemuddling of the hated German invaders. Merchants and distributors are obliged to have dealings with the enemy, but they do their best to confuse and puzzle and delay. These tricks are the more maddening because it is hard to detect exactly where they have occurred. They worry the Huns a lot!

THE public are reproached by the Ministry of Transport because there has been more travelling by train this year than was customary in peacetime. But if they reflected for a little while, the complainants would see that there is a simple and sound reason for this. Large numbers of people had got into the habit of travelling by coach. The coaches which ran out of London for ten, fifteen, twenty miles to the dormitory towns and villages of Surrey and Kent, used to be full always in the morning and evening. Now all those who preferred the coach to the train are obliged to travel by railway. It is this rather than disregard of the injunction to consider "Is your journey really necessary?" which accounts for the increased numbers the railways now carry. At least, that is the explanation which seems to me to fit the case. Of course, there are plenty of unnecessary journeys being made, but not nearly so many as the figures might suggest.

WE shall probably hear a good deal about the Italian port of Leghorn, on the Mediterranean, during the next month or two. I wonder—I long have wondered—how its name came to be spelt and pronounced that way in English. It is in reality Livorno, and unless it had made a speciality of making straw hats it might have been unknown in this country except to sailors and travellers on the Mediterranean coast. Last century its name became very well known here by reason of those straw hats made at Livorno becoming fashionable for Englishwomen's wear. And somehow the pronunciation and spelling came to be Leghorn. I once passed through its railway station in company with an English lady who looked out, saw the boards with Livorno on them, and said: "I never heard of this place before." I said: "Oh yes, you have!" and explained to her how we had altered the name. She asked me: "Why cannot places be called everywhere as they are called by those who live in them?" I said: "Ask me another!"

THE League of Nations would have done a most useful piece of work if it had dealt with this. Why should Venezia (Venetzia) be Venice in England, Venise in French, Venedig in German? Why do we spell Basel in Switzerland Basle, while Italians call it Basilea, and the French Bâle? Why need we be puzzled by Geneva, Genf, Ginevra and Genève being variants of the same place-name? Not only is it bewildering when you are trying to learn geography. It has more practical drawbacks. Long ago I remember sitting one sunny autumn day in the railway station at Bellinzona, on the frontier between Italy and Switzerland, waiting for a train to Milan, for which the Italian is Milano. In came one with a placard bearing the word "Mailand" attached to the wagons. I was almost tempted to sit on, not knowing that this was the German spelling (the train had come from Germany), but I guessed that it might be so and, a friendly porter confirming my guess, I speedily got in. I dare say French visitors to England have missed trains because they will spell our capital "Londres" instead of London. Here is a job for the new council of Nations recommended by the recent and highly successful Moscow Conference.



FEODOR GUSEV, appointed Soviet Ambassador to Britain in succession to M. Ivan Maisky. The announcement was made on August 1, 1943. Aged 39, M. Gusev entered the Russian Foreign Commissariat in 1937 and became head of the Second European Department in 1939, there making a special study of British institutions. Until his appointment to London he was Soviet Minister to Canada. He speaks English fluently. *Photo by Karsh, Ottawa*

WE must all call that by the same name. We did not do so when we had the League of Nations; the French called it Society of Nations, though they have the word "Ligue," pronounced like our "League" and frequently used in their language. A friend of mine, keen "internationalist," is circulating a pledge, which he would like people in all countries to sign, of support for the "International Authority" which is to be set up. "This will never do!" I have told him. Impossible to work up enthusiasm for an institution with a name like that! No thrill in it, nothing to stir emotion or kindle the fire of imagination. My friend is particularly anxious to get young people interested. That won't be possible unless we make them feel warmly as well as think deeply. "International Authority" would leave them cold. Perhaps we ought to have a new League, different from the old in many ways, of course. Not so diplomatic, nor so dominated by politicians. A League of Peoples rather than Governments, of countries rather than States.

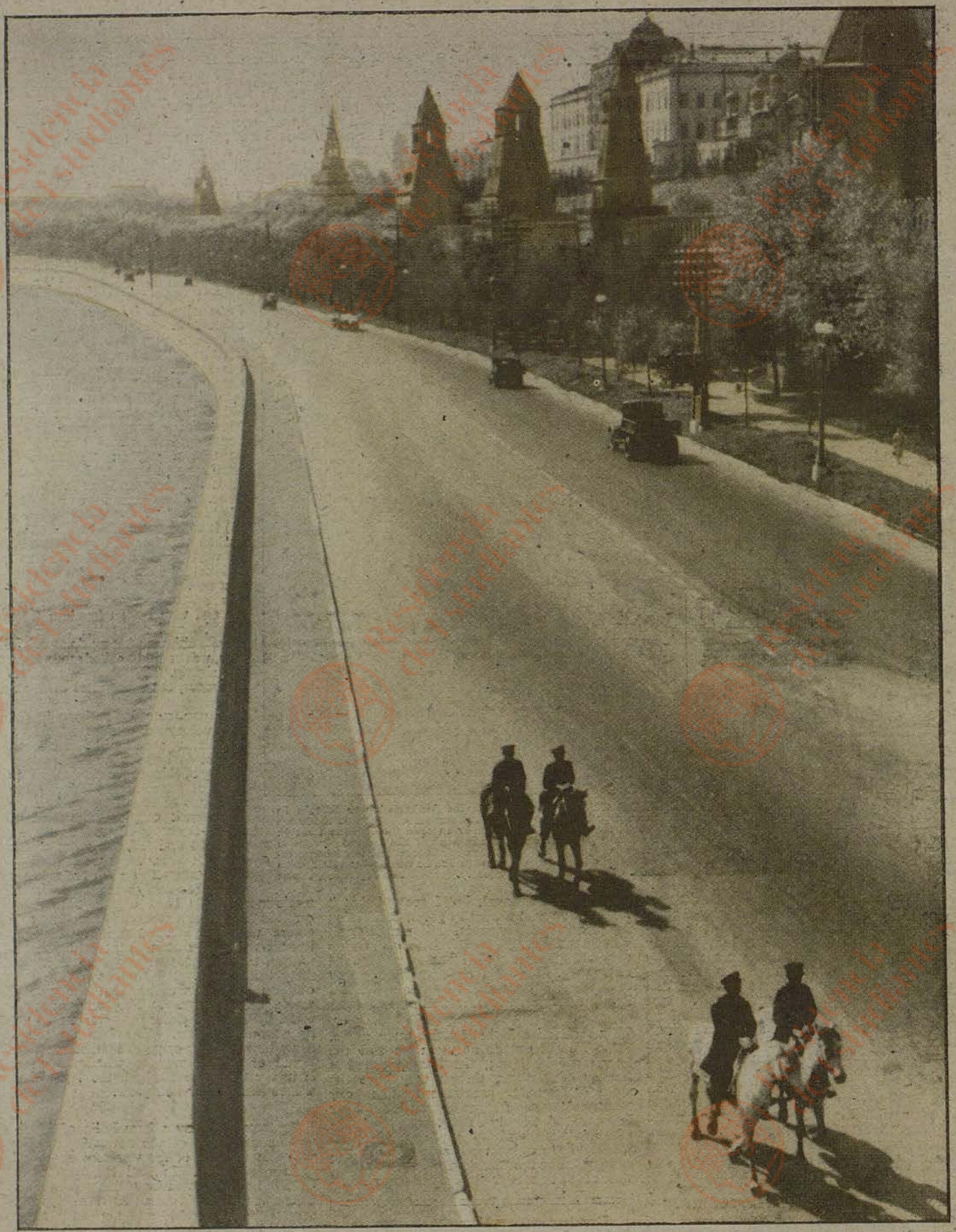
COUNT SFORZA surprised many people, even people who knew him, by the strong line he took, on his return to Italy from exile in the United States, against King Victor Emmanuel. Personally, he is an aristocrat of aristocrats. He comes of a very old and very historical family. That he should have turned against the Italian monarchy shows how deeply the iron of Fascism entered into the soul of all true Italians. What the king really felt about Mussolini we may never know. Some indication was given when he told a friend: "If there is anything you want to let me know privately, come and say it. Don't write. If you do, others will know what it is." The old Count (he is 70) is being reproached with having broken promises and gone back on his word in the days when he was a Cabinet Minister. But "why drag that up?" a good many are asking. Cavour, the statesman who worked for and won Italian freedom from Austria, said once: "If we did as private citizens what we do as public men, we should be called scoundrels, and rightly." There ought to be no difference, but I fear there often is.

DO you ever look through old volumes of Punch? I do often, and fascinating I find it. I learned a great deal about the 19th-century history of Europe from Punch while I was at school, and I like reviving memories of events by seeing how they struck people at the time. I turned the other day to the volumes for 1854 and '55, the years of the Crimean War, when we laid siege to Sebastopol and our soldiers suffered so badly from the cold. It was an unusually hard winter. Sometimes on the Black Sea there is hardly any severe weather. But when it does snow, it snows for days at a time; and when it freezes, the thermometer drops to thirty or forty below zero. British troops were sent out on the assumption that the winter would be a mild one. They were not provided by the War Office with warm clothing or warming rations. The Punch pictures show how the war changed Britain from an island of clean-shaven to whiskered men. If this year is like 1854-55, the Nazis also will be letting their hair grow.

MENTION in the news from India of Manipur as one of the native States very active in support of the war sent my mind back a long way. In 1891 the newspapers were full of this small mountain principality. There was a quarrel about its rulership, and several British civil servants and army officers were murdered. The remainder were besieged in the Residency, among them a Mrs. St. Clair Grimwood. She behaved with so much pluck and good sense that, when they escaped and got back to England, she was given the Royal Red Cross.

Readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED who have difficulty in obtaining regular copies are advised to place an order with their newsagent immediately.

Moscow's Watchful Night Patrol Rides Home



'OUR MILITIA' is the affectionate way in which Moscow citizens refer to their civil security force, a mounted contingent of which, coming off duty after a night patrol, is here seen passing the Kremlin, on the bank of the Moskva River. The Militia fulfil the duties of policemen, A.R.P. leaders, traffic controllers and passport inspectors. Girls (see page 434) have replaced many of the younger men. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

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Vol 8 **The War Illustrated** N° 181

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE MAY 26, 1944



IN HONOUR OF THE RUSSIAN FALLEN in Stalingrad this temporary memorial has been erected to unknown Red Army soldiers who died in the fierce fighting for the city; a permanent monument will later take its place. In a recent statement, the Vice-President of the Academy of Architecture of the U.S.S.R. said that plans were being made to lay out the centre of the reconstructed city in broad squares, adorned with mighty monuments to the heroes of Stalingrad. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

NO. 182 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JUNE 9

Our Roving Camera Looks at the Housing Problem





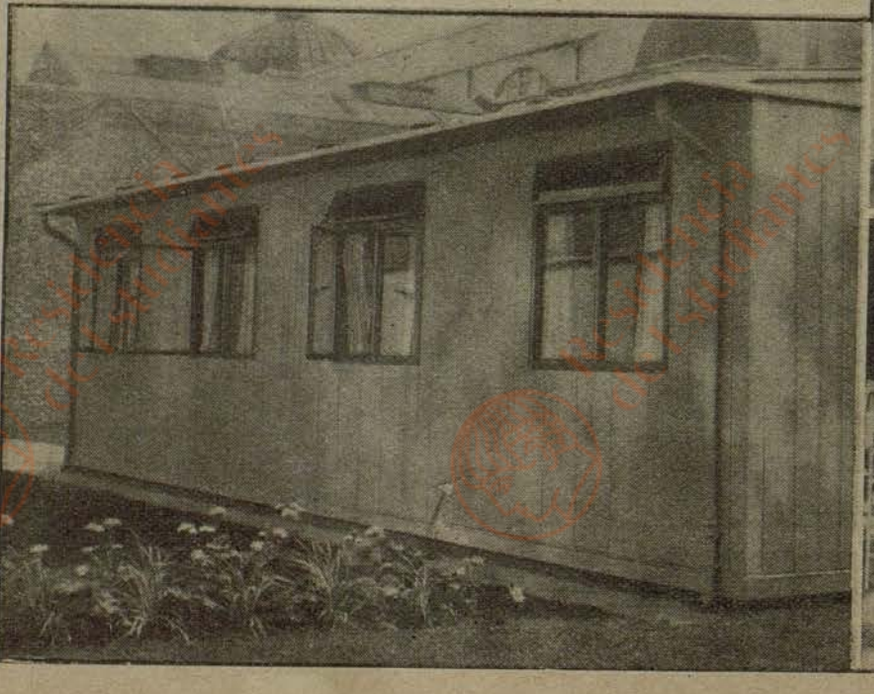


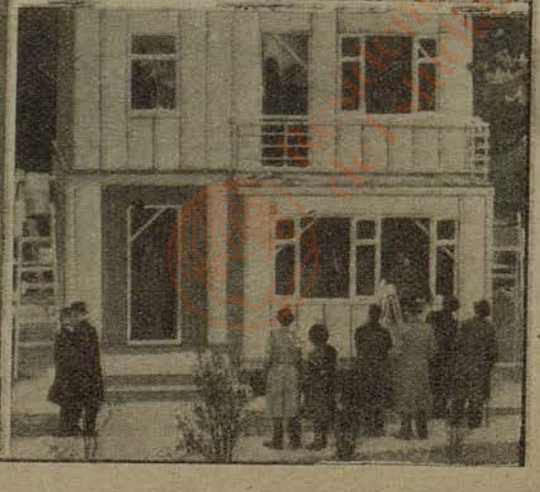
CARAVANS serve at least as a temporary measure to overcome the housing problem near Elstree, on land which prior to the war was a holiday camp site. Some 20 families live in the caravans, which are either rented or self-owned; the inhabitants are Service people, munitions workers and evacuees, whose children attend the village school. The community is self-contained and well-ordered. Left, the caravan "town" at Elstree; and (below), inside a caravan, where space is limited and domestic arrangements are simple; cooking is done individually on stoves with cylinder-contained gas or coal fires.

Photos, Daily Mirror, Topical Press, Planet News

EMERGENCY HOUSES to help immediate needs in post-war Britain were mentioned by Mr. Churchill in his broadcast on March 26, 1944. One of the pre-fabricated steel houses, of which it is hoped to build 500,000, has been erected in London (bottom left). The house has a living-room, two bedrooms, kitchen (above left), and bathroom, lavatory and shed. Another type of two-storey, pre-fabricated house produced by a Hull firm (bottom right) was recently erected in just under nine hours. Workmen are seen laying the floors (centre right).







THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

With the approach of the long awaited Second Front the atmosphere became almost unbearably tense by the beginning of May. Rumours and speculations from a multitude of sources provided a variety of forecasts of its date, points of attack and methods that gave ample scope for choice. The odds were long, however, against any of them proving more than partially correct, but they served to indicate the difficulty the Germans would have in adjusting their dispositions to meet the threat without unduly dispersing their resources in an attempt to be strong everywhere. Personally, with so many possible permutations and combinations, including a number of unknown factors, I was content to wait and see what the Allied Command would produce.

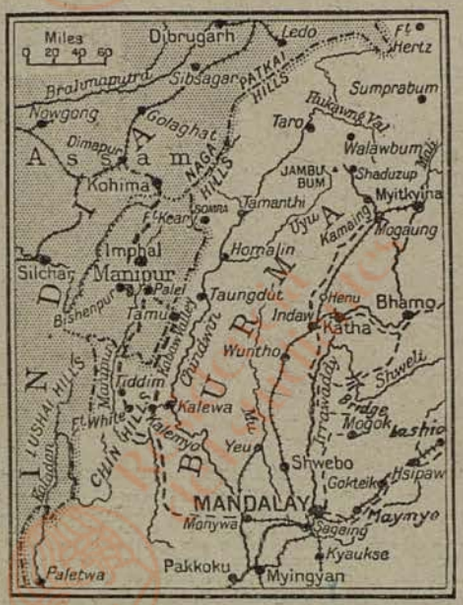
The lull in major operations—other than the air offensive—which set in towards the end of April served only to increase the tensity of the situation and to give additional subjects for speculation. How long would it last and where would it be broken—on the Russian front, in Italy or in the Balkans ?

RUSSIA On the Russian front it seemed at any rate pretty certain that the lull would not last as long as in 1943. Then, although mud brought operations to a standstill for a considerable time, the main reason for the prolongation of the lull was the exhaustion of both sides after the winter campaign and the necessity of carrying out extensive reorganization before embarking on major operations again. This year the Russians show no sign of exhaustion and they have demonstrated their ability to maintain their offensive under most adverse ground conditions. North of the Pripet Marshes the lull is probably due to ground conditions which in the north are worse and persist longer than in the south, but south of the Marshes it may be no more than an unusually long pause made desirable by the coincidence of several reasons. The main reason I judge is that the offensive, having split the enemy's forces into two groups, has now two distinct objectives, which call for considerable re-grouping of the armies before launching major operations in divergent directions.

Secondly, the distance the offensive has already covered has immensely increased the length of lines of communication which almost certainly must require to be improved before they can stand the strain of maintaining a major offensive. A third reason is that the offensive between the objective in Poland and the objective in the lower Danube area has reached the Carpathians, which encroach on both lines of renewed operations, limiting their scope of manoeuvre. With the passes still blocked by snow, operations across the Carpathians on a major scale are presumably out of the question. But, perhaps more important, the melting of the snows has brought the Dniester, Pruth and Sereth temporarily down in flood which improves the German defensive position ; and, where the foothills of the mountains encroach on the area of operations, tributaries in spate are a particularly serious obstacle. Comparatively small swift flowing torrents may often prove a greater obstacle to military operations than large rivers whose levels are less liable to sudden and extreme fluctuation. On the whole, however, on the southern front seasonal conditions tend to limit the scope of operations rather than to bring them entirely to a standstill as mud can do in the north.

The unexpectedly rapid fall of Sevastopol on May 9 was a fitting climax to what I think was one of the most brilliant achievements of the Soviet military forces. The initial break-through into the Crimea was a masterpiece of planning and execution, but the Sevastopol defences were so strong that it seemed probable that a prolonged siege might be necessary. That the Russians were able in three weeks to complete preparations for the final assault and to overwhelm the defence in three days' fighting was an amazing proof of their organizational and tactical ability.

BURMA While the lull continued in Europe more interest could be taken in Far Eastern operations. In Burma the situation was certainly obscure and not a little disturbing. The Japanese offensive which had isolated a considerable body of



FAILING TO TAKE KOHIMA, Allied base in Assam, Japanese troops were, on May 15, 1944, concentrating in the area of Imphal in the Manipur State, where strong Allied forces barred the way. In Northern Burma the Allies were advancing in the Mogaung valley.
By courtesy of The Times

our troops in the Imphal area and was attacking the small garrison at Kohima on its main line of communications would, in ordinary European warfare, have undoubtedly produced an alarming situation.

It was difficult to realize that in Burma, although operations were conducted by fairly large forces of well-equipped troops, they had largely the character of guerilla warfare, and only in the open Imphal plain could battles of a normal type develop. There the isolated force had the advantage of superior armament owing to the inability of the Japanese to bring up large numbers of the more powerful weapons because of their indifferent communications, and once they emerged from the surrounding jungle their attacks were therefore practically bound to fail. Nor was the isolated force likely to suffer from lack of supplies, for its large reserves could be frequently supplemented by air transport.

The situation at Kohima was more serious, for there not only was the garrison very much smaller, but the Japanese were able to close in on it from the surrounding jungle. Only the very gallant defence of the garrison prevented a regrettable incident, damaging to our prestige, and one which might have enabled the Japanese to infiltrate up to and interrupt the railway which provides the line



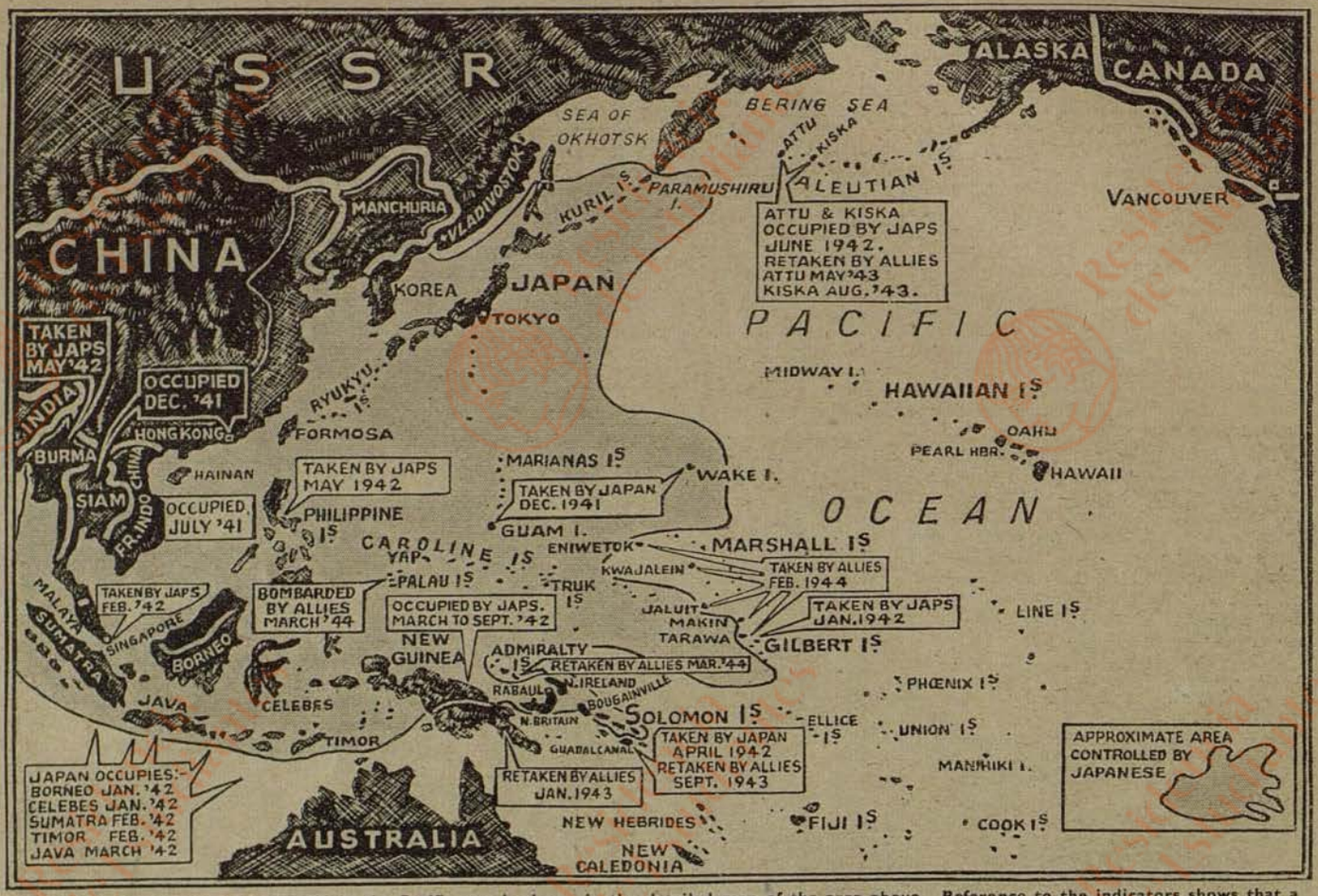
FIELD-MARSHAL KESSELRING, German C.-in-C. Southern Italy, whose troops our 5th Army is fighting at Anzio and Cassino, uses a field telephone (left) ; with him is Field-Marshal of Air Force Wolfgang von Richthofen, relative of Germany's last war air ace.
Photo, Planet News

of communication with General Stilwell's force in the north. It was only after a period of some anxiety that a relieving force broke through the blocks on the road between Kohima and the railway and was able to replace the original garrison by fresh troops. A general counter-offensive against the Japanese detachments, dispersed and dug in over a wide area at inaccessible points in the jungle difficult to locate, was impracticable and counter-measures were perforce of a guerilla character. Carried out on an extensive scale by troops based on the railway and by the Imphal force they may have met with considerable success, dislodging and inflicting heavy casualties on Japanese detachments. The Japanese are having difficulty in maintaining supplies ; these difficulties will probably greatly increase in the monsoon season which has begun and they may compel the Japanese to withdraw.

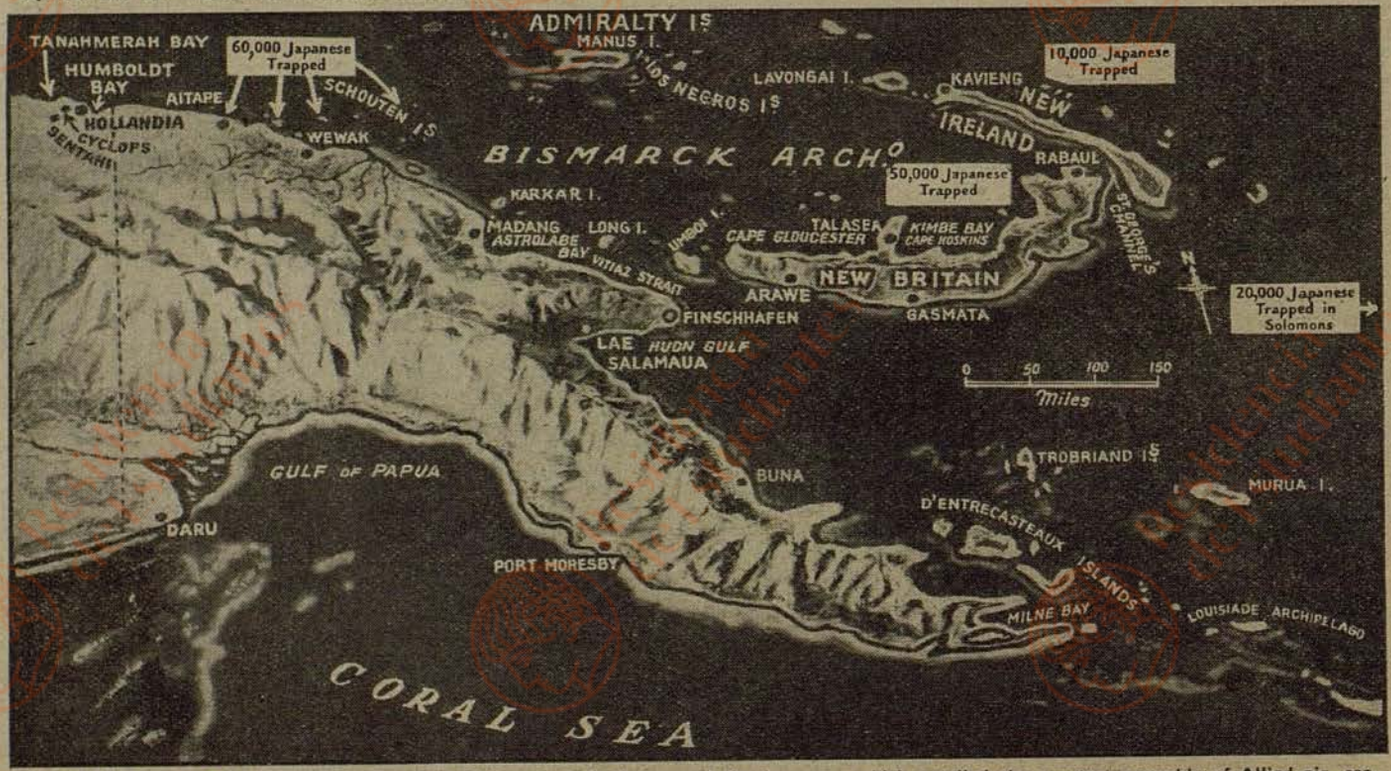
Meanwhile, General Stilwell's Chinese troops, covering the construction of the new road, which may one day link up with the old Burma road to China, are making steady progress, and the main communications of the Japanese opposing them have been cut by the Chindit airborne force which has established itself on the railway leading north from Mandalay. That force has been reinforced, but little information about its operations, evidently also of a guerilla character, has been given. Air communications with it during the monsoons obviously present difficulties, but apparently there is confidence that a technique has been developed which will overcome them. Japanese attacks on its central stronghold at Henu have all been driven off.

FAR EAST The progress of the air-sea offensive in the south-west Pacific (see map, p. 4), now far ahead of schedule, is very encouraging. It is clear that under the umbrella of carrier-borne aircraft amphibious operations can be carried out at a constantly increasing range. In an attempt to be strong everywhere the Japanese shore-based aircraft have to be distributed over many points, with the result that detachments are liable to be overwhelmed by the surprise attacks of carrier-borne aircraft and long-range shore-based bombers, leaving detachments of ground troops such as that at Wewak without air support to be isolated or dealt with by landing parties in due course. Meanwhile the magnificent purely land operations carried out by Australian troops under appalling difficulties of terrain and climate which ended in the capture of Madang should not be forgotten or underrated.

Pattern of Allied Attack in the Pacific War



GENERAL STRATEGIC POSITION in the Pacific war is shown in the detailed map of the area above. Reference to the indicators shows that a considerable number of vital places captured by the Japanese in their initial offensive of 1941-42 have been recaptured or are in the process of being recaptured by the Allied forces, slowly but steadily pushing the enemy back the way they came. On Mar. 29, 1944, the U.S. Pacific Fleet prepared the way for further strategic progress by attacking Palau Islands; these are the most westerly of the Carolines, and the attack was by far the deepest penetration made into Japanese territory in the Pacific to date. Heavy sea and air blows were struck at Truk, Japanese naval base, on April 29 and 30. Wake Island had also been subjected to air attacks, indication of the manner in which the Allied arm ever lengthens its reach.



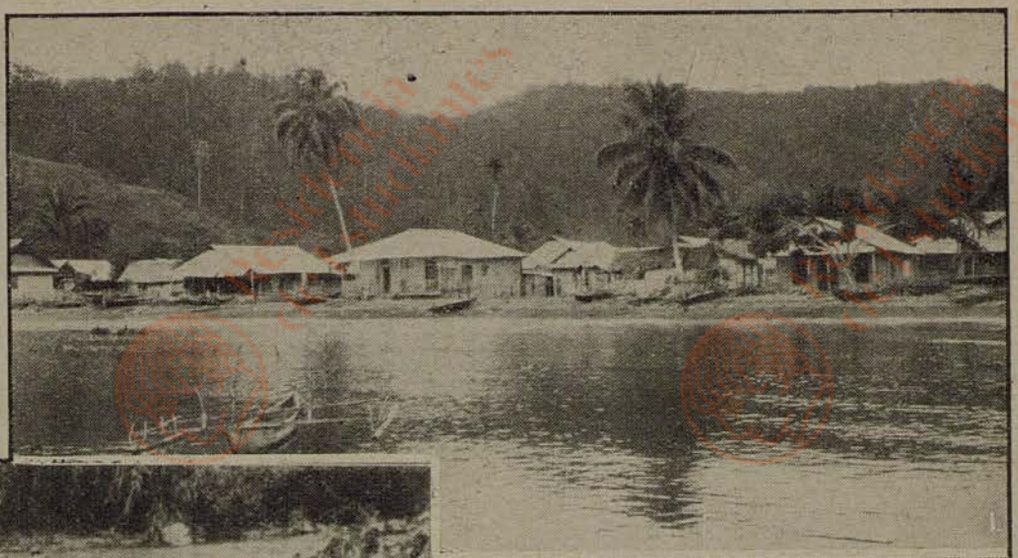
SURPRISE ASSAULT LANDINGS on the New Guinea coast in the rear of the Japanese, which entailed the greatest assembly of Allied air, sea and land forces ever seen in the south-west Pacific, resulted in the capture of Hollandia and Aitape in Northern New Guinea by April 28, 1944, and in the trapping of an enemy force estimated at 60,000 men between these places and Wewak and Madang. Madang itself fell to Australian forces on April 24. With the exception of a small area in the north-east of New Britain, covering Rabaul, in which region another big force of Japanese has been trapped, this island is in Allied hands. Up to May 11 all Japanese efforts to supply, reinforce or evacuate the doomed garrisons in New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland and the Solomons had been smashed.

Courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

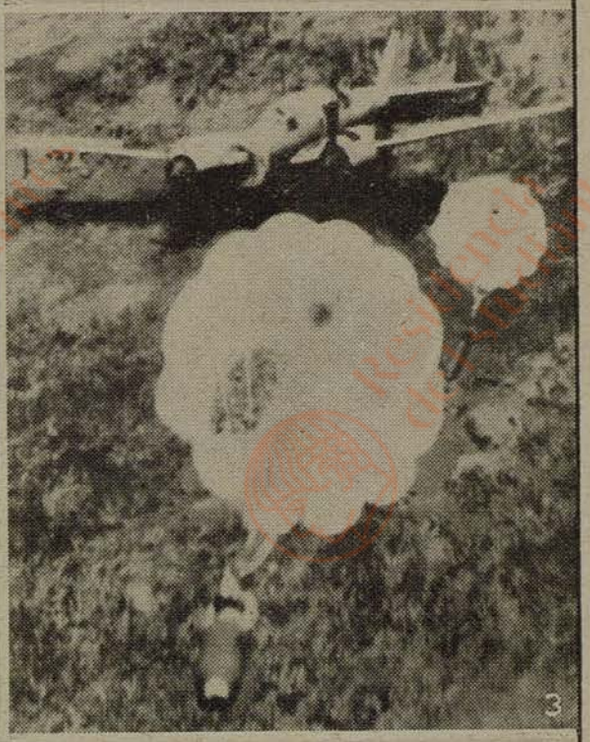
In New Guinea Another Japanese Base Falls

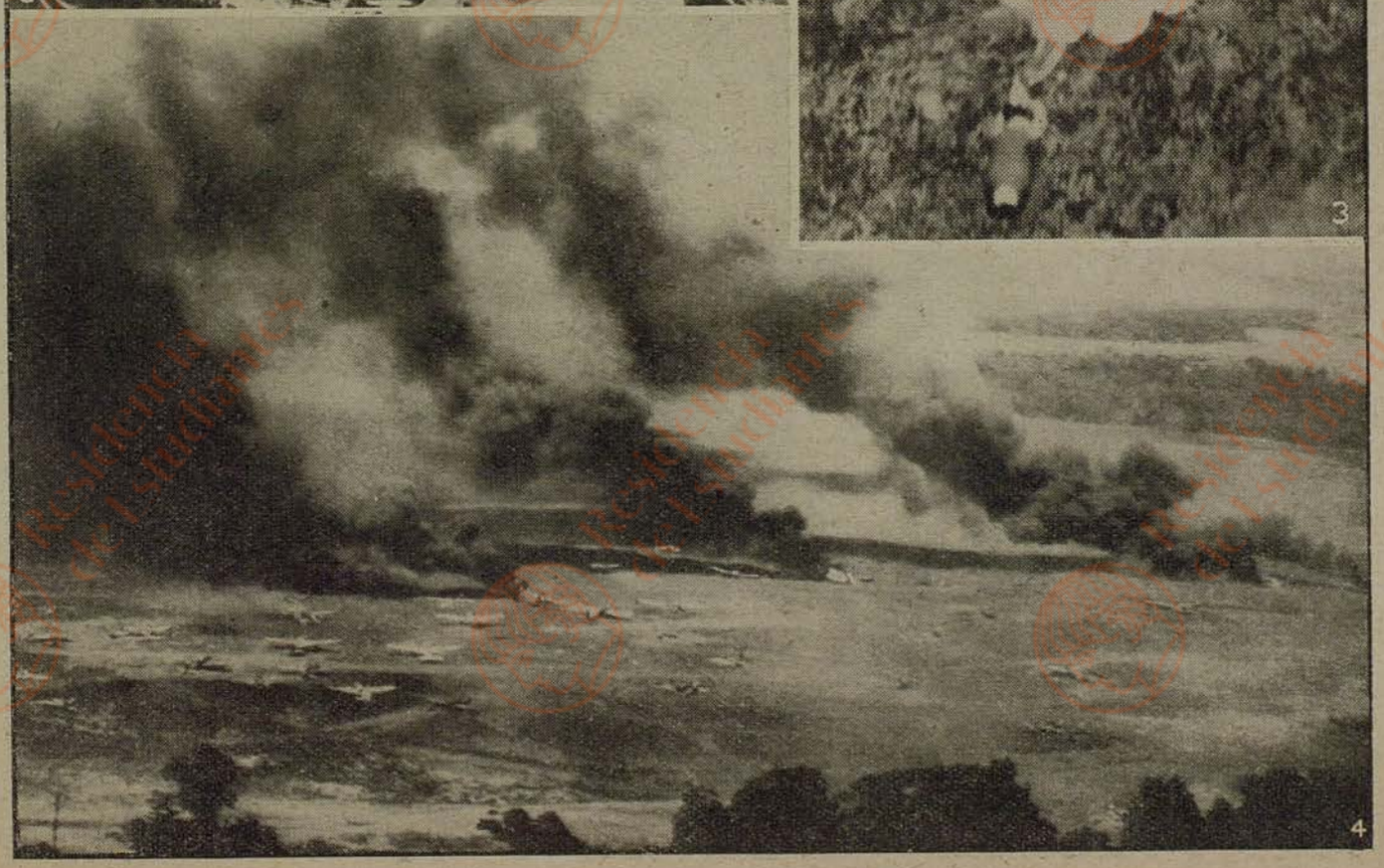
THREE-DAY AIR POUNDING of Japanese positions paved the way for the great Allied landings at Hollandia (Dutch New Guinea), Aitape and Tanahmerah Bay on April 22, 1944 (see map in facing page). Hollandia looks peaceful (1), but it is now the centre of Allied military activity. Dutch civil authorities arrived there with the troops, to handle the affairs of the first Dutch territory recaptured from the enemy. In typical New Guinea terrain, U.S. infantrymen wade across a jungle stream, while a heavy calibre machine-gun posted on the bank covers their advance (2). Parachute bombs drop towards a grounded Japanese plane, which a second later was blown to pieces (3). At the enemy airfield at Hollandia (4), wrecked installations and aircraft burn after the devastating air attacks which preceded the landings.

Photos, U.S. Official, E.N.A., New York Times Photos, Keystone


1


2


3


4

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

PRIMARILY the invasion of Europe is a naval undertaking, based on Allied superiority in sea power. No landing in hostile territory could be undertaken with much prospect of success in the absence of such superiority, since it would be liable to interception on passage, or to subsequent isolation from reinforcement in the event of naval support proving insufficient. It was sea power which enabled the successful landings in North Africa and Sicily, and at Salerno and Anzio, to be accomplished without serious loss or subsequent interruption. A landing effected, the Navy has still to keep open the sea routes by which supplies and reinforcements of all kinds must be kept constantly flowing to sustain the invading armies.

An essential feature of a really successful invasion is some element of surprise. Hence the secrecy with which preparations for the great expedition are surrounded. Travel to Ireland and elsewhere has been forbidden, and even the dispatch of diplomatic mails by neutral embassies and legations has been suspended to guard against the danger of warning being conveyed to the enemy.

For a considerable time past the Germans have been endeavouring by every possible device to discover not only the date when the invasion will begin, but also the points selected for the first landings. Though conditions of weather and tide must govern the former contingency, there is still a considerable period during which prospects should be favourable, and to narrow down the date to a definite few days would assist our foes immensely. Still more valuable would it be for them to make certain where the blow will fall, so that they might concentrate all their defensive measures at the right spot. Actually there are so many possibilities that they are in danger of dissipating their resources in a vain endeavour to be strong everywhere.

NORWAY and Denmark Offer Attractions to Invader

Thus there has recently been a tendency to forecast an Allied stroke in Norway, where harbours abound and German communications are extended across a stretch of sea where interruption should not be difficult. In an endeavour to extract information concerning this possibility, neutral papers have been furnished with paragraphs, inspired from Berlin, to the effect that there have been troop concentrations in Iceland, from which the blow may therefore be expected to come.

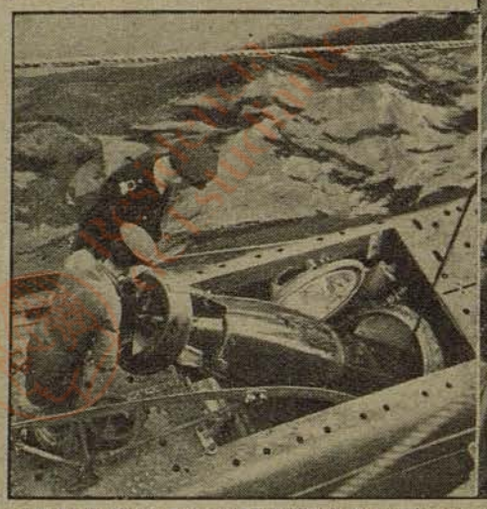
Again, the flat peninsula of Denmark, whose people have recently followed the example of the Norwegians in organizing a stubborn passive resistance to the Nazi domination of their country, offers certain attractive features to an invader. German occupation forces have therefore been strengthened and some of the more likely landing places barred by fortifications.

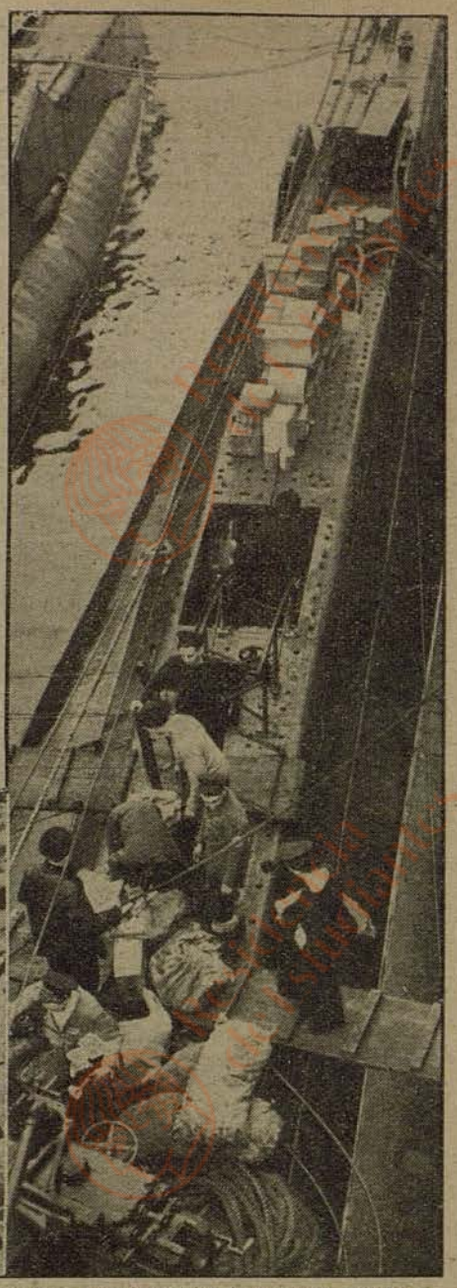
IN the Netherlands, coastal areas have been flooded, and threats to destroy the dykes and inundate the greater part of the fertile fields of Holland with salt water on a large scale have been uttered. Farther south, along the French coast, what has been variously termed the Atlantic Wall or Western Wall has been constructed. It consists of a series of fortifications, reminiscent to some extent of the Siegfried Line, paralleled by minefields both in coastal waters and along the shore. To baffle the mine-detecting devices which have been used successfully in the past by Allied armies, German land mines are now reported to be made of non-magnetic material. It may be assumed, however, that the ingenuity of our experts will be equal to overcoming this artful precaution.

There is, of course, no reason why the invasion should be confined to the Atlantic coasts held by the enemy. For this reason the inhabitants of certain parts of the Riviera have been compelled to evacuate their dwellings at short notice, in case a descent should be made from Corsica and their assistance be invoked by the invaders.

All this shows how perplexed and worried the Germans must be, and how necessary it is that they should be prevented from ascertaining with any approach to certainty the plans which are now maturing for their discomfiture. It is always within the power of the Allies, owing to their superior sea power, to change the direction of the attack at the last moment; or several landings can be started, some of which may prove ultimately to be mere feints, designed to draw enemy strength in the wrong direction.

LANDING craft have been assembled in such numbers that it is probable there are few harbours around the British coasts facing the Continent without their quota of these specially designed vessels. American shipbuilding resources now undertake the construction of such craft as a first priority, having as their target the provision of 80,000 of them. Already more than a fourth of this total is officially stated to have been delivered.





IN THE WAR AGAINST JAPAN Britain's submarines, ever-increasing in number, will be a powerful factor in the intensified actions to come. Already, operating in the Indian Ocean, they have struck many vital blows at Japanese supply lines. (See p. 616, Vol. 7.) Preparing for further missions in the Far East is this submarine, into which stores are being loaded (right), while one of its deadly torpedoes is taken aboard (left), ready to send yet another enemy vessel to the bottom. Average number of torpedoes carried is six. *Photos, Fox*

All these vessels will be under naval control, manned and commanded by personnel of the Royal or Allied Navies or of the Royal Marines. Fortunately, the exceptional qualifications of the latter corps for the conduct of amphibious operations are at last being adequately recognized.

There has been more activity in the Channel of late, as the lengthening days leave the enemy fewer hours of darkness within which to transfer supplies along the French coast by sea. A smart action on April 26 resulted in a German destroyer of 1,100 tons being sunk by four British destroyers of the "Tribal" type, supported by a new cruiser named Black Prince, whose commanding officer (Captain D. M. Lees, D.S.O., R.N.) was in charge of the whole operation.

Three of the destroyers in question were the Athabaskan, Haida and Huron, new vessels of close on 2,000 tons belonging to the Royal Canadian Navy. The fourth was the older destroyer Ashanti, of 1,870 tons, a unit of the Royal Navy. Nothing has been said officially to indicate the class to which H.M.S. Black Prince belongs, but according to the Swedish Navy League Annual, "Marinkalender," she is of an improved Dido type. The official photograph reproduced in page 614, Vol. 7, showed just such a ship engaged in supporting the Anzio landing.

IN a second encounter three days later the Germans would seem to have laid a trap for the Canadians (see story in page 25). In pursuing enemy light forces towards the French coast, the Athabaskan was torpedoed by one of the small craft which are incorrectly referred to as E-boats, though the German name for them is S-boats (*Schnellboote*). They are actually equivalent to our own motor-torpedo boats. About 130 of her officers and men appear to have been rescued, though many of these are prisoners. The enemy did not escape scatheless, for one of their destroyers was driven on to a shoal, where her destruction was completed on May 7 by our motor-torpedo boats under Lt.-Cmdr. T. N. Cartwright, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

H.M.S. Grenville Rams E-Boat in Midnight Battle



AFTER A FAST SEA CHASE off the Anzio beach-head at midnight on Mar. 24, 1944, the British destroyer, H.M.S. Grenville, rammed and sank a German E-boat which she had previously crippled by gunfire. Back in port gunners, who helped to stop the E-boat before it was rammed, busy themselves fusing shells for the Grenville's guns, in readiness, perhaps, for another victory of the same kind. H.M.S. Grenville replaces a destroyer of the same name which was sunk in the North Sea on Jan. 20, 1940.

Photo, British Official

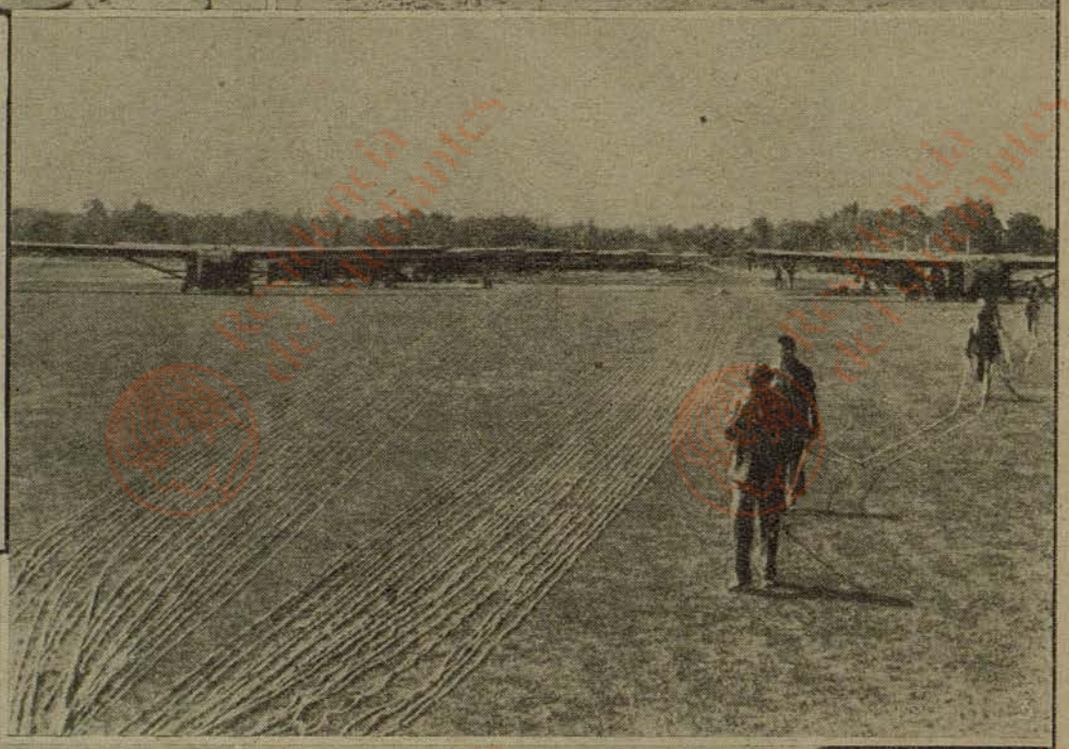
How Glider Troops Went to Burma 'Broadway'



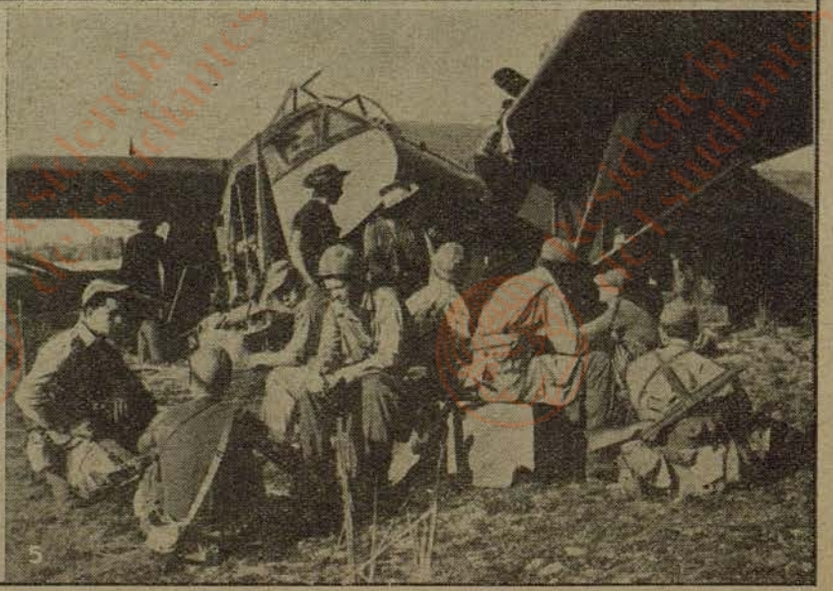


DARING PENETRATION behind the Japanese lines in Burma, 200 miles east of Imphal, by airborne troops commanded by the late Maj.-Gen. O. C. Wingate, was achieved by an air commando force under Col. P. J. Cochran, U.S.A.A.F., on March 5, 1944. Two sites were selected for the landing, called "Broadway" and "Piccadilly." But as later reconnaissance showed Piccadilly to be obstructed, the entire glider force went to Broadway, most arriving safely. To relieve congestion another airfield was constructed, and up to March 11 thousands of men, more than 500,000 lb. of stores, 1,183 mules and 175 ponies were landed by air.

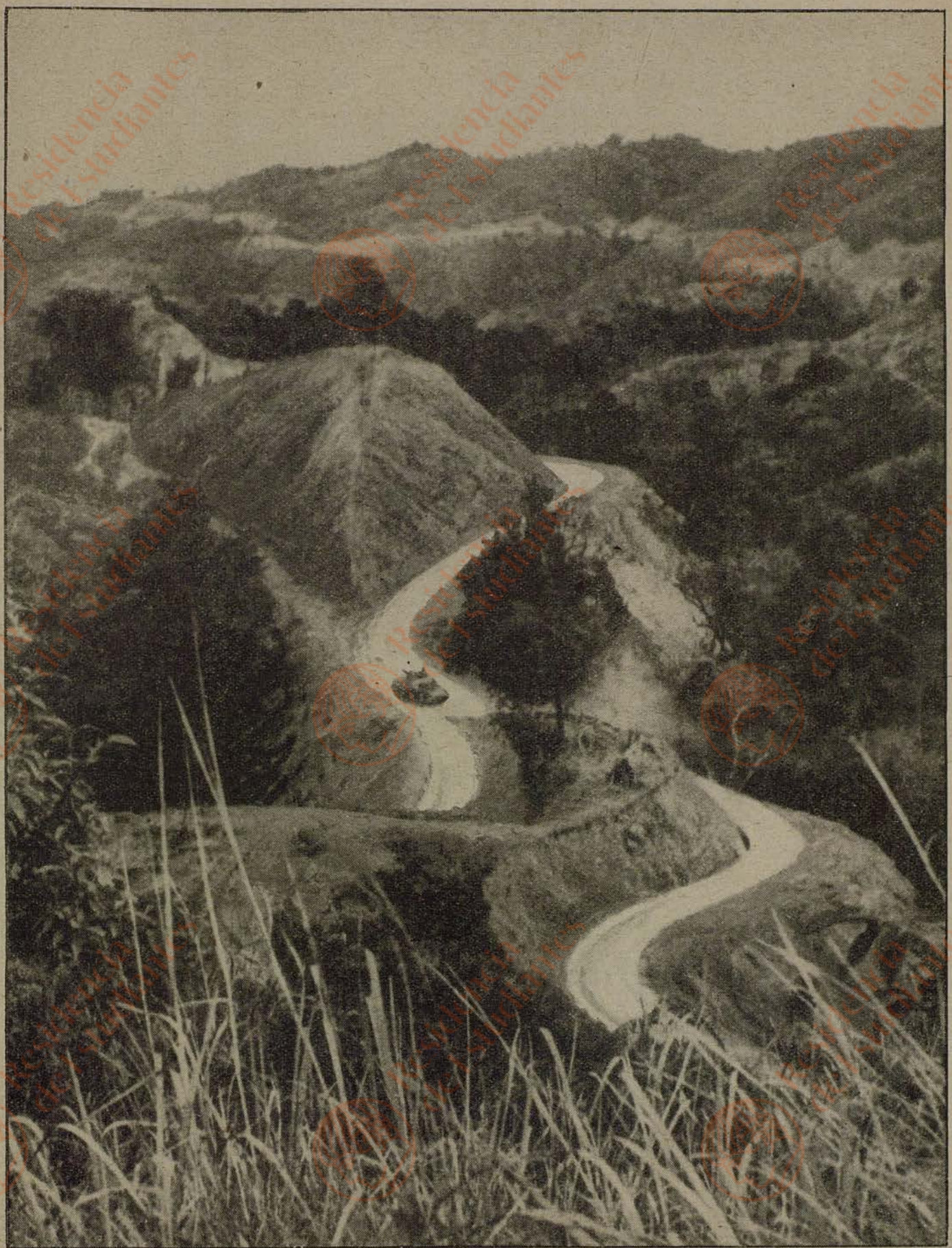
Maj.-Gen. O. C. Wingate, D.S.O. (wearing topee) and Col. P. J. Cochran give British and U.S. flyers a final briefing (1). A mule is coaxed aboard a transport plane (2). The glider force lined up, tow ropes ready (3). A tow plane and glider pass over the Chin Hills en route to Broadway (4). Allied fighting men sit round their glider, crashed on landing (5).







Precipitous Heights of the Imphal Road



ALONG STEEP TWISTING WAYS, such as this mountain road from Ukhrul to Imphal (capital of Manipur State in Assam on the borders of Burma) over which an Allied tank is seen advancing, British forces move also against the Japanese at Kohima, 87 miles from Imphal. Through some of the most difficult country in the world, overcoming immense physical obstacles, our 14th Army is pushing on. On May 8, 1944 the enemy was counter-attacking on the Ukhrul-Imphal road. See also map in p. 771, and illus. p. 773, Vol. 7.

Photo, Indian Official

Mighty is Canada's Help to the United Nations

Apart altogether from the epic story of her armed forces, the great Dominion of Canada's records of industrial and engineering triumphs, in furtherance of Allied war aims, verge on the miraculous. Facts substantiating that statement are here presented by HAROLD A. ALBERT, who has worked in close touch with the Wartime Information Board in Ottawa.

CANADA at war has expanded a 15-ship navy into a sea force of over 600 vessels and has become a naval power third in strength among the United Nations. Her anti-submarine craft have taken over half the burden of convoying merchant ships across the North Atlantic; and her shipyards, almost non-existent in 1939, have repaired more than 5,000 damaged merchant ships and serviced more than 4,000 naval vessels.

Her air force had a pre-war strength of only 4,000 men. Now the R.C.A.F. has 38 fighter and bomber squadrons overseas, and for every Canadian in these squadrons there are 11 other R.C.A.F. air crew members with the R.A.F. In addition, Canada has organized, trained and equipped from her own factories a fighting army of over 500,000 and has handled contracts for over 10,000 million dollars' worth of munitions. While this has been going on, she has keyed her farm production to the highest point on record and has become a world trading nation second only to Britain and the U.S.A.

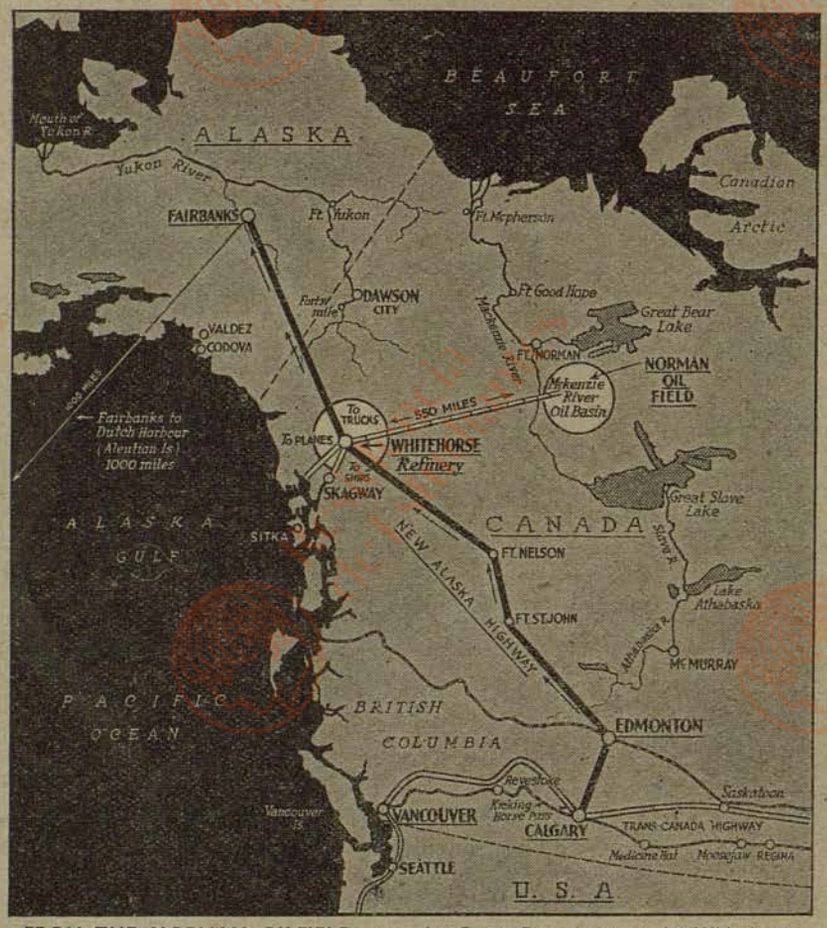
These facts are amazing. They serve to illuminate the striking energy and singleness of purpose of the Canadian people. They are so impressive that one discovers almost with shock and disbelief that there are only 11,500,000 people in the entire Dominion—two or three million fewer than in Yugoslavia! Yet this is the Canadian miracle. Her people have the largest gun plant in the Empire, and its assembly lines have been turning out 25-pounders and other guns faster than the rival records established by Krupps in Germany or by the Soviets at Magnitogorsk. Her small-arms ammunition factories alone produce a million rounds a day. Her slipways are disgorging cargo ships at the rate of 20,000 tons a week. These statistical highlights are outshone in turn by the quiet feats that have been going on in Canada month by month since the outbreak of war. Among them are epics of engineering skill and ingenuity rivalling the greatest achievements in the history of man.

EARLY in 1941, for instance, the big aluminium smelting plants at Arvida, 130 miles north of Quebec, reached the peak of their power. New dams, barricading the flood waters of the Lake St. John area and yielding a hydro-electric output of 840,000 h.p., had already made Canada the world's third largest producer of aluminium. These fully tapped the only available natural energy, but nearly double their power output was needed if Arvida was to meet the demands of Allied aircraft and armaments. The Canadian engineers were unperturbed. By the spring of 1942, 10,600 men drawn from all the eleven Provinces were working night and day in ten-hour shifts, lifting the Saguenay River, one of the deepest rivers in the world, from its valley bed and creating an artificial waterfall. Toiling in secrecy they have created within two years a mightier power development than Boulder Dam in the U.S.A. A few miles upstream from Arvida, the new Shipshaw Dam and power-station totals a 1,500,000 h.p. capacity, and Canada's aluminium output is now thought to surpass that of the entire pre-war world.

At Goose Bay, in the Newfoundland territory of Labrador, the building of the greatest airport began at scratch when twenty Canadian lumberjacks waded ashore from an icebreaker three years ago. It was a spot lost in a savage and impenetrable hinterland. Its only approaches were from the sea. Within three days the lumbermen had built a log jetty. Within three weeks sea supplies were being landed at a permanent dock. The first five tractors to be landed became enmeshed in the mud of a spruce swamp. The Canadians laid logs as a road, and manhauled the tractors to firmer terrain.

The first blizzards buried the equipment in snowdrifts thirty feet deep. The men slept in tents, with the temperature at 50 degrees below zero. For all that, they finished a gravel runway for the first supply planes, and in another 30 days they cleared and levelled a 21-mile road to a gravel pit. Before the spring they had rolled out three runways. In March 1942 the base officially became an R.C.A.F. station—and Goose Bay is geometrically patterned with shining concrete runways, 6,000 footers, designed to take the largest aircraft now in blueprint form. All around rise the warehouses, machine shops, oil reservoirs and buildings of a modern town, one of many to have shot up in the past five years in the northern wilderness. (See illus. p. 88, Vol. 7.)

More recently, the R.C.A.F. construction men laid out an airport on a remote island beach off northern British Columbia. It fills a great need for land-based aircraft operating out of the Northern Pacific area; and the main steel mat runway, 4,700 feet long, was laid and the entire operation completed in 13 days, three days ahead of schedule.



FROM THE NORMAN OILFIELD near the Great Bear Lake to the Whitehorse refinery goes the pipeline, on its way surmounting the 8,000-ft. high Mackenzie Range. The map shows its situation and course to the distribution point, whence the oil travels westerly to the Aleutian Islands and southwards to other centres. Output of Norman Wells exceeds 3,000 barrels a day. *By courtesy of The Sphere*

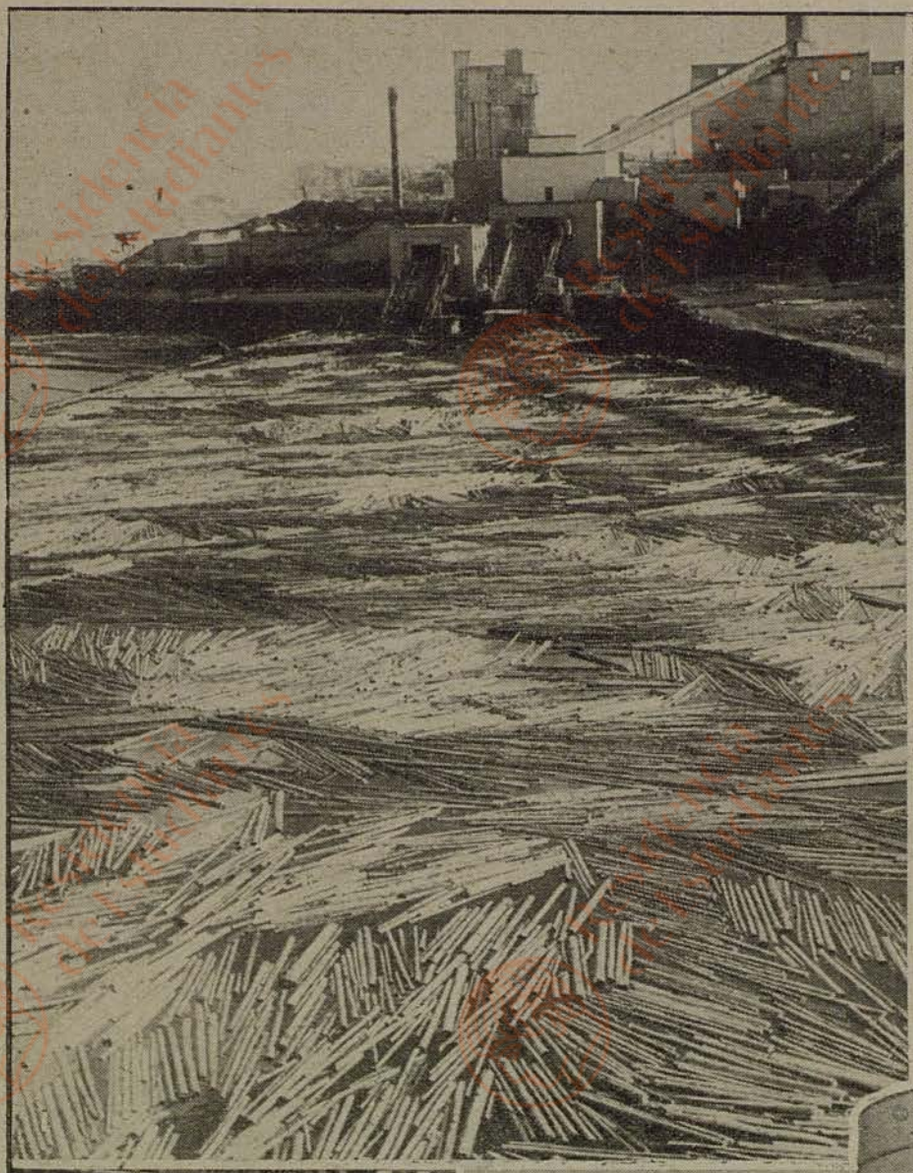
THEN there is the Canol Project—from the telescoped words, Canadian Oil—an immense engineering operation which opens up a vast oil-field within 75 miles of the Arctic Circle. The contract was signed less than two years ago. The U.S. War Department visualized the difficulties of fuelling the Alaskan war bases from the States and, in effect, arranged with Canada for oil supplies from Norman Wells on the Mackenzie River. It was no obstacle that Norman Wells was divided from the Alaska Highway by some 550 miles of unmapped territory, including the mountain range of the Yukon Divide. It was no obstacle that the Norman Field lay 1,500 miles north of a railhead and hemmed from the sea by the ice barriers of the Arctic Ocean. The U.S. Corps of Engineers, the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and 3,000 Canuck civilians joined hands in organizing a 1,500-mile road-and-river transport system up through Canada's northern interior, sailing tractors, jeeps, and fuel tanks across the lakes, hauling tugs ashore and dragging them from lake to lake over 16-mile land barriers.

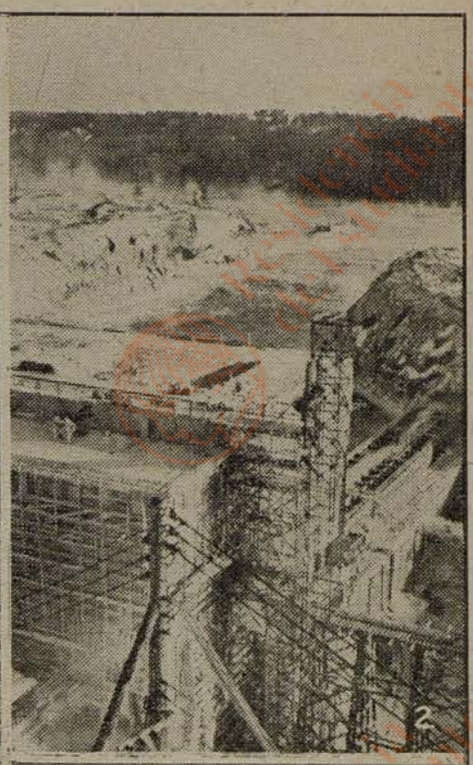
Seven crews were sent into the field to find a route across the ice and tundra of the Yukon hump. The seventh succeeded, and soon an oilpipe began to wriggle its way from Norman Wells to Whitehorse. Today it has been extended for 1,600 miles to the Alaska ports, and the output of the Norman Field, its limits still uncharted, is believed to exceed 3,000 barrels a day.

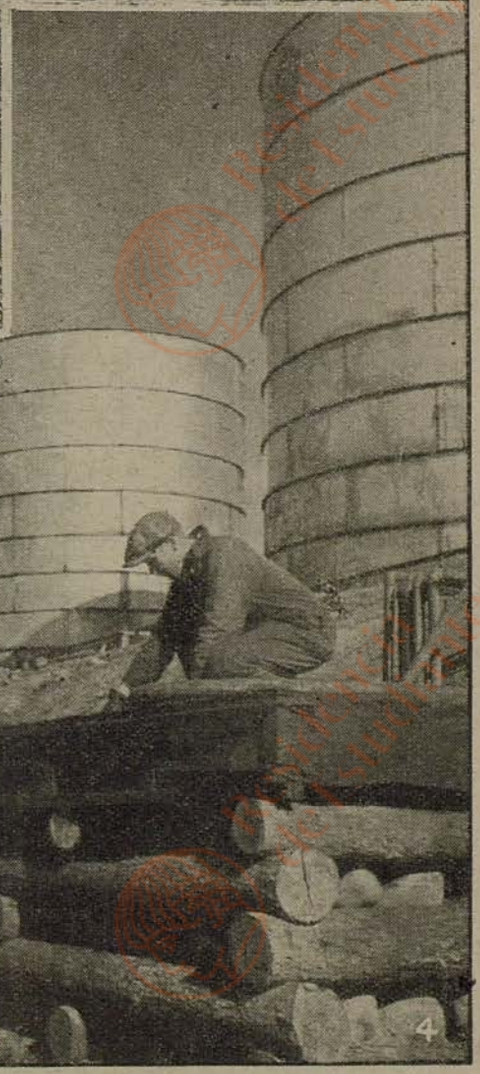
Starting with petroleum as the raw material, the manufacture of synthetic rubber in Canada was put in hand in 1942, when plans were made for a plant with a production capacity of over 30,000 tons a year.

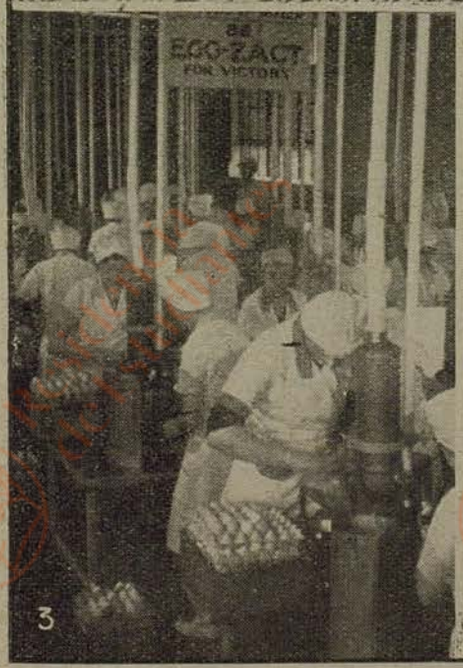
These are only a few of the miracles of Canada at war, miracles achieved by a pioneer nation in backing the words of their Minister of Finance: "We aim to make a reputation for Canadian achievement in this war that will be the talk of the world for generations, that will be the pride of ourselves, our children and our children's children."

Dominion Enterprise Keeps War Industries Busy









THOUSANDS OF LOGS float outside this Ottawa sawmill (1) waiting to be converted to war purposes. At Shipshaw, in North Quebec, workmen are rushing to finish one of the world's greatest water-power projects; huge generators such as these (2) will put an extra 1,500,000 h.p. behind aluminium and aeroplane production. Millions of eggs are powdered for dispatch to Britain (3). Storage tanks (4) of the £30,000,000 Norman Wells oil scheme (see facing page).

Photos, Canadian Official, Pictorial Press, Paul Popper, Canadian Film Board

Our Colonies in the War: No. 8—Sierra Leone





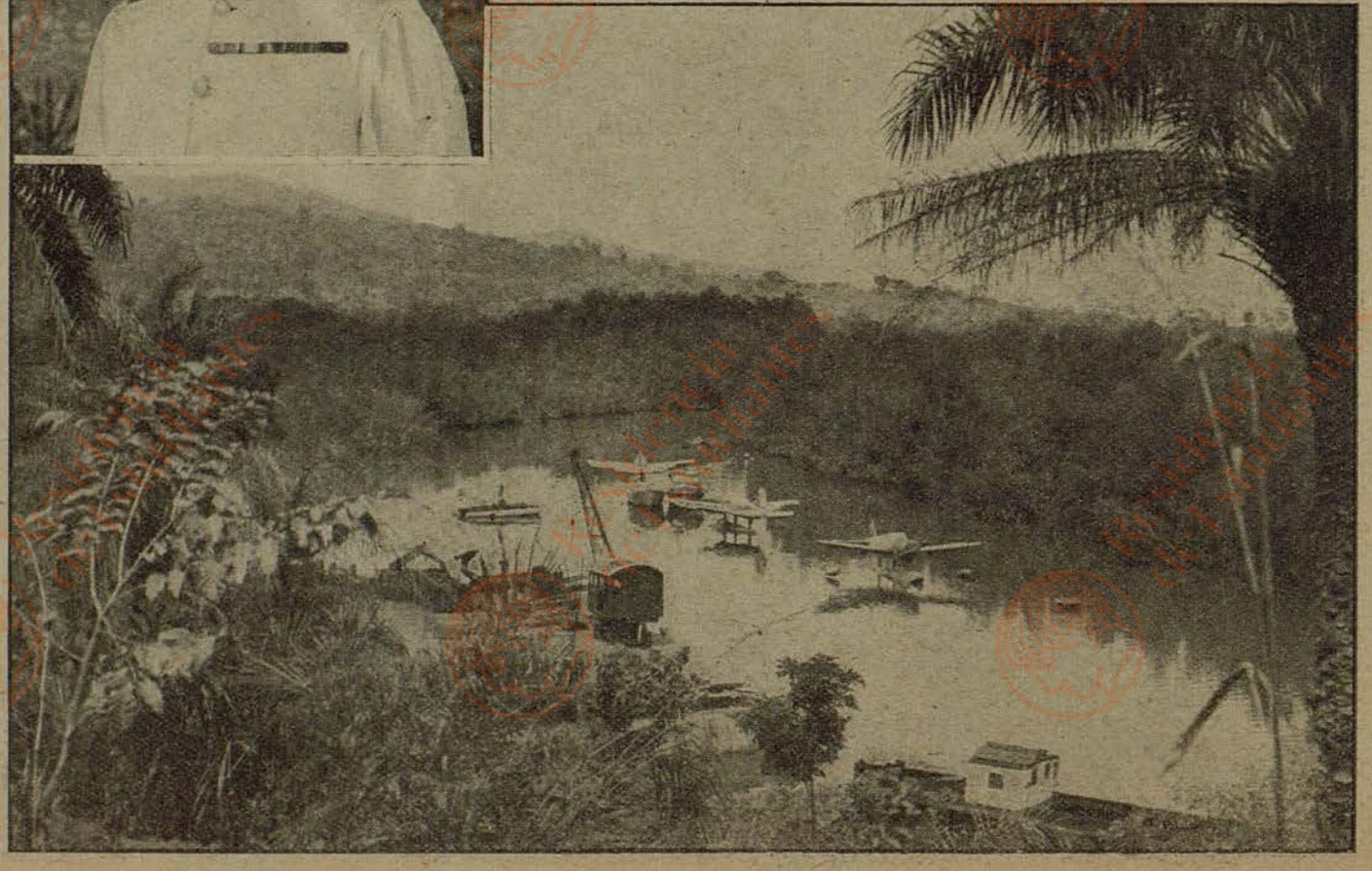




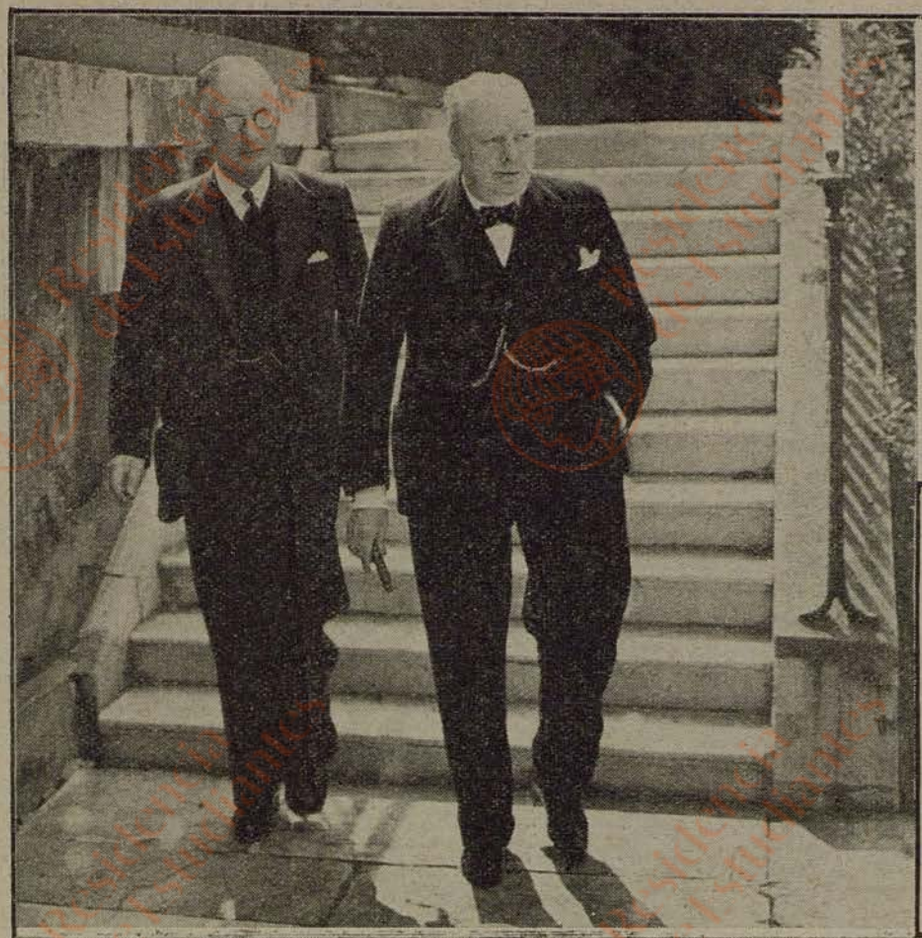
IMPORTANT HARBOUR is possessed by Freetown, capital of Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa. Ceded to Britain by the native chiefs in 1788, the colony, which now includes a large hinterland protectorate, is some 27,925 square miles in extent with a population of 1,768,000. Among Sierra Leone's contributions to the war effort are diamonds, used in precision engineering, rubber, iron ore, and palm oil products.

Scenes in Freetown's harbour (top left), and native market-place (top right). Atlantic anti-submarine patrol and convoy work are carried out by aircraft of this naval air station in the bush (below); in charge is Commander C. Oliver Foley, O.B.E., R.N. (centre left), formerly responsible for all survey work and aircraft moorings on Imperial Airways routes from Southampton to Singapore. *Photos, British Official and Pictorial Press*





Empire Premiers Tackle War and Peace Plans

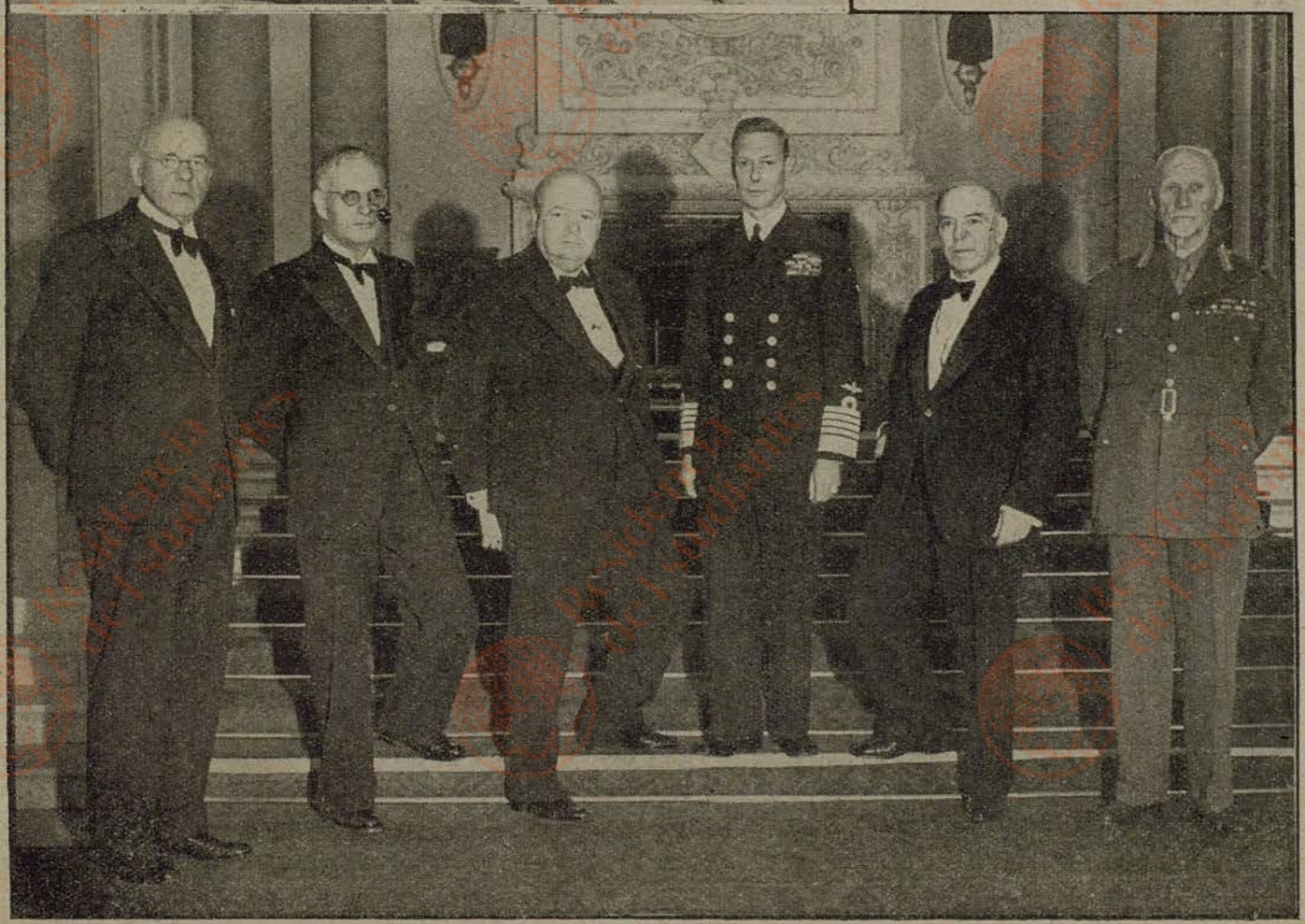




NEXT STAGES IN THE WAR, and organization of the peace to follow, were points of discussion before the Empire Prime Ministers who came to Britain for the Conference which opened at 10, Downing Street, London, on May 1, 1944. From Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia these stout-hearted leaders came, each cognizant of his own tremendous responsibility, soberly aware that on their united decisions largely rested the prospects of mankind. The last conference of Empire Premiers was held after the Coronation in 1937.

Mr. Churchill, who presided at the first meeting of this first wartime conference of Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth, is seen (left) with Mr. Curtin, Australia. Above Sir Godfrey Huggins, Southern Rhodesia. Below, at a dinner given by the King and Queen to the Premiers at Buckingham Palace, are, left to right: Mr. Fraser (New Zealand), Mr. Curtin (Australia), Mr. Churchill, H.M. the King, Mr. Mackenzie King (Canada), General Smuts (South Africa).

PAGE 13



Blockade-Running Now a Desperate Axis Gamble

Increasingly urgent need of the enemy tor certain war commodities is aggravated by Allied patrols taking mounting toll of Axis blockade-runners on the seas. The unenviable lot of officers and crews engaged in that losing gamble is presented here by CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW, from first-hand knowledge of its hazards—for he also has "run" contraband of war.

ROYAL NAVY submarines ran the air-blockade of Malta and saved that island from total destruction and starvation. The petrol, ammunition and food carried there kept the R.A.F. in the air to beat off Axis bombers, the ammunition helped to shoot down such of the raiders as our Spitfires, Gladiators and Hurricanes missed, and the food maintained the stamina of the people of the George Cross Island.

Blockade-running is desperate work. Myself, I have run contraband of war to various bellicose states, mostly in a condition of revolution, for the Latin American countries used to be regularly "agin the Government"; in such circumstances, avoiding the guardships and look-out craft is a hair-raising job. But it requires a war of this present magnitude to reveal the blockade-runner at its best—and worst.

The Axis powers are extremely anxious to interchange war-essentials: raw products for finished fighting-tools. But for German machine-tools to reach Japan entails a very lengthy voyage which bristles with hazards, and whose ultimate goal is usually that Port of Missing Ships whence no vessel returns. Probably seventy-five per cent of Axis contrabandists have been self-scuttled; most of the remainder have been sunk by Allied action.

Their existence has not been enviable. With increasing air and sea-power the Allied watch on such sly merchants has been practically unbroken. The widest detours are necessary to steam from the Western Pacific to the Eastern Atlantic, when it is remembered that the Panama Canal, the Magellan Straits, and all other short cuts from Orient to Occident are under the closest surveillance. Ports of refuge and refuelling are few and scattered, and every such port is well known to the Allied sea and air sentinels. If a ship fills up with fuel and stores for her crew's consumption to the extent necessary for what might easily prove to be a twelve months' voyage, valuable cargo-space is sacrificed. That means that only ships of considerable size are serviceable in the blockade-running game; and the bigger the ship, the more easy her detection.

THERE is also need for speed in times of crisis, which means very powerful engines and boilers, occupying much space. Since Axis blockade-runners are all more or less heavily armed large crews are needed, not only to perform the usual ship work but also to handle the guns in event of emergency, as there is a ninety per cent chance of such occurring. During a year of solitary voyaging, of long periods of hiding in lonely bays, remote from the normal sea-routes, of incredibly wide detours, a lot of food and water are consumed. But certain commodities, such as rubber, aluminium and wolfram are vitally necessary to the production of munitions: and as even comparatively small quantities have their value the Axis considers such risks and privations justified.

Normally, a runner steaming from Japan to Germany would go down the Pacific almost to the fringe of the Antarctic ice, the thick, stormy weather serving as a shroud to her movements. She could then steer either east around Cape Horn or west around Good Hope. The latter route would be the more dangerous, because of the regular sea-watch maintained by the South African Air Force, which runs systematic patrols over a wide area of ocean, and the South Atlantic squadrons of the Allied navies. The coasts of Tierra del Fuego and the south Argentine, however, afford many opportunities for hiding; and the Argentine has shown itself friendly disposed towards the Axis.

STILL, the great oceans are wide; and if we owned ten times the ships and aircraft at present in Allied possession we could not maintain a full patrol all the time. One need only survey the seas from the air at a height of, say, 1,000 feet, to realize what an infinitesmally small speck a big steamer can appear. But a blockade-runner in open sea is of no real use to anybody: it is only when she reaches an Axis port with her cargo that she acquires value. And it stands to reason that the Allies tighten their watchfulness at the chief focal points of a journey. The Straits of Gibraltar are now definitely denied to Axis surface ships. There remain the Biscayan ports, the Norwegian fjords, and the Baltic as possible havens. Except to an occasional submarine the whole Mediterranean, east and west, is barred completely to Axis sea-forces.

But every route to the Norwegian hide-outs, the Baltic harbours and the Biscayan ports is today patrolled as closely as human ingenuity can patrol it. Only by night, and preferably in thick weather, can a useful landfall be attempted. This calls for consummately accurate navigation, at which the Germans do not excel, being prone to grow hysterical when faced by difficulty. This fact accounts for most of the Axis blockade-runner sinkings taking place either in the Bay of Biscay itself or in its approaches. Between the Canary Islands, in Spanish possession and conceivably somewhat friendly to the Axis, and Biscay, there is not one inch of cover, especially now, when French West Africa has come into Allied occupation. Dakar at one time afforded an excellent halting-place for the runner to rest and refit in readiness for the hazardous skelter to Biscay. Now there is no shelter to be found at Dakar—only long-range air-patrols, with light, fast naval surface ships to carry out unbroken policing.

The acquisition of bases in the Azores has helped the Allies to fine-comb every degree of this area of the Atlantic, through which the runners must pass if they are to reach port. And this stretch of sea is almost phenomenally clear of cloud and fog. The atmosphere is the most transparent in the whole world, and the water is aglow by night with glittering phosphorescence, so that the wake and bow-wave of a ship can instantly be detected from the air. Also, our night-patrolling aircraft carry the revealing Leigh-Light, designed originally as an anti-U-boat device, but equally valuable against surface craft. Once a runner is spotted from the air it is hardly necessary for the aircraft to attack, although this has been frequently done with excellent results. The patrol above can call up naval vessels to complete the victory, well knowing that their superior speed in a sea where no hiding-place is available will enable the Navy to intercept or overtake the fugitive and compel either its surrender or its scuttling.



AFTER SCUTTLING THEIR VESSEL, the crew of the 4,793-ton German armed ship Silvaplana pull towards the British cruiser H.M.S. Adventure; the entire company, including 100 German navy personnel, were rescued. Trying to run the blockade from the Far East with a cargo of rubber and tin, the Silvaplana was intercepted 200 miles off Cape Finisterre. *Photo, Central Press*

Life for the crews of such ships is appallingly monotonous, the only constant thing being fear of detection and destruction. In the narrow limits of such a lonely ship, with nothing whatever to relieve the boredom, men grow mentally unstable. Food is usually scarce and badly cooked. The wireless picks up Allied news-bulletins, with their serial tales of increasing victory—if the Gestapo agents aboard each blockade-runner permit such news to be received and passed on to the crew. The discipline aboard such blockade-runners must necessarily be tyrannically severe, for the slightest laxity is apt to precipitate trouble of a mutinous nature.

HUMAN nature can stand just so much. How many cases have occurred of crews overpowering their officers and surrendering the vessel to Allied patrols will not be made public until the need for secrecy ends. But the end is more usually the sighting of an Allied patrol, the headlong chase, and then the challenging fire that tells the actors in the grim drama that the game is up. Escape is hopeless. There are few, if any, big Axis surface ships in the open now to provide a formidable escort. Whether it be a long-range Sunderland dropping bombs and depth-charges, or a warship bracketing with heavy shell, Nemesis overtakes the worn-out enemy crew.

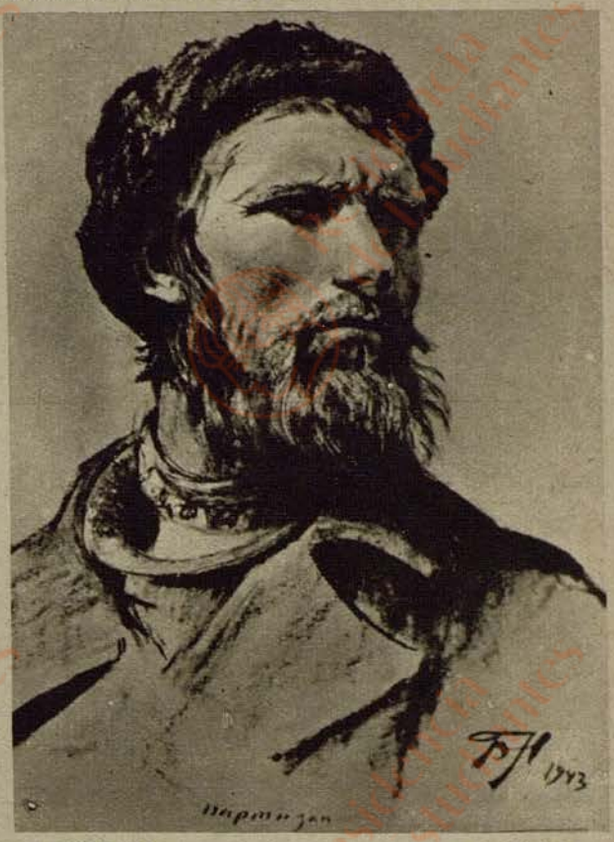
A U-boat, a complicated mass of internal machinery, has little spare space for cargo. Aircraft cannot carry sufficient freight to justify their use against Allied air-power. Blockade is a formidable weapon, as exercised by the Allied powers it is practically a fatal weapon. Yet, despite Hitler's so-called U-boat blockade, 99 per cent of our surface ships now get through, as compared with the one per cent success of the Axis.

Along the Battlelines with Russia's War Artists



Maj.-Gen. IVAN PANFILOV

Vasili Yakolev



A GUERILLA — V. Neshinsky

WIDE encouragement is given to artists in the Republics of the Soviet Union. The Red Army has its own studio and employs artists specifically to paint battle scenes. Others dispose of their pictures in the socialist market or through a co-operative. The same economic laws apply as to other workers, many artists working in their own studios, while others join large studios run by the State. The cream of artistic production during the first 18 months of war was recently displayed at the Great Patriotic War Exhibition held at the Moscow Tretyakov Gallery, the collection later going on tour. Representative examples, notable for imaginative conception and vigorous execution, are given in these pages.



EXPLOIT OF TWENTY-EIGHT GUARDSMEN OF THE PANFILOV DIVISION — D. Mochalsky



SPRING ON THE DONETS — Alexander Gorpenko



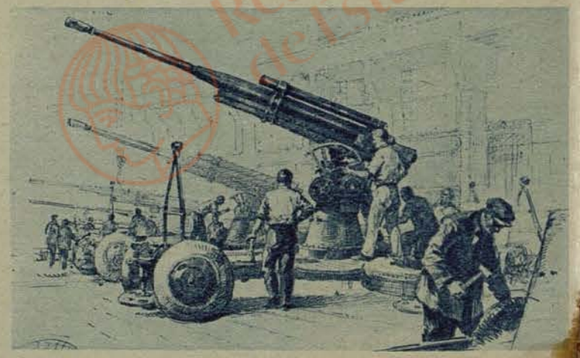
THIS WE WON'T FORGIVE THEM — Kukryniksi



A MEETING IN LIBERATED STALINGRAD — Constantine Finogenov



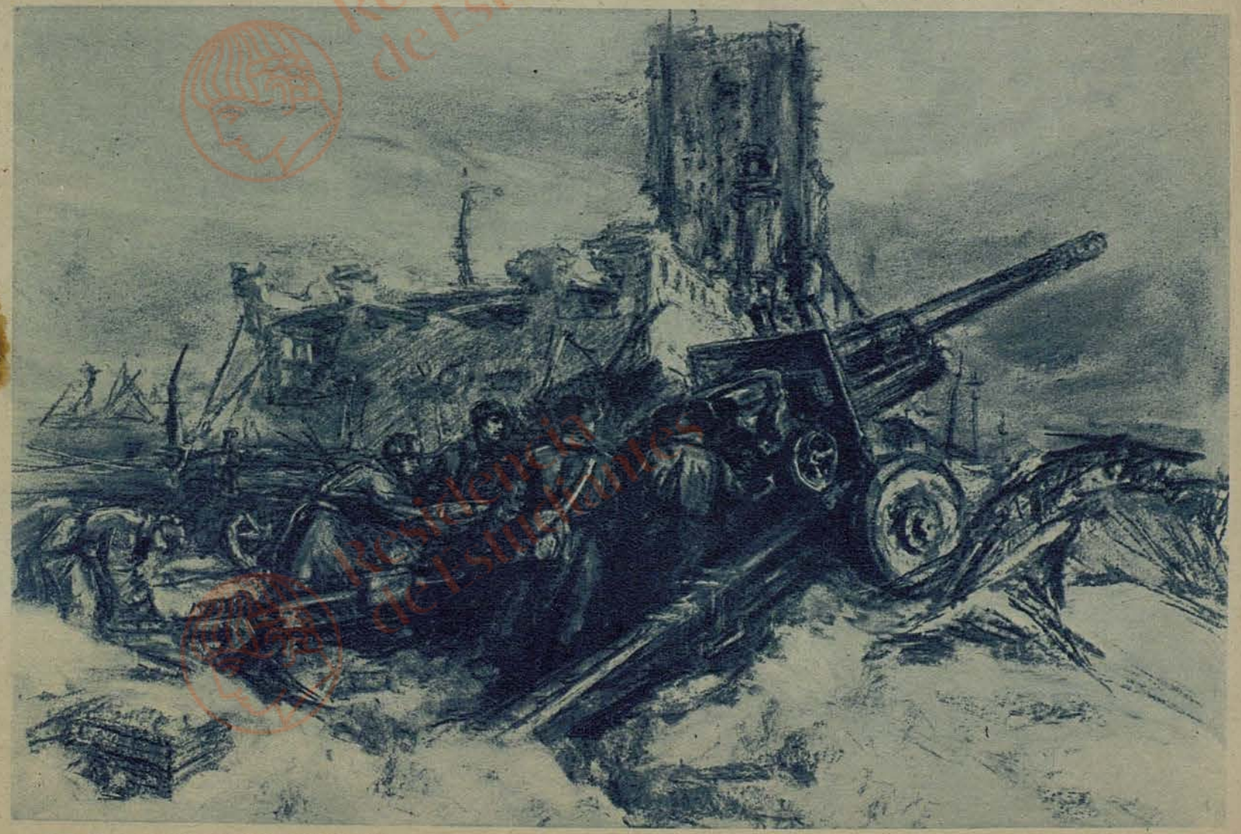
INHABITANTS OF LIBERATED VILLAGE — Pavel Malkov



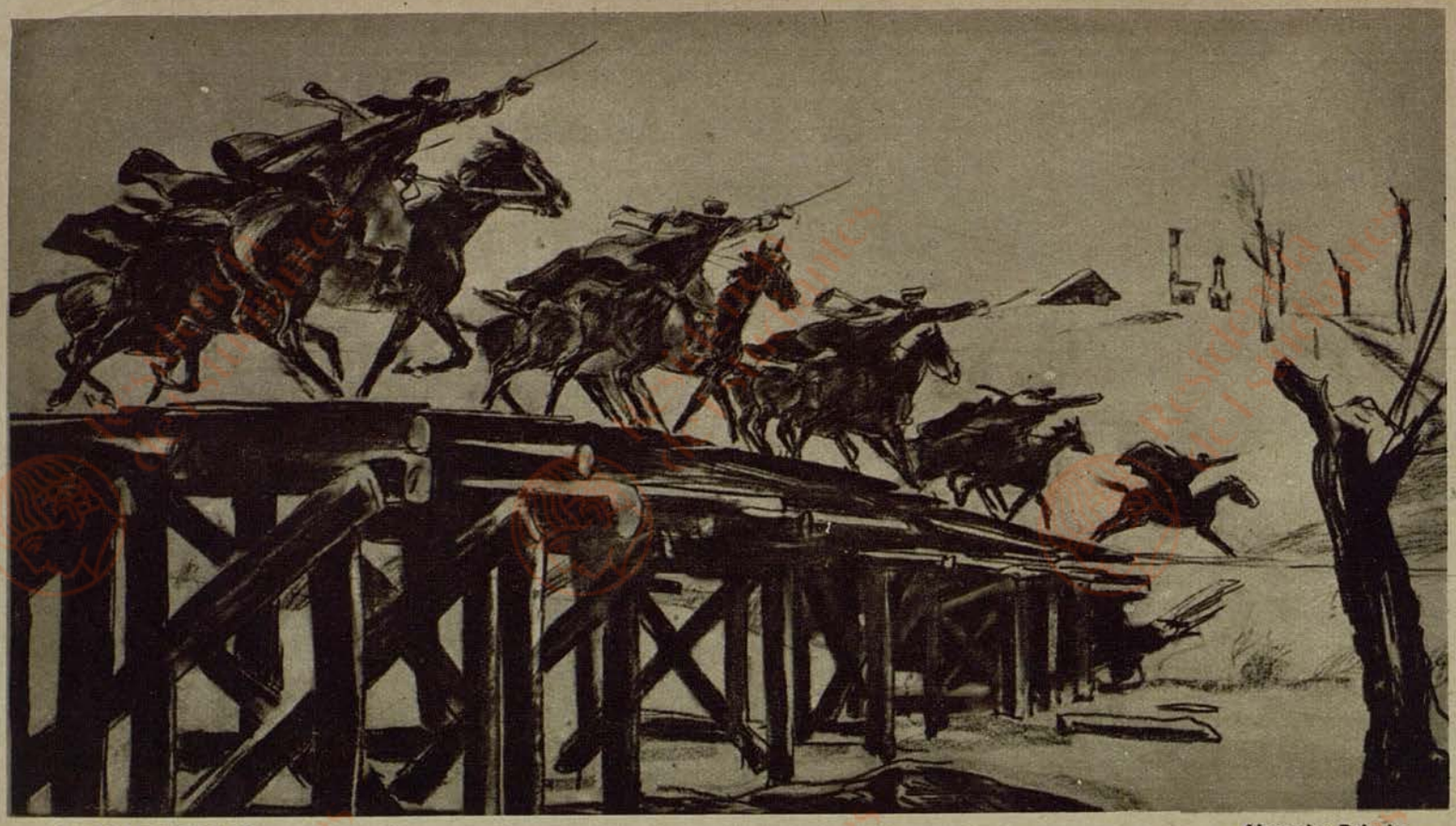
URALS ARTILLERY PLANT — Peter Vasiliev



PRISONERS OF WAR : SOUTH-WESTERN FRONT — Alexei Laptev



BOMBARDING PAULUS' MEN : STALINGRAD — Constantine Finogenov



A CAVALRY CHARGE

Alexander Deineka



TANKS ON THE UNIVERSITY EMBANKMENT: LENINGRAD

Mikhail Platunov

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

I READ in a Times leading article not long ago that "we are in the midst of a revolution." I dare say a good many people who read that wondered what it meant and didn't altogether like the sound of it. But it is profoundly true, and I have just been looking through a book which shows how the change is working.

Revolution is change, a change in the State—the State meaning those who wield the supreme power in a nation. Once the barons had this power in England. Then the kings secured it, having beaten the barons in the Wars of the Roses. Then the kings lost it, through the folly of the Stuarts, and the landed aristocracy held it. They kept it for a century and a half, until they were compelled by the Reform Act of 1832 to share it with the commercial, manufacturing and financial interests. Gradually these latter gathered it into their hands and squeezed out the landed interest. Now, during the past few years, the power has been passing to the mass of the nation. That is what The Times meant.

What the mass of the nation will do with it no one can say. Some look forward to better government than we ever had before—better, that is, for the people as a whole. Some think it will be the ruin of the country. Probably it will be much the same as, more or less, it always has been. "The mixture as before!"

But in many directions certain alterations have been made in our ways of thinking, in public opinion, in the relations between different sections of the community. Wellington described his soldiers as "the scum of the earth." When he said "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton" (if he ever did say it) he was praising his officers at the expense of the Other Ranks. That view of the private soldier prevailed up to the end of the 19th century. A young man who enlisted was thought to have disgraced his family. Officers treated their men as if they were criminals or children.

The Old-Style Bullying Tone

Even during the last war I was revolted by this. I was staying in the trenches with a Fusilier battalion. The C.O. was a friend of mine, a very good chap with many up-to-date ideas. But he spoke to his N.C.O.s and privates in a harsh, almost bullying tone—just because this was customary, because he had always done it. The men didn't seem to mind. They were used to it. But it gave me a shock.

Now that couldn't, I think, happen today, I say "I think." I may be wrong. Some officers may think the best method of ensuring good discipline is to "put the fear of God" into the private soldier. If there are any such, I hope they will read the book, Psychology and the Soldier, by the Rev. Norman Copeland (Allen and Unwin, 5s.). It may change their ideas. It will show them, at all events, how the attitude towards the man in the ranks has shifted since they were young (I assume they must be getting on in years or they would have noticed this shift already).

Mr. Copeland is an Army chaplain. He has been in the Service fifteen years, a comrade as well as a padre, a student as well as a teacher. He gives his book as its secondary title, "The Art of Leadership." His aim is to show that "putting the fear of God" into men (he uses the phrase himself) is the worst way to turn them into good soldiers. To get the best out of them their officers must first understand them, then they must like them; they must regard them as fellow-men, must study them individually, make allowances for their defects, try to develop whatever ability there is in them. "In order to lead a man must be in advance of his group. He cannot lead from behind or even from the ranks. He can shout or shove, but shouting and shoving are always exhausting and rarely effective. An appointed leader must be accepted by the led as the most able man in the group before he is followed blindly. It is not sufficient that he should have ability. The effect of his personality must be such as to inspire confidence in his ability."

Psychology and the Soldier

MR. COPELAND says he is interested in psychology. Of course he is, or he wouldn't have written this book. What he means is that he enjoys studying human nature. As a psychologist in the technical sense he is not very acute. He says, for instance, that there must be a standard of behaviour in every group of men, either that of "the clean, alert, cheerful, honest, virtuous and clever, or that of the dirty, lazy, dishonest, vicious and stupid." There speaks the parson rather than the scientific investigator. He ought to have noticed that often the dishonest people are the cleanest and sometimes the most cheerful, that the clever ones may be lazy or the dirty ones virtuous in a conventional way.

However, for practical purposes this active-minded, kindly padre knows quite enough about the behaviour of men and the reasons for it to make him a safe guide. He knows that discipline need not be compulsion. Discipline is aimed at keeping people in order. But "a good disciplinarian can influence a group of people to keep themselves in order." He knows too that, while discipline is more necessary to the soldier (a fighting man generally) than to anyone else in the world, "there is a vast difference between the discipline which restricts and irritates and the discipline which exists as a useful incentive."

Importance of the Personal Touch

Here is a less obvious piece of advice. "Always call men by their names. When we call a man by his name we give him an identity. He is no longer a man in the crowd, but an individual. We have given him a sense of importance and a feeling of confidence and respect." The story is told of Lord Roberts riding beside a column of tired troops on the march and asking, "Who is that man—and that—and that?" and then speaking to them, using their names, encouraging them with little personal touches. He made them feel he knew them personally. "They were good for another ten miles."

Another story is quoted to prove how a glint of fun will sometimes do what no exhortation or entreaty can effect. A Dragoon Guards major was sent to bring in some stragglers who were exhausted. He found them listless, apparently too weary to move. They sat and lay in the square of a small French town. He was puzzled. He had to get them going. What could be done? His eye lit on a toyshop. He went in, he bought a tin whistle and a child's drum. He had a trumpeter with him. "Can you play The British Grenadiers?" he asked. "Right. Then take this whistle and play it. I'll play the drum."

They went round the square, playing for all they were worth. The tired men looked up, light came into their eyes, their lips opened in smiles, they stirred, they looked round to see what the row was about. Then they broke into a roar of laughter and scrambled up and followed. Not a man was left behind.

Mr. Copeland mention Napoleon's saying, "Moral force in war is worth three times as much as physical force," and he thinks Napoleon might have said more than three times. But he might have made it clear that moral force in this connexion does not mean that the army with a good cause which it believes in is sure to win. That would be a very dangerous doctrine, as harmful as that which Mr. Copeland preaches when he suggests that if we constantly repeat, "Thou art the Lord our God and we are Thy people," the British Empire is bound to triumph.

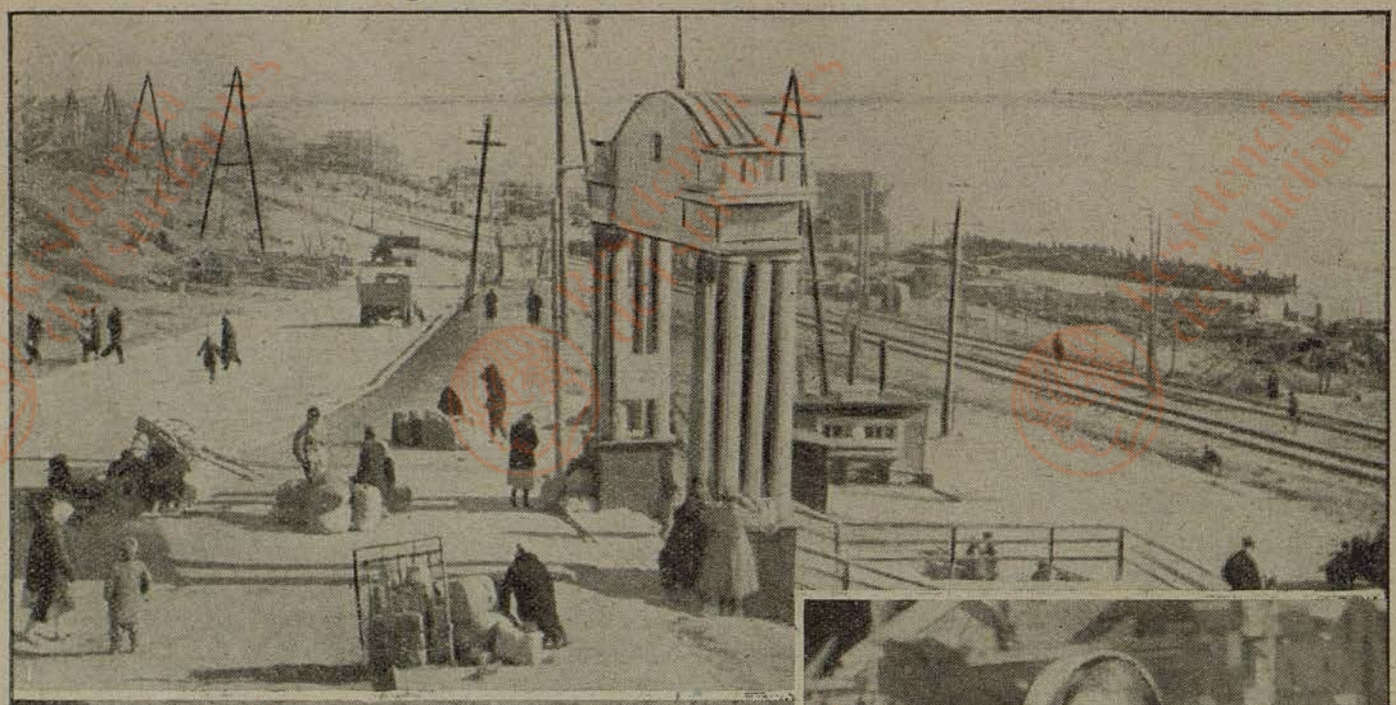
MANY armies have fought in good causes, many which have believed they were the Lord's people have been utterly defeated and destroyed. The Boers in South Africa believed it; what higher principle had we to fight for? But we beat them. The Finns thought they had a sacred principle, and were enthusiastic about it, but the Russians won because they were better equipped and led and had larger forces.

Leadership is of special interest just now. It may turn the scale in theatres of war where forces seem equally matched. In Montgomery we have a leader of the classic type; he would endorse all this book says about establishing close relations between officers and men. That is how he won the trust and devotion of the 8th Army.



MAJOR TOM BRIDGES, D.S.O., of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards (later General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who died on Nov. 26, 1939), was the hero of the drum-and-whistle episode related in this page. The scene was St. Quentin, the date August 27, 1914.

A New Stalingrad Rises from the Ashes of War





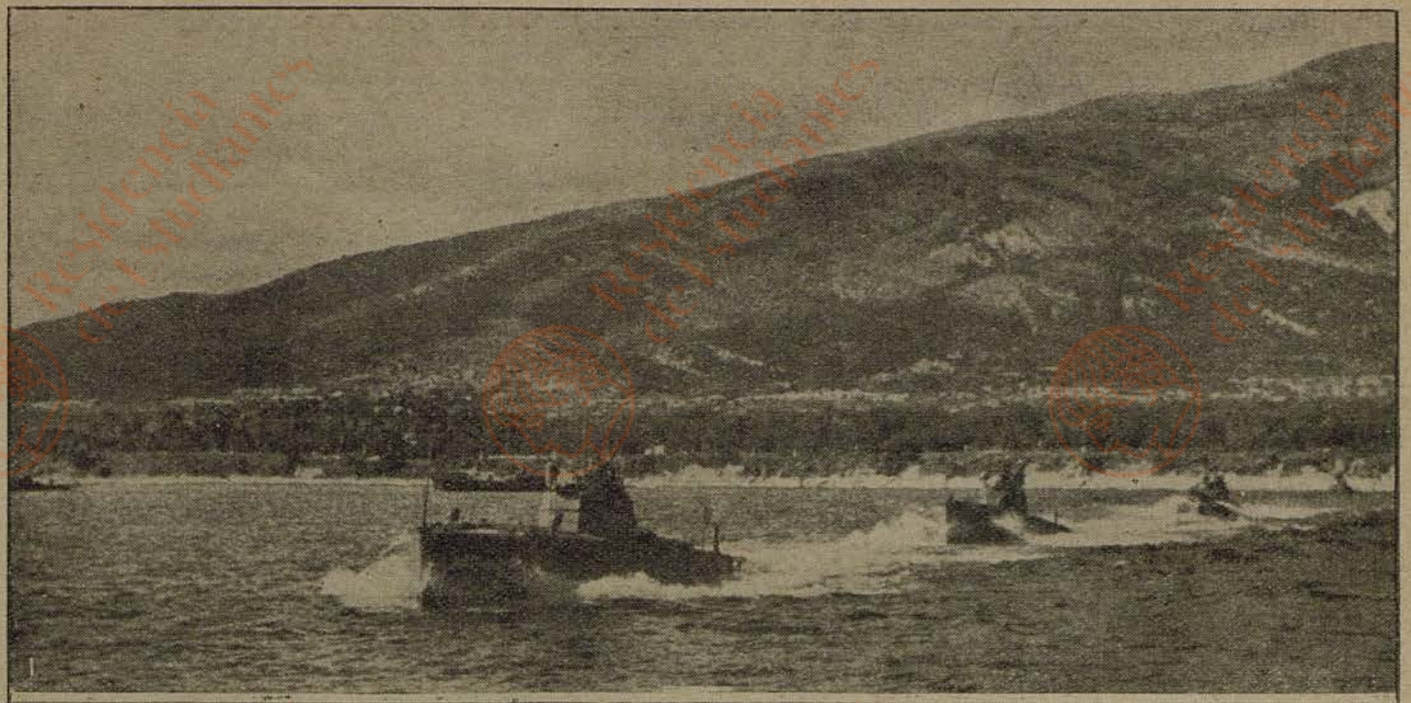


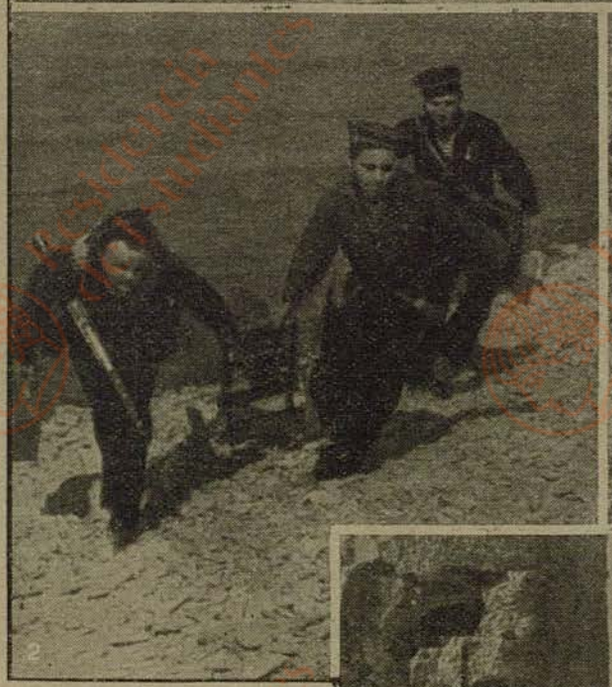


CITY OF HEROES, Stalingrad stoutly met the Nazi onslaught of September 1942, and in the subsequent prolonged and bitter fighting was all but razed to the ground. The enemy succeeded in occupying the greater part of the city; then came the Russian counter-blow which trapped the German 6th Army and culminated in the city's relief on Feb. 2, 1943. Today the resurrected town begins to assume a foremost place in the resurgent life of freed Russia.

The once-dead Volga waterfront grows busy again (1); the archway marks the limit of Gen. Chuykov's front line. In the famous tractor plant, where the last remaining German invader was exterminated, a wall plaque commemorates the Red Army's deeds; alongside it a poster announces a football match in the plant's stadium (2). A girl plasterer (3), who has quickly learned to handle the trowel, helps to rebuild the city; other citizens work with a will in a once-shattered street (4). See story in p. 25. *Photos Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Red Marine Commandos Raid the Crimea Coast









STRIKING SWIFTLY and often during the battle for the Crimea—which on May 9, 1944, came to an end with the storming and capture of Sevastopol, last German hold on the Peninsula—marines of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet have made many commando raids to wipe out Nazi coastal garrisons, their successes greatly aiding the triumphal progress of the main Russian forces (see map in p. 778, Vol. 7).

Fast motor boats of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet with a landing party of marines start off on a coastal raid (1). Undetected, they reach the beach; armed with automatic weapons and grenades, and hauling behind them a heavy wheeled machine-gun (2), they move quickly inland, pausing to observe when danger threatens (3). Their objective reached—an inhabited place held by the Germans—the marines take up fighting positions and turn their full fire-power on the surprised enemy.

Photos, Pictorial Press

Hounds of War Now Go to Training School

Loaned for the purpose by patriotic owners, dogs are being trained in England for a number of important war duties, including the guarding of Service installations and property at home and overseas, on lines described here by LEIGH M. SCULLY. The Nazis also have their war-dogs —and our Commandos have learned by practical experience how to deal with these.

"WAKE up, you!" One of the dogs has gone sick, and you've got to take his place!" is the caption to a new Army cartoon unofficially issued at an important Air Service Command post where dogs are used as guards, each dog releasing three men for more important duties.

The U.S. Eighth Air Force headquarters started the scheme some months ago in England when they opened a dog-guard training school. Men from all parts of the country were sent there to learn to handle the animals and train them for their war duties. Men and dogs are trained as a team, so that when they complete their term at the school they virtually "talk the same language." Some of these massive dogs are killers, and it is fascinating to see how implicitly they obey their masters.

It is a stiff course for the dogs. They are taught discipline, how to manage a stranger, how to keep him in captivity, and how to trail and pick up scents at prescribed distances. Dogs are assigned to a post just as an ordinary soldier would be, and incidentally they don't grouse about their guard duties, but take a pride in their work! An expert at the training school tells me that the use of dogs for guard duties was first started as an experiment, but they have proved so efficient that they are now used extensively. In the last war dogs were used chiefly as messengers by Royal Engineers signals detachments. Their use as guards for Army property is a new development.

"IT is necessary for us to keep them in constant training," one of the school trainers told me. "We follow a daily routine for teaching them obedience. In the exercises we have to wear a leather sleeve to protect us against their teeth. This helps the dogs to learn the proper way of attacking an intruder." Two dogs which never leave the heels of the two school instructors are Wolf and Danny, pedigree Alsatians lent by their British owners for the duration of the war. Not all these dogs are killers, but their method of attaek is not a happy experience, and their watchfulness is such that no sniping Nazi would be able to get a shot in before the dog's teeth penetrated his uniform.

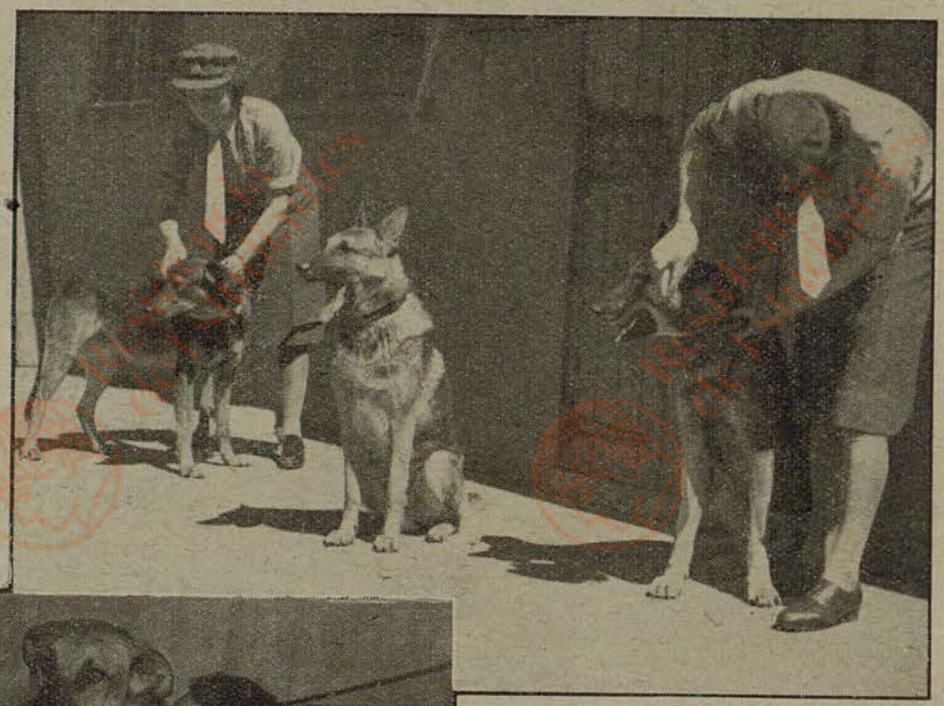
There is evidence that genuine "killer" dogs, including Alsatians and other large breeds, are being trained by the Reichswehr as part of their anti-invasion defences. There is reason to believe that large numbers of them are stationed at frequent intervals along certain stretches of the coasts of France, Belgium and Holland, to give the alarm when anyone approaches from the sea at night.

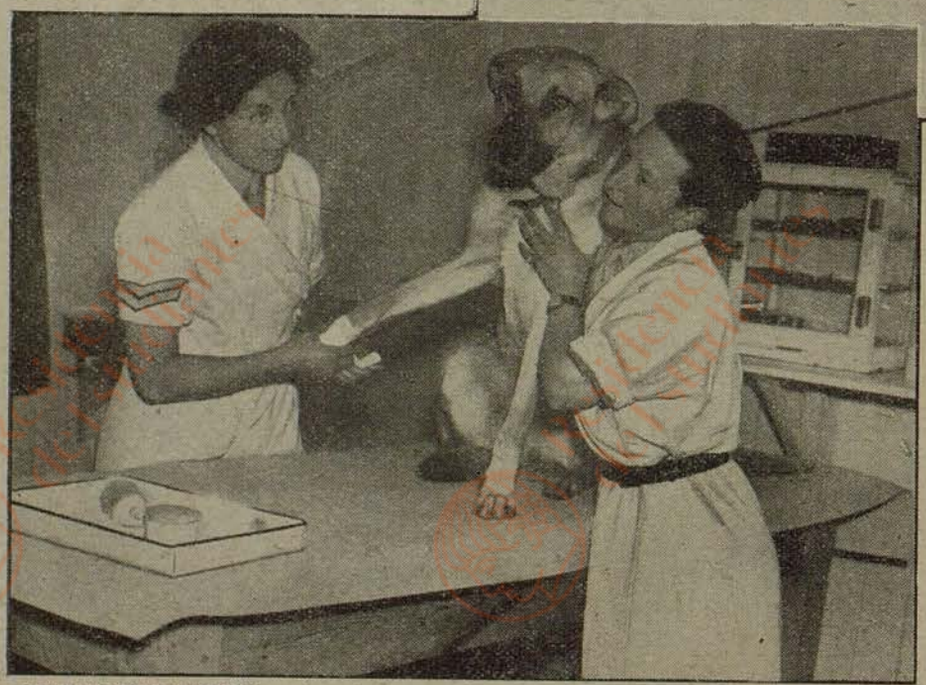
Each of these sentry dogs is in charge of a German N.C.O. detailed for its training. It is drilled to run to its master, who would be on sentry-go near by, to give warning of suspicious noises out at sea. The Germans believe that their "Alsatian Guard," with their acute sense of hearing, can pick up sounds that would fail to register on the most sensitive sound-detection apparatus. They claim that their most skillfully trained killer-dogs can detect even a carefully-propelled rowing boat when still a considerable distance off shore.

It is no myth that these dogs exist. They have been encountered by British Commando units on their spasmodic raids, and from some of these forays have come back stories of savage attacks by German-trained dogs.

IT is even reported that as a result of encounters with dogs, many Commandos now carry their knives on the left hip instead of on the right. The reason is that Commando soldiers, instinctively raising their right arms to keep the dogs at bay, lost a split-second in getting the knives in the right-hand position.

One difficulty of training dogs of the Alsatian type for this work is, although they have good natural "guard" properties they do not willingly obey more than one master.





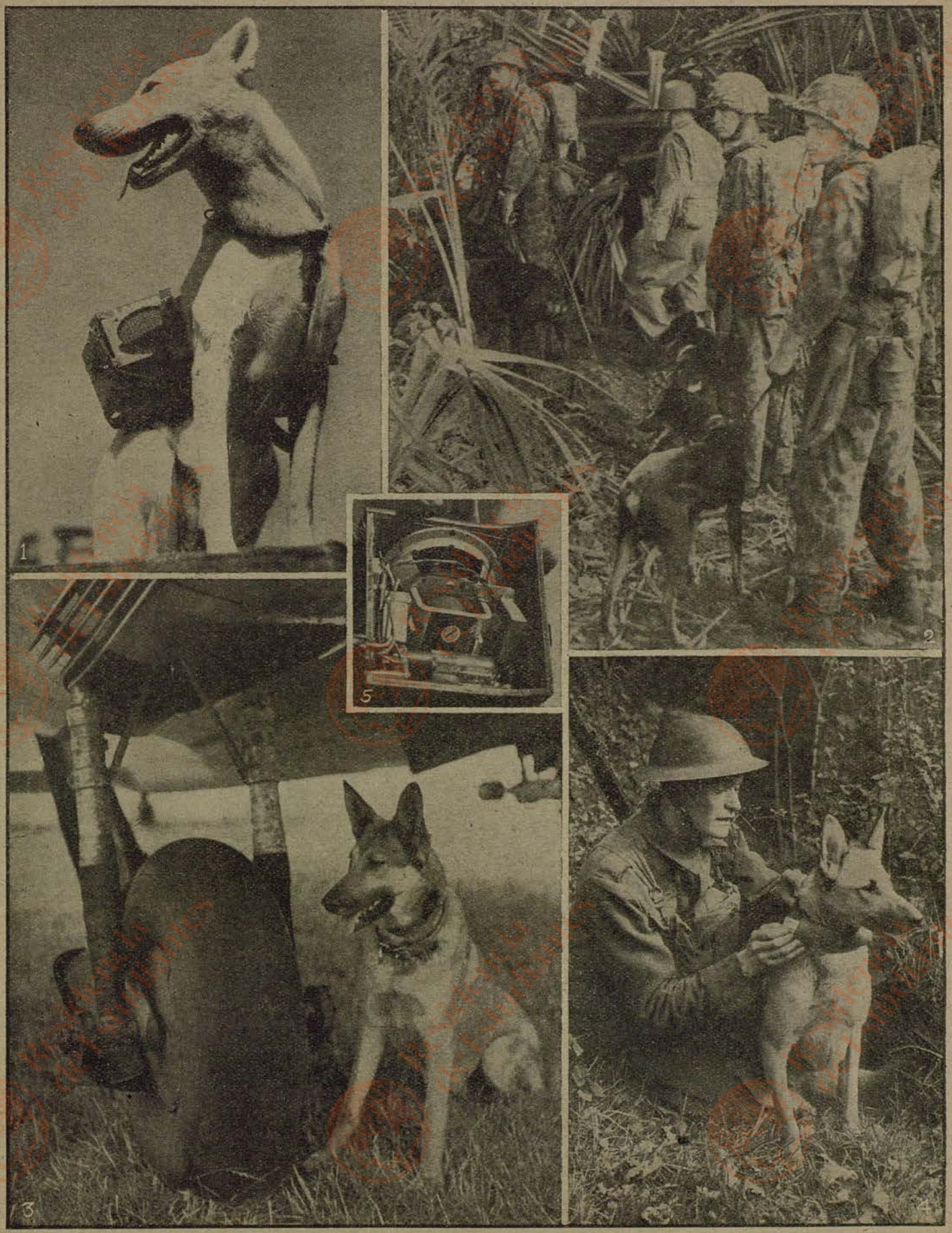
Thus each dog has to be under the command of one sentry with whom it has been trained possibly for several weeks. In Australia the experiment is being tried of dogs with radio control, and the first tests have shown that the scheme may be of use in jungle warfare where dogs are used to follow a scent. A midget short-wave radio set is strapped on a harness worn by the dog, or carried on a stout collar; it works from dry batteries, and will receive for about 60 hours before new batteries are fitted. The sets are flatly tuned and give good quality—so that a dog, hearing the midget loudspeaker behind his ear, at once recognizes his master's voice.

WITH this radio control, a man can call on or call off several dogs at once. As all the receivers will be tuned to one frequency the radio control does not upset any other form of radio transmission used. In training, gramophone records of the "master's" voice are used, while he stands near the dogs and alternately shouts real words of command. After about a week the dogs accept the loudspeaker as a real "voice," and the radio control works quite well even though the master at the microphone may be several miles away.

FOUR-FOOTED FORCES are in training at special schools for war dogs in Britain. Thousands have already completed their course and will carry out patrol work, guard munition dumps and Army headquarters and do other duties. Above, A.T.S. kennel maids groom Alsatians; below, a war dog receives first aid. See facing page.

Photos, Sport & General

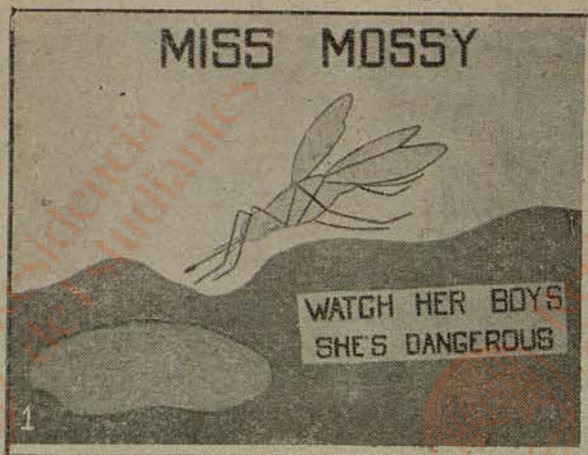
Man's Best Friend Helps Him Fight the Enemy



RADIO GUIDES THE ACTIONS of this white Alsatian (1), which has been trained to obey words of command (from its concealed master) transmitted through the small wireless receiving set strapped to its body; the set (5) is sufficiently powerful for the voice to be heard clearly. U.S. Marines use scouting dogs to track down Japanese snipers in Pacific island jungles (2). This war-dog acts as sentry on a R.A.F. airfield (3), while another has a message for delivery placed in its collar (4).

Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Pictorial Press

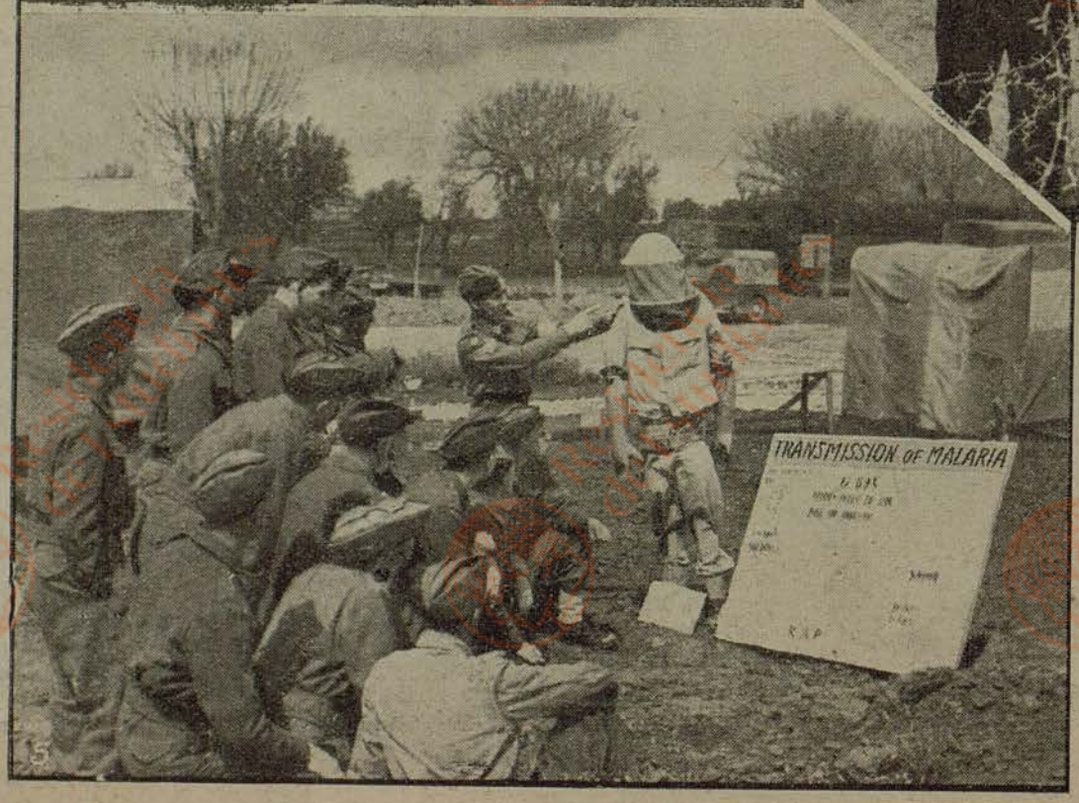
How They Fight the Malaria Menace at Anzio











TINY BUT DEADLY ENEMY our troops overseas have to contend with is the malarial mosquito. In Italy the Pontine Marshes around the Anzio area formerly constituted one of the world's worst malarial plague spots, and to safeguard men of the 5th Army against the pests breeding there, every device and precaution is being adopted. Schools have been established, where all ranks learn by lecture and demonstration, methods of exterminating the mosquito larvae (or "grubs") which abound in stagnant water. Signs everywhere warn of the danger (1); only the blood-sucking female mosquito is the germ carrier, the male feeding on vegetable juices. Spraying still water with oil in order to suffocate the larvae which emerge from eggs laid in such places (2); thousands of mosquitoes lie dead after this treatment has been applied to a water-logged shell-hole (3). Men on night guard are protected against bites by face veils and gauntlets (4). A sergeant of the R.A.M.C. lectures on anti-malaria precautions, using a demonstration dummy (5).

 Photos, British Official

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Knew Our Sister Ship Would Sail No More

Two recent actions off the Ushant shore were notable as being the first naval actions which ships of the Royal Canadian Navy have ever fought against enemy surface fighting ships. This account of the passing of the gallant Athabaskan, set afire and torpedoed on April 29, 1944, is by a Naval correspondent who was aboard H.M.C.S. Haida.

We heard the cry, "Athabaskan has been hit!" and as we turned to look at her we saw flames enveloping her superstructure. The action had hardly commenced. Two Canadian Tribal destroyers had discovered two enemy destroyers of the Elbing class close in on the French coast, and suspected others near by, and immediately closed to engage. Athabaskan (Lieut.-Cdr. J. H. Stubbs, D.S.O., R.C.N.) fired the first starshell. She was directly astern of Haida (Commander H. G. DeWolf, R.C.N.) and only a few cables distant.

Our guns opened immediately after, and under the spread of starshell we sighted the enemy ships, two of them, racing along the coast. They attempted to repeat the tactics of two nights previously, when we had sunk one and damaged three of their destroyers. They were making smoke and hoping to get away under cover of it. The action blazed furiously, and it was just after the first few salvos had been fired that Athabaskan was hit. It was a hazy, starlit night, about an hour and three-quarters before dawn.

We saw the flames spreading over Athabaskan but she steamed on, her guns thundering. Enemy starshell was all about us at the time, and shells were splashing around and between the two ships. Another shell seemed to strike Athabaskan aft, and she slowed down. H.M.C.S. Haida, her gunners repeating their fine performance of two nights previously, hammered the enemy ships, while Cdr. DeWolf ordered a smoke screen to shield Athabaskan, meanwhile maintaining the engagement. Hits were observed and a small fire broke out in the leading enemy destroyer and then, as we concentrated on the nearest one, we saw our salvos strike home and flames appear through the smoke screen.

It was about this time that a sudden explosion made us realize that Athabaskan had reached the end. We saw a burst of flames and knew our sister ship would sail no more. The odds were now more than two to one against Haida, but Cdr. DeWolf continued directing the engagement. Another salvo and another struck the enemy ship, and the flames mounted higher. It was obvious that both enemy ships were confused. The burning one opened a vicious fire in the direction of the other, mistaking her apparently for us as she fled. As our target appeared stopped, we closed, pounding her as we came in, only to realize, as we saw the rocks, that she had been driven ashore out of control.

Haida then turned back to where we had last seen Athabaskan. Bobbing lights appeared on the surface as we closed the area, lights from the new type R.C.N. lifejacket. Nosing gently in to where the lights were thickest, Cdr. DeWolf stopped Haida and ordered all life rafts over and all boats lowered. The sea was covered with thick heavy fuel oil from Athabaskan's tanks. Those of Haida's crew who could be spared from the guns lined the rails, shouting encouragement to those in the water. "Come on, boys, this is Haida!" they cried, and the survivors shouted back and blew whistles. They were covered with oil, and they slipped in our hands as we helped them over the side. Several of Haida's crew, including Mr. L. Jones, the Gunner (T), and Lieut. John Coates, R.C.N.V.R., went down the nets, accompanied by several Haida ratings, to help the survivors on board.

Up on the bridge the Captain, Cdr. DeWolf, leaned over and encouraged the swimmers steadily. "Come on, chaps, swim in to the ship's side!" he told them, and the survivors did so. One survivor coming in looked up and grinned. "Good old Haida," he said, "you beat us to it again," referring to the Elbing destroyer which Haida had intercepted and sunk in the previous fight two nights before. "We got the one that got you!" the Haida boys told him cheerfully.

The whaler was lowered and let go, and then the motor launch went down. Three of Haida's crew, knowing there was little hope that the ship could wait for them, did an amazingly brave thing very coolly. They got the motor-boat clear in record time, started up the engine and calmly proceeded to round up survivors who were too far away from the ship to reach it. It was less than half an hour to dawn. A lighthouse abeam of us on the French coast kept flashing steadily, and the shore was plainly visible less than three miles away. Reluctantly, Cdr. DeWolf gave the order to depart, and we went, leaving the gallant crew in the motor-boat to pick up as many as they could and utilize the whaler also. The motor-boat had fuel for six hours at a speed of ten knots. It had all necessary gear, including a compass and a Verey pistol. As we pulled clear, two of Haida's men who were down on the scramble nets were unable to get up, and they jumped clear. They were wearing the new lifejackets.

From a raft close alongside a voice, believed to be that of Lt.-Cdr. Stubbs, hero of North Atlantic actions against U-boats, was heard to shout, "Get away, Haida, get clear!" It was the kind of thing that this very brave and gallant gentleman who captained H.M.C.S. Athabaskan would say in such circumstances, though it left him, covered with oil on a drifting raft, to meet a cold, unfriendly dawn off the enemy coast.

Bulldozing With the 5th Army at Anzio

Despite the fact that it lacks the glamour attached to many other military activities, Royal Engineers who drive bulldozers are proud of their task—which is, mainly, to construct tracks and roads, often under fire. Cpl. L. P. Dymock, R.A.F., sent us this story from the Italian beach-head.

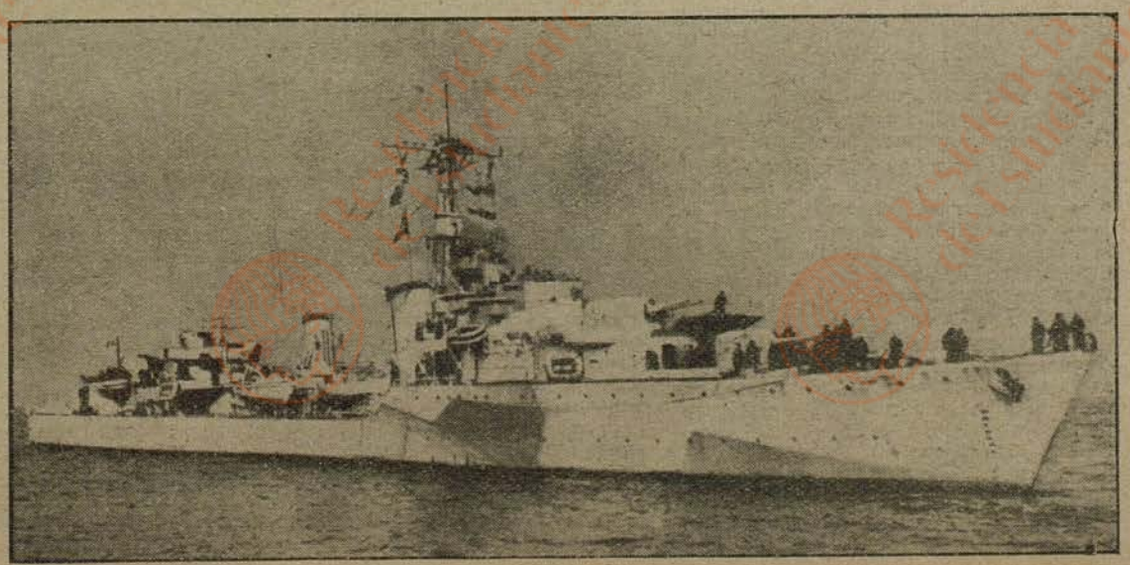
The giant diesel-driven bulldozers are a product of America's great engineering firms. They have proved themselves indispensable in our battles. First ashore in an initial landing they prepare the way for tanks, which are in the forefront of the waiting trucks which, with men, guns and stores, are ready to pour from the landing craft.

Great advances have been made in the waterproofing of these machines, so that they are capable of operating under water.

Sapper Griffiths, of Doncaster, commonly known as "Diablo" to the Italians, has been in the many landings in this theatre of war. He has had some interesting adventures, including being snapped on his mighty "steed" by President Roosevelt's personal photographer. In Griffiths' view, mines are the greatest danger to the bulldozer; but the drivers are comparatively safe from the splinters, having a few tons of steel between them and the explosion. During the Anzio landing his machine was hit a number of times by small-arms fire, but this did not affect the mechanical efficiency of the great caterpillar.

While advancing in Sicily he worked beyond the infantry. He told me: "I had been making a diversion through a large village, clearing away the rubble and generally making a road. When returning along the road to my bivvy an infantry officer told me to get out of the way as his company intended to capture the village I had just left!"

Many instances have occurred where, during the demolition of buildings, search has revealed a cellar to be full of liquor. The most notable occasion was when enough lager was found for a regiment; the point about this incident was that they almost did not bother to see if there was a cellar into which the bulldozer might go tumbling! Celebrating with the same golden liquor, the boys were suddenly told to shut up and blow out the lights as in the vicinity of the garden a German patrol was loitering—evidently in search of the liquid that was cooling-off our Tommies' parched throats.



H.M.C.S. ATHABASKAN, which was sunk on April 29, 1944, during the Channel engagement described in this page. Of her complement of about 200 men, 40 were rescued by H.M.C.S. Haida, 6 by her motor-boat which reached home safely, while 83 were reported prisoners of war.

Photo, British Official



BULLDOZERS HAVE PROVED INVALUABLE to the allies in the speedy preparation of roads and airfields and in the multifarious other construction jobs which mobile warfare entails. Here one of these highly efficient mechanical monsters is seen clearing a debris-blocked street in the Italian port of Anzio. The useful work performed by bulldozers in this beach-head area is described in this and the preceding pages. *Photo, British Official*

Parking the bulldozer one evening behind a house partly requisitioned for billets, the Italian women who had been wailing that the Germans had stolen all their goods rushed in front of Griffiths frantically waving him back. Thinking it was a mine, he got out to have a look and there they were, clawing up the ground, digging out wine, grain and food.

Sapper Terrent, of Horsham, whose nickname is "Digger" (he earned that by previously serving with the Aussies), came up from El Alamein with an Australian Division in the last push. His invasions include Sicily, Reggio, and Anzio, where he helped to clear the beaches and roads. Terrent works with Griffiths, sharing dugout and adventures. These two, like others who operate bulldozers, are not envied. They are fully aware of the magnificent job they are doing, and are proud of the praise given them by many high-ranking officers.

We Dropped Supplies to the Troops in Burma

During a recent operation from a Bengal airfield a plane of R.A.F. Transport Command flew to a front line outpost a load including 47,000 cigarettes, 6,000 boxes of matches, tinned milk and an assortment of other supplies, then returned with wounded, as told below.

SEEN from "P for Peter" the other fast transports made a grand sight on our port and starboard sides, their combined slipstream shooting a violent dust-storm towards the hangars. We took our place at 8,000 feet. We were well above the clouds, and the fierce sun made the interior of the aircraft too hot for comfort. After flying for two hours we were met by a squadron of Hurricanes which escorted us to our dropping point. We were over rugged, desolate country. As far as the eye could see, hills up to 3,000 feet zig-zagged awkwardly over the horizon. We were well within range of enemy fighters. The jungle beneath, a densely-vegetated maze of green sprawling between the valleys, was no place for a forced landing.

We broke formation and descended, to fly in line astern, playing follow-my-leader through valleys and skimming hilltops and rivers until our formation leader circled a hill, eight miles farther on. Parachutes from the first two aircraft had already landed right where the troops waited for them. Our turn came, and we made our run.

I sat in the co-pilot's seat, and watched the crew in the fuselage, stripped and sweating, as they piled the heavy packages at the exit, ready for the next run. Five packs were poised ready, with another five directly behind. They weighed from 80 to 140 pounds each. The contents were packed in tins with a small parachute on top, enclosed in a cover with 12 feet of rope fastened to an attachment inside the aircraft. The crew were secured by safety belts tied to a longeron. "Red light on!" shouted the Flight Sergeant near the tail, and the crew got their hands under the packages. The bell rang insistently and everybody heaved like mad to get 13 packages overboard before the bell rang again, three seconds later.

The process was repeated until the last package had been dropped, and we circled to make sure that the load had landed safely before setting course for base. But "P for Peter" had not finished the mission. A radio message ordered us to land at a forward airfield, to fly six urgent casualty cases back to base. We set course south, escorted by Hurricanes, two flying close in to ward off any possible hit-and-run attack, while the four others criss-crossed in and out of the clouds, searching for enemy fighters which might have looked on "P for Peter" as easy meat.

Below, we saw the landing strip, deserted save for its small windsock hanging from a bamboo pole. We touched down to pick up our cargo, and left the Hurricanes patrolling the sky. Eight stretcher cases came aboard, mostly Gurkhas, but there was one British soldier among them, a private from Tutshill, Monmouthshire.

I asked him what had happened. He pointed south, where smoke from mortar fire and shells showed as they burst in the sky. "We ran into a machine-gun burst," he said. "We were accompanied by Gurkhas, and trying to edge round a Japanese pimple (a small concentration, heavily armed with machine-guns). Johnny Jap must have seen us as we were coming through the trees, and they outnumbered us four to one. The scrap didn't last long, and when it was over the stretcher-bearers came out to help get back the wounded. We were sneaking back when the Japanese opened fire and many of



WHEN THE SIGNAL BELL RINGS these men of a supply-carrying aircraft in Burma will push overboard the bulky packages of vital stores, as is told in the accompanying eye-witness account. *Photo, British Official*

the stretcher cases already wounded were killed, along with the orderlies." He swore vehemently.

When all our patients had been made comfortable, we took off and rejoined the waiting fighter escort, to set course for base, where ambulances were ready to rush the wounded to hospital.

For Stalingrad's Citizens a New Era Dawns

Wonderful plans are in operation to put the city of "steel-hearted" citizens on its feet again. How the dreadful scars left by the Nazis are being obliterated is here described by the famous Russian writer, Z. Mokhov, by courtesy of Soviet War News Weekly. See also illus. p. 20.

I WENT to see the gift sword sent by King George VI to Stalingrad's defenders. The King's gift is displayed in a special room, where there is always a Guard of Honour. Scores of people come to see it every day—not only Stalingrad people, but visitors who have arrived from all parts of the U.S.S.R. to pay homage to the city of world renown.

Pigalev, chairman of the City Soviet, showed me the King's gift. I read over and over again the inscription to the "steel-hearted citizens," engraved in English and Russian on the blade. Pigalev remarked, "We treasure this sword as a symbol of the fighting friendship between the peoples of the Soviet Union and Great Britain." Pigalev is an engineer by profession. He invited me to his study, where a number of engineers and architects from Moscow were waiting to confer with him about a big new medical institute and hospital, to be equipped according to the very last word in medical science. Dozens of plans and sketches were pinned to the walls and spread over Pigalev's desk. The sites are already being cleared.

That same evening I attended a review of plans for the restoration of schools, children's homes and nurseries. This year 18 million



MORE AND MORE MATERIALS for the reconstruction of the hero city of Stalingrad pour in daily, to be handled without delay by men and women labourers eager to push the great task ahead. 85 per cent of all buildings in the city were destroyed in the winter battles of 1942-43. But by the end of 1943 over 1,000 houses as well as over 10,000 cottages had been built, and more than 100,000 people have moved from the tents, cellars and dugouts where they had been forced to live to these new homes. (See also illus. in p. 20.)

Photo, Pictorial Press

roubles have been allocated for this purpose. Forty-five schools were opened last year, but the population is growing by leaps and bounds. The number of children has nearly doubled.

The City Soviet plans to spend over 37 million roubles on dwelling-houses during 1944. The Dramatic Theatre and the Summer Theatre are being restored. Five cinemas were opened last year. Several more are almost ready. There is a fair prospect that many clubs and other cultural institutions will be reopened shortly. Over 67 million roubles are being spent on the restoration and extension of the tramways, the water supply, drainage system, shopping centres, public baths and other municipal services. Stalingrad expects to break the back of this part of the job before 1945.

The "Red October" plant is in production again, turning out rolled steel. The Tractor Plant has sent tanks to help the latest offensives. The workers at these great enterprises also find energy to help in the reconstruction of their city. The Tractor Plant is supplying labour, transport and building materials for a new polyclinic, a maternity hospital, four kindergartens, two schools with places for 1,600 children, and bath-houses.

During the winter Stalingrad railway junction had its work cut out to handle the immense volume of freight, as gift trains sped to the city from all over the Soviet Union with building materials, food, household goods, machinery. But now the ice has cleared from the Volga, and the transport problem will be easier.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

APRIL 26, Wednesday *1,698th day*

Australasia.—Alexishafen, W. of Madang in New Guinea, occupied by Australians.

Sea.—In naval action off Brest, German destroyer sunk by new cruiser H.M.S. Black Prince.

Air.—U.S. aircraft bombed Brunswick without loss. At night Bomber Command sent over 1,000 aircraft to Essen and Schweinfurt.

APRIL 27, Thursday *1,699th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet bombers made heavy night raid on Lvov.

Australasia.—Main Hollandia airfield in New Guinea occupied by U.S. troops.

Air.—Two daylight attacks by U.S. bombers on aerodromes and marshalling yards in France. R.A.F. heavily bombed Friedrichshafen, Lake Constance, at night.

APRIL 28, Friday *1,700th day*

Mediterranean.—Genoa and other Italian ports attacked by Allied bombers.

China.—Announced that Chengchow, Honan, fell to Japanese on April 22.

Air.—Airfields and military installations in France bombed by U.S. aircraft. Air-frame factory at Oslo attacked by R.A.F.

APRIL 29, Saturday *1,701st day*

Mediterranean.—Day and night raids on Toulon, Genoa, Spezia and Leghorn.

Pacific.—U.S. carrier-based aircraft bombed islands at Truk; 120 Jap aircraft destroyed on the ground and in the air.

Sea.—In action in English Channel Canadian destroyers Haida and Athabaskan crippled enemy destroyer; Athabaskan was torpedoed and sunk. Submarine H.M.S. Syrtis reported lost.

Air.—Mass daylight raid on Berlin by U.S. bombers and fighters. By night Lancasters bombed aircraft factory at Clermont Ferrand and explosive works near Bordeaux.

APRIL 30, Sunday *1,702nd day*

Mediterranean.—Day raid by U.S. bombers on factories and rly. yards near Milan. R.A.F. bombers again attacked Genoa, Spezia and Leghorn at night.

Russian Front.—Long-range Soviet aircraft bombed rly. junction of Brest-Litovsk.

Pacific.—Japanese islands near Truk again attacked from sea and air; Liberators bombed Wake Island.

Air.—U.S. bombers attacked aerodromes and railway yards in France by day; R.A.F. bombed ammunition dump at Maintenon and rly. yards at Acheres and Somain.

MAY 1, Monday *1,703rd day*

Russian Front.—Soviet bombers made mass raid on Lvov.

Mediterranean.—Announced that German Gen. Kreipe had been captured in British raid on Crete.

Air.—U.S. aircraft attacked Pas de Calais and rly. yards in Belgium and N. France. R.A.F. dropped 2,500 tons of bombs by night on factories and rly. yards in France and Belgium.

General.—First wartime conference of Dominions Prime Ministers opened in London.

MAY 2, Tuesday *1,704th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet aircraft made day and night attacks on aerodromes and rly. stations in Lvov, Stanislavov, Roman and Sambor.

Mediterranean.—Allied bombers attacked harbour at Spezia, rly. yards at Florence and rly. bridge at Spoleto.

Air.—U.S. bombers attacked Pas de Calais and railway centres in France and Belgium. Leverkusen, near Cologne, and railway yards at Achères bombed by Mosquitoes at night.

General.—Mr. Eden announced Anglo-American agreement with Spain, restricting supply of wolfram to Germany.

MAY 3, Wednesday *1,705th day*

Burma.—14th Army in Arakan captured heights overlooking Maungdaw-Buthidaung road.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. bombers made first night attack on Bucharest.

Air.—R.A.F. bombers made heavy attacks on military depot at Mailly, aircraft stores at Montdidier and ammunition dump at Chateaudun in face of fierce fighter opposition. Low-level precision attack by Mosquitoes on a house in The Hague was announced.

General.—Announced that Military Mission from Marshal Tito had arrived in London.

MAY 4, Thursday *1,706th day*

Mediterranean.—Budapest railway yards bombed at night by R.A.F.

Sea.—Submarine H.M.S. Stonehenge announced overdue and presumed lost.

MAY 5, Friday *1,707th day*

Italy.—R.A.F. dive-bombers smashed Pescara Dam in Adriatic sector of front.

Mediterranean.—Day and night attacks by Allied bombers on Rumanian targets, including Ploesti, Campina and Turnu-Severin.

Burma.—Our troops attacked at all points on the Kohima front.

MAY 6, Saturday *1,708th day*

Mediterranean.—Allied aircraft again attacked Rumanian targets, including Brasov, Pitesti, Campina and Turnu-Severin.

Pacific.—Guam, in the Marianas, bombed by U.S. aircraft.

Air.—Liberators bombed Pas de Calais area. At night R.A.F. made heavy attack on rly. yards at Mantes, N.W. of Paris and ammunition dumps near Tours and Le Mans.

MAY 7, Sunday *1,709th day*

Burma.—Announced that after defeating enemy counter-attacks in Mayu Range our troops withdrew from Buthidaung.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops broke through main lines of Sebastopol defence area.

Mediterranean.—Day and night raids on railway yards at Bucharest; railway bridge near Belgrade also bombed.

Air.—Over 1,500 U.S. bombers and fighters made daylight attack on Berlin. R.A.F. sent out six forces at night to bomb airfields and ammunition dumps in France.

Sea.—German destroyer crippled on April 29 was destroyed by our light coastal forces.

MAY 8, Monday *1,710th day*

Air.—Berlin and Brunswick attacked by over 1,500 U.S. bombers and fighters; 119 enemy fighters claimed as destroyed. At night R.A.F. bombers attacked railway yards near Mons and airfield near Brest.

MAY 9, Tuesday *1,711th day*

Russian Front.—Sebastopol taken by storm after three days' fighting by troops of 4th Ukrainian front.

Italy.—Eighth Army troops advanced in Adriatic sector following enemy withdrawal.

Sea.—Announced that during April number of enemy submarines sunk exceeded number of Allied merchant ships sunk.

Air.—Heavy attacks by U.S. bombers on eight aerodromes and three railway yards in France, Belgium and Luxembourg. Night raids by R.A.F. on factories at Annecy and near Paris. Mosquitoes dropped 4,000 lb. bombs on Berlin.

Flash-backs

1940

May 3. *Landing of Polish troops in Norway announced.*

May 5. *Norwegian Ministers arrived in London.*

1941

April 26. *German parachutists captured Corinth. South African troops occupied Dessie in Abyssinia.*

April 28. *Germans under Rommel captured Sollum.*

May 6. *Stalin became Premier in place of Molotov*

1942

April 29. *Japanese took Lashio (Burma) by mass assault.*

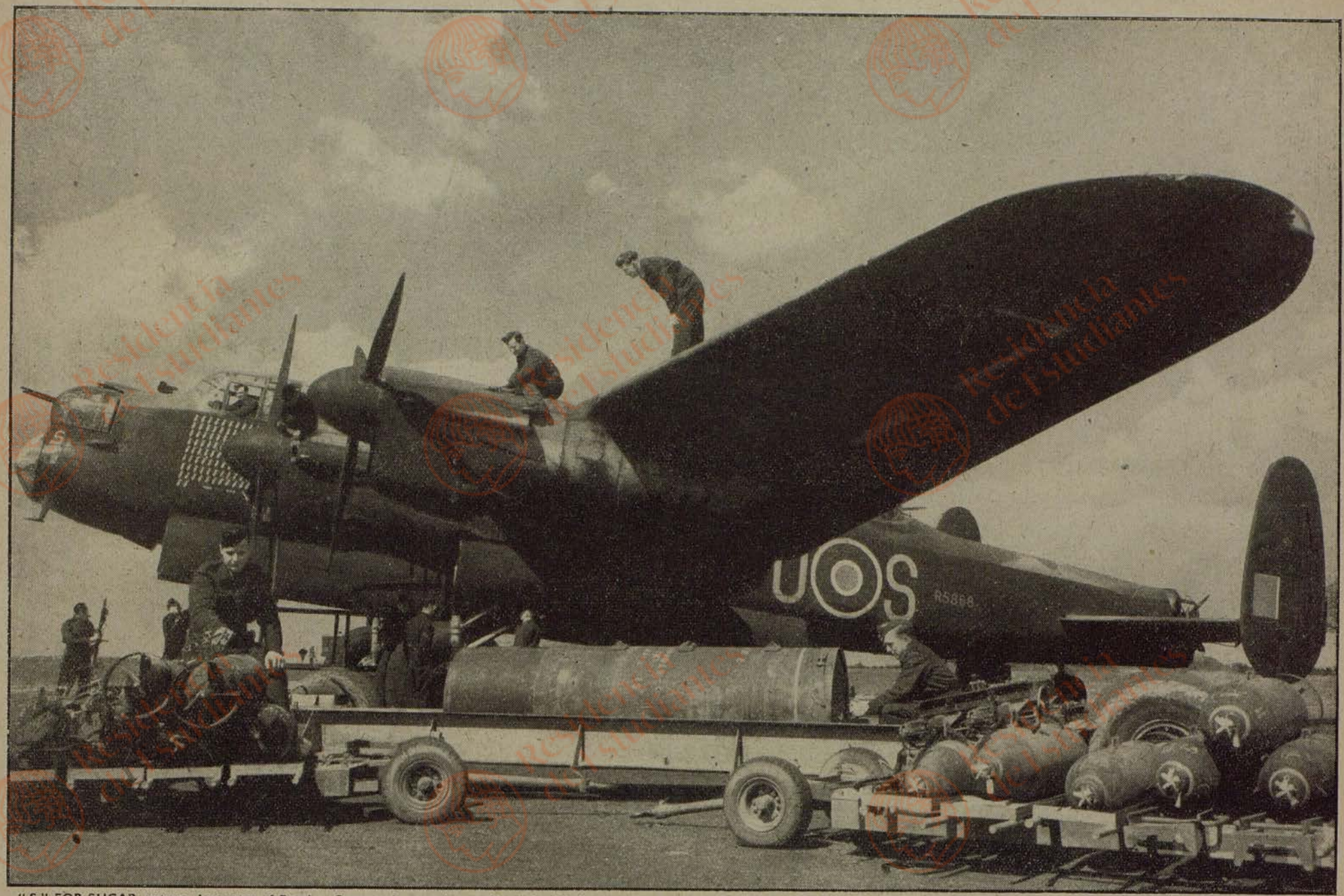
May 3. *Second "Baedeker" raid by the Luftwaffe on Exeter.*

May 8. *Japanese aircraft bombed Chittagong in Bengal.*

1943

May 2. *Japanese raided Darwin in Northern Australia.*

May 7. *Ports of Tunis and Bizerta captured by Allies.*



"S" FOR SUGAR, veteran Lancaster of Bomber Command, recently completed her 100th operation from her British base. R.A.F. maintenance staff were preparing her for a sortie when this photograph was taken; in the foreground is some of the bomb load she took with her on the trip, including a 4,000-pounder and 500-pounders. Now with an Australian squadron, "S" for Sugar took part in 60 sorties with the original Pathfinder force and has been crossing enemy territory for two years, during which time she has dropped 1,000,000 lb. of bombs and used 150,000 gallons of petrol doing it. Grim mockery of the boast made by Field Marshal Goering are the bomb tally markings of her many trips; also painted there are the D.S.O. and two D.S.C.s won by previous captains.

Photo, G.P.U.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

EUROPE is the focal centre of the United Nations' air strength. In the United Kingdom is a great array of air power—Bomber Command, Air Defence of Great Britain, No. 2 Tactical Air Force, and Coastal Command U.K., together with the U.S. Army 8th and 9th Air Forces. In the Mediterranean there are the Mediterranean Command of the R.A.F. and the U.S. Army 12th and 15th Air Forces, called the Mediterranean Allied Air Force. In Eastern Europe is the Red Air Force. And at sea there is the British Fleet Air Arm which can operate on the northern side of the European square right up to the Barents Sea. Now these air forces that surround Hitler's Europe are able to send into the air some 10,000 aircraft every twenty-four hours, not counting the Coastal Command which operates mainly over the sea.

COMPARE this with the capacity of the Luftwaffe in its palmiest days, the days of the Battle of Britain when the people and Air Force of the United Kingdom stood alone, and Hitler had no other combatant Power to face. Then the Luftwaffe would put into the air perhaps a thousand aircraft by day and about half that number by night, a total of around 1,500 during the twenty-four-hour period.

Today seven times that number of aircraft are engaged in the strangulation of German military power in Europe. Some are engaged in direct assaults upon targets of immediate military value, others are employed against longer-range factory output, some against communications by land, inland waterways, and sea lanes. But generally speaking we are witnessing during the pre-invasion period an Anglo-American version of the Battle of Britain in reverse. It is more than the Battle of Germany, although that is what it is leading up to. It is the Battle of Europe.

BATTLE for a Continent Waged by Air Alone

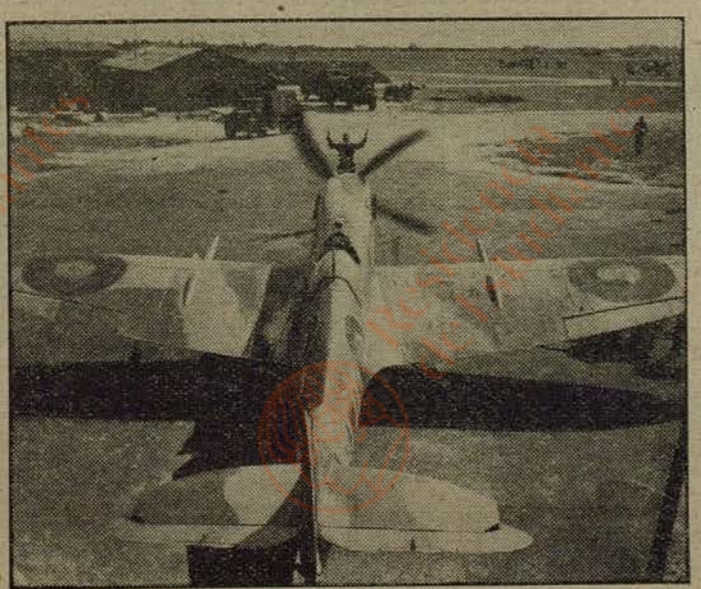
This leads one to the thought that air battles must be designated by territorial agglomerations much vaster in area than the designations accorded to either sea or land battles. For example, we have had during this war such sea battles as those of the River Plate, and Cape Matapan, Midway Island, and the Coral Sea. We have witnessed land battles such as the Battle of Egypt, of Stalingrad, of Sicily, the Solomons, and so on, in all of which the air has played a prominent part. But during this pre-invasion period, when the armies mass for the triple-Service assault upon the German Western Armies, we see a battle for a continent waged by air, and by air alone.

It is convenient, but incorrect, to speak of a Battle of Berlin. This air assault, carried out by successive attacks by night and day at varying time intervals, against one of the largest of the world's capital cities, is no more than an incident in a far larger battle. It is, as it were, what happens in the case of one ship in a great naval battle—to liken the air action to a sea action. It is not more than that.

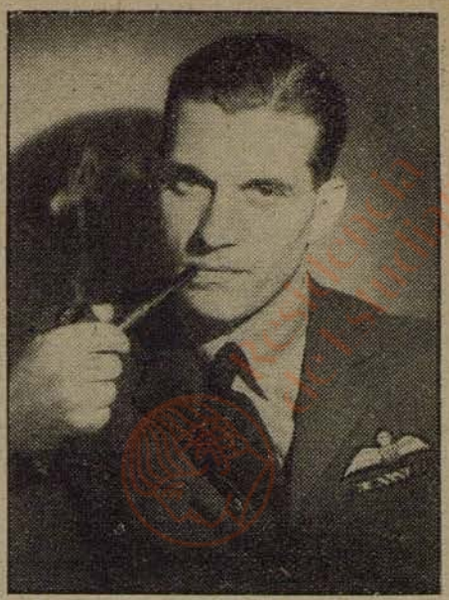
And there are so many features in the great air attack upon Fortress Europe—the striking down of the heavy industries whose products go to the manufacture of large guns, tanks, ships, submarines, armoured trains, shells, bridges, and a thousand-and-one important items of military necessity in war; the systematic crushing of the enemy aircraft industry in widely dispersed parts of the continent; the damaging and destruction of enemy aircraft in the air and on the ground to add to the difficulty he must find in replacing aircraft torn out of the production line by the bombers; the pin-point attacks upon specialized targets where isolated factories or even individual houses in cities are demolished.

PIN-POINT Bombing Has Reached a High Degree of Accuracy

The recent attack by Mosquitoes upon a house in The Hague is a specimen case. Here was a house containing matter useful to the enemy, the destruction of which would be of corresponding usefulness to the Allied High Command. Presumably from a humanitarian point of view it was decided that it was necessary to destroy that one house, and to leave its neighbouring houses on either side safe. A surprise day attack from a low altitude did the 'strategists' work. It was not the first time that such attacks have been made. It is many months since the similar attack upon the Gestapo headquarters in Oslo hit that special building standing in a comparatively crowded part of the Norwegian capital (see illus. p. 264, Vol. 6). Such accurate bombing brings to the aeroplane a new use in war, and places in the hands of directing generals the power to destroy a pin-point target at a distance of hundreds of miles with as much accuracy as gunfire over one-hundredth part of the range. Such attacks require a different standard of intelligence work behind the enemy front. If it were possible to gain knowledge of the exact situation of a number of vitally important buildings containing key matter, it should become possible to use aircraft to dislocate the organization of the enemy staff to such an extent as to throw his machinery of offence and defence out of gear. This would be bringing the artillery of the air into action against the enemy staff with a vengeance.



FIRST SPITFIRES OVER THE REICH, one of which is seen here about to take off, flew 700 to 800 miles on a sortie on April 26, 1944 across territory between Aachen and Cologne; they attacked grounded enemy aircraft and a goods train, returning without loss.



TWENTY-EIGHT NAZI PLANES stood to the credit of Wing Commander J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. by May 5, 1944 when, leading a Canadian Spitfire wing over France, he shot down one more German. Some time before, on March 25, he destroyed his 26th and 27th enemy aircraft during a three-minute battle.
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

IT is noteworthy that during General Auchinleck's offensive in Libya a bomb landed on a table around which enemy staff officers were gathered, a perhaps lucky shot which caused disorganization in the Afrika Korps next day. But low-level high-speed bombing has reached such a degree of accuracy when carried out by skilled pilots that it is possible to direct bombs into openings no larger than railway tunnels.

The great air battles are now battles of huge areas, covering so much territory and doing so so quickly as to counter the feint and parry of the defence. Our limiting factor may even now be the area available for bases from which to launch our aircraft, for the territory in possession of the United Nations is comparatively restricted for the operation of such great air forces.

THE question is then to determine, as far as possible, how long it will take with the aircraft which can be deployed from existing bases to pull the enemy down. It may even be that the 7,000 sorties a day which can be directed against German-held Europe by the United Nations' air forces based in Britain and the Mediterranean are not enough, and yet represent something approaching the maximum in operational possibilities.

Should this prove to be so it leads at once to the argument that territorial restrictions handicap the full employment of the Allies' air power. And, just as General MacArthur found it imperative to employ surface forces to capture airfields in the South-West Pacific from which he could strangulate Japanese naval and military power in that area, it may be that it is necessary for General Eisenhower to seize airfields in Western Europe from which to expand the air offensive against Germany. Every airfield captured by the invasion forces will add power to the Allies in the air, and curtail still more the defence efficiency of the Wehrmacht in air, on land, and at sea. More airfields may be the master key to the shortening of the war.

Allied Awards for British Services Rendered



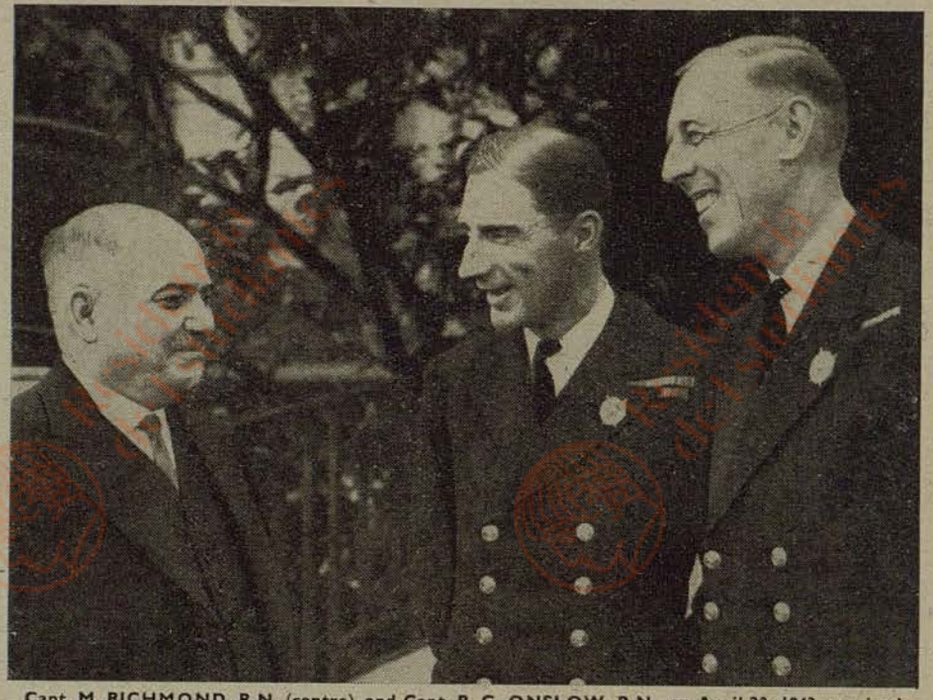
L./Bombardier W. REGAN, R.A., received the U.S. Soldier's Medal, presented by Lt.-Gen. Mark Clark, 5th Army commander, on Dec. 25, 1943, for gallantry in saving a U.S. pilot from a burning plane at Pantellaria.



Ldg. Aircraftwoman I. G. LEASK was presented by Gen. Spaatz, Commanding General of the U.S.A.A.F. in Europe, with the Legion of Merit Medal for "extraordinary fidelity to duty and exceptionally meritorious service rendered." On July 2, 1942, she located and identified a U.S. air formation which had become lost at sea.



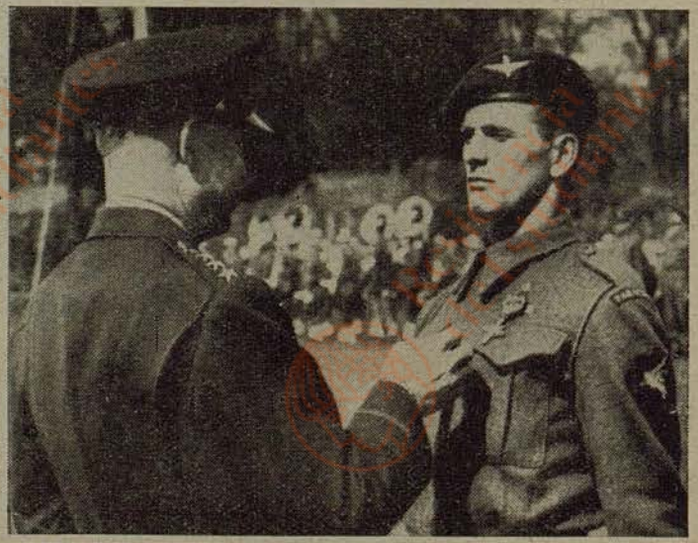
W/Cmdr. W. DRAKE, D.S.O., D.F.C., of the R.A.F. Shark Kittyhawk Squadron, won the United States D.F.C. while operating with the U.S. 9th Air Force.



Capt. M. RICHMOND, R.N. (centre), and Capt. R. G. ONSLOW, R.N., on April 20, 1943, received the Order of the Red Banner from M. Maisky, then Soviet Ambassador in London. Russian decorations were awarded to a number of other officers and men of the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy for "valour and courage" in the delivery of armaments in Arctic convoys.



Sgt. J. DEARDEN, R.A.F., won the American Air Medal for "meritorious achievements" in photographic reconnaissance for the U.S.A.A.F. The medal was presented at a joint British and U.S. decoration ceremony held at a U.S. Army Air Station in England in October 1943.



C.S.M. REGINALD ALLEN, of the Parachute troops, received the American D.S.C. from Gen. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander, for bravery in stopping a German advance.

Photos, British Official; G.P.U., Associated Press, Planet News

Editor's Postscript

I DARE say you have sometimes felt a shade impatient as you have listened night afternight, week in week out, to the statement that our aircraft have been engaged on "mine-laying in enemy waters." I know people who have said, "Why worry about that so often?" Those people did not know the great value of the work that the mine-layers do, or the effect it is having on the course of the war at sea. The mines they lay are magnetic; in the four years since the use of these began more than 500 enemy ships have been sunk by them, a loss to the Germans of about a million tons of shipping. It was the enemy who first brought the magnetic mine into play; we soon found the answer to it. He must be sorry he ever started the game, for it has hurt him far more than it did us. He has had to send out very large numbers of minesweepers, but these cannot clear all the dangers out of the way. Warships as well as cargo and troop-carrying vessels have been destroyed. We mined the Kiel Canal long ago. Now we have mined the Danube. All the coasts of countries under the Nazi yoke have been made unsafe for their ships. So when you hear the familiar phrase now, don't be under any misapprehension. It is telling you something important, something you should be glad to hear.

HISTORY is going to be rewritten. A committee of historians drawn from many nations will compile the annals of Europe for boys and girls between sixteen and eighteen years old. A handbook for teachers of history is also in preparation. But how are the new histories going to deal with characters like Napoleon and Hitler? Unless children are taught from their earliest school-days that many of the men known as "Great" were enemies of the human race and ought to be remembered with loathing rather than admiration, the world is certain to go on as it has done since the earliest recorded times, with war as its most constant and most absorbing industry. Alexander the Great was a madman, Frederick the Great was a scoundrel, Napoleon the Great (so-called to distinguish him from his nephew, Emperor Louis, whom Victor Hugo derided as "the Little") was a man of immense ability crazed by foolish ambition. Hitler and Mussolini appear to be merely successful gangsters, comparable with Al Capone and Legs Diamond. Their methods are identical with those of the Chicago underworld. Yet, if historical precedent is followed, they will be presented as great men a hundred years hence. If we want that new world, about which politicians chatter so much, we must tell the truth about the old world. History has never yet done that.

WHAT baffling divergences of opinion there are among the "experts" about food and the way to use it so as to enjoy the best health! When I saw that one of the chief medical authorities attached to the Ministry of Food had been inveighing against starting a meal with soup, I wondered how many hundreds of times I had heard or seen that view expressed by doctors—and how many speak just as often in the exactly opposite sense. The safest guidance in such a matter is given, it seems to me, by those who are really "experts," that is, in the original meaning of the word, people who have tried, experimented, experienced. The French know more about feeding than any other nation. They have better digestions than any other civilized race. You don't see in France the masses of indigestion remedies that are so widely sold elsewhere. Well, the French always start their principal meal with soup. It doesn't seem to do them any harm. There is a good deal to be said for making a meal off soup, and soup alone—with plenty of bread put into it or eaten dry. For those who have to work again directly after they have done eating, this is as good a lunch as they could have—palatable, satisfying and nourishing—if it is well made, of course. Weak soup is nasty, as well as bad for one.

J. M. BARRIE used to make fun of the Athenaeum Club after he had been elected to it under the rule which admits men distinguished in literature, science or art, without making them go through the ordinary process—the rule which has enabled the Committee to invite General Eisenhower and other American commanders of high rank to become members. Barrie told of washing his hands next to a man who looked nervously at him, but did not say anything. Barrie said "Good evening." The man instantly asked him: "Will you dine with me?" And when he saw that Barrie looked surprised, he added: "You are the first person in this club who has ever spoken to me and I have been a member for twenty-five years." That was in the days, now a good long way back, when the Club was supposed to be "infested with bishops." It was then a much more solemn place than it is now—or was in earlier days. Thackeray gave an account of a talk he had there with Macaulay, of a very lively description. Now that there is far less of the standoffishness that Barrie satirized, the flow of cheerful talk in the dining-room and the smoking-room after lunch is like that of any other West End club. The Americans will not find it different in this respect from the older clubs in New York, which are none of them very gay.

THIS month Assize Courts have begun hearing divorce cases. The change will be scarcely noticed, yet it marks a social revolution. A hundred years ago, and for long after 1844, it was very hard indeed for an ill-matched couple to dissolve their union. This could be done only by carrying a private Bill through the House of Lords, an expensive process which none but wealthy people could afford. Every attempt to give any other Court power to grant divorce was bitterly resisted, not only by the Churches one and all, but by the mass of the nation. It was said that any such step would break up the social fabric, do away with family life, destroy the sanctity of marriage. When the Bill to establish a Divorce Court as part of the King's Bench Division was introduced in 1857, it passed through only because Lord Palmerston, as Prime Minister, said he would keep Parliament sitting until it did. And none of the dreadful results predicted came to pass. Now under the stress of war we have gone a step farther and nobody seems at all perturbed about it.

DANGER to life has always been the parent of superstition. Wars make most of us more credulous, readier to believe gossip, more anxious to invoke the protection of unseen powers. Just now jewelers are cashing-in on this and making a lot of money. They can sell twopenny-halfpenny "charms" or "amulets" for about ten times what they used to cost. A little button with the figure of Saint Christopher on it could be bought for sixpence before the war. Now it cannot be obtained for less than 5s. 6d. Some men wear this in their buttonholes (at the risk, I take it, of being "crimed" on the charge "improperly dressed"); others conceal it under their clothes. Another saint much in demand is Saint Anthony. If you can pay in pounds instead of shillings, you will find no difficulty in purchasing a medallion in enamel and platinum or gold. Seems a lamentable waste of money to me.

WE hear a great deal about profiteering, which means taking advantage of the war to overcharge for goods or services; but I know of many cases in which the convenience and benefit of the community are put before personal gain. I looked at a sheaf of notices in a suburban shop-window the other day and saw one offering to repair watches and clocks. I took a clock to be mended, received it back in good going order, and was charged what seemed to me a very reasonable sum. The repairer told me about himself. He is in the building trade, and "making the wheels go round" is a sideline with him. He does it largely to oblige poor folk who rely on a clock to tell them when to get up from their beds, and he makes them pay as little as possible. He could get work of the kind at far higher rates, but he will not take it. He was asked to call at a house where there were nine clocks, not one of which would go. He took the likeliest, put it right in three days, and charged 7s. 6d. The owner said he had been told in the shops that it would cost 15s. and take ten weeks. He offered the man the job of repairing all the clocks and promised good money. The offer was declined, because this would have meant turning away the people who brought their alarm clocks and old silver "turnip" watches, which they could not do without. That man is, I consider, a true philanthropist, a friend of his fellow-men. All honour to him!



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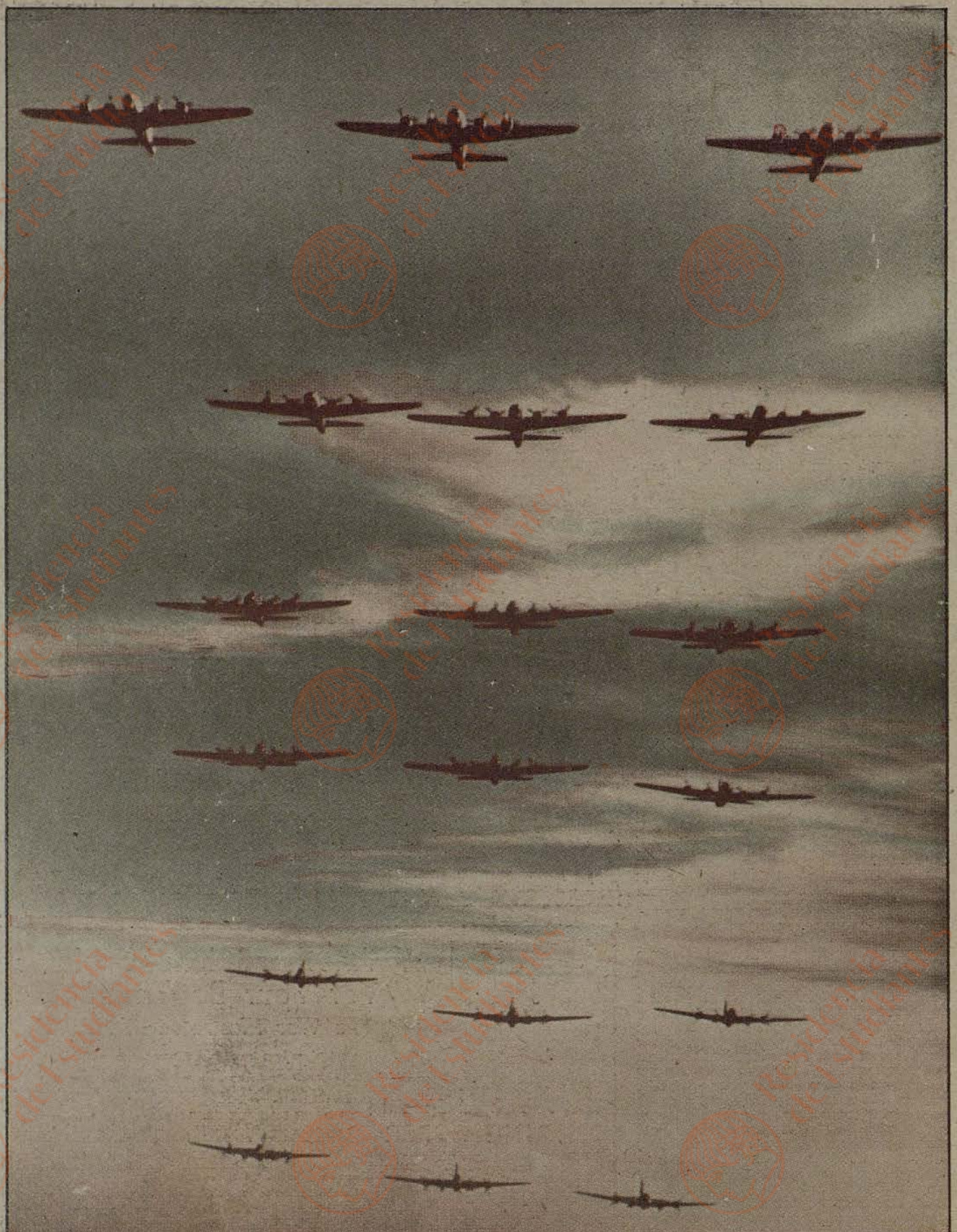
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More Forts to Pound the Heart of Germany



BOMBING MISSIONS LIE AHEAD for these U.S. Flying Fortresses carrying out tactical training at a centre in Florida. At this large school crews of Fortress and Liberator aircraft are coached in high-level precision bombing. Apart from the various combat theatres, America has at home four complete air forces, plus many commands for personnel training and experimental work. Total strength of the Army Air Forces is estimated at 2,385,000 officers and men. *Photo, Keystone*

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Vol. 7 **The War Illustrated** N° 175

SIXPENCE — Edited by Sir John Hammerton — MARCH 3, 1944



TWENTY-YEAR-OLD YUGOSLAV GIRL FIGHTER credited with killing 20 Germans; she is standing before a portrait of her leader, Marshal Tito, while recovering in an Allied rest-camp in Italy from wounds received battling with the Nazis in Yugoslavia. Camps take many such partisans, of both sexes and all ages; restored to health, they are trained by battle experts before returning to continue the fight for liberation in their native land. Of Marshal Tito's army of 200,000 nearly a quarter are women, all fierce and fearless campaigners. See also p. 618.

Photo, Planet News

NO. 176 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MARCH 17

Our Roving Camera Visits the War Factories



CLOGS WITHOUT COUPONS are being made for certain women war workers, a group of whom here try on their new Utility footwear. The clogs, with leather uppers and wooden soles, cost 13s. 3d. a pair, are smart in appearance and comfortable to wear. Special distribution is made to girls engaged in heavy outdoor work for which ordinary shoes prove unsuitable; the clogs are designed for abnormal conditions.



PAUSE IN PLANE MAKING for a cup of tea at a large aircraft factory where every amenity for the workers is provided; in the background is a fighter in process of assembly. Cake and tea trolleys are wheeled to every department at the 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. breaks, and the employees can buy those welcome refreshments to help them through a long and tiring shift.



ARTIFICIAL LIMBS are being made and repaired by Polish ex-Servicemen in a factory in the grounds of Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, London. When the war is ended the men will return to Poland to continue in the same work. Some 3,374 artificial limbs, from all sources, have so far been supplied to Forces casualties in this war, and 1,593 to civilians.





GRINDING THE CARBON that burns in our searchlights is a specialized job in this London workshop. The emery stones used for the grinding are so hard that it is not practical to fashion each one separately, so pieces are arranged in a jig-saw pattern to form a large millstone (above), the spaces between being filled with molten spelter, a zinc alloy.

IN THE WELDING SCHOOL (left) of a large factory near London soldiers are taught to become expert workmen. Here they are using oxy-acetylene torches in the butt welding process, which entails the placing of two plates or surfaces of metal together, edge to edge, and welding along the seams. Note the goggles protecting workers' eyes from sparks and the fierce glare. The butt welding method is an effective and speedy means of carrying out many repair jobs of a military nature, and the training the men receive will provide a valuable start in a new career when they return to civil life. Men shown in the photograph are U.S. personnel. *Photos, Keystone, Sport & General, Fox, Daily Mirror*

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

RUSSIA When I last wrote the Russian Leningrad offensive had for the time being diverted attention from the southern front. There the second wave of von Manstein's counter-attacks east of Vinnitsa had not only brought Vatutin's central drive towards Zhmerinka to a standstill, but had compelled it to give ground a little. Moreover, communiqués gave no information as to the situation either of Vatutin's right or left offensives, and it was generally assumed that they also had been brought to a halt.

Some critics suggested that Vatutin had made a mistake in striking in three divergent directions, instead of concentrating his blows on what appeared to be the most important objective. Personally, I believed that Vatutin was, in the circumstances, probably right; partly, because, he was adding to von Manstein's difficulty in using his reserves, and partly I thought a great concentration of Russian forces in any one direction might overtax their indifferent communications. On the other hand, I expected that Vatutin would renew his offensive after a pause to close up his reserves of men and material.

I was confident that Vatutin, a general of great capacity who has especially shown his skill in co-ordinating offensive and defensive action, had the situation in hand. What form his offensive would take was naturally speculative, but it seemed improbable that he would immediately renew his drive towards Zhmerinka, to cover which von Manstein had concentrated his reserves and where his railway communication still remained good. Co-operation with Koniev's Army against the Kanyev salient seemed to offer great possibilities. It was doubtful, however, whether on his right Vatutin would have sufficient resources to do more than maintain pressure towards Rovno, and possibly co-operate with Rokossovsky's Army in clearing the Pripet Marshes towards Pinsk.

These seemed to be reasonable expectations, but once again Vatutin has far exceeded them. The Germans, who might have taken advantage of Vatutin's pause to extricate themselves from their precarious position at Kanyev and Smyela, decided for some reason difficult to understand to chance their arm, and Koniev and Vatutin have neatly amputated it at the shoulder. It is difficult to believe that Hitler alone was responsible for the decision to hold on to Kanyev till too late. That would imply an unbelievable lack of moral courage on the part of the German General Staff. I suspect, rather, that the General Staff over-estimated the degree to which the Russians had outrun their resources and the difficulties they were in owing to abnormal weather.

Von Manstein's success in halting Vatutin's central drive may have helped to mislead them. Be that as it may, the speed with which Vatutin and Koniev carried out their surgical operation, in spite of the unfavourable state of the operating theatre, was so remarkable that it raises the question whether the Russians have evolved a technique or designed a vehicle which to some extent defeats mud. The later success of the third Ukrainian Army at Nikopol, in which there has also been rapid exploitation, would almost suggest that they must have. If they have, German hopes of a respite during the spring thaw may prove unfounded.

It is, of course, impossible to get really reliable information as to the state of the ground. The Germans certainly complain of it, and it is adding to their difficulties; but frost at night may temporarily improve conditions and offer advantages to the Russians, who hold the initiative. What is certain is that where the Germans have lost their railway communications, as in the case of the ten Divisions of the 8th Army and of the 6th Army in the Nikopol region, they are deprived of the advantage they previously held over the Russians.

THE success of Vatutin's right-hand thrust into Poland, resulting in the capture of Rovno and Luck, was more unexpected than his co-operative offensive with Koniev. It would seem to imply that von Manstein must have denuded this part of his front of reserves for his Vinnitsa counter-attacks. Cavalry and other lightly-armed troops in this case gave the thrust mobility and power of operating off the roads, and their penetration could only have been checked by mobile troops.

The fact that reserves apparently were not available and that the defence of important key points was entrusted to Hungarian troops of doubtful reliability demonstrates the weakness of von Manstein's position. The Lvov-Odessa railway is now threatened at a new point, and even the vital railway centre of Lvov itself, with its railway connexions to Rumania, is coming into the danger zone. It seems probable that von Manstein may have to weaken his Vinnitsa concentration to meet the threat, and thus afford Vatutin an opportunity of renewing his drive towards Zhmerinka. It is evident that the whole southern front is crumbling and that the Germans, with insufficient reserves to retrieve



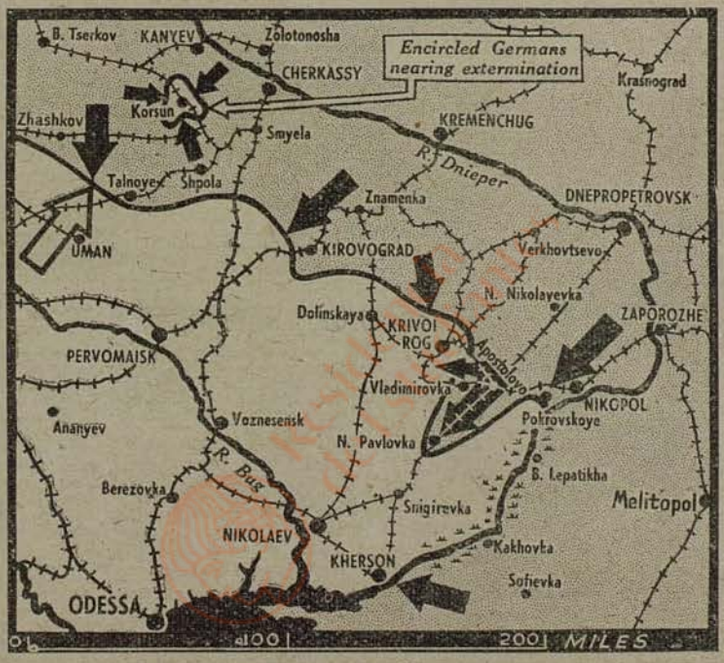
NEW MOBILE MORTAR used by Nazis on the Eastern Front. It differs from the German combination ground mortar which throws rocket shells in that it has 10 barrels instead of 6, and is mounted on a version of semi-track type lorry. *Photo, News Chronicle*

the situation, must pin their hopes of escaping further disaster on an early spring thaw to check pursuit of an inevitable retreat.

Meantime, in the north the outlook for the Germans is almost equally serious. They have suffered a great defeat, but at the time I am writing they may escape its catastrophic consequences if they can hold open the escape avenue through Luga a little longer and can prevent an invasion of Estonia through the Narva defile.

ITALY The failure of the Anzio-Nettuno landings to achieve immediate sensational results has undoubtedly caused disappointment, and there has been criticism of the Allied Command on the grounds that plans are too rigid and methods too stereotyped. But in amphibious operations plans must necessarily follow a much more rigid programme than in normal land campaigns, and they must be drawn up in detail before transports are stowed and troops embarked. Moreover, once made they cannot be radically changed without great danger of causing confusion and delays. In this case the weakness of the opposition encountered could not have been foreseen, and Kesselring's dispatch of his reserves from Rome to his southern front was not known at the time the troops embarked. Probably by changes of plan when the situation was known, temporary successes might have been achieved, but it must remain questionable whether they would have seriously disturbed Kesselring's subsequent movements.

So far, Kesselring has not been able to mount a full-scale offensive, and though he has delivered fierce local attacks, their primary object probably was defensive—the elimination of the offensive potentialities of the landed force. Naturally he must also have envisaged the possibility of gaining a decisive victory should circumstances develop favourably for him, and he evidently took full advantage of the opportunity presented when weather temporarily grounded our air-arm. He has, however, been compelled not only to commit his reserves, but to call in reinforcements from other theatres. That in itself is no mean achievement and may have been one of the main objects of the Allied landing.



LIQUIDATION OF THE GERMAN 8TH ARMY in the Korsun pocket was completed on Feb. 17, 1944 and is indicated by converging black arrows (top left). Up to the last, German relief attempts had been maintained without success. Other important Russian movements are those shown in the Krivoi Rog and Kherson regions. *Courtesy of The Daily Mail*

5th Army's Two Fronts in the Battles for Rome







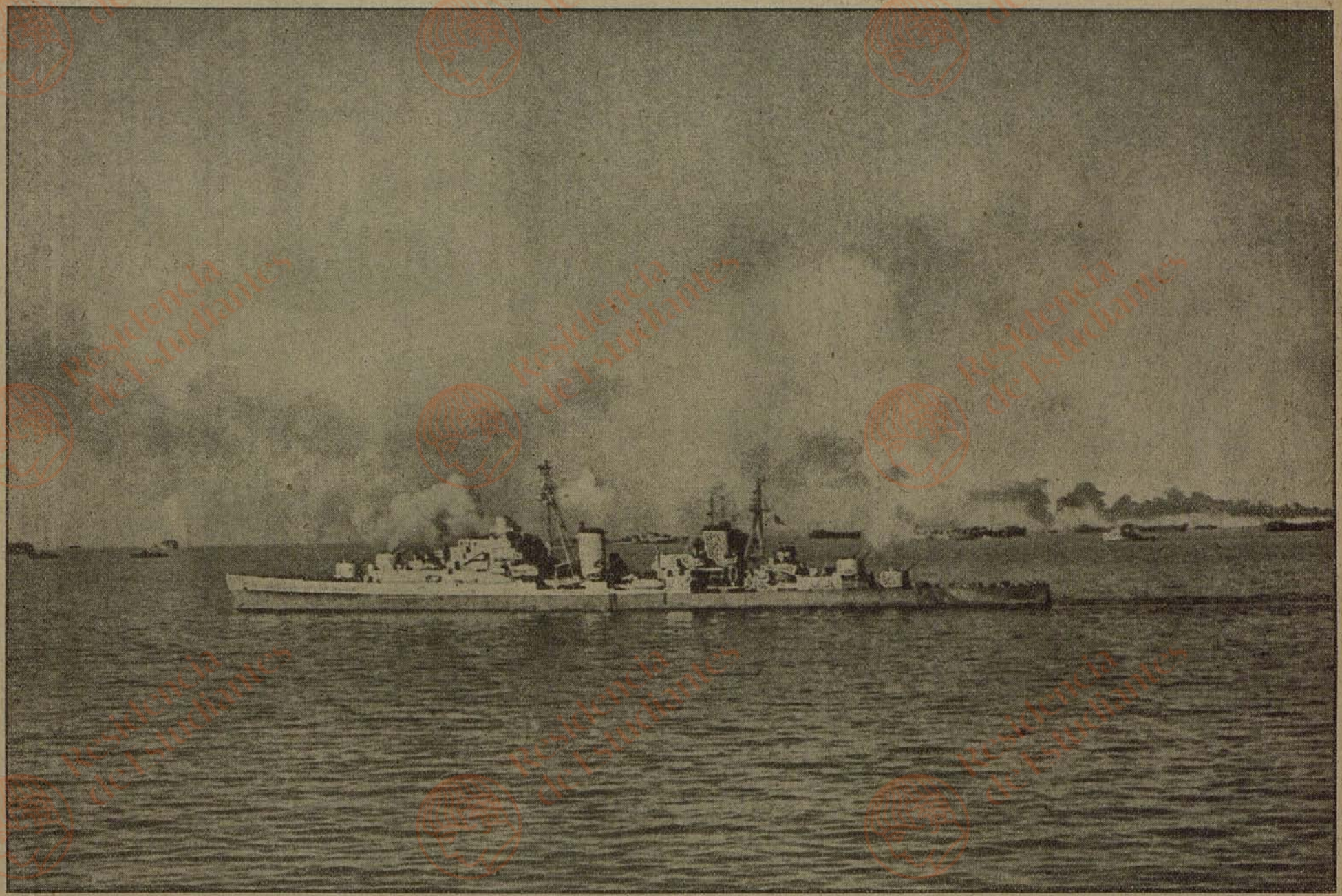
IN THEIR ADVANCE along a road north of Anzio, shortly after the Allied landing on the west coast of Italy on Jan. 22, 1944, troops of the 5th Army were preceded by Sherman tanks, behind one of which (1) a British section moves up; past Anzio's buildings reduced by our naval guns, Adm. Sir John Cunningham, K.C.B., M.V.O., C.-in-C. Mediterranean (2, right) picks his way accompanied by Rr.-Adm. Lowry, U.S. Navy. Key-town on the main 5th Army front and barring the way to Rome, Cassino, through which Allied troops were fighting street by street on Feb. 15, is shattered by terrific artillery fire (3).

Photos, British and U.S. Official

Nazis Suffer Greatest Defeat Since Stalingrad

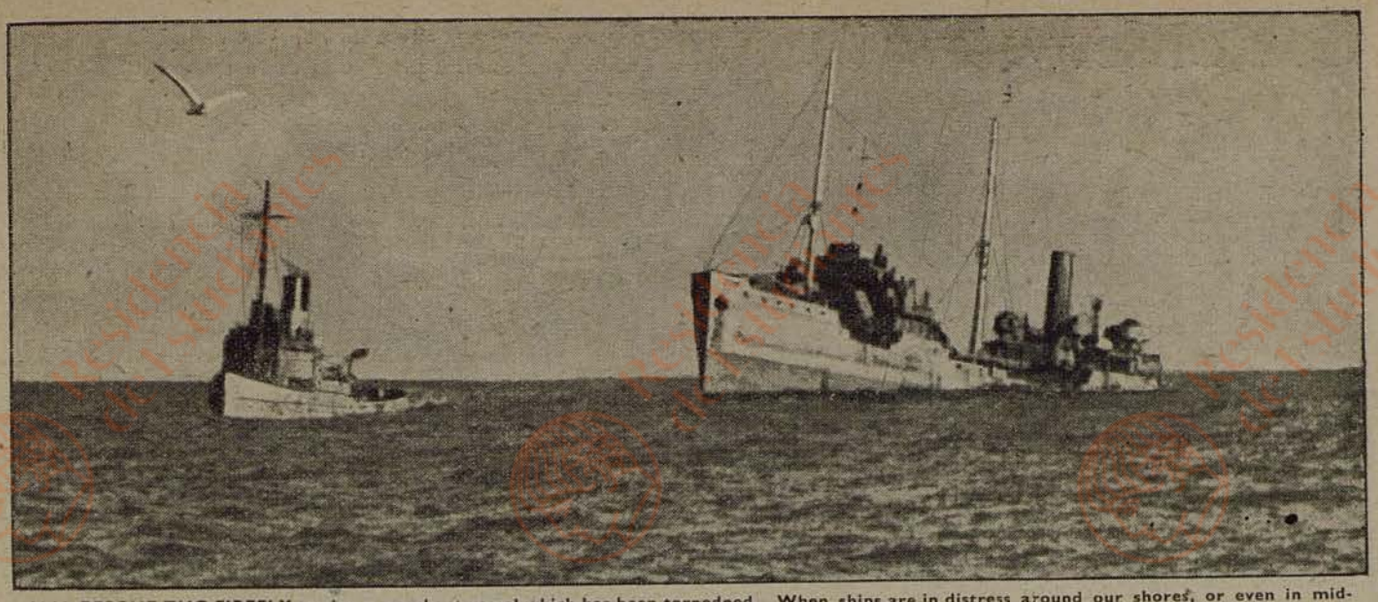


ROWS OF GERMAN DEAD and shattered equipment (1) belonged to 10 German divisions trapped by the Red Army in the Kanyev pocket in the Dnieper Bend; the encirclement was announced on Feb. 3, 1944; and by Feb. 17 annihilation of these divisions had been completed. Russian engineers (2) mined "escape" bridges behind the enemy, for whom supplies were dropped (3) from Nazi planes. In Estonia, Red Army patrols in winter camouflage (4) pushed on towards the Narva key-point. *Photos, U.S. Official, Planet News*



COVERING THE FIFTH ARMY LANDING on the west coast of Italy, south of Rome, on Jan. 22, 1944, Allied warships included an improved version of the British Dido class light cruiser. She is seen (above) with her guns blazing away at the distant shore, from which dense clouds of shell-smoke rise, whilst landing craft move in to the beach. Ahead went minesweepers, clearing the sea approaches. British, American, French, Greek and Dutch ships all supported this operation, and considerable credit is due to the navigators who guided the armada of landing craft to the right places on what is a difficult stretch of coast. With little delay after the landing a smooth shuttle-service of ships, carrying more men and supplies, was in full swing. See story in p. 601.

Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright



H.M. RESCUE TUG FIREFLY towing a merchant vessel which has been torpedoed. When ships are in distress around our shores, or even in mid-Atlantic, the rescue tugs, which are under direct Admiralty command, go out from Britain to the rescue. They cover thousands of miles in all weathers and are often attacked by the enemy. One tug is always in readiness in each of the ports from which this service operates. *Photo, British Official*

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

THOUGH less detailed than some previous statements, the joint announcement on the progress of the U-boat war during January, issued under the authority of the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt, was nevertheless satisfactory. Its most encouraging feature was the definite news that more enemy submarines were destroyed during January than in December, in spite of the limited opportunities afforded for encounters owing to the extreme caution exercised by the U-boats. "Unrelenting action by our surface and air forces" is given as the key to this enhanced success.

An example of this unrelenting action was furnished this month. When four U-boats emerged from French Atlantic ports recently, each was in turn located and attacked by aircraft of the Coastal Command as it traversed the Bay of Biscay on the surface. At least one of the four is believed to have been seriously damaged by depth charges dropped from the air, while the others were forced to submerge and may also have sustained injuries. This constant liability to be attacked from overhead, whenever they appear on the surface, is bound to have a detrimental effect on the morale and general efficiency of the German submarine service.

THAT the enemy have very deep respect for the ample protection now afforded to shipping is shown by the experience of a convoy of 148 ships that recently reached North African ports from this country without loss or damage. Apart from big troop convoys, such as those assembled for the invasion of Sicily, or for the North African landings of November 1942, this was the largest convoy that has yet been seen at sea. It covered some 70 square miles of ocean, and would thus appear to have afforded an ideal target for the German "wolf-pack" method of attack. Yet on only three occasions was there even a suspicion of U-boats being in the vicinity; and though depth charges were at once dropped by the ships of the escort in order to test the situation, no trace of the enemy was found. At one stage of the passage four German bombers made a half-hearted attack, but they were easily driven off, suggesting that the enemy's boasts of a new system of co-operation between aircraft and submarines do not amount to much.

That the Germans themselves are not insensible to these facts may be judged from the reply made by a U-boat captain to a welcoming speech broadcast as he entered an Atlantic port of France. He is reported to have declared: "We have not been spared anything on this cruise. We have had heavy seas, furious gales, enemy aircraft, bombs, depth charges and shell fire." Apparently he considered himself to be lucky to have survived all these hazards.

ESCORT Vessels Summoned by Radio to Attack U-Boats

Nor is there any prospect of the U-boats obtaining a respite. The construction of escort ships of every description is now at the peak, including fast destroyers, sloops, frigates, corvettes, minesweepers, trawlers and the light craft which we call motor-launches and the Americans class as submarine chasers. Particulars of these types are scanty, but in speed they vary from the 36-40 knots of the destroyer to the 17 knots of the corvette or the 12 knots of the trawler. As ocean-going submarines are capable of 21 knots on the surface, the faster ships are naturally the more effective, but all have done their part nobly. In narrow waters, such as the English Channel, coastal convoys can be quite well protected by the light craft, which are unsuitable by reason of their limited fuel capacity for ocean voyages. Aircraft, either those of the Fleet Air Arm borne in carriers, or their opposite numbers of the Coastal Command based on shore, are used to patrol the area of sea through which a convoy is passing, and to attack with depth charges any U-boat that may be sighted. Escort vessels called to the scene by radio may then be able to complete her destruction if damaged, or at least ensure that she is kept below the surface and so rendered incapable of reaching the convoy. Under water, few submarines can make more than 9 knots, and this only for a limited time.

LESS has been heard in this country of the Royal New Zealand Navy than of any of the other Dominion Services. Though its present title was assumed as recently as September 1941, it is over 30 years old, the original organization having been started in 1913. During the last war two small New Zealand warships, the light cruisers Psyche and Pyramus, did good work in various quarters, including the escort of convoys across the Indian Ocean, the patrolling of the East African coast and of the Persian Gulf, and the occupation of sundry Pacific islands that formerly belonged to Germany. H.M.S. New Zealand, a battle-cruiser whose cost was defrayed by the Dominion, became famous as the result of her participation in the Battles of Heligoland, the Dogger Bank and Jutland. She did not receive a single serious hit, for which immunity the ship's company gave credit to the Maori regalia worn by the captain. It consisted of a grass cloak and a stone tiki, or charm, which had belonged years earlier to a celebrated Maori chief who was regarded as invulnerable.

In the present war the R.N.Z.N. has grown in the number of its personnel from a little over 700 officers and men to the present figure of 9,000. This is the highest percentage of population of any Dominion, and is possibly due to the fact that New Zealand is an island nation. In the executive branch the majority of the officers come from the Royal N.Z. Naval Reserve or the Royal N.Z. Naval Volunteer Reserve.

A NEW ZEALAND cruiser, H.M.S. Achilles, took part in the Battle of the Plate, when the German pocket battleship Admiral Graf Spee was decisively defeated by three ships which in theory she ought to have been able to sink one after the other. Another, the Leander, participated in sinking the raider Coburg in the Indian Ocean in May 1941.

New Zealand warships have also been engaged in various actions in the south-west Pacific. It was H.M.N.Z. corvette Tui that destroyed the biggest Japanese submarine on record, a vessel of 2,563 tons, as officially announced on October 1, 1943. Another Japanese submarine was rammed and sunk by H.M.N.Z. corvette Moa off Cape Esperance.

The material strength of the Royal New Zealand Navy today is greater than it has ever been. It includes the 8,000-ton cruiser Gambia, mounting twelve 6-in. guns; the cruisers Achilles and Leander, of over 7,000 tons, each armed with eight 6-in. guns; the corvettes Kiwi and Tui, built at Leith and delivered since war began; three groups of trawlers, one of the Isles type, one of the Castle type and the third built in New Zealand shipyards; the armed merchant cruiser Monowai, a vessel of over 10,000 tons gross with a speed of 18·5 knots. Two British-built corvettes, the Arabis and Arbutus, are to be taken over this year.

Our Underwater 'Commandos' Strike Hard Inland

Tremendously efficient are the men who "run" our submarines, and because underwater warfare is among the most dangerous of enterprises it is essentially a young man's job. Our submariners do not confine themselves to the torpedoing of enemy ships, as JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON points out. On occasion, and with great success, they shell Axis airfields, trains and viaducts.

THE Royal Navy, in the quiet manner that is theirs, have been building up one of the biggest and finest submarine fleets the world has ever seen. Every man is an expert at his task, and before being sent to a "boat" has received a training excelled nowhere for thoroughness.

It can now be revealed that R.N.V.R. (Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve) are taking charge of submarines. After serving for three years with our underwater "commandos," and learning the secrets of "The Trade," as submariners call their art, and having proved their leadership, those fortunate enough to attract official attention have been recommended for—or have taken—commands.

Many of these youngsters—the men of the "Second String" subs, as I have heard them called—have joined forces with such successful veterans as Commander Ben Bryant, D.S.O. (and two Bars), D.S.C., and Commander A. G. Mars, a "young veteran" who, over the past few months, has shown himself to be among the greatest leaders in "The Trade." Such men as these are always setting the new captains a lesson in patience, tactics, and courage. To their credit the youthful commanders and crews are quick to learn.

COMMANDER BRYANT is a great believer in the small submarine, and aboard such craft he himself has been most successful. He stated recently: "The small submarine may have a short radius of action, and be slow on the surface, but it has fine lines which tend to reduce its wake—the deadly enemy of the submarine whether on the surface, or submerged.

"It also has great tactical qualities," Commander Bryant continued. "When a submarine is submerged its speed is limited to the lowest possible. With an enemy zig-zagging at high speed you want to be able to turn quickly, too, during an attack, since the submarine is a torpedo tube which has herself to be trained on the enemy.

"I am a great believer in using the submarine as a submersible gunboat," the Commander went on, with a smile, "for in this type of action the submarine usually has things very much its own way. It can choose the range, the weather gauge, the advantage of the light, and it can exploit surprise and break off the action whenever it likes."

YOUNG commanders who have studied under Commander Ben Bryant have often put his ideas into practice, and during the Mediterranean campaign many Italian ships were known to beach themselves rather than risk running the gauntlet of our submarines.

One youthful commander chased a ship so close inshore that he ran aground and through his periscope saw a horse and trap less than fifty yards away, and the town's fire engines rushing about! The Italians even stated that our daring submariners, during the hours of darkness, sometimes swam ashore, walked around on the beach, then swam back to their "boat," as a submarine is always called in the Senior Service.

According to neutral sources, too, the German coastal defenders in Norway are now, following a certain incident, always looking out for "underwater commandos." Not so long ago, on Blekeoya Island, near Oslo, a letter to "Corporal Hitler" was found pinned by a British naval dagger to the door of a fisherman's cottage. It read: "You said we won't succeed in landing on the European mainland. Now you can see we've been here—and we can promise to come back again!" It was signed "Tommy Hawkins, submarine officer." This story was circulated all over Norway by the underground newspaper "X Y Z," and did much to put heart into those beneath the Nazi jackboot.

Sometimes our submarines have followed convoys into harbour, "rested" on the bed for some hours, then, surfacing, have taken a heavy toll of ships and surrounding harbour works. Other submarines have shelled Axis airfields, railway trains, and viaducts.

Two young commanders—I keep stressing "young" because I am referring not to the veteran aces but newcomers to this most dangerous of all war tasks—kept watch upon a line of Italian railway track that ran over a certain viaduct. Carefully they



Lieut.-Cmdr. L. W. A. BENNINGTON, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., who commanded a submarine of the Eastern Fleet which recently sank a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class in the northern approaches of the Malacca Strait. Here he is seen looking through the periscope of H.M.S. submarine Porpoise.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

compiled a time-table. Then, at the right moment they opened fire on two trains that were passing, inflicting tremendous damage on these munition carriers as well as wrecking the viaducts and firing oil storage tanks. Next morning, to make certain that the report they handed H.Q. would be accurate in every detail, the two commanders went in close to the shore and checked up details!

MANY of the young men who help to make up the crews of our submarines possess the traditional Nelson spirit, and nothing affords them greater pleasure than being a member of a boarding party. I have had the pleasure of meeting many who have taken part in our underwater sea war, and it is a tonic to hear them talk of their beloved skippers and boats.

"I remember when I went aboard a tug we had 'captured,'" a youth from Swansea told me. "When we surfaced all the Italians jumped overboard and began to swim towards us. I reckon we might have put a prize crew aboard, only enemy planes and E-boats were in the vicinity. Anyway, after making sure she would go down we returned to our boat and took aboard the Italians. And—would you believe it?—some of the Wops were so keen at the way we worked they said they'd like to join us if the Admiralty would let 'em!"

This particular seaman, who had served aboard some of the best-known submarines in the Royal Navy, has heard hundreds of depth charges explode around him, and his views of the subject make interesting reading. "I'll confess that depth charges always give me a funny feeling in my stomach," he said "No, I'm not exactly frightened—but I don't feel too pleased with life. Mind you, we do try to take our minds off the business. Chaps sometimes run a sweep as to the number of depth charges that will be flung at us. Others prefer to read thrillers. And, of course, we heave a big sigh of relief when it is all over. Coming face to face with death breeds a terrific respect within us all for the fellows with whom we live, work, and fight. That is why I wouldn't change from a submarine for anything."

I HAVE heard hundreds of submariners express similar sentiments, and this, as much as anything else, accounts for their high standard of efficiency.

Quite a number of our Mediterranean submarines operated from Malta. In two years one flotilla sank more than 80 Axis ships, including two battleships torpedoed; four, possibly five, cruisers were sunk and several more damaged; eight destroyers were sunk; 70 merchant ships, including six liners, were sunk and others damaged. During this period they were under the command of Captain G. W. W. Simpson, C.B.E., and altogether sank about half a million tons of supplies destined for the Axis armies in Africa.

When Malta was heavily blitzed the Germans made a point of plastering the flotilla's base, over 400 bomb-hits being registered. At this stage it was impossible to carry out maintenance, so a special squad of repair crews was formed. When a submarine returned from patrol an extra crew took over and the regular crew went to a rest camp on the George Cross Island.

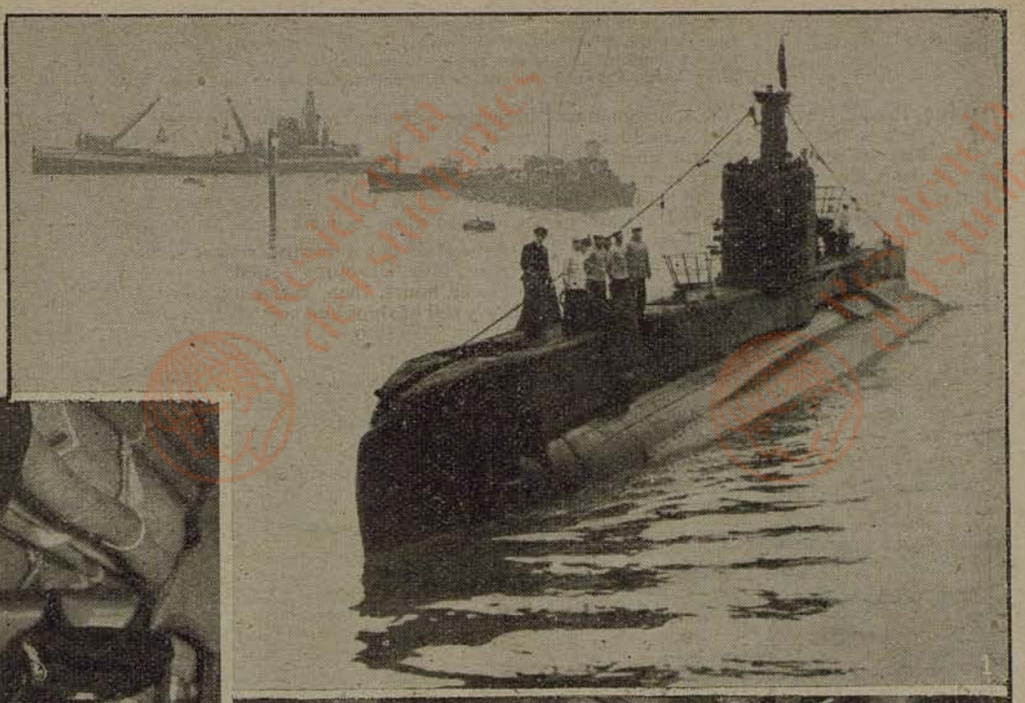
The repair crew took the submarine out to sea and then, by lying on the bottom during the day and coming to the surface at night, carried out the necessary maintenance and, returning to base, handed the boat over to the regular crew when the task was completed. And the underwater offensive continued.

IT was during one of these blitzes that a British submarine commander had one of his most amusing experiences. Following the torpedoing of an armed trawler, he went up to periscope depth—and found, only a few yards away, an Italian seaman, on a raft, shaking his fist at the periscope. The submarine surfaced, took aboard the Italian, and found him to be a most "charming" person. But he did not know he had been seen threatening us with his fist. Only when he was landed at Malta was he acquainted with this fact. He almost ran into the detention camp!

Our submarines paved the way for many of our Middle East victories. And in offensives to come, when they will again be prominent, our underwater "commandos" will find their ranks swelled by more young men. As Rear-Admiral Claude Barry, Flag Officer Commanding Submarines, said recently: "In the very near future British submarines will be working in greater numbers in close association with those of the United States against the long and vulnerable sea communications of the hastily-constructed Japanese Empire." They can be relied upon.

With Honours the Submariners Return Home

VETERANS OF THE DEEPS are H.M. submarines Seraph, Rorqual and Unrivalled. The Seraph (1) was used in the secret landing of General Mark Clark, C.-in-C. 5th Army, on the Algerian coast when he made contact with pro-Allied French leaders and prepared the way for the landing in N. Africa on Nov. 8, 1942. An Able Seaman of the Rorqual (2), helped by a Petty Officer, packs before going on leave; Rorqual has laid more than 1,200 mines in enemy supply routes and has sunk 40,000 tons of shipping and one U-boat. London school children, who have "adopted" the Unrivalled, are seen (3) with the submarine's crew and her Jolly Roger; among other exploits Unrivalled brought to Malta a convoy of eight Italian ships which had surrendered to her unconditionally.









'THIS SOUP'S GOOD!' says a bearded seaman to the Petty Officer cook as he tastes it hot in the galley of H.M. submarine Trident (4), just docked at a northern harbour after a 26,000 miles operational cruise, which in twelve months has taken her from the North Cape to the Malacca Straits. In Feb. 1942 she attacked and damaged the 10,000-ton German cruiser Prinz Eugen. During her last commission the Trident operated with five different flotillas and sank or severely damaged some 17,000 tons of enemy shipping; men of varied pre-war professions were among her personnel. The First Lieutenant was a lawyer, the Third Officer an Australian medical student, the Fourth Officer a metallurgical chemist. Her total "bag" since the outbreak of war is 60,000 tons. The Trident has been "adopted" by schoolchildren of Dursley, Gloucestershire.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Evening News

Yugoslav Partisans Out-Match the Wehrmacht



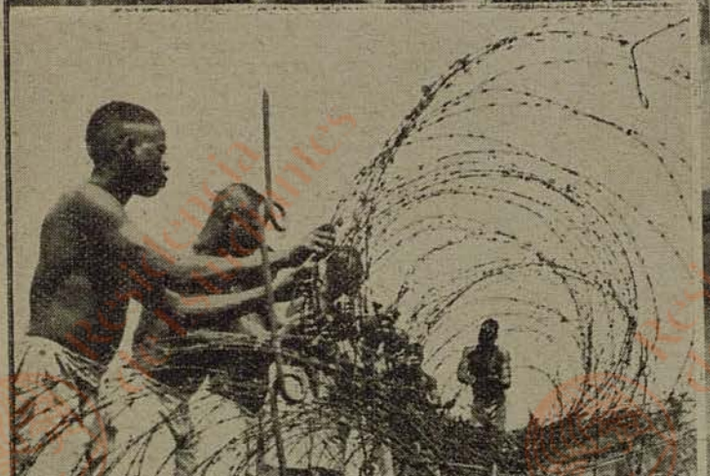
IN THEIR VALIANT STRUGGLE against the Germans, Yugoslav partisans under Marshal Tito (2, left) continue to achieve triumphs of arms, retaking the two important towns of Vakuf and Kupres, near Sarajevo, Western Bosnia (reported on Feb. 6, 1944). In snow-clad mountains (1) Tito's men rest awhile; a patrol (4) goes in search of the enemy. At an Allied camp in Italy women partisans train in realistic battle conditions (3), increasing their skill as warriors before returning to Yugoslavia. See pp. 524-5, 609.

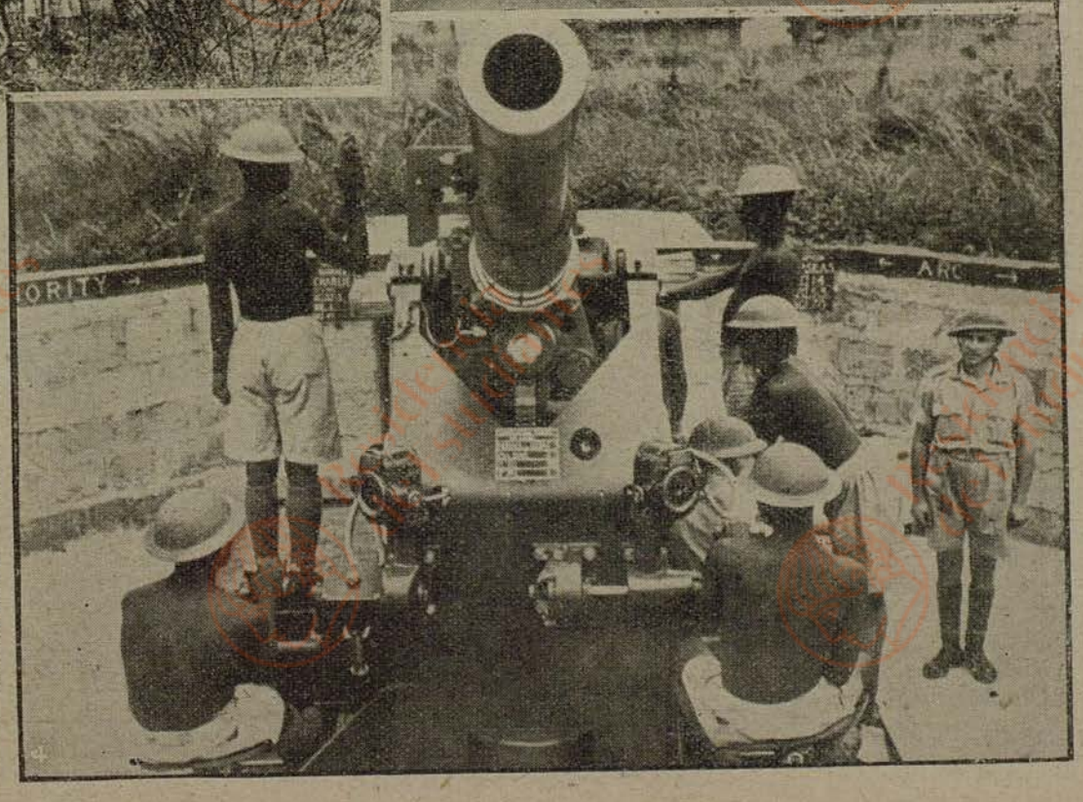
Photos, U.S. Official, Planet News

Britain's Colonies in the War: No. 2—E. Africa









FINE FIGHTERS and disciplined soldiers, native troops of East Africa took a notable part in the memorable campaigns in British and Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia, and such men as these manning a heavy anti-aircraft gun (4) are now serving in Ceylon and India. At an East African Army Engineers' Training Centre courses for native recruits include barbed wire defence erection (2), bridge and road construction.

Kenya Information Officers arrange for chiefs, such as this one of the Masai tribe (1), and relatives to broadcast from Nairobi messages to those serving overseas. On the day fighting ended in North Africa, Wakikuyu tribesmen (3) from a reserve outside Nairobi came into the town; they were especially interested in large-scale maps of North Africa and Russia.

East Africa supplies the Allies with many valuable war materials, including pyrethrum (base for insecticides used in anti-malaria work), sisal in place of Manila hemp, and cotton. Wheat, maize and barley are also supplied in large quantities. Vegetables, dehydrated on the spot, are sent to Middle East Forces.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

These Vital Days Before the Great Assault

Softening-up of the enemy for the great Second Front progresses swiftly and inexorably. The nature of all our high-speed measures and preparations cannot be divulged in full, but FRANK S. STUART reveals here things the enemy already knows, and some of the results our actions have had and are having on the objects of our immediate and devastating attention.

As the date for the Second Front draws nearer, the activity on our airfields facing the Continent becomes feverish. Daily greater numbers of fighters, fighter-bombers and photographic reconnaissance machines take off and touch down; the problem of controlling this vast traffic and maintaining contact with it during operations is providing some headaches and affording invaluable practice for future civil airport officials.

I am disclosing no secret when I say that our major effort is directed against German communications by rail, road and canal inland of the "invasion coast." When we attack, if the Germans cannot switch powerful forces of tanks, men and guns swiftly from point to point, they will have to retreat to a place where such communications exist. Obviously our plan is to disrupt such communications as far back as possible.

SPECIALIST airmen go out by day and night picking off locomotives and wrecking goods trains, tunnels, rail, road and water bridges, electric transformers, and other objects. During the past year about 1,000 enemy locomotives have been knocked out; one machine on a single sortie has often got three, and a squadron once wrecked 34 in two moonlight nights. Now our machines often have to hang about for a long time waiting for trains. Steam trains are spotted in moonlight by their plume of white smoke, electric trains by flashes from the line. The raider tries to put a cannon shell or two into the engine, either bursting the boiler or damaging some other vital part. Drivers usually slow down and jump for it immediately they hear an aircraft circling overhead.

Shells hitting electric engines or rails give off vivid flashes of coloured light. Transformers struck by a burst of fire give off violent displays of colour. Petrol trains, the raiders' favourite target, go up in a flaming rush of yellow fire. Ammunition trains break up in a long series of explosions. Anti-aircraft guns on many of the trains add to the illuminations with long streamers of coloured tracers. As it is necessary to go down to 500 feet or so to ensure hitting an engine, some risk has to be taken.

JUST when pilot and observer are watching the train, too, is a favourite second for a German aircraft to dive out of a cloud and attack from behind. Those who fail to keep a sharp lookout often don't need to watch anything any more. Fighter-bombers usually attend to bridges, perhaps with a 250-lb. bomb. Bridges are almost always heavily guarded with flak; as one needs to go low to have a fair chance of a hit, the task of attacking them is not very pleasant. Nevertheless, many enemy bridges are smashed up every month, with consequent traffic dislocation over a wide area. A tendency of hunted trains to dart into tunnels and stay there in safety has been countered recently by planes carrying a couple of medium bombs and sealing in both ends of a tunnel when the train is hiding inside.

Very great activity has been going on recently in obtaining photographs for the Second Front. As many as 10,000 aerial pictures have been taken in a single day by the Photographic Reconnaissance Units, while at home big machines run off up to 1,000 prints an hour. Experts with magnifying glasses and a lot of special apparatus then analyze the pictures and make reports on the stories these tell, before fitting them into mosaics that provide thousands of photographic maps of vital districts ready for area commanders of the Second Front attacks.

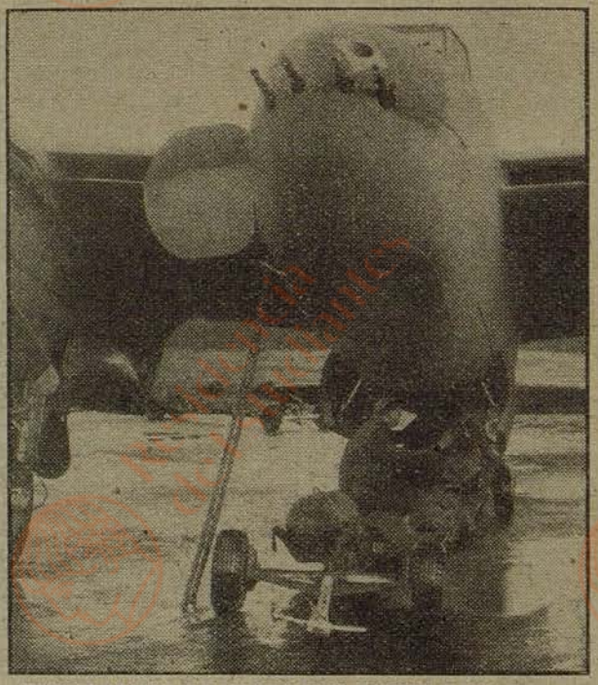
THE Germans are magnificent camouflage experts—their only fault is that sometimes they are too thorough, and make their dummy villages (that perhaps hide aerodromes) a little too truly rural, with runways as roads, hangars as hayricks or farm buildings, and real cows walking about. But even the best camouflage is hard put to it to hide tell-tale marks from modern British and American cameras. A dark smudge on grassland tells where marching men have passed; faint crisscross lines show bruised grass from tank-tracks or lorry wheels even after the grass has straightened up and looks normal from ground-level.

Certain cameras, if three of them are fitted to a high-flying aircraft, will photograph 20,000 square miles in three hours. Other cameras will feed a fixed negative into the observer's hand less than 60 seconds after he has clicked the shutter; so that it is possible for a picture to be taken, and a bomb to descend on a special target so disclosed, all within two or three minutes.

Detailed pictures of certain special objectives can only be obtained by a very low-level approach at "zero feet," hopping over hedges at between 6 and 7 miles a minute. The difficulty is obvious—how to guess when to click the shutter? Any error in timing the blind approach, and you might be a quarter of a mile beyond the objective in three seconds! The trick is worked by checking passing landmarks and intricate timing, but, especially in a one-man machine, it is not easy; in fact, the R.A.F., which deplores "shooting a line," calls this low-level photography Dicing—from the cliché, "Dicing with Death." Air Commodore Boothman, the Schneider Trophy ace, is in charge of the home-based P.R.U. Wing, and speed is its watchword.

Plenty of activity is going on in the R.A.F. Regiment. Heavy work will fall upon it as soon as we have captured or set up fighter airfields, for the Germans are known to have powerful weapons and special units intended to break these up. Our weapons of defence also are very powerful, and the men who use them are selected "tough guys."

It will be vital to establish airfields at the earliest moment after troops go ashore. Sites selected must be well drained, fairly level, able to be cleared of obstructions, yet with suitable cover near for aircraft dispersal, and for bomb and petrol dumps. Immediately such sites are chosen, sometimes by officers who venture dangerously ahead into no man's land during an advance, vans and lorries roll up, great steel mesh runways are unrolled and interlocked, fire-points for defence are sited, "bottles" dug for machine-gun posts, and mobile headquarters' vans arrive capable of signalling and of controlling the movements of our fighter squadrons.



THRICE-ARMED TO CRACK THE ENEMY is this fighter-bomber version of the Mosquito, world's fastest twin-engined aircraft which already has done much to smash German rail communications, and is likely to play a considerable part in the coming great assault in the west. Nose-view shows the four 20-mm. cannon. There are four machine-guns; and two 500-lb. bombs are seen being "loaded up." *Photo, Fox*

WHERE existing airfields are captured they are usually left by the enemy ploughed up; our bulldozers and rollers get to work, and portable runways are laid. Enormous quantities of replacements and repairs have to be carried forward to maintain our newly-gained airfields. In the North African advance some of our Spitfires were fitted with six successive pairs of wings. For a squadron of 12 machines, nearly 200 men and 10 tons of equipment are needed for immediate operations, and about 40 lb. per day dead-weight per man for maintenance, apart from machine requirements.

Among the special aircraft preparing to take part in the Second Front attack are certain to be tank-busters. The Hurricane with large cannon was tried out for this purpose some time ago. Latterly, the Americans have used, in the Pacific, Mitchells carrying 75-mm. guns such as would knock out even a Tiger tank.

MANY unarmed aircraft, apart from photographic machines, are certain to be present with the invasion armadas. These will include 90 m.p.h. artillery spotters whose method of escape, if attacked, is to dodge slowly in tight circles with which faster standard fighters cannot cope. Generals will be flown to key observation points by aerial chauffeurs, and also to battlefield conferences.

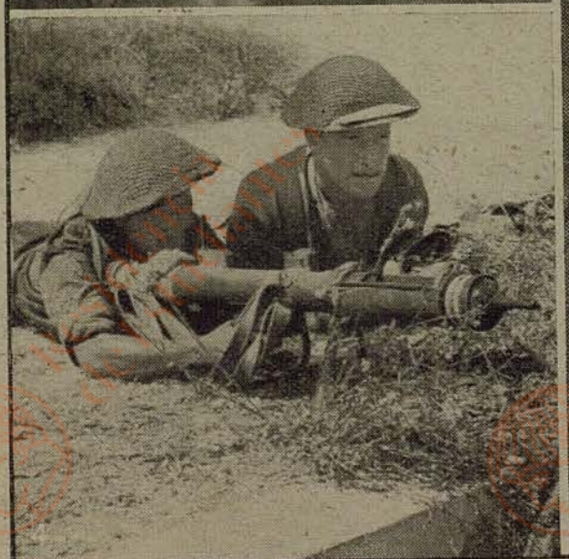
Huge transport aircraft and gliders are lining up ready for their part in the coming operations. More of these will be used than in any battle yet, so as to supply men, guns, ammunition, food and petrol to our advancing columns, and to carry vital material to the battlefields and bring back wounded. Such fleets of aeroplanes as have never before taken the air will be an inevitable part of the Second Front, many of them perhaps carrying parachute troops, or airborne divisions fully armed and gunned. We know that, owing to their losses and to Bomber Command's crippling blows at German production, the Luftwaffe will be devastated when General Eisenhower's whistle blows.

Our New Projector Pierces 4-inch Armour Plate











LATEST ANTI-TANK WEAPON used by British infantry has proved its devastating powers in Italy. Called the Piat (Projector, Infantry, Anti-Tank) it weighs 33 lb. and fires a 2¾-lb. bomb which can stop a tank at 115 yards. Girls at one of the factories in Britain where the Piat is made are seen holding a newly-completed projector (1); an armourer (2) adjusts the sights. The Number 2 of a Piat team (3) loads a bomb, and the men assume the firing position (4). A German tank (5) receives a direct hit.

Photos, British Official, Short & General

Leningrad: A Memory of Imperial St. Petersburg

The massive grandeur of Old St. Petersburg, deriving from both East and West, suffered little outward deterioration when in the last war it became Petrograd, but when the fact that all the pomp and circumstance of Tsardom had for ever gone was finally confirmed by renaming Peter's imperial capital, Leningrad, only the material form remained, all manifestations of imperial luxury were at an end; the palaces of the Tsars became museums for the people, in the grandiose mansions of the nobles the administrative, social and educational work of the Soviets set up their headquarters. But in the two and a half years of ineffectual siege Leningrad has gained new glory as a hero town at the sacrifice of most of its architectural splendour, and when its grievous wounds are repaired its past grandeur will be but a memory. That is why I have asked Mr. GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK, the eminent Anglo-Russian journalist, to write this short article recalling the city of his youth—as he knew it then.—EDITOR.

THE great battle for the complete liberation of Leningrad from the deadly grip of German encirclement is over. It was short and momentous, the Russian advance fanning out with terrific speed. This new drive came almost exactly a year to a day after the siege of Russia's second-largest city—and for over two hundred years her capital—was first partly raised, when an important but still precarious lifeline with the hinterland was established.

Now, at long last, the enemy pincers have been finally unjammed, and the many famous garden cities around Leningrad—like Pushkin (formerly Tsarskoye Selo), Peterhof, Gatchina and Pavlovsk—with their rich historical associations and famous palaces turned by the Soviet Government into museums, are once more in Russian hands. The railway line to Moscow has been cleared, which is of immense strategic and administrative importance.

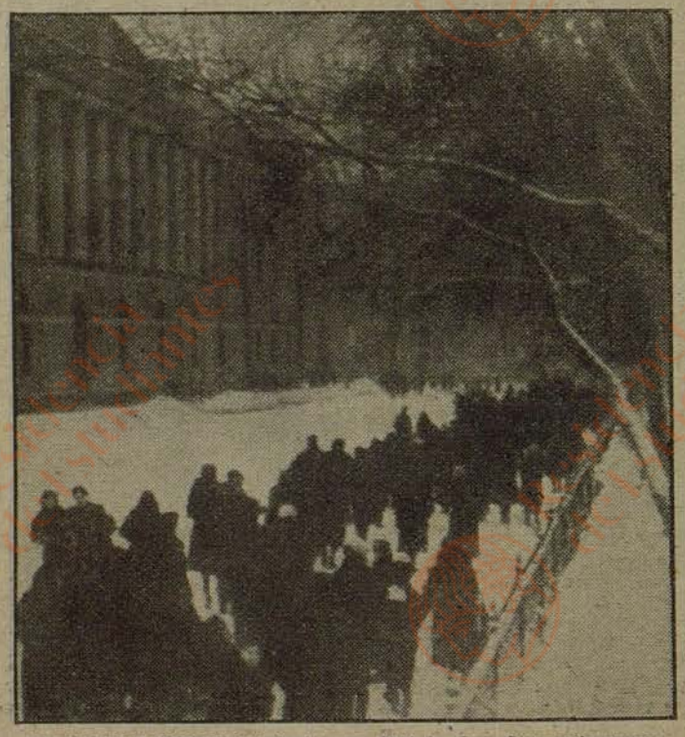
I was born in Leningrad, went to school there, and spent an exceedingly happy childhood in that city. Only in those days its name was St. Petersburg, which was changed during the last war to Petrograd, and it was renamed after Lenin in January, 1924. Its liberation is naturally a great thrill to me.

Now, far be it from me to defend the Russian Tsarist regime, which was its own gravedigger. But when I think of St. Petersburg in its heyday my memories cannot but take me back to the dazzling yet tragic pre-1917 era. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, Italians, Dutchmen, Belgians, Scandinavians, even Germans—all those whose large resident colonies or whose occasional visitors have known the Imperial capital of Russia in those days—can never forget its peculiar spell.

A city of sleet and gale; a city where the springtime is enchantingly tender and fragrant; a city whose sunsets over the vast expanse of the Neva and the golden spires, cupolas and steeples are so beautiful as to be almost unreal; a city that is a fantastic amalgam of granite, grey skies and water; whose buildings range from the grandiose to the depths of humility, from breathtaking splendour to miserable squalor. A city where everything seemed to have been mapped out by Peter the Great—its superhuman creator, in whom the Russians of today like to recognize the precursor of Lenin and Stalin—and a city wonderfully embellished by French and Italian masters brought there by the Great Catherine who felt she was the continuator of Peter's work.

A CITY of endless daring and unending frustration; a city of almost uncanny realism and of dreams; a city of ghosts and nightmares. But there was harmony in all these apparent contradictions, just as the various oddly assorted landmarks of St. Petersburg blended into one harmonious whole. The two sphinxes outside the Academy did not seem the least bit out of place in their strange Nordic surroundings; or the two rostral columns outside the Bourse; or again the huge Roman arch which constitutes the entrance to Peter's intended and never completed "New Holland." Within a stone's throw of each other could be seen his pathetically humble little house (one of the earliest built on this Baltic swamp-land); the fairly recent blue mosque with its stately minaret, and finally the two Manchurian lions—like the sphinxes, truly strange visitors in such a place.

But they were not by any means the only exotic importations that had found a permanent place in the heart of the all-absorbing and ever adaptive St. Petersburg. Thus in the shop windows of Eilers, the leading florist, you could see roses or orchids or lilies of the valley in January, when the temperature in the street outside was anything from 5 to 15 degrees below freezing point, and when—much to my joy—school was occasionally suspended because of the cold weather. In the museums, such as the world-famous Hermitage, or that of Alexander III, and in the rich, private collections, there was not only an unusually large choice of old masters and Russian artists for the student and the connoisseur to contemplate, but the treasures of Asia—both ancient and modern—were unique.



AFTER ITS LIBERATION, in January, 1944, by Gen. Govorov's troops, Leningrad commences the hard climb back to normal conditions. Across Ostrovsky Square, fronting the famous State Public Library (above), citizens walk to their daily occupations. *Photo, Planet News*

Greece and Rome; the land of the ancient Scythians and the Eastern world of modern times; Italy and Holland; touches of Germany, France, Britain and Scandinavia; and all this against the typical Russian background—moreover, somehow inseparably blended with it—such was the St. Petersburg of those days.

During the early stages of the revolution the deterioration of Leningrad was a strange, sad and yet absorbingly instructive process to watch. Here was the agony of a whole civilization, the end of an era of Russian, indeed of European, history. Then there followed a long period of adjustment, and at long last reconstruction and even expansion—though on an entirely new basis. No longer a capital—with all that this implies, especially in a country like Russia—Leningrad became once more a great industrial and cultural centre. It was still the cradle of the revolution, a keystone in the whole of the Soviet government's intricate and powerful superstructure. Its strategic importance also remained enormous, and it was the base of Russia's Baltic fleet.

THE ORDEAL OF LENINGRAD

SECOND city of the U.S.S.R., pre-war population nearly 3,000,000, important industrial centre (heavy machinery, aircraft, shipbuilding, textiles, synthetic rubber works) and naval base, at the mouth of the Neva on the Gulf of Finland, Leningrad was under bombardment by German long-range guns from Sept. 1941 to Jan. 1944.

The guns were almost entirely surrounded in concrete 5 feet thick, and were mounted on rails so that they could be traversed to shell various districts.

DURING the long siege the Germans hurled up to 1,500 shells a day; records show a total of 2,600 shells during a 24-hour bombardment.

The resulting devastation is terrific. It has been said that not a tree within 20 miles of Leningrad has a single branch left.

German advanced positions were just under three miles from the centre of Leningrad. The giant siege guns were 15 miles distant.

MORE than 1,000 field and siege guns, with the great guns of the 23,000-ton Red October battleship firing from the sea, hurled 500,000 shells into one narrow sector held by the besieging Germans—the Finnskoye-Koirovo key-position—when the world's biggest artillery bombardment opened the Russian Leningrad offensive, on Jan. 15, 1944. 500,000 to 600,000 shells were fired into that area of about 4 square miles.

GIRLS of the Red Army (under supervision of army experts) are assisting to clear the city of mines; working with them are specially trained dogs who run over the snow and scratch out the mines with their paws. One dog is said to have found 2,000.

From only three miles of roadway Russian sappers lifted over 5,000 mines. Those lifted within sight of the city number 200,000. It is thought possible the grand total will eventually eclipse Stalingrad's 1,000,000 mines and unexploded shells.

AGAIN, despite the vast industrialization work carried on under the three Five-Year Plans, with the creation of entire new economic regions in the south-eastern part of Russia or in Siberia, Leningrad has never ceased to be one of the country's principal industrial centres. Its huge naval yards, for instance, have in recent years been feverishly active; its enormous mechanical and engineering works, its electro-technical industry and an almost endless range of other factories, big and small, have maintained or greatly increased their production.

Peter the Great considered his new capital as "a window into Europe." One of the few European capitals that have never been penetrated by a foreign invader, Leningrad has stood in proud defiance of man and nature alike. It is the symbol of the unconquerable spirit of Russia.





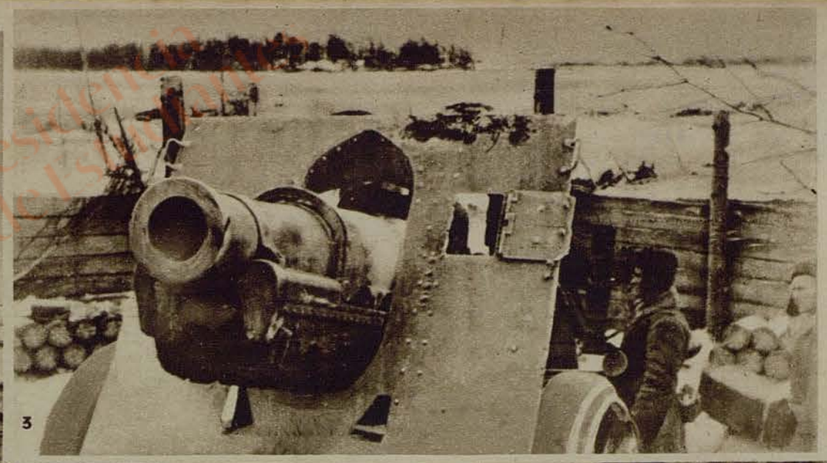
Photos, Planet News, E.N.A.

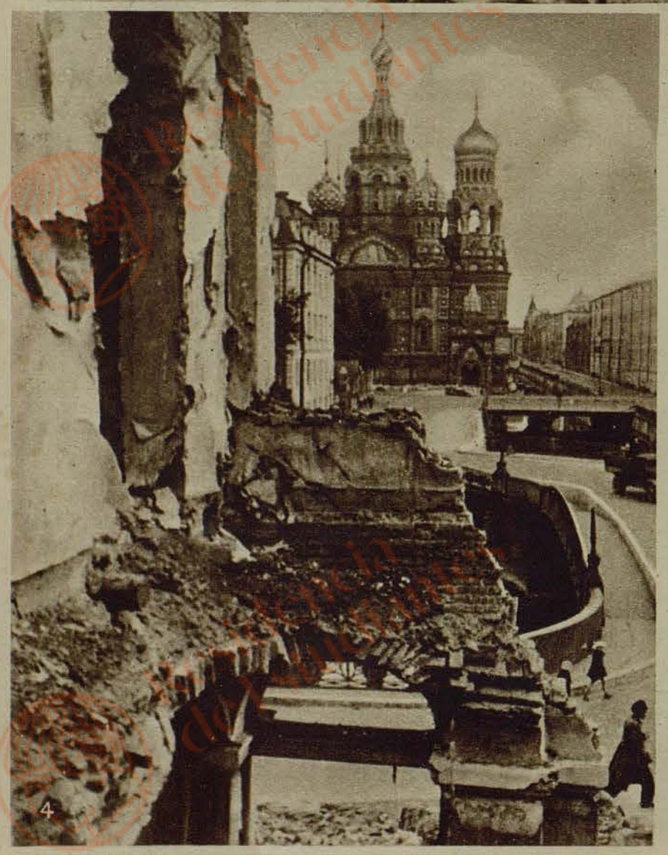
Peterhof Palace—Then and Now

On the Gulf of Finland, at Peterhof, stood a magnificent palace of the Russian Tsars, famous in pre-war days (bottom) as a museum and cultural centre, its gardens a holiday resort for the workers of Leningrad. For two years—until the great drive westward by General Govorov's forces—Hitler's vandals were in occupation. Gauntly the snow-covered skeleton now rears to the sky (top), desolate background for Cossacks o. the Red Army advance guard. *See* story in p. 633.













Only as Captives did the Nazis Reach Leningrad

Through the city which their most savage efforts had failed to subdue files a long line of German prisoners (1), wondering, maybe, at the unconquerable spirit that had kept Leningrad's once beleaguered citizens true to the humblest tasks, such as toiling in the cabbage-patch garden facing St. Isaac's Cathedral (2). Here by the Griboyedov Canal stood for 150 years a fine house; one Nazi bomb sufficed to destroy it (4), revealing in the distance the historic Church of the Resurrection.

Photos, Planet News, Pictorial Press

Where the German Siege Guns will Roar No More

Blasted back from the Leningrad defences the enemy abandoned many large siege guns; this one (3), with shells stacked at the rear, is inspected by Soviet artillerymen, whilst naval anti-aircraft gunners on the Neva (5) guard the liberated city against air attack. Fifteen miles to the south lies Pushkin (Tsarskoye Selo), freed on Jan. 24, 1944, where not a house remains undamaged; Red Army men pass before the ruins of the former palace (6) of Catherine the Great.





Salute to Leningrad's Deliverers

Following a special Order of the Day issued by Marshal Stalin on Jan. 27, 1944, to commemorate the victory, and in honour of its complete liberation from enemy blockade, the "City of Lenin" saluted the gallant troops of the Leningrad Front with 24 artillery salvos from 324 guns; the night sky over Pushkin Square (top) during the deafening ceremony. Before the siege was raised, lorries repeatedly crossed frozen Lake Ladoga by night (left) with much-needed supplies.

Photos, Planet News, Pictorial Press

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Variations on an Italian Theme

COULD there be a comment more bitter and cynical on the value of liberty and self-government than the history of the Italian nation during the past three-quarters of a century? It is just on 75 years since Italians became a nation with a State of their own. In 1870 the sovereignty of the Pope over Rome and a large tract of territory was brought to an end. The Austrian domination over another large area had already been thrown off. The southern part, Naples and Sicily, formerly under a tyrannical king, had been liberated. Unity was at last achieved.

All lovers of freedom rejoiced. A constitutional monarchy was set up—to the disgust of some who had worked hardest for unity and a republic. The Italian people, at last masters of their fate, captains of the soul they had rhapsodized about so windily, seemed to be starting on a path of prosperity and content.

What a disillusionment awaited them—and all who had sympathized with them during their long struggle. Within a very few years the famous French novelists, the de Goncourt brothers, were noting that Rome under the monarchy was worse off materially than it had been under the Popes. Discontent spread widely. The mass of the nation remained ignorant and wretchedly poor. Politics became a scramble for hand-outs. Members of Parliament devoted their energy to getting what they could out of Governments for the benefit of their constituencies. "Parish-pump politics" this was called. To change the metaphor, the State was looked on as a milch cow, which could be milked by the deputies for the advantage of those who had voted for them.

Feeble kings, cunning politicians who baited hooks for greedy supporters, ambitious politicians who held out glowing hopes of a vast African Empire, dictatorships concealed under democratic formulae, alliance with the German Kaiser for the furtherance of plans made in Berlin for the Junker domination of Europe—by such events and personalities was the ideal of Italy that animated Mazzini and Garibaldi, and admirers of them like George Meredith, dragged down and tarnished, and, by the time the twentieth century began, completely lost sight of.

WAR in 1914 found Italy unprepared and hesitating between two courses—to play false at once with its ally, Germany, or to remain neutral and get whatever could be squeezed out of both belligerents. It chose the latter for a time, then, having broken the treaty known as the Triple Alliance, joined Britain and France. In a very short time it was clear that Italy would be more of a worry than a help to the Allies. Nevertheless, large claims were made for reward when the spoils were divided up and, because these were not all allowed, a tumult of accusation and denunciation arose. The cry went up that "Italy had been defrauded" of its rightful share in the war loot.

Italian politics, says Mr. Cecil Sprigge, a former Rome correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, in his book The Development of Modern Italy (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.), "worked up into a climax of moral and intellectual disarray," which was exploited by "the most ambitious and least scrupulous of candidates for national leadership," Benito Mussolini.

Mr. Sprigge agrees with the outline I have given of the disappointment caused by Italian failure to make good use of freedom after so many centuries of under-doggism. "A dull and tarnished epoch," he calls the period that followed unification. He does not carry the story beyond "the fine October afternoon in 1922 when Mussolini led the armed black-shirts up the Corso in Rome to the altar of the Italian fatherland" and the Roman people looked on without any opinion about it, except that it was *una bella fiesta*, a pretty spectacle. For the continuation of the tragedy into which that pretty spectacle developed I turned to another book, One Man Alone: the History of Mussolini and the Axis (Chatto & Windus, 15s.). This is by another Rome correspondent, Mr. Maxwell Macartney of The Times. His account of what happened during the twenty years of the Duce's dictatorship makes one wonder more than ever at its being brought to an end so easily—unless we adopt the explanation, which neither Mr. Sprigge nor Mr. Macartney hint at—that the Italians have as yet almost no capacity for governing themselves.

LET me explain how I arrive at this conclusion. A generation ago, we learn from Mr. Sprigge, elections were "a mere parody on representative government." In 1921 they were very little better. Free speech was prevented, meetings were broken up, voters were forcibly removed when they went to vote, voting papers "disappeared." As for the elections of 1924, they were in Mr. Sprigge's words "mass terrorism." Now people who submit to that kind of violence are clearly not governing themselves. Sections of them make a lot of noise, they fill the air with complaints and lamentation. But the mass of the nation is inert.

When Crispi started the idea of a colonial empire, they nodded and said "Fine!" When the Triple Alliance was formed they thought they were secure. When it was broken they thought breaking it was wise. They sat quiet while old Giolitti played a sort of political chess, moving his pieces here and there so that he might stay in office. They put up with Mussolini, did what he ordered, let their children be taught the devil's tale of "wholesome war" and crazy nationalism; allowed him to rush them into siding with Hitler, whom they disliked and ridiculed, against us whom they have always liked and looked to as their best customers, because we spend large sums on making holiday among them; made no audible protest when he muddled the campaigns so badly that they met with nothing but defeats, and only heaved a sigh of relief and gave him a parting kick when a few men at the top had put him on the run.

GAYDA, the broadcaster who used to be so frequently in the British Press and was understood to be Mussolini's mouthpiece, was a typical twentieth-century Italian. He told Mr. Macartney once that he didn't believe what he said in his radio talks. "I regard myself," he said, "in the light of a lawyer. A lawyer is not concerned with the innocence or guilt of a man whom he is defending. I have my brief. It is my business to do the best I can for my client." Not even Mussolini was genuinely what he seemed to be. He was a play actor. "In public he was constantly posing. He swaggered and strutted." He pretended to be always in a hurry, impatient of opposition or criticism, eager for cheering crowds wherever he went. All theatricalism, Mr. Macartney says. He found the Duce, when they were alone, unaffected, natural in manner, not unready to listen to argument and criticism. He was impetuous, but behaved as a normal man—not like Hitler, who flies off the handle with only one listener and bites the carpet when he is by himself.

AND what about the man who took Mussolini's place? I have found a picture of him drawn from life in a book by two correspondents, Alfred Wagg and David Brown, about the early stages of the Italian campaign, called No Spaghetti for Breakfast (Nicholson & Watson, 10s. 6d.). Does he show signs of possessing a character more energetic, more genuine, more based on principles, less inclined to play-act? The American Army officers who went to make arrangements for Italy's capitulation thought not. He seemed feeble, timid, cunning, a procrastinator, unable to make up his mind, tearfully anxious to persuade them that he was on the side of the United Nations. The Italian people, however, seem to be quite ready to let Badoglio govern them.

Well, what is to be done about Italy? Recovery will be long and perhaps painful, Mr. Macartney fears, although "no great effort will be required for the elimination of the Fascist virus." We must be patient, we must have no illusions about the Italians wishing to be "good little Democrats" all at once. I should add that the chief need is a sound system of education and sensible honest newspapers. Those two changes might work wonders—in time. Without them Italy will go on sinking as she has sunk during the past 75 years.



TWENTY YEARS' MISRULE ENDED. Mussolini, here seen talking to Marshal Graziani after his rescue by the Germans, left behind as a painful heritage for the Italian people the bitter fruits of his dictatorship, as remarked upon in this page. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Useful Men to Have About, These Marines

In that Invasion of Europe which is prophesied for the spring, the Royal Marines will have a prominent part to play. In this article E. ROYSTON PIKE tells something of the famous Corps. Other information may be had in The Royal Marines, prepared for the Admiralty by the Ministry of Information, and published by H.M.S.O. at 9d. See also facing page, and p. 630.

USEFUL men to have about a ship, and equally useful men to have about ashore. That is as good a way as any of summing up his Majesty's Royals—the men whose motto is *Per Mare Per Terram* (By Sea, By Land) and who wear the badge of the globe encircled with laurel. As Rudyard Kipling wrote years ago:

For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth
the beggar don't know, nor do—
You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead, to paddle 'is own canoe—
E's a sort a of bloomin' cosmopolouse—
soldier an' sailor too.

Tradition is a very living thing in the armed services of the British Crown, but the Royal Marines have more of it, perhaps, than most of their comrades in blue or khaki. One of the first things a new recruit sees on entering barracks is a coloured poster depicting the uniforms, badges, and distinctions worn by the Royal Marines in their almost 300 years of very active and highly honourable activity. In nearly every war that Britain has been engaged in since 1664, when the Corps was originally founded, the Royal Marines have played their part. From the very first they have been sea-soldiers.

IT was the Lord High Admiral of England—the Duke of York, Charles II's brother and afterwards James II of not very happy memory—who raised them, and their first name was the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot, otherwise the Admiral's Regiment. They were specially enlisted and trained for military duties on board ship, which so far had been performed by troops of the line temporarily embarked.

One of their earliest and greatest achievements was their taking possession of the Rock of Gibraltar in 1704, thereby winning "an immortal honour" for themselves and a bulwark beyond price for the Empire. In 1748, after the Peace of Aix la Chapelle that concluded the War of the Austrian Succession as the history books call it, the Corps was disbanded. But seven years later it was reformed, and it has lived and flourished gloriously ever since: the laurel wreath in the Marines' badge was awarded in recognition of their fine work during the Seven Years' War, of 1756-63, when Marine detachments seized Belle Isle while the Royal Navy was blockading Brest, and held it as an advanced base.

THIS part of Europe has been frequently mentioned in this war's communiqués; it may be mentioned again, when we may be sure that the Marines will once again "be there." George III granted them the "Royal" in their name in 1802, "in consideration of their very meritorious service during the late war"—that is, the war with the French at the time of the Revolution; and later the Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral and General of Marines (afterwards he became king as William IV), presented the Corps, on behalf of his brother George IV, with new colours displaying the badge we all know so well today.

So many were the glorious deeds that might be inscribed on the colours, said the Duke, that the King had been pleased to adopt "the Great Globe itself," encircled with laurel, as the most suitable emblem for a corps whose duties took them to all parts of the world, "in every quarter of which they had earned laurels by their valour." At the same time, the Royal Cipher, (G.R. IV) was interlaced with the Foul Anchor, to show their connexion with the Royal Navy; their proud motto remained, and surmounting the Imperial Crown on the badge was to appear the word "Gibraltar."

On 16 days in the year the Adjutant on the parade-ground reads out the names of some of the great battles in which the Corps has been engaged. Among them are St. Vincent, on St. Valentine's Day in 1797; the Glorious First of June in 1794, when the Admiral was the Marines' Honorary Colonel, Lord Howe; Camperdown, in 1797; and Nelson's three great victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. In the 1914-18 war four battalions of Marines were employed by Mr. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, in the gallant but unsuccessful bid to hold Antwerp. The 63rd (Royal Naval) Division was formed, organized and administered by H.Q. Royal Marines Forces. Four Marine battalions fought gloriously on Gallipoli; reduced by casualties to half, they went to France with the R.N.D. and took part in some of the bloodiest fighting.

Marine battalions fought in the battles of the Somme, before Arras and in the horrible mud of Passchendaele, in the Cambrai battle that was so nearly a break-through. Marines charged down the Mole at Zeebrugge. Marines had a part in the little wars in the African jungle, in the Balkan mountains, and in north and south Russia.

Then in this war: it would be easier to say where the Royal Marines have *not* been than to give a comprehensive list of their activities. They have fired their guns in nearly every important engagement of the war, in France and Norway, in Madagascar and Burma, in Malta and Malaya and at Dieppe. Expeditionary forces of Marines occupied the Faroes and Iceland. Two hundred Marines from Chatham, many of them pensioners recalled to the Colours at the beginning of the war, were rushed to Holland in May 1940 and saw the Queen of the Netherlands safely on board H.M.S. Hereward on the way to England. Other scratch companies from Chatham gave cover to the naval demolition parties at Calais and Boulogne.

Marines fought gallantly at Hongkong; and survivors from the detachments on the Prince of Wales and the Repulse struggled ashore from the sunken ships and, joining what was left of the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, formed a composite battalion which was officially called the Marine Argyll Battalion, but will probably be always remembered as the Plymouth Argylls (the Prince of Wales and the Repulse were "Plymouth ships"). They fought to the end in Singapore.

AND so they did in Crete. To understand their work in that tragic island we must make the acquaintance of M.N.B.D.O., which is short for Mobile Naval Base Defence Organization. Its function is to provide the Fleet with a base in any part of the world, to do it in a week, and to defend it when it has been made. The whole unit numbers about 8,000 men, and it is commanded by a Major-General of the Royal Marines. It is a body of specialists, of craftsmen trained not only to fight but in all the arts of military engineering and of mechanized war. It is carried in specially equipped merchant-vessels, and its Landing and Maintenance Group is responsible for getting the unit ashore in landing-craft, and for transporting it when landed. Then the Group builds wharves, makes roadways from the beach, and erects buildings. The unit has naval coastal guns, anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns, and searchlights. It has a Land Defence Force consisting of rifle companies, machine-gun sections and light artillery batteries.

The first of these comprehensive units, M.N.B.D.O. (1), under Major-General E. C. Weston, was sent to Alexandria in April 1941, and on its arrival was given the task of providing a naval base in Crete, to which Maitland Wilson's men were being withdrawn. It never had time to get going properly, and only some 2,200 Marines were actually landed on the island. But those 2,200 constituted the rearguard, and when Freyberg was ordered to return to Egypt, Weston took command. The losses of the rearguard were severe; only a thousand Marines got back from Crete.

And, so runs the story in the recently published Admiralty account, The Royal Marines, 1939-43, not all who might have escaped seized the opportunity. There was one little party who refused the offer of a lift in a Sunderland. Gathering up the rations and ammunition the plane had brought, they turned their backs upon security and retired into the hills to carry on the fight. There they may be fighting yet, waiting to welcome their comrades from the sea.



IN PULLOVER AND SLACKS Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery, K.C.B., D.S.O., inspected these Royal Marine Commandos before leaving Italy to take up his new post as C.-in.C. of the British Group of Armies under General Dwight Eisenhower. The Marines made an advance landing which greatly aided the capture of Termoli on the Adriatic coast, 17 miles ahead of the main 8th Army forces, on Oct. 2, 1943. *Photo, Associated Press*

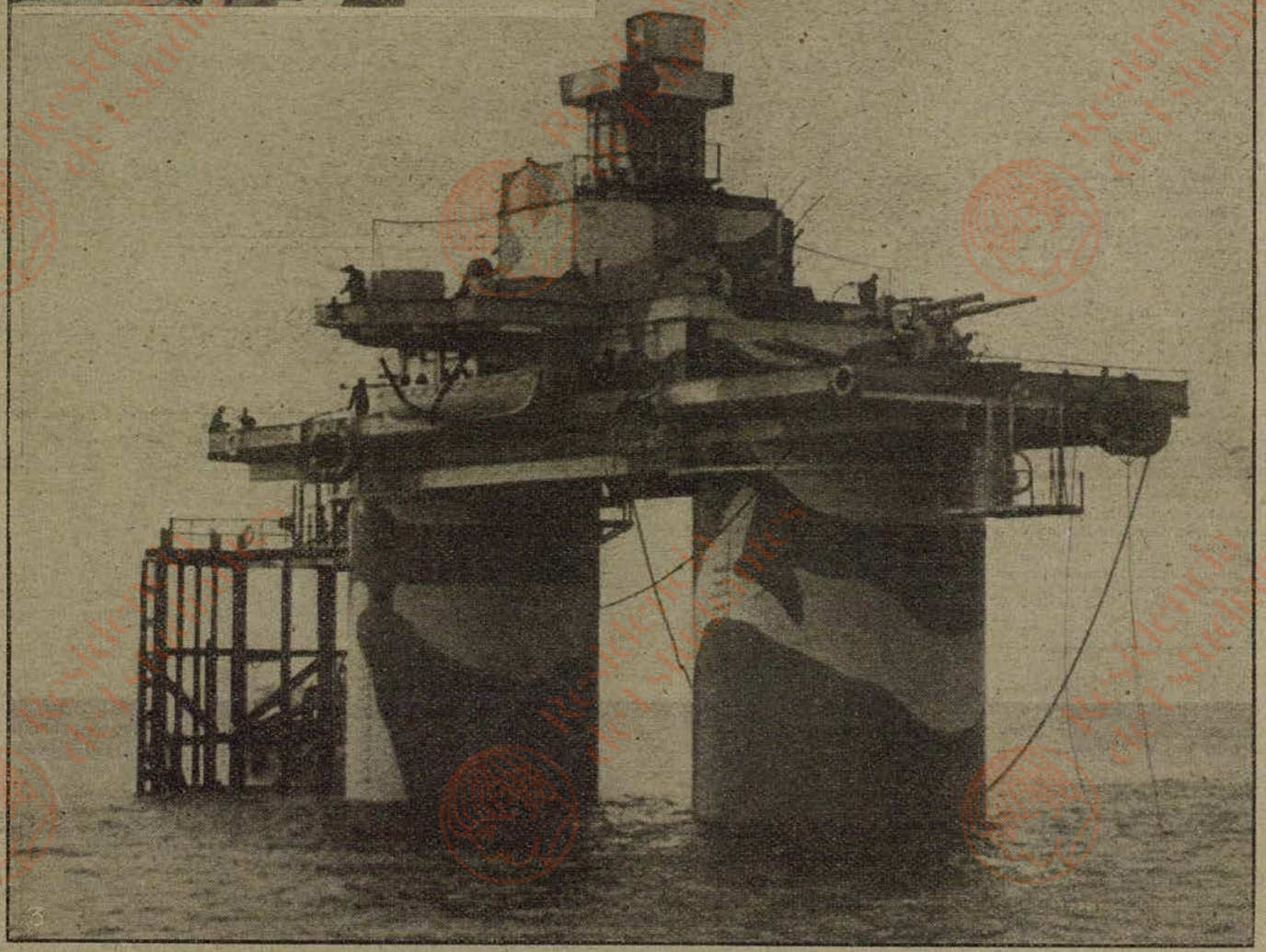
They Man the Forts that Guard our Shipping



1



2

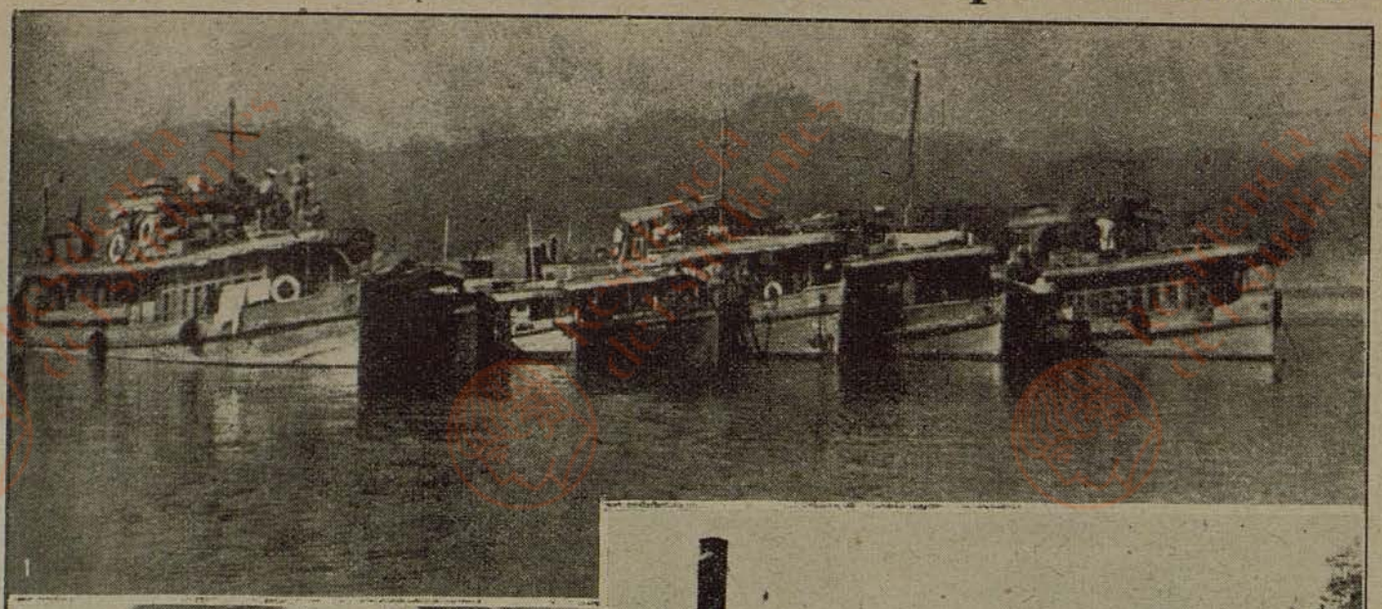


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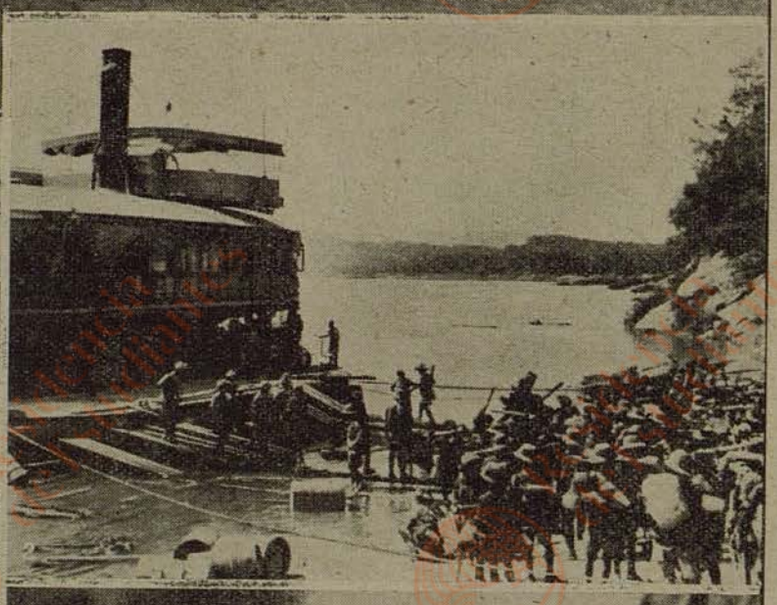
OUT AT SEA is this anti-aircraft fort (3), one of several protecting our shipping in the Thames Estuary and along the East Coast. Fifty feet high, it bristles with A.A. guns manned by Royal Marines under R.N.V.R. officers. The forts, which are commissioned as H.M. ships, have destroyed numerous minelaying aircraft; a sergeant (1) marks up four. Lt.-Gen. Sir Thomas Hunton, K.C.B. (2), is the first R.M. officer to be titled G.O.C. Royal Marines: until December 11, 1943, the title was Adjutant-General.

Photos, British Official

Exploits of Marines as Force Viper in Burma







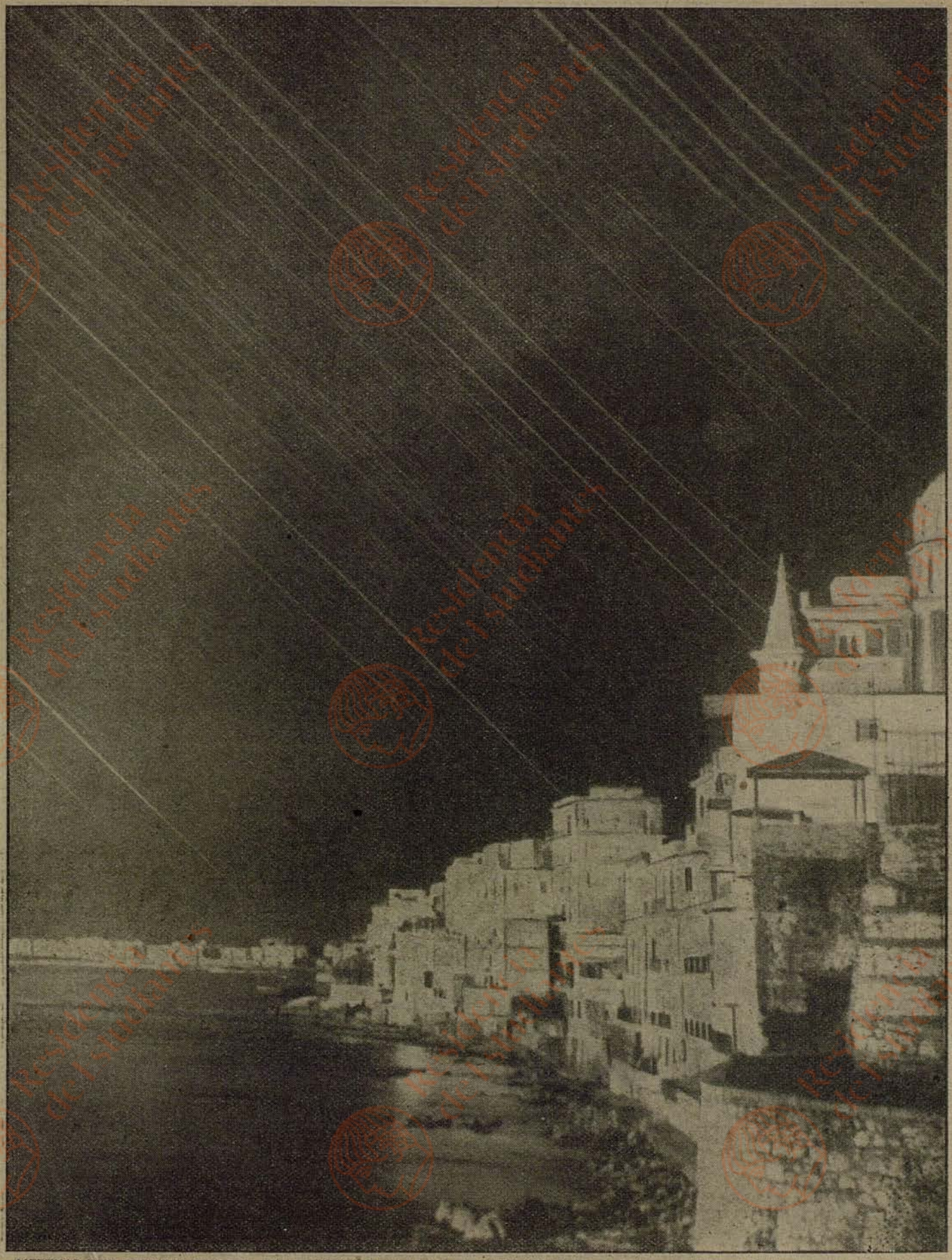


ROYAL MARINES who volunteered for "special service of a hazardous nature" when the threat to Burma had grown extremely grave, became known as Force Viper. As such, they acquired a makeshift flotilla of motor-launches and motor-boats (1) for the expedition from Rangoon on Feb. 11, 1942. Each armed with a Vickers machine-gun, the motor-boats were manned entirely by Marines; the launches had Chittagonian native crews. A bearded Marine stands by the side of the native captain (3) at the controls of one of the launches.

Black smoke billows up from oil-tanks (4) at Syriam, three miles south of Rangoon, fired to prevent these falling into Japanese hands; in the foreground is a Force Viper craft covering the demolition parties. Early in May 1942 the Force aided the crossing at Kalewa on the Chindwin River of British and Indian troops of the 17th Division (2). See also pp. 628-9.

Photos from The Royal Marines, published by the Ministry of Information

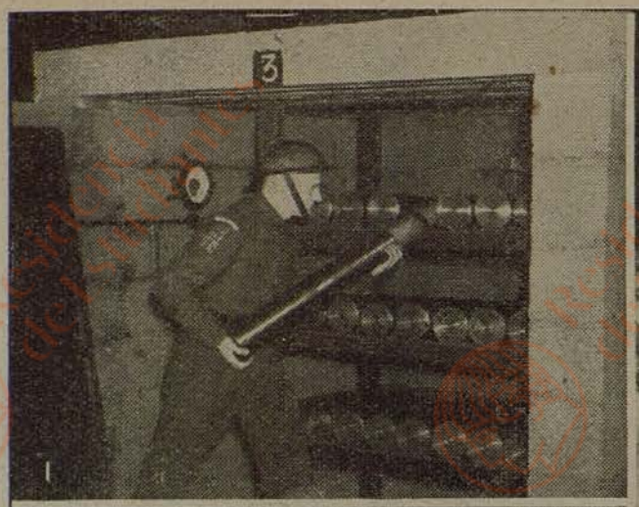
Allied Barrage Tears the Night Sky at Nettuno

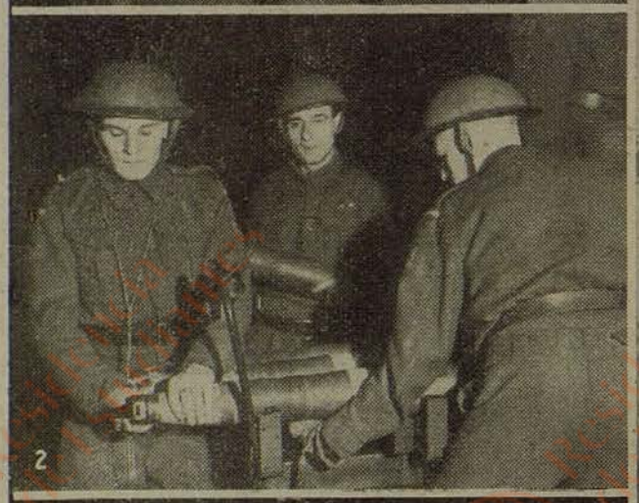


MEETING THE GERMAN RAIDERS, Allied anti-aircraft guns put up a terrific hail of tracer shells over Nettuno, Italian west coast beach-head secured by the Allies on Jan. 22, 1944. Endeavouring to knock out our armada of supply ships the Germans called in bombers from as far away as Bordeaux. By Feb. 16 German land attacks against the beach-head were mainly north and west of Carroceto, some 7 miles inland. These were beaten off, while the Fifth Army gained some ground in the area west of Cisterna.

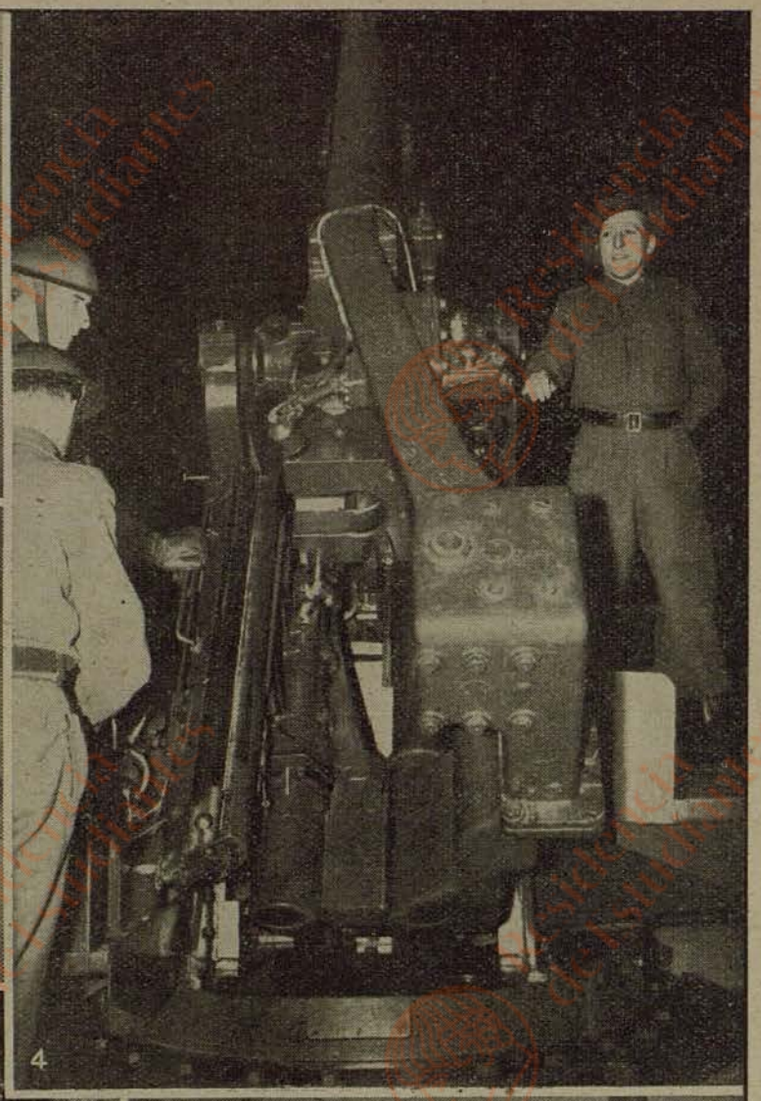
Photo, Planet News

Home Guard Gunners Help Claw Down Raiders











BEHIND THE GREAT A.A. BARRAGE which batters German raiders over Britain thousands of Home Guards share duty with comrades of the Regular Army. These mixed batteries went into vigorous action around London on January 24, 1944. During the attack ammunition is drawn (1) to feed the gun. A Home Guard sets the 3·7-in. shell fuses (2), and others load the tray (3) which carries the shell into the breech. Loaded, a gunner (4, right) waits with hand on the firing lever. The shoot over, the crew (5) enjoy a game of cards.

Photos, L.N.A.

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

The Nazis Bombed and Sank Our Hospital Ship

Returning from the Anzio beach-head, west coast of Italy, with Allied wounded, the St. David was deliberately sunk by enemy planes on Jan. 24, 1944. The story by Sec.-Lieut. Ruth Hindman, of the American Nursing Corps, is given here by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph.

We had lain off Anzio all Monday afternoon taking off wounded. The weather was not good for small craft that day, and it was a rather longer process than we had anticipated. About 5.30 p.m. we set sail, the St. David leading, followed by her sister ships, Leinster and St. Andrew.

When we were about four miles out the black-out was lifted. This is customary with hospital ships at sea, in order to distinguish them, in the hope of avoiding enemy attack. The weather turned very rough. It must have been about eight o'clock, when we were 20 miles out at sea, that I heard a crash. We all ran up on deck with our lifebelts, and were told the ship had been hit and we must take to the boats.

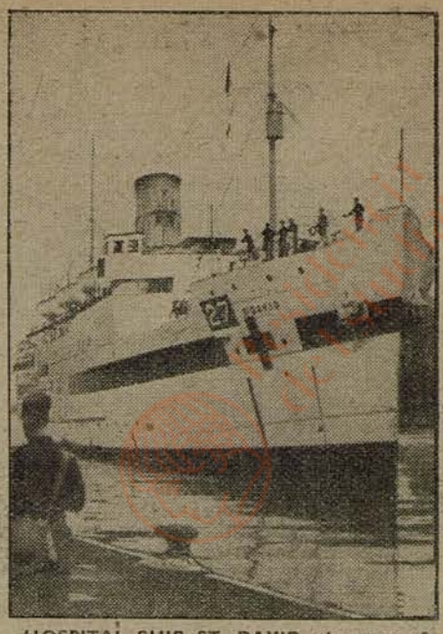
We did our best with the wounded. Fortunately a good proportion of them were walking casualties. It all seemed one confused rush, and then the ship began to heel over, and we were told to jump for it.

Miss Berret jumped for one of the boats, but the boat itself was tipped over and everyone in it was tossed out into the water. I was just behind her, and I went straight down into the sea.

The whole of the time from the bomb hitting our ship to the time we had to jump into the water was only four minutes—it seemed much longer. I felt myself being sucked down under the ship. I struggled and came up twice, and each time something hit me on the head. The third time I was luckier.

All around me people were clinging to rafts and bits of wreckage. Some of them had torches with which they were signalling to the boats that had been put out by the Leinster and the St. Andrew to search for us. But the ordinary flashlight does not carry far.

We spent about an hour in the water before being picked up by the Leinster. One man of our surgical team was trying to get all the wounded off right up to the last, and instead of jumping for the boats he went back to the sick bays.



HOSPITAL SHIP ST. DAVID, the story of whose recent sinking by Nazi bombers is told on the left. Former G.W. Rly. cross-Channel packet-boat, the 2,702-ton St. David successfully carried hundreds of casualties from France in 1940. *Photo, Keystone*

I Walked Through Wreckage That Was Peterhof

After two years of German occupation, what was left of the once beautiful town of Peterhof, near Leningrad, was recaptured by Russian forces on Jan. 19, 1944. The retreating vandals left it as described by the Soviet War News correspondent, Ivan Bondarenko.

Many of our friends abroad have visited Peterhof, a favourite beauty spot where Leningrad people loved to spend their holidays. They will remember the "Big Cascade," the canal leading from the sea to the magnificent palace of the Russian Tsars, to the fountains of the first avenue. At the very end of this avenue stood a mighty bronze figure of Samson wrestling with the lion, from whose jaws a 60-foot column of water flung out a myriad of sparkling silver drops.

It was dear to every Russian heart, this architectural gem wrought by Peter the First, the author of Russia's great transformation. But Peterhof exists no more. The barbarians have destroyed this wonderful town. They have well-nigh swept it from the face of the earth.

I walked through Peterhof only yesterday with some of the Red Army men who had turned the Germans out. The main palace, which was the centre of the state life of the Russian Tsars, has been utterly wrecked. Built during Peter the First's reign, it was rebuilt by his daughter Elizabeth according to the designs of the famous Rastrelli. Silken hangings, beautiful parquet floors, exquisitely-moulded ceilings, silver-framed mirrors, rich paintings—all have been plundered or destroyed.

The middle palace was burning when we entered. Everything that had survived the occupation was ablaze. "Mon Plaisir," the little palace on the seashore, where Peter lived, was a pile of ashes. Hardly a house remained standing. The ancient cathedral had been defiled. The Germans blew up the Peterhof fountains. The statue of Samson was sawn in sections and taken to Germany.

Dead Germans in the Snow

The place that was Peterhof is a graveyard, black and dismal. In the avenues where the bees used to drone so peacefully under the age-old limes, the bodies of dead Germans lie on the smoke-grimed snow, among trenches and wrecked bunkers. Rare tapestries, pictures, chandeliers, parquet floors—all are gone. The vandals cut down ancient trees to build obstacles. They herded the people of the town into German captivity. The treasures of Peterhof, accumulated for generations, have been destroyed in two years of German occupation.



PETERHOF IN PEACE—AND IN WAR. In 1918 the town's magnificent palaces were transformed into museums and workers' rest homes and excursions were conducted for sightseers and holiday-makers from every part of the Soviet Union. The Imperial Palace grounds in the days before the war are seen on the left; on the right, ruins of the Palace after the Germans had been driven far west. The story of Peterhof's desolation is told above. **See also illus. p. 623.**

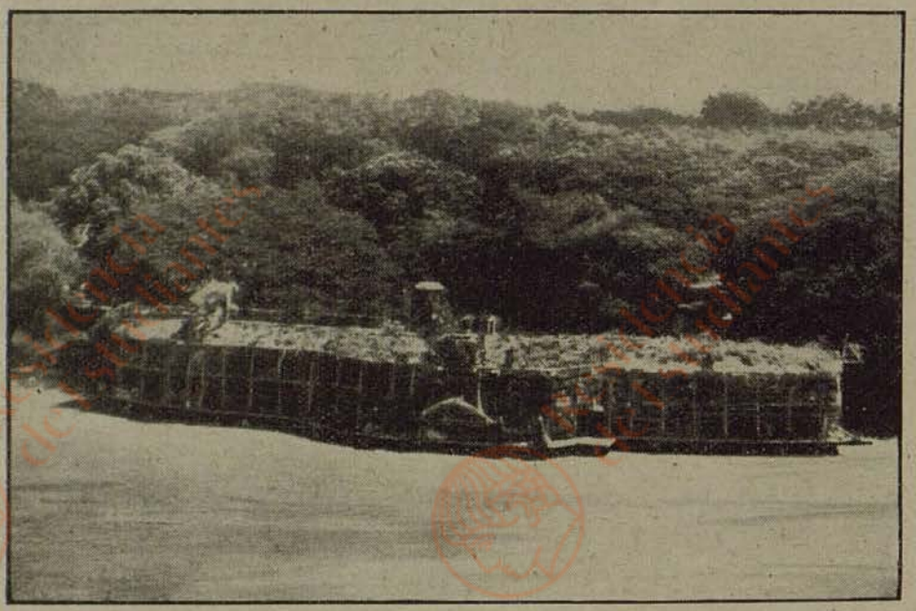
Photos, E.N.A., U.S.S.R. Official

Our 3 Days' Skirmish in the Hills of Arakan

"This story is about only one small fragment of the whole war, and means little to the world; but it is the whole war to the people in it!" declares Philip Wynter, Evening Standard war reporter, writing from the Arakan Front, Burma. See also pp. 556–557.

With around him the battle noises of tanks, guns, mortars and machine-guns, a soldier on a narrow sector of the Arakan front says, "I suppose when it's all over, they'll call it a skirmish in the hills!" For three hours the noise of the guns and bursting shells has been rolling around these hills, and tanks are standing in paddy fields firing at one small conical hill 400 yards ahead of them.

Columns of dust and smoke are leaping from the hilltop just as flames leap from fire when petrol is flung on it. On the left and right and behind more shells are tearing great patches of soil and scrub from the slopes and foothills of a steep, jungle-covered range. Looking away from this scene of smoke and sound you see rows of quiet green hillocks and the blue sky without clouds.



JAPANESE THOUGHT THEY WERE HIDDEN in this well-camouflaged paddle-steamer which they had made their headquarters on a river in Burma. But they were not clever enough to deceive the patrolling R.A.F. Beaufighters which are ever on the alert to spot such hiding-places. A stream of cannon shells from the Beaufighter which secured this photograph set the vessel ablaze a few seconds later. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Over there on the right vultures are circling over something dead. The tanks have stopped firing and are sitting like a row of steel pill-boxes at the foot of the conical hill. There cannot be anyone alive on that conical hill. But there is. There is the crack of a sniper's rifle, and a burst of machine-gun fire. The Jap fire sounds more metallic than ours. The tanks fire again and the hill top is a mass of smoke and dust.

They stop again, and you notice the rushing noise of shells overhead. There cannot be any Japs left. But again there is the crackle of fire from a bunker near the top of the conical hill, and "wham"—all together go the shells of the tanks.

This is all part of a small battle which has been going on for three days now as our troops slice pieces off Japanese strong points on the perimeter of their coastal bastion, or fortress system, on the Maungdaw-Buthidaung road. These strong points dominate a cross-roads. Tanks are in action for the third successive day, and the guns have been bombarding this area intermittently for three days and nights.

We are watching today's fighting from an observation post on a ridge overlooking the conical hill, where the officer commanding the infantry, whose job is to take the hill, is standing in a slit trench and talking down a field telephone.

"Tanks will give five minutes' machine-gun fire along the top of the bunker to keep their heads down, and then our men will go up," he says. His troops—men of a Home Counties regiment, many of whom come from Kent hopfields and London suburbs—are under cover at the foot of the hill. A senior officer arrives and watches the shells blasting a ridge behind the hill.

Now the infantry are going up the steep slope of the hill. They are crawling up the slope. They are near the top. The tanks are silent. It looks like a film does when the sound track stops. A group of bent figures are moving, stumbling. A few feet from the top they turn and scamper down the slope. Puffs of smoke show as they run. Japs come out of a bunker and lob grenades.

I cannot see if anyone is hit; they all seem to have got down. Then the tanks fire again for some time, and you see the infantry going up again slowly, getting nearer and nearer the top. They are throwing grenades up. Then the firing starts all over again, and the top of the hill is spouting smoke and dirt into the air. More minutes pass and more shells rush overhead.

And now they try again. My watch shows this has been going on for more than an hour. The radio operator at the top is still saying "Report my signals—over." There are more men this time and they are going up just as the others did. They are there on the top now. They have got it.

Wham! A column of dust leaps up on the top of the hills. A direct hit. They are all dead. No; it is a miracle, they are moving back down the slope fast. Then another shell on the hills.

The Japs have had a gun laid on there and fired as soon as the infantry got there. Nobody has the conical hill now. The officer is busy on the phone. He says: "Looks like guns near road . . . over open sights." A few minutes pass, and then all the guns in the locality start probing for the Jap guns.

Somebody is getting news from the men attacking the hill. He is repeating into the microphone as he listens. "They killed some Japs. Three Japs left ran, and they think they wounded them with grenades. The bunker has collapsed. There was no cover on top. Yes, they were shelled off the top. Tanks are coming out to rally."

The air is thick with the noise of shells again, and a fight on the left is getting noisier. There is a lot of machine-gun fire and the crack of rifles, but you cannot see what is going on at the top. Tanks are rumbling across the paddy fields between the hillocks, and a few shells drop among them from somewhere. Probably it is a parting gesture from the Japs, because someone reports hearing that the Jap guns are pulling out now.

As we go down the trail for a cup of tea we learn that the men who reached the top of the hill found six Jap bodies. Later in the day they went up again and occupied the hill. This story is about only one small fragment of the whole war and means little to the world; but it is the whole war to the people in it!

Just behind this little battle, about 2,000 yards away on a track leading to the front, there is a scene which is probably unique. There a few men, and scores of brown Arakanese children, are making the road better. The noise of battle is just over the hill. Shells are flying overhead.

Little girls and boys wearing brick-red loonghis (like sarongs) are patting the wet dirt road surface with bamboo sticks. Most of them are aged five or six, up to 10. Toddlers of two or three are naked. Here there is a little girl with a ring in her nose, wearing a red loonghi and her hair done up in a bun at the back, patting the road.

Here is another little girl, aged about three, naked, carrying an old jam tin full of water and pouring it on the road. There is a small boy, aged about seven, wearing a loin cloth, smoking a cigarette and chopping the side of the road with a mattock. His head is shaved.

Like a swarm of ants these children dodge out of the way of your truck as you come along, and most conscientiously pour water in front of you so that the truck won't raise the dust. There are only a few men among them and no women, because the Arakanese people are Moslems and the women are hidden from the world.

These Thirty Women are Busy Saving Lives

Valuable war work, without glamour or limelight, is being performed by women volunteers in an outhouse behind the Epsom High Street, Surrey. They are making camouflage netting, in eight-hour shifts, and the story of their activities is told by an Evening Standard reporter.

They never sit down when on duty five days a week. They never talk—unless in muffled accents which are almost indistinguishable. Their work is dirty and fatiguing, and they have not even the satisfaction of knowing where their output goes. But the articles they fashion are saving lives in all branches of the fighting Services. So they are cheerful and content.

They are making camouflage netting under the direction of the Ministry of Supply, which comes into the picture only at the beginning, when the material and designs are provided, and at the end, when a conveyance calls for the finished products. Each of these has its special purpose. Perhaps it is to conceal a gun, perhaps a lorry, perhaps a man. Or



A LEAF FROM NATURE'S BOOK has taught British experts how best to use camouflage in war. Netting is the base for most camouflage, and here (left) W.V.S. members who have taken over a London convent as a factory weave the deceptive patterns of coloured scrim (cloth strips made from textile scraps) which will conceal practically anything, anywhere. One of the many uses to which the camouflage netting is put is seen on the right where a 5th Army gun position on the Italian front has been skilfully screened from enemy reconnaissance. *Photos, Planet News, Keystone*

it may be an aeroplane or a searchlight or a hundred and one other things.

When I entered the premises these women, in dark overalls, were working skilfully and at high speed. Their noses and mouths were covered by cotton masks such as doctors and nurses wear in an operating theatre, to protect their throats against the dust.

They took bales of webbing, about 4 in. wide, to be wound on a machine. Next they carted them to a mechanical cutter and obtained their particular lengths. Then they stood in front of 14-ft. square frames, where the nets were affixed. And there they remained standing for hours, threading the coloured pieces in and out of the strands of the nets according to the intricate patterns allotted them.

Twenty-five nets are completed and dispatched each week. The one man who has contributed directly to the effort is the husband of one of the volunteers. He made the mechanical equipment. The men who have assisted indirectly are those whose disused razor blades have been acquired by their wives for active service in cutting odd shapes of binding.

It all began in a billiards room at the residence of Mrs. Turner, and it has been going on for two years. As the operations grew, the band of helpers moved to a barn. Now there is a bit more room. But no furniture, no comfort, no music while you work. Yet Miss M. Wilmer, who supervises the women's service, smiled happily as she praised her loyal helpers.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

FEBRUARY 2, Wednesday *1,614th day*

Italy.—Announced that a breakthrough in German Gustav Line running from Adriatic coast through Cassino to Tyrrhenian coast achieved by U.S. and French troops of 5th Army.

Russian Front.—Vanaluka and Krivaya Luka, 11 miles N. and S. of Narva, respectively, captured by troops of the Leningrad front under Gen. Govorov.

Pacific.—Announced that ten landings effected in the Marshall Islands on Jan. 31, by U.S troops and Marines with powerful naval and air support. Roi Island, in Kwajalein atoll, taken.

FEBRUARY 3, Thursday *1,615th day*

Italy.—Big German counter-offensive announced against Anzio beach-head.

Russian Front.—Encirclement of over 100,000 Germans in Kanyev area of Dnieper Bend announced.

FEBRUARY 4, Friday *1,616th day*

Italy.—American troops reached outskirts of Cassino. Four German counter-attacks against Anzio beach-head repulsed by 5th Army troops.

Mediterranean.—Toulon raided by Fortresses: French battle-cruiser Dunkerque reported hit.

Russian Front.—Trapped German divisions in Dnieper Bend compressed by surrounding Soviet forces. Coast of Gulf of Finland up to River Narva cleared of all remaining German troops.

Australasia.—In two days of Allied air attacks on Wewak, Rabaul and Madang (New Guinea), Japanese lost 108 aircraft.

Burma.—Japanese launched attack on Arakan front and took Taung Bazaar.

Pacific.—Parashumir, in the Kurlie Islands, heavily shelled by U.S. naval units under Rear-Admi. W. D. Baker.

Air.—Frankfurt raided by escorted Fortresses and Liberators.

Sea.—Revealed that early in January, U.S cruiser Omaha and destroyers Jouett and Somers sank three German blockade runners in the Atlantic.

FEBRUARY 5, Saturday *1,617th day*

Russian Front.—Capture by Russians of Rovno, Luck, and Zdolbunov, W. of 1939 Polish frontier, announced.

Pacific.—U.S. 7th Division completed capture of Kwajalein, Ebeye and Loi Islands in the Marshall group. Stated that U.S. troops had captured 19 of the 32 islands in the Kwajalein atoll.

FEBRUARY 6, Sunday *1,618th day*

Russian Front.—Enemy Lower Dnieper defence line broken by troops of the Third Ukrainian Front after four days' fighting. Apostolovo and Marganets captured. Russians cleared Germans from east bank of Narva River. Helsinki (Finnish capital) bombed by 200 Soviet planes.

Pacific.—Gugegwe, Bigej and Ebler islands, in the Kwajalein atoll, taken by U.S. troops.

FEBRUARY 7, Monday *1,619th day*

Italy.—Capture of Pizzoferato and Montenerodomo by 8th Army announced. Violent enemy counter-attacks in Cisterna and Carroceto areas of Anzio beach-head repulsed by Allied troops.

Russian Front.—Ivanovka taken by Gen. Malinovsky's troops in the Dnieper Bend. Attempts by German 8th Army to break out of Kanyev pocket failed.

FEBRUARY 8, Tuesday *1,620th day*

Russian Front.—Nikopol and Znamenka captured by troops of 3rd and 4th Ukrainian Fronts. German Nikopol bridge-head on left bank of Dnieper liquidated and seven divisions routed.

Pacific.—Capture of whole of the Kwajalein atoll (Marshall Islands) by U.S. troops announced.

Air.—Frankfurt attacked by escorted Fortresses and Liberators for third time in eleven days. Limoges aero-engine works, 200 miles S. of Paris, raided at night by Lancasters.

FEBRUARY 9, Wednesday *1,621st day*

Italy.—Announced that Formia, on Italian west coast, bombarded from the sea several times recently.

Russian Front.—Oredezh, district centre of Leningrad region, occupied by Russian troops. Gorodishche, N. of Zvenigorodka, captured.

FEBRUARY 10, Thursday *1,622nd day*

Italy.—Bitter street fighting raged in Cassino. Some progress made.

Russian Front.—German 8th Army trapped in Kanyev pocket in middle Dnieper still further compressed by surrounding Soviet armies.

Australasia.—Australians in New Guinea advancing from Sio linked with U.S. troops at Yagomi, near Saidor.

Air.—Brunswick attacked by U.S. Fortresses. Fighter airfield at Gilze-Rijen (Holland) bombed by Liberators.

FEBRUARY 11, Friday *1,623rd day*

Italy.—5th Army troops returned on the attack at Carroceto.

Russian Front.—Shepetovka, 35 miles E. of 1939 Polish frontier, captured by troops of Gen. Vatutin's command.

Air.—Frankfurt heavily raided by escorted Fortresses and Liberators.

Sea.—Announced that recently a convoy of 148 ships (escort included) reached N. Africa from Britain intact.

FEBRUARY 12, Saturday *1,624th day*

Russian Front.—Batetskaya, 15 miles E. of Luga on railway to Novgorod, taken by Russian troops. Luga, important centre in enemy's northern defence positions, captured by Red Army.

Australasia.—Rooke Island, between Huon Peninsula and New Britain, occupied by Allied forces.

FEBRUARY 13, Sunday *1,625th day*

Russian Front.—Announced that in five days of battle along shores and E. of Lake Peipus, towns of Gdov, Polna, and Lyady captured by Russians.

FEBRUARY 14, Monday *1,626th day*

Italy.—Fortresses, Mitchells, Marauders and Allied artillery heavily bombarded ancient monastery of Cassino, used as fort.

Mediterranean.—Announced that Brig. E. F. Davies, chief officer of Allied military mission to Albania, captured.

Russian Front.—Korsun, main centre of resistance for trapped Germans in Dnieper Bend, captured. German relief attacks N.W. of Zvenigorodka drove a small wedge into Soviet positions.

Australasia.—Green Islands, N. of Bougainville (Solomons), captured by New Zealand and American troops.

General.—Appointments announced: Lt.-Gen. Sir. A. F. South to be G.O.C.-in-C. Persia and Iraq; Lt.-Gen. Sir K. A. N. Anderson to be G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command; Lt.-Gen. W. D. Morgan to be G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command; Lt.-Gen. Sir H. C. Loyd to be G.O.C.-in-C. London District.

FEBRUARY 15, Tuesday *1,627th day*

Russian Front.—Gorodets and Erebyanka, S. and S.W. of Luga, taken by Soviet forces.

Air.—Berlin received heaviest raid yet (2,500 tons) in history.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

February 12. *First Australian and New Zealand troops to reach the Middle East arrived at Suez.*

1941

February 7. *Italian divisions S. of Benghazi defeated in Battle of Soluk, near Gulf of Sirte.*

February 9. *Genoa bombarded by powerful units of the Royal Navy.*

February 15. *Kismayu (Italian Somaliland) captured by South African and East African troops.*

1942

February 15. *Japanese made large-scale sea landings in S. Sumatra.*

1943

February 8. *Red Army captured Kursk in drive to Ukraine.*

February 12. *Krasnodar, capital of the Kuban, taken by the Russians.*

February 14. *Capture of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad by Generals Malinovsky and Vatutin announced.*

February 15. *Germans attacked the Faid Pass (Tunisia) and penetrated American positions.*

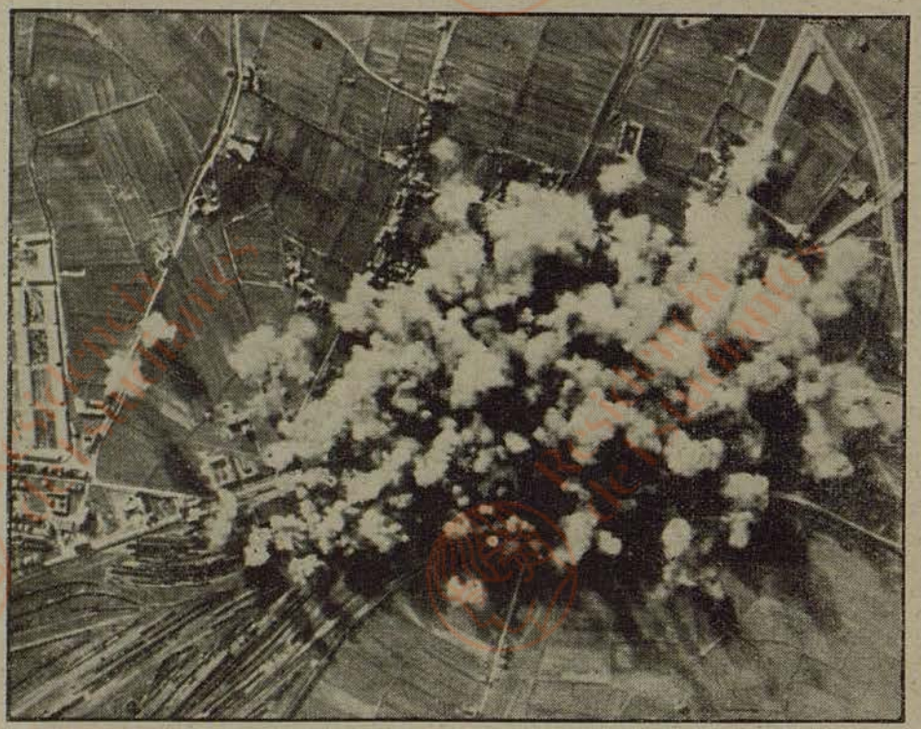
THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

In my last article (page 604) I said I believed that a nation can be defeated in war by bombing. But I made certain provisos, for it is, of course, obvious that the bombers must be able to reach the targets whose destruction is necessary to produce conditions which will bring about the surrender of the enemy. And it is also necessary that the bombing shall be carried out rapidly in sufficient strength to do what is required.

This is well illustrated in the Pacific war zone. There, Japan has been attacked once only, by the Mitchell bombers led by "Jimmy" Doolittle from an American aircraft carrier. It should be noted that Mitchell bombers were Army machines, and that Doolittle is an Army officer. In this action the U.S. Navy returned to the original role of navies, series of stepping stones across the Pacific, the world's largest ocean, to serve as bases for the carrier force.

It is perhaps doubtful if an attack on the Marshall Islands would have succeeded so swiftly before the reconquest of Papua, part of New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and part of New Britain. For two reasons: one, the normal one of creating a dangerous salient, and the other the direct question of balance of forces. The battles of Midway Island, the Coral Sea, and those in Melanesia have worn down Japanese sea and air strength during a period when American strength has increased with great rapidity. American air power is now so dominant over the South-West Pacific that almost any operation by sea or land is possible.



RAILWAY MARSHALLING YARD AT VERONA, Italy, spouts smoke in dense clouds as bombs are dropped dead on the target by Flying Fortresses of the 15th U.S.A.A.F., on Jan. 28, 1944. Verona is a vital link in the German communications system in the north-east of Italy, and Allied bombers have paid the rail yards special attention. *Photo, U.S. Official*

which was to carry soldiers to sea to fight; that is very largely the role of all navies in the Pacific zone.

The importance of bombing Japan proper as a means to winning the war over that enemy is recognized. It has been mentioned by President Roosevelt as one of the aims of the Pacific war. It was referred to by Admiral Nimitz soon after the consolidation of the American landing in the Marshall Islands. "My objective," the American commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet said, "is to get ground and air forces into China." The Navy will push ahead and "try to land wherever we can in China." From Chinese bases, U.S. air forces will launch raids on Japan on the scale of those against Germany.

THERE are here several important points of strategy. First is the statement that the objective of the Navy is to get land and air forces into the Chinese mainland. To do that it is essential for the land and air forces to aid the Navy to succeed. The Navy cannot in one stride achieve the objective named by Admiral Nimitz. The distances are too great. It is imperative to build up a

Japanese ships are not safe in harbour or on the sea. Even under cover of night, when formerly the Japanese thought it safe to run supplies to their forces on the islands in small craft, the enemy supply line is being steadily broken. Aircraft operating with powerful searchlights (as they do when hunting the German submarines in the North Atlantic zone) constantly seek these supply craft and destroy them. The Japanese forces in some of the islands are reported to be suffering from this blockade—in which submarines play a part—to the point of starvation and shortage of military supplies.

AIRFIELDS Swiftly Conjured out of Virgin Territory

Thus the United Nations' commanders-in-chief in the various south-west Pacific zones can determine that the enemy will be in a difficult position to resist before an attack is launched. Success can be almost guaranteed before operations are begun, by the employment of air power in adequate strength.

It is important to observe that every move made in this area is concerned initially with the capture of airfields or of terrain where airfields can be swiftly made. The machinery available to modern military engineering is so efficient that airfield engineers can conjure an airfield good enough for fighter operation out of virgin territory with astonishing speed. But if the enemy is in possession of an airfield it is desirable to capture it at the earliest possible moment after the beginning of an attack, because this is the best means of neutralizing his air power.

EXPERIENCE in the war everywhere has shown the need to increase the range of heavy bombers and high-performance fighters, so that strategic bombardment from the air can be applied almost irrespective of distance, and enemy air power pressed far back from any zone of surface fighting. Where suitable aircraft are not available, or where air bases are too distant from the operational zone, the solution is to be found in the employment of aircraft carriers. The aircraft carrier is, however, an incomplete answer to the problem, because it limits the size of aircraft and therefore imposes a limit upon the size of bomb that can be used.

GETTING Our Bombers Into Position to Batter Japan

Moreover, the floating airfield is handicapped when operating against a powerful land-based air force, if only for the reason that the latter's airfields are unsinkable. That is why it is necessary to get aircraft on to shore-based airfields in China before the Japanese industrial targets between Tokyo and Nagasaki can be properly assailed from the air, with sufficient strength and rapidity to bring about the destruction of the Japanese war machine, and create the requisite conditions for Japanese surrender.

Yet we have seen how the combined aircraft and warship bombardment of the atoll of Kwajalein, the Japanese main naval and air base and administrative centre in the Marshall Islands, caused the death of half the garrison and so made its fall to the Americans with remarkably light casualties a foregone conclusion. This shows that it is possible in the present state of Japanese air strength to bring to bear against such "outposts" a concentration of sea-borne air-power sufficient to cause their fall in collaboration with the operations of sea and land forces. But it should not be forgotten that these actions are merely an opening in a longer-term strategy of getting the heavy bombers into position to bombard Japan. That is the objective. The capture of Kwajalein atoll is an incident.

THE surrender of Italy was almost directly brought about by air bombardment. It was perhaps symptomatic that our occupational forces were not ready to follow up with sufficient speed to take full advantage of the strategic opening given them by air power. I have already in these notes referred to the lack of faith in air power which has delayed the fullest possible air bombardment of Germany. Let us hope that we shall have learned our lesson by the time the bombers get into position for their master-stroke against Japan. For Japan can be beaten by air power used as we now know how to use it. Although geography demands that naval and land forces must aid the air to get into position to defeat Japan, when once that bombardment begins I do not expect that America will repeat the mistake that we have made over the strength and frequency of our attacks on Germany.

Meanwhile, Allied forces in India, Burma and China prepare to aid Admiral Nimitz's strategy. General Joseph Stilwell, commanding U.S. ground forces in India, says that transport aircraft will land supplies on new Chinese airfields for a full-scale offensive to support Nimitz's westward thrust. Dual objective—mainland air bases from which to attack Japan.

Massed Airborne Troops Descend on England



DROPPING INTO BATTLE from the sky came British and Canadian parachute troops during a recent great airborne invasion rehearsal in England. Amid the billowing parachutes are twenty-five planes of the U.S. Army Air Force Troops Carrier Command Squadron which dropped the men over the "battle" area. A number have landed and are preparing for immediate action. Allied parachute troops have gained distinction in several actions in the Tunisian campaign and in Italy, but mass use against the Germans has yet to be staged.

New York Times Photos

Decorated for Services Rendered in the Air



Actg. S./Ldr. P. J. E. RITCHIE, D.F.C., R.A.F.
For "great skill and qualities of leadership" which he displayed particularly during one operation when, leading a fighter escort to a force of torpedo-carrying aircraft attacked by enemy planes, he prevented the latter from achieving their aim of destroying the torpedo-carriers, he was awarded the D.F.C. in May 1943.



Actg. W-Cmdr. L. COHEN, D.S.O., D.F.C., M.C., R.A.F.V.R.
Air Liaison Officer to the Royal Navy since 1940, W-Cmdr. Cohen has taken part in many sorties, ranging from the Norwegian coast to the North African coast and has acted as air-gunner and observer. Aged 68, the D.F.C. was added to his other decorations for "his magnificent example to all."



P./O. J. E. F. WRIGHT, D.F.C., R.A.F.
Aged 21, he is the first film cameraman to win the D.F.C. in this war. With 35 operational sorties to his credit, he has produced valuable film records of the Sicilian and Italian campaigns.





Flt.-Sgt. F. E. MATHERS, C.G.M., R.A.A.F.
During a raid in June 1943 on Mulheim, German iron-working centre, the bomber he was piloting had two of its engines put out of action, and its controls shot away. He brought the disabled aircraft home, shooting down an enemy fighter on the way.

P./O. R. C. DUNSTAN, D.S.O., R.A.A.F.
P./O. Dunstan lost a leg in fighting at Tobruk on Jan. 15, 1941. Discharged, he later joined the R.A.F. as an air-gunner, and, despite his handicap, took part in many hazardous operations.



Actg. S/.Ldr. A. W. BARR, D.F.C., R.A.A.F.
"Outstanding qualities of leadership and devotion to duty" earned for him a Bar to his Distinguished Flying Cross.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Editor's Postscript

A PROMINENT member of the Labour Party once defined Socialism to me—I had asked him to tell me in a sentence what it meant—as "Doing Things for Ourselves." If that is correct, the British Restaurants, of which there are now over 2,000 all over the country (although a number have recently been closed), must be called a Socialistic experiment, though most of those who run them and serve in them, whether as paid or voluntary helpers, would repudiate the suggestion vehemently. They are a striking illustration of doing things for ourselves. They serve not far short of 600,000 meals a day, mostly in the middle of the day, though some open again in the evening. So far as my experience goes the meals are excellent. Naturally they are not all up to the same standard either of cooking or variety of choice. Some have tables daintily covered, with flowers on them; others are not quite so trim. But in general they could hardly be improved upon. What will be done about them after the war, many people are now wondering.

ARE Socialism and Trade Unionism opposed to one another? It looks more and more like it. Take this illustration from Russia. A young woman working in a large ball-bearing factory was constantly hearing about the shortage of labour, which is felt in the U.S.S.R. as well as here. She thought a lot about it and came to the conclusion that too many people were being employed on her particular job.

She was leader of a factory "brigade," so she reduced the number of those she led by half, and then she made this smaller force work so hard that they produced four times as much as the "brigade" had turned out before. Just think what the old-fashioned British or American trade union leader would say about that! The Russians have realized that the national interest must come before any sectional interest, even if it means doing more work with fewer workers. Some discovery!

MR. HAROLD NICHOLSON, M.P., put into circulation among his fellow-legislators an amusing story the other day. He was coming back to London in a train that was packed during an all-night journey. In the early morning he found himself in the corridor next to a Polish airman. They began to talk, and the M.P. said "Isn't it fine and rather wonderful the cheerful, good-tempered way our people suffer discomfort of this kind?" To which the Pole swiftly answered with one bitter word which he jerked out with disdainful rage: "Sheeps!"

"THE Future of Cricket" is to be considered by a committee which the Marylebone Cricket Club has nominated. This committee consists of amateurs, or "Gentlemen," as they are called still, to distinguish them from "Players," that is, professional cricketers. This has called forth some unfavourable comment. There certainly seems every reason why those who are really most concerned in such matters as Sunday matches, one of the points the committee is to discuss, should take part in the discussion. But the exclusion of the professionals by the M.C.C. is no surprise. The line of demarcation between Gentlemen and Players has always been insisted on firmly at Lord's (the celebrated match ground at St. John's Wood). They are an autocratic body, the governing council of the M.C.C. I have always been amused by the notices they put up on the gates, worded like Tsarist rescripts in the old days of monarchy in Russia. By the way, an exhibition game of cricket was played last year in Moscow before a large crowd of spectators. Their verdict was that as a game it was "rather too slow." Many people here think that too.

WHAT Nissen huts are like to live in now I do not know from experience, though I hear them spoken of by some men with approval. But I know what they were like when they were used first—in the last war soon after they had been invented by a serving officer of Danish extraction, Lt.-Col. Peter N. Nissen, D.S.O., of the R.E.'s. The idea seemed a good one. Instead of making a four-sided hut out of corrugated iron roofing, which involved a lot of cutting and fixing in position, Lt.-Col. Nissen took a sheet of corrugated iron, bent it into a half-circle, filled up the ends with more roofing, and there was your hut! The chief drawbacks were that it was desperately hot when the summer sun shone powerfully on it, and piercingly cold in winter. My recollection, however, is of a quarter-century ago, and I am assured that extensive improvements have now been effected in these huts, which then filled and again are filling such great and varied needs. Easily transported in sections, speedily erected and, when necessary, dismantled and removed to other positions, their utility is obvious.

WHAT a fresh torment to railway travel has been added by the station announcers whose voices rumble overhead and for the most part, in my experience, give no help at all because, perhaps, I may be going a bit deaf; their accents, sometimes hoarse and unpleasing, sometimes ladylike and mincing, but often quite agreeable or amusing, have on many passengers a merely disturbing effect. Amid the bustle and hurried coming-and-going which prevail in all big stations nowadays, the monotonous recital of the names of places, coming from the roof, creates that feeling of tension which "noises off" are always apt to produce. At one Underground station I occasionally use the loudspeaker voice almost terrifies! The novelty was introduced in order to save the station staffs from being too much interrogated by passengers about their trains. But just as many flustered men and women—especially men, I think—seem to be asking questions, often quite unnecessary questions, of the harassed porters, guards and ticket-inspectors. The good order and absence of agitation and excitement at the London termini and those in other big cities is very remarkable. People wait patiently, they move about methodically, they most of them take the trouble to look at indicator boards or posters to find out about their trains. I would have children taught to do that at school.

A TOWN near which I live received a consignment of oranges, and all the children seemed to be sucking them and throwing away the peel. I really should have liked to see a collection of it made. Now that candied peel of the sort that was so good in puddings and cakes is unprocurable, orange peel makes a very fair substitute. And although these oranges were not the kind used for marmalade of the best quality, their peel could have been used to stiffen and flavour. It went to my heart (or should I say, to my stomach?) to see this waste. The Ministry of Food advocates the use of the peel because "there is twice as much Vitamin C in the peel of an orange as in the flesh or juice."

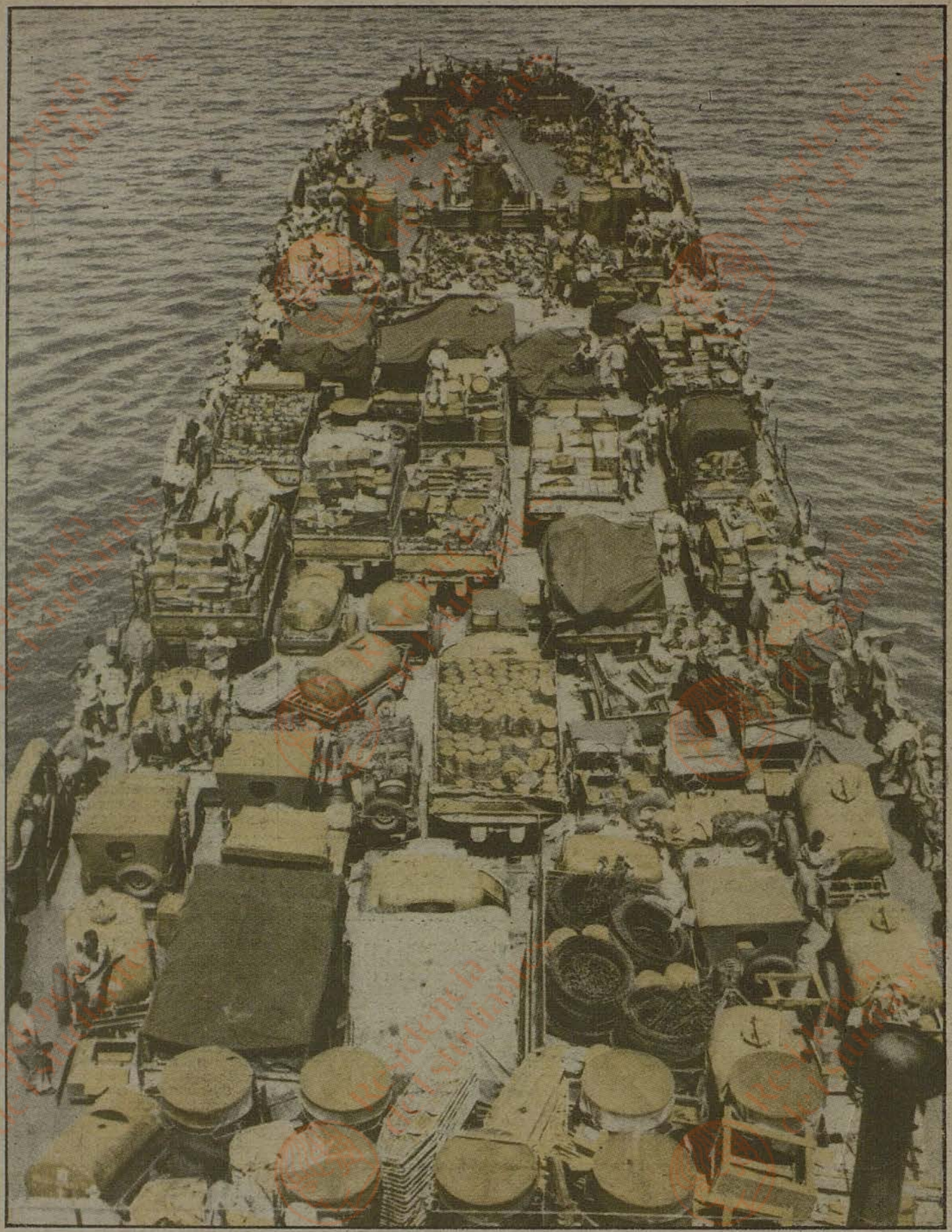
INCONGRUOUS are some of the contrasts between what different units of our soldiers are doing in these days of hard fighting and expectation of still more fiercely-contested engagements to come. I have had a letter from a young friend of mine who was a light opera singer and a clever actor as well. He is in South Africa, and he spends a large part of his time carrying on his peacetime occupation. Very sensible of the authorities to let him take part in entertainments, considering that there cannot be very much to do in the soldiering line out there.

I SUPPOSE it was bound to be revived—that old controversy: Are the Guards regiments really smarter in peace and better fighters in war than regiments of the Line? It always crops up in wartime. No conclusion is ever come to, the reason being that no yardstick exists by which we can measure the respective merits of the two competitors. More trouble is taken to keep Guardsmen spick and span when they are in barracks. But as to their qualities in battle, I don't believe—nor do they really believe themselves—that these are superior to the rest of the combatant forces. It is interesting that in all the countries troops known as Guards should have so high a reputation; even the U.S.S.R. is no exception to this. They were originally Household Guards, raised by sovereigns for their own protection, who picked the best they could get. So the legend started, and it survives today. Once our Brigade of Guards did require its recruits to be taller and better developed physically than the general run. But that, I learn, has been dropped for the duration of the war.



Lieut.-General OMAR BRADLEY, D.S.M., whose appointment to command the U.S. Army in the Field under General Eisenhower was announced on Jan. 17, 1944. Now 50 years old, he led the American Second Corps throughout the Tunisian campaign, and it was to him that the German General Krause, Afrika Korps artillery commander, surrendered unconditionally in May 1943. *Photo, Associated Press*

Tight-Packed with Trouble for the Japanese



CRAMMED TO UTMOST CAPACITY with U.S. Marines, lorries, jeeps, water and water-purifying tanks, oil drums, barbed wire, rafts and food-canisters for dropping from the air, this shallow-draught, ocean-crossing L.S.T. (landing ship, tank), only half of which appears in the photograph, heads for the Cape Gloucester area, New Britain, where a landing was effected on Dec. 26, 1943. A bridgehead was established and Japanese air-strips were captured, from which to continue pounding enemy positions there and in New Guinea. See story in p. 691. *Photo, Associated Press*

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Vol 7 **The War Illustrated** N° 173

SIXPENCE — Edited by Sir John Hammerton — FEBRUARY 4, 1944



GENERAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY, K.C.B., D.S.O., surveys the shell-torn ruins of Fossacesia behind the Allied lines on the Italian front. Now in Britain in his new post of C.-in-C. of the British Group of Invasion Armies under General Eisenhower (announced on Dec. 24, 1943), he has handed over the Eighth Army, which he commanded in North Africa, Sicily and Italy from August 1942, to Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese (see illus. p. 554), one of his Corps Commanders. *Photo, British Official*

NO. 174 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18

Home Front Revisited by Our Roving Camera

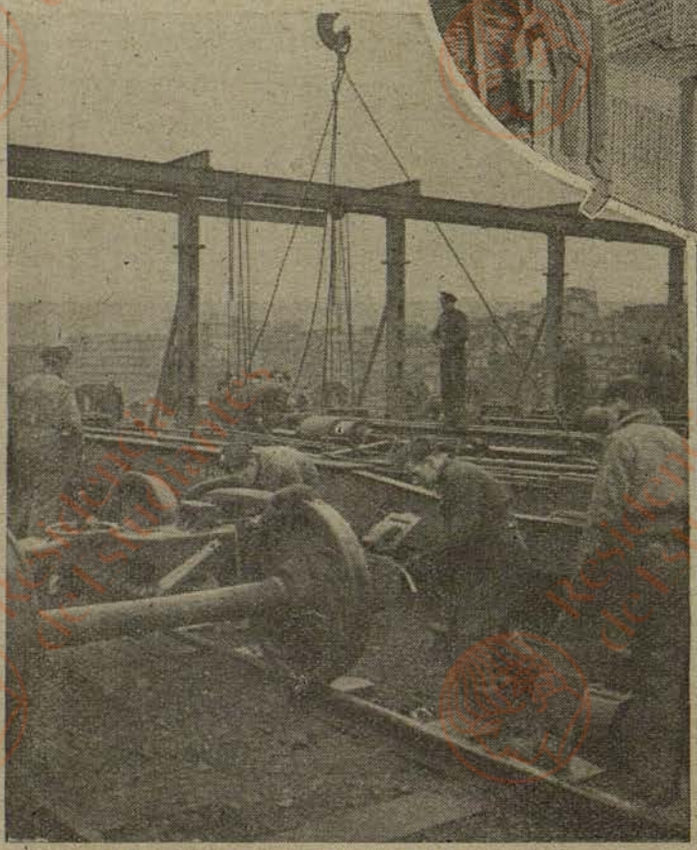


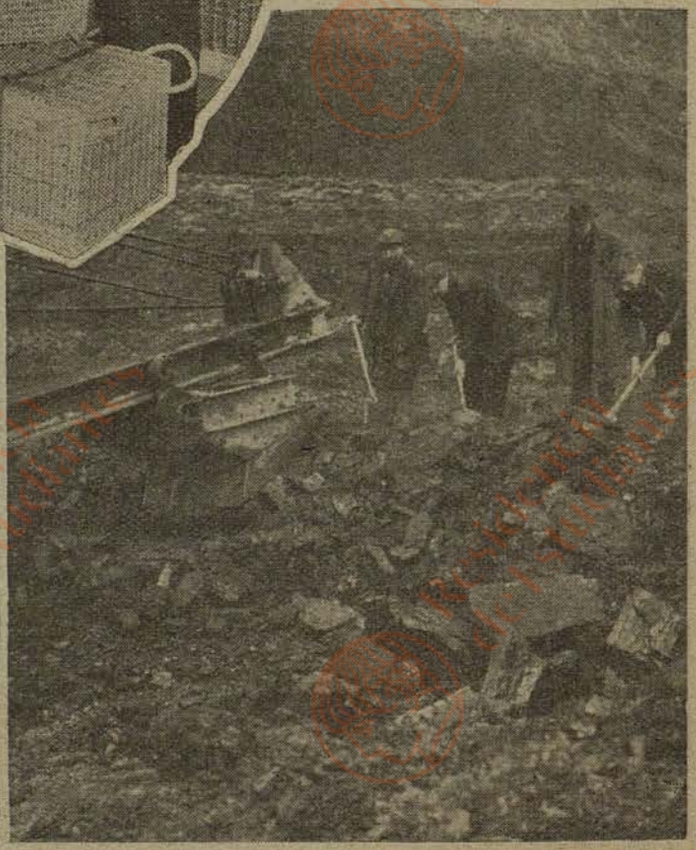
SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE explains his social security plans, in a talk on "Security and Adventure," to schoolboys and girls at Central Hall, Westminster, London, on Jan. 5, 1944. The meeting, attended by more than 2,000, was arranged by the Council for Education on World Citizenship.



PUBLIC HEALTH emergency laboratory units are being established at strategic points in Britain to prevent, or combat, wartime epidemics. Bacteriologists and their staffs, complete with all necessary medical equipment, arrive speedily at the scene of operations.







U.S. ARMY TRANSPORTATION CORPS and British R.E.s work together (left) at this busy depot assembling vital rolling-stock for future military operations. Outcrop coal, to supplement mined supplies, so very necessary to the war effort, is obtained without shaft-sinking; in Yorkshire it is being lifted by mechanical shovels (right) at the rate of thousands of tons a month. Airborne troops' supplies are contained in light hampers (in circle, above) specially manufactured for the purpose.

Photos, New York Times Photos, Planet News, Central Press

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

WHEN the Russians were approaching the Dnieper, I discussed (page 291) the question whether the Germans would attempt to hold the river as a winter defence line or only as an intermediate position pending further withdrawal. I thought, in view of the obvious objections to the Dnieper line, that they would adopt the latter alternative, but apparently Hitler decided to insist on the former. The Dnieper position has been shattered, but the Germans are clinging obstinately to the fragments that remain—on the Upper Dnieper from Vitebsk to Zhlobin, on the Middle at Kanyev, and on the Lower from Nikopol to the Black Sea.

In the centre, Vatutin's offensive has driven them back well beyond the line on which I thought they might have established a winter front, and they have lost the only two lateral railways across the Pripet Marshes. The net result is that their front, previously overlong, has been greatly lengthened, and their northern and southern armies are separated by the marshes and are connected only by roundabout lateral communications. Their situation is, of course, still further worsened by the heavy losses they have sustained; and by the fact that the considerable forces in the Crimea and on the Leningrad front on their flanks can exercise no influence on the major operations and make little demands on Russian resources.

Obviously, the general strategic situation is desperately unfavourable for the Germans, particularly on the southern half of their front. If they attempt to withdraw from the Dnieper bend now, while the ground is hard, they would be hotly pursued by the 3rd and 4th Ukrainian Armies at present facing them on the Dnieper; while Koniev's 2nd and part of Vatutin's 1st armies could operate on the flanks of their retreat. Moreover, the main part of Vatutin's army threatens to close the avenue of retreat towards Poland and to interpose between that portion of von Manstein's southern armies which is attempting to keep the avenue to Poland open, and the portion which is still clinging to the Ukraine.

So far as I can judge, the Germans have only two hopes of escaping from their predicament without complete disaster. They may, on the one hand, hope to retain their positions in the Dnieper bend until the spring thaw, when Russian pursuit would be practically impossible, and when their possession of intact railways would still make a deliberate withdrawal practicable. In the meantime, they may hope that the momentum of the Russian offensive may be reduced by exhaustion of the troops and difficulty of maintaining supplies over ever-lengthening and indifferent communication lines.

Clearly, much depends on whether the spring thaw comes early, since that would shorten the critical period in which the Russian offensive must be checked or slowed down if a forced retreat is to be avoided. The winter has so far been abnormally mild and this, it is said, is generally followed by an early spring. The other hope the Germans may have is that von Manstein will not only succeed in keeping open communication between the Ukraine and Poland, but may, if he can be strongly reinforced from central reserves, be able to throw back Vatutin's main offensive thrust and recover lost ground. If these are the German hopes it may be interesting to consider how far the course of events, since I last wrote a fortnight ago, suggest that they may be fulfilled.

At that time Vatutin's renewal of the offensive after the seven weeks of defensive battle in which he had fought von Manstein to exhaustion had only been in progress for a week. He had recovered Korosten and Zhitomir, and at Kasatin had cut one of the two railways from the Ukraine to Poland; but the German stronghold of Berdichev, on the same line, appeared likely to be a formidable obstacle in his advance to the second. It was, however, soon apparent that Vatutin's offensive had amazing weight, despite the difficulty of its long lines of communication. His main front of attack extended over 100 miles, facing towards Shepetovka in the west and Vinnitsa in the south, thus threatening Berdichev in the centre with encirclement.

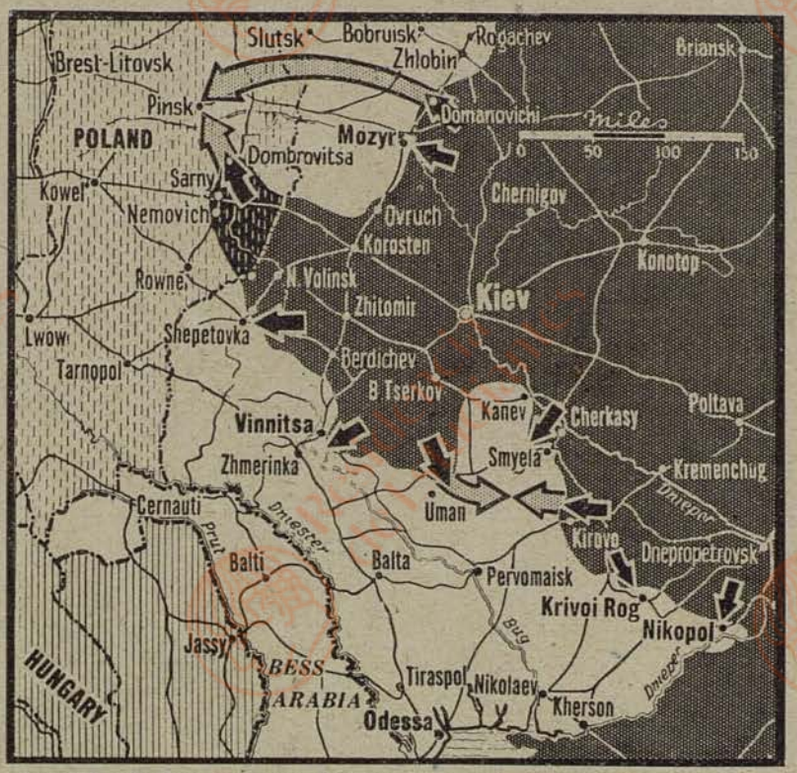
AFTER being driven out of Zhitomir, Manstein apparently retreated towards the south-west, presumably hoping to rally on the Shepetovka-Berdichev line where he might receive reinforcements from reserves in Poland. But this gave Vatutin the opportunity of outflanking Berdichev on the east; resulting first in the capture of Kasatin and, later, to the outflanking of Vinnitsa. On Jan. 5 Berdichev itself was captured by storm, and by the middle of the month the Russians were getting close to Shepetovka on the right, and had by-passed Vinnitsa on the left, reaching the line of the Upper Bug. Here they were only some 20 miles distant from Zhmerinka on the last railway between the Ukraine and Poland.

MEANWHILE, however, von Manstein had received substantial reinforcements and, fighting stubbornly, was able to slow down the advance of the Russians towards Shepetovka and south of Berdichev; while counter-attacking fiercely, though without much success, their salient east of Vinnitsa. His counter-attacks, however, seem to be defensive in character and there are no signs that he has been sufficiently reinforced to stage another large-scale counter-offensive. The ranks of his depleted units have no doubt been refilled and his losses of tanks made good from depots in Poland; but it seems improbable that he can have been given a sufficient number of divisions from the German central reserve to enable him to embark on ambitious operations. It is very doubtful whether, in fact, the Germans still have as strong a central reserve as they are sometimes credited with.

Vatutin, in addition to his main drive, has been able with his right wing to attack westwards along the south side of the Pripet Marshes, and, by capturing Sarny, has cut the second railway across them. This is an important success which must greatly add to von Manstein's difficulties; and it has been made all the more important by Rokossovsky's capture of Mozyr; for the two armies can now co-operate closely and threaten the important centre of Pinsk.

It would seem that von Manstein is under such heavy pressure from Vatutin's main force and right wing that he has little prospect of saving Vinnitsa or of keeping the railway through Zhmerinka open indefinitely. It is evident that Vatutin has immense forces at his disposal, for he has been able with his left wing to strike south, in yet a third direction in order to co-operate with Koniev's army against the German pocket on the Middle Dnieper at Kanyev. After capturing Byelaya Tserkov this thrust has made rapid progress, cutting all direct railway connexions between the Middle Dnieper and the Polish frontier while, at the same time, Koniev, after capturing Kirovograd and inflicting a heavy defeat on the Germans there, threatens to cut the railway from Smyela to Odessa.

THE Germans in the pocket are obviously in a desperately precarious position although a counter-attack in the Uman region has temporarily relieved the situation. Their withdrawal or annihilation would enable Koniev and Vatutin to advance on a long front to the Bug, threatening the line of retreat of the armies behind the lower Dnieper to an extent that would almost certainly entail their early withdrawal. Incidentally, the elimination of the Middle Dnieper pocket would open a new line of communication for the Russians through their Cherkasy bridgehead, which would help greatly to maintain the momentum of an advance to the Bug. It would seem that neither of the suggested hopes the Germans may have is likely to be fulfilled, and that they will be in still greater trouble before the spring thaw gives them a respite.



MOVES ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT, January 14, 1944, indicated by arrows. Following the capture of Kalinkovichi and Mozyr, in White Russia, on that date, Soviet forces made a new twin thrust towards Pinsk, tearing apart the middle Pripet Marshes and the Zhlobin-Bobruisk supply line. On the Vinnitsa and Uman sectors battles of great violence were in progress. *By courtesy of The News Chronicle*

In Mud and Misery German Grenadiers Retreat



WAR-TIDE IN RUSSIA FLOWS AT LOW EBB for Germany's vaunted panzer grenadiers (below) clinging to a mud-clogged tracked car in retreat from the Nevel front, which commenced early in October 1943. In victorious contrast is the Soviet cavalryman (top) in camouflage-cloak and armed with automatic carbine; Cossacks were the first to cross the Polish 1939 frontier, on Jan. 4, 1944, in advance of infantry and mechanized divisions of Vatutin's First Ukrainian Army.

Photos, Planet News, New York Times Photos

Rapidly Vatutin Moves the East Front West







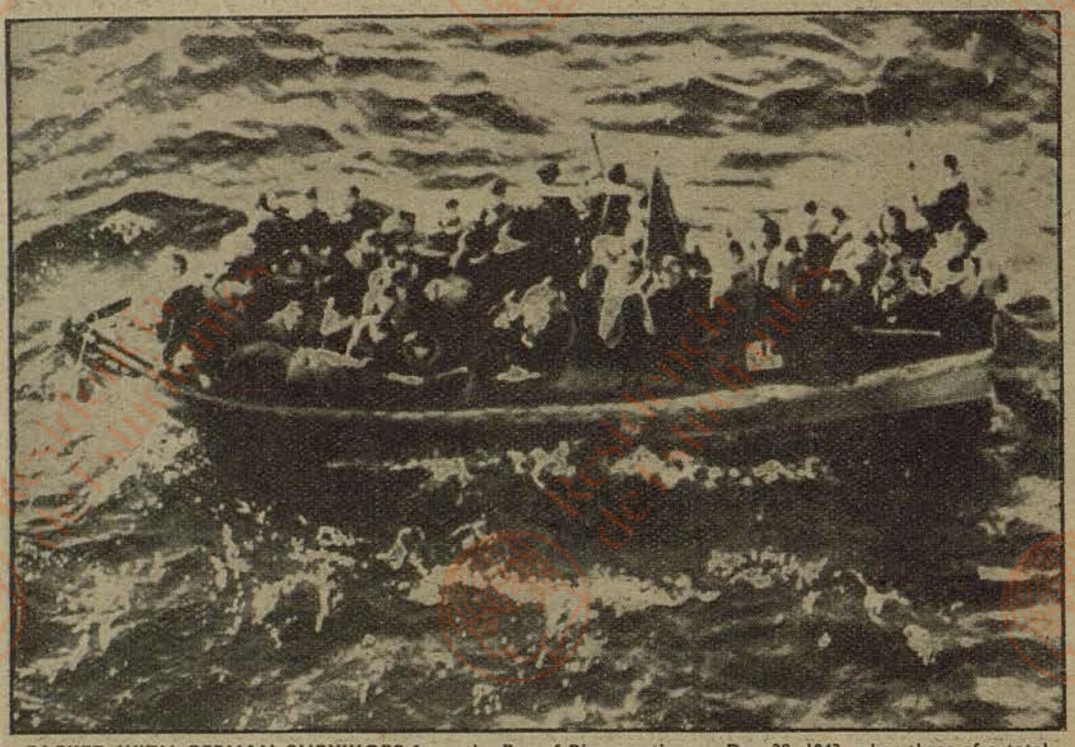
'THE EAST FRONT IS COMING NEARER HOME!' wailed a Wehrmacht spokesman in a broadcast on Jan. 12, 1944, on which day the Soviet First Ukrainian Army under General Nikolai Federovitch Vatutin striking westward along snowy roads (1) on an 80-mile front into Poland captured the large railway junction and important German stronghold of Sarny. Germans surrender to a Russian outpost (3); two camouflaged enemy machine-gunners use tracer bullets by night (2) against a Russian advanced position.

Photos, Planet News, Pictorial Press

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

ONE of the secrets of the success with which the Scharnhorst was first repelled, kept within reach and finally engaged and sunk, is now known to have been very careful advance planning by the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet and his staff. Every possibility was taken into consideration, and the various ships concerned in the action had all rehearsed, in a series of exercises, the parts they were likely to play. In these rehearsals one of our own ships acted as though she were a German attempting an attack on a convoy. H.M.S. Jamaica, it is stated, was the dummy Scharnhorst in one of the most recent of these exercises, and carried out manoeuvres very similar to those of the German battleship on December 26. Thus when the real operation had to be carried out, every move was made with such precision that the action is likely to go down in naval history as a model of its kind. (See story in p. 570 ; also pp. 518-520.)



PACKED WITH GERMAN SURVIVORS from the Bay of Biscay action on Dec. 28, 1943, when three of a total force of 11 enemy destroyers were sunk by the cruisers H.M.S. Glasgow and Enterprise, a lifeboat heads for the rescue ship. Aircraft of Coastal Command, first to spot the enemy force, took part in the action, and it was from an Australian-manned Sunderland that this photograph was taken. On the previous day a 5,000-ton enemy blockade-runner was sunk by a Liberator. See also p. 532. *Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright*

THERE are now no German ships of any size in Norwegian waters, except the 40,000-ton Tirpitz, which is lying crippled in the Altenfjord. There she is guarded against air attack by the 46-year-old Norwegian coast defence ships Harald Haarfagre and Tordenskjold, which the Germans have renamed Thetis and Nymphe respectively, and rearmed with high-angle guns of various calibres.

All the other enemy warships of any importance that were formerly in the Altenfjord and other Norwegian anchorages appear to have returned to the Baltic. They include the 10,000-ton "pocket battleships" Admiral Scheer and Lützow (the latter is believed to have been damaged by torpedo attack from our midget submarines in September), the 10,000-ton cruisers Admiral Hipper and Prinz Eugen, and the smaller cruisers Nürnberg, Leipzig, Köln and Emden, of which little has been heard for a long time. It is possible, indeed, that one of them may have been sunk, as the Soviet Navy claims that a ship believed to be a cruiser was destroyed in the Gulf of Finland a couple of years ago.

THERE are also the battleship Gneisenau, of 26,000 tons, sister to the sunk Scharnhorst, and the aircraft carrier Graf Zeppelin. When last seen the Gneisenau was undergoing complete reconstruction, as the internal damage done by Allied bombing at Brest and by a torpedo hit on passage from there to Germany was very extensive. Owing to shortage of material, it is believed that such of the Gneisenau's equipment as had remained intact was taken from her to replace corresponding gear which had been destroyed or damaged in the Scharnhorst, in order that the latter might sooner be made ready for sea. Thus the Scharnhorst was partly composed of material removed from her sister ship.

As for the Graf Zeppelin, it is rumoured that she has been disarmed in order that her guns may be utilized for other purposes. When this ship was launched, her design was acclaimed by admirers of Germany as superior to anything built by the Allies. The extensive range of her armament, which included no fewer than sixteen 5·9-in. guns, ten of 4·1-in. calibre and twenty-two of 37 mm., was extolled as being superior to that of most cruisers, so that she would be better able to defend herself against surface vessels than other ships of her category. In fact, it was merely a proof that the Germans were inexperienced in aircraft carrier design, for a carrier's own aircraft are her best defence against other ships, and any guns except high-angle ones merely add weight and occupy valuable space without conferring any corresponding advantage. It was for this reason that the 8-in. guns formerly carried as primary armament by the U.S. aircraft carriers Saratoga and Lexington were removed when those ships were refitted in 1940-41. (See illustration in p. 134, Vol. 2.) What is the reason for this concentration of the heavier German warships in the Baltic ? Possibly the success of British midget submarines in penetrating such a remote anchorage as the Altenfjord may have had something to do with it ; but the governing factor may well be the desire of the German Army, which carries much more weight than the Navy in the counsels of the High Command, to have under its control a sufficient reserve of naval material to counterbalance anything the Russians may bring out from Kronstadt in the spring.

At present the Baltic is frozen up, and ships can only get out of port with the aid of powerful icebreakers. In March the ice should begin to melt, by which time the German armies may well be retreating through Estonia and Latvia, with the Soviet forces pressing them hard. Their flank would then be exposed to attacks from the Red Fleet if the latter were not faced with serious opposition at sea ; and it would be possible for guerilla forces to be landed in the rear of the retreating Germans.

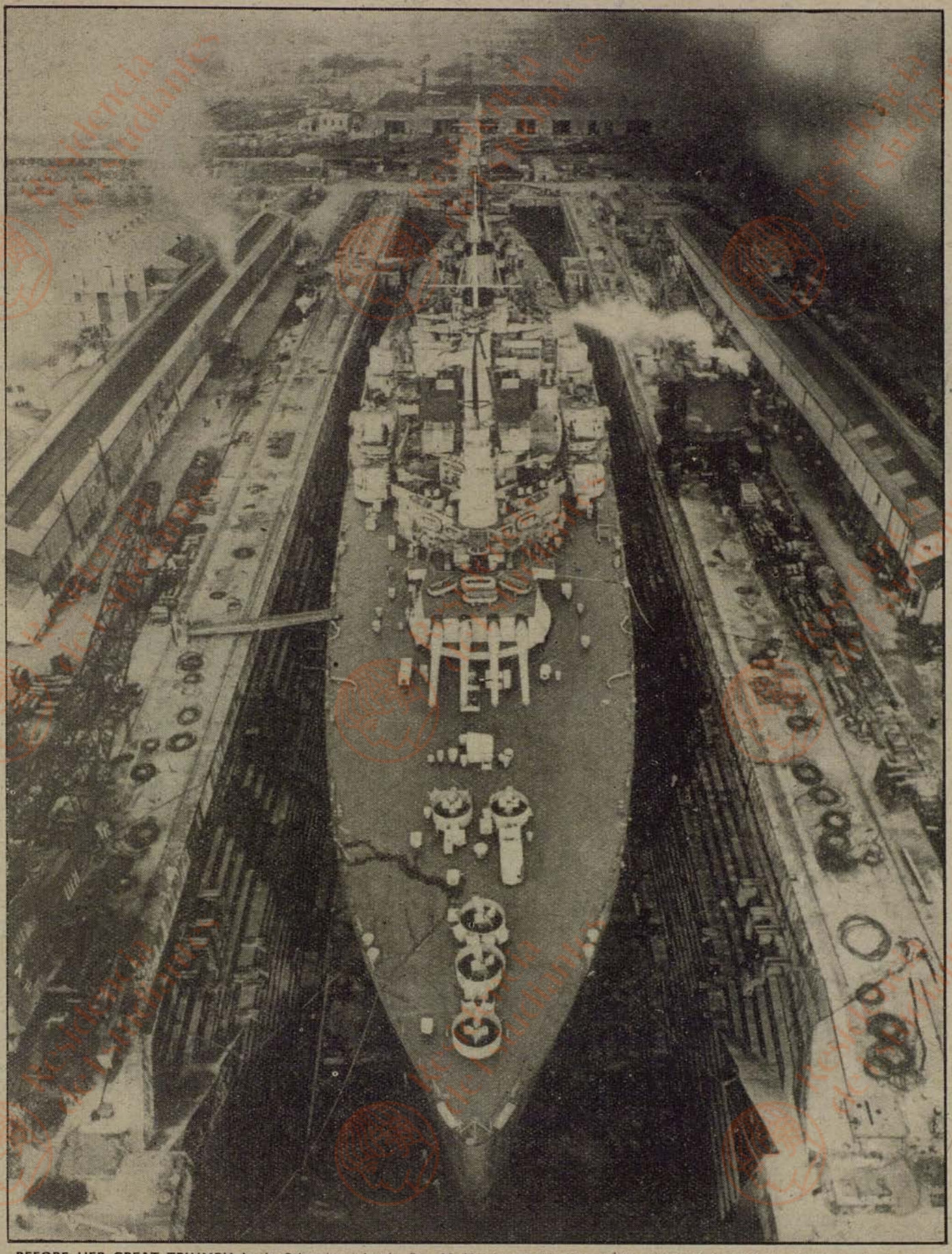
So far as is known, the Soviet fleet at Kronstadt includes two old battleships, the Marat and Oktiabrskaya Revolutia ; a heavy cruiser, the Petropavlovsk, acquired from Germany early in 1940 and possibly still incomplete ; and two or three cruisers of the 8,500-ton Kirov class. Many destroyers, submarines, motor-torpedo-boats and minesweepers should also be available.

Doubtless the Germans may consider their two old coast defence ships, the Schlesien and Schleswig-Holstein, of 13,040 tons, to be worth using in support of military operations. Though they are nearly 38 years old, their armour is still sound, and they mount four 11-in. and ten 5·9-in. guns. They are inferior on paper to the Marat and Oktiabrskaya Revolutia, which are 10,000 tons heavier, and mount twelve 12-in. guns each as main armament.

IN the meantime, a third naval Power in the Baltic is taking no chances of being caught napping in the event of war touching her territory. This is Sweden, a neutral whose sympathies earlier in the war seemed likely to be attracted more by Germany. Nazi cruelty in Norway and Denmark has now produced a great change in Swedish feeling, and the swing-round has even affected the amount of iron ore which Germany is being permitted to purchase from the Grangesberg mines this year. The Royal Swedish Navy today comprises seven coast defence ships of between 3,400 and 7,300 tons ; one fairly modern cruiser and one older, but modernized ; 21 modern destroyers ; two minelayers ; 28 submarines ; and a considerable number of torpedo-boats, minesweepers and smaller craft. This efficient little fleet would be a hard nut for even the German Navy to tackle, now that the latter has suffered so many losses. Under construction are two cruisers and two large destroyers.

FROM a reply to a question in Parliament, it seems that Spain is being asked to release a number of Italian ships which have been lying idle in Spanish harbours for a considerable time past. Being merchant vessels, their case is quite different from that of the cruiser Attilio Regolo, which, together with three or four smaller craft, was interned last September at Mahon, in the island of Minorca.

How Mighty Duke of York Prepared for Victory



BEFORE HER GREAT TRIUMPH in the Scharnhorst battle, Dec. 26, 1943 (see pp. 518-520 and 570), H.M.S. Duke of York refits in dry-dock. Prior to smashing the German battleship, she carried Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, on a good will visit to Vice-Admiral Golovko, C.-in-C. Soviet Northern Fleet. It was the first occasion on which a Home Fleet flagship had entered a Russian harbour. The Vice-Admiral and his officers were profoundly impressed during their tour of inspection of this colossal ship of war.

Photo, Keystone

He Sails With 10,000 Lives Dependent on Him

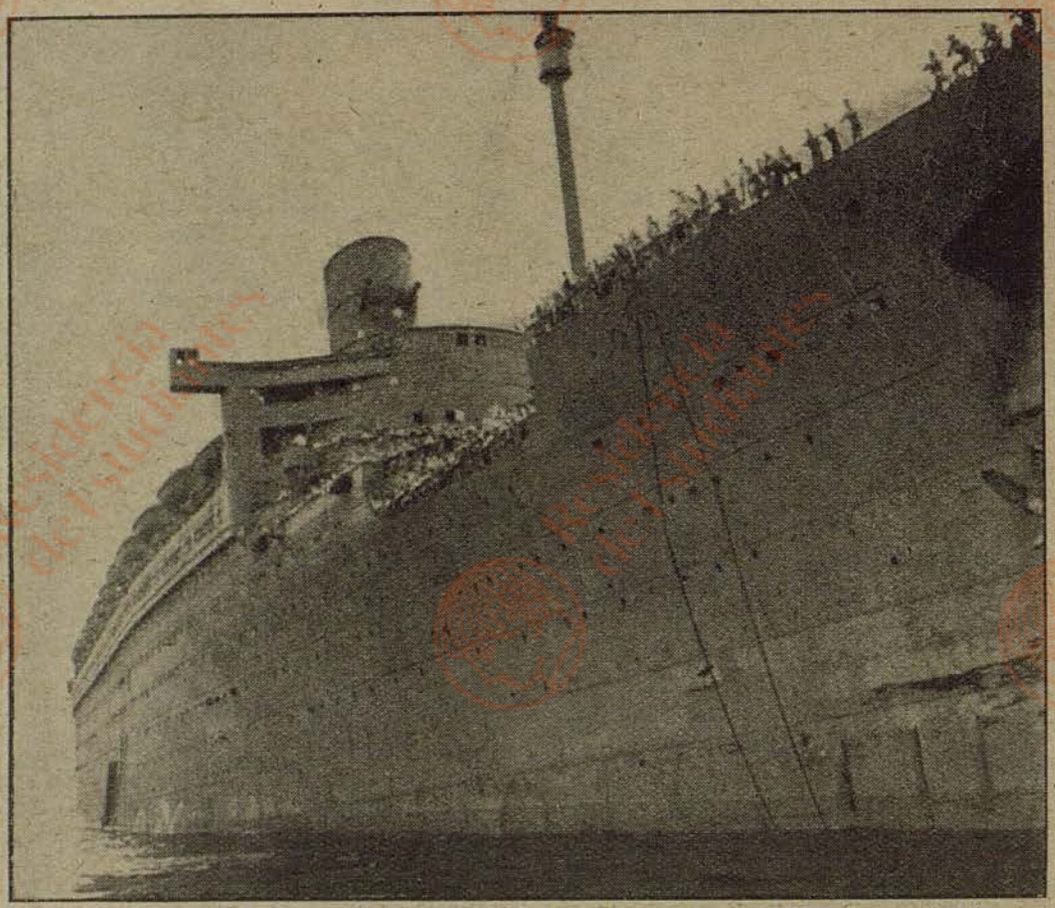
The liner-turned-troop-transport carries multitudes of battle-trained men over the seas to reinforce our armies or take part in invasion plans. Its master is numbered among the finest seamen in the world, and CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW further describes him as "the man who has forgotten what peaceful sleep is—who eats his meals on the bridge." See also facing page.

THE man with most responsibility in the whole Merchant Navy is the master of a big troop-carrying transport. His task requires almost superhuman ability and courageous resourcefulness. A ship of the Queen Mary type is a big enough responsibility for any one individual even in peacetime, when there is a staff trained to a hair to share the burden with the man on the bridge; his chief concern then is to keep the passengers safe and entertained.

Now he is required to carry some ten thousand human beings, each man a highly-trained soldier, through seas full of death and danger, and land them at an arranged destination in condition fit, if necessary, for instant battle-service. His ship has lost its sleek beauty. She is now purely utilitarian. Handsome panelling is either torn down or screened against damage; the ameliorations of sea-life are forgotten until the war ends and civilization regains its sanity.

The transport captain's main responsibility in war is not only his ship. The result of a battle might well depend upon him; for if his human freight is not delivered to schedule defeat might result. The Royal Navy and the R.A.F. give the trooper protection; but the enemy spares no effort to destroy it. Speed alone cannot be of much aid; the maximum speed of the ship is some thirty knots, whilst that of an Axis bombing plane may well be almost 300 m.p.h. Ability to manoeuvre with lightning-like promptness is one of the main qualities of such a ship-master—a veteran of the sea with an acquired intuition which tells him just when a bomb may fall or a torpedo skim across his course. Naturally, the big transport is heavily armed. She bristles with guns of every kind, from lean 6-in. pieces capable of fighting-off a light cruiser or a pack of destroyers, to high-angle "Chicago pianos" for dealing with diving aircraft. The defence of his ship against all forms of attack is the captain's affair. He has to save his packed masses of efficient manhood by every possible means.

The Navy might keep down the U-boat packs by distant attack; the R.A.F. might lend a useful hand, not only against submarines but against air-assaults; but there is always the odd chance of the enemy eluding such defences or desperately driving through them to concentrate on the big, packed ship whose value in the war-effort may not be estimated. Think of it—10,000 men complete with equipment, stores and ammunition, sent to the bottom at one blow.



FIGHTING MEN ARE NOW HER PASSENGERS. The Queen Mary, Britain's 81,235-ton peacetime luxury liner, speed 30 knots, now in drab war-paint and heavily armed, has been transporting Allied troops to battle-fronts throughout the world. In pre-war days she twice won the Blue Riband for the fastest Atlantic crossing, in 1936 and again in 1938. *Photo, Associated Press*

WITHOUT in any way belittling the courage and efficiency of every Merchant Navy captain under war conditions, full marks must in fairness go to the cool, resourceful man on the ex-liner's bridge—the man who has forgotten what peaceful sleep is, who seldom sits to a meal but eats it from a tray on the bridge whilst keeping every faculty alert for the unforeseen contingency. Ten thousand men look to him for continued existence, for a chance to prove themselves heroes. He dare not let them down.

When troops first embark the ship becomes a bear-garden. Most of her new passengers are completely unfamiliar with the geography of a ship, no matter what theoretical embarkation training they have had. There is an inevitable mêlée, each unit's commanders demanding the best accommodation and special favours. The captain has to behave like Solomon at his best to placate hot, hurried warriors. He also has to see that meals are arranged for, well in advance. Long before the last drafts are up the gangway the first-comers are starving with hunger. The men, already trained to a hair, must be kept fighting-fit, and in the long run the captain, through his staff, is entirely responsible.

Although there is an O.C. Troops with staff aboard, the actual discipline, as affecting the ship's routine and safety, is the captain's affair. If there are "crimes" he must arrange for the detention of the defaulters, and that they get adequate exercise; also that they are not overlooked if disaster comes.

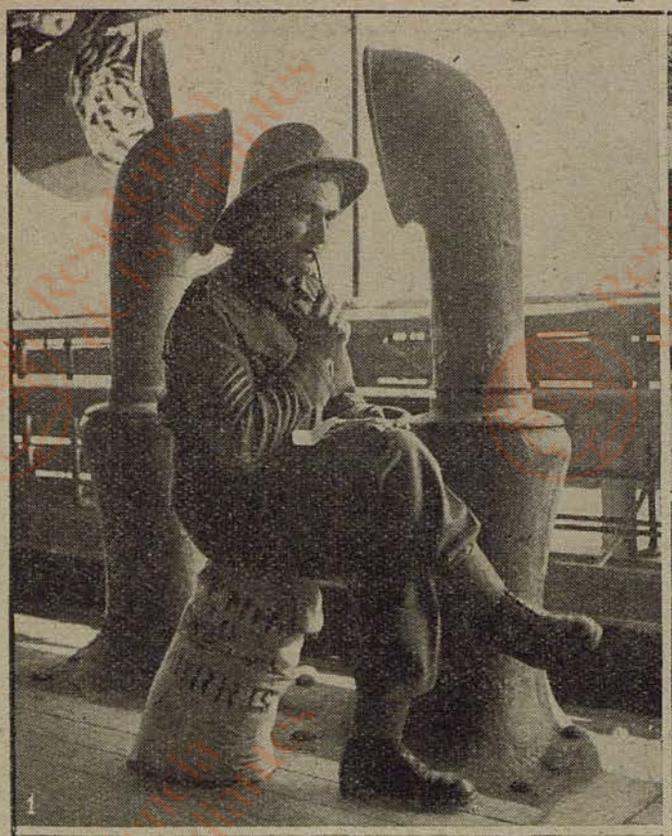
MORE than likely the transport will proceed out of convoy, perhaps even without an escort, relying on her speed to outpace U-boats or surface-raiders. She is a target for every form of enemy frightfulness, and the captain must steer courses that keep him clear of trouble. If his cruiser escort lags, or fails through engine-trouble, he must go on alone, with added responsibility. Even with the most trustworthy officers this burden is hard to bear; the main strain rests on his shoulders

There are so many things to be considered. Sanitation and bathing facilities—probably the ship's swimming-pool is now functioning as an ammunition magazine; such trifles as forbidding the whole complement to rush to this side or that if a strange object is sighted, for such a sudden alteration of weight might affect his ship's stability; adequate boat-drill, so that, if hit fatally, the ship can be abandoned in orderly fashion with a minimum of human loss. These are only a few of his responsibilities.

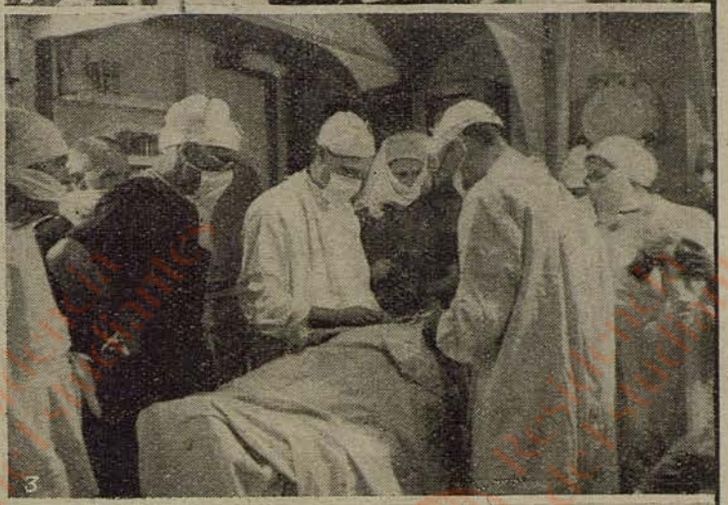
Although the actual invasion may be carried on by invasion-barges and light craft when the real issue arises, the transport must naturally enter the danger-zone, and the nearer she can attain to the enemy coast the more valuable is her service; for her high speed helps in that element of surprise which is so essential in modern war. The nearer her approach the greater her risk, as she comes in range of dive-bombing attacks, which, until the Air Forces gain supremacy, are bound to be fierce and frequent.

The successful outcome of our invasion plans has been due in large measure to the skill, courage and endurance of the masters of Merchant Navy transports. The finest merchant seamen in the world are in command of these leviathans. They have been trained to face any eventuality with coolness and skill, for new circumstances are bound to arise with every new adventure and split-second decisions must oft be made and acted upon. The world owes more than is realized to her merchant shipmasters—not only to feed and equip the world but also to save it.

In an Allied Troopship Bound for Distant Battle









ARE WE DOWNHEARTED ? Cheerful warriors provide the answer as the packed troopship (4) moves off on her long voyage. Excitement of departure subsided, a sergeant (1) takes the first opportunity to squat on his kitbag and write a letter home. On the High Seas, ship's surgeon and hospital staff (3) carry out an urgent operation. An operation of a very different kind is Crossing the Line : a nurse (2) receives King Neptune's boisterous attentions. See also facing page.

Photos, British Official ; Crown Copyright ; Topical Press

House by House Ortona Fell to Monty's Men



DEEP MUD NOTWITHSTANDING, 8th Army guns in Italy (5) softened-up the Ortona defences preliminary to tanks and infantry gaining entrance to the town (1). Prolonged street-fighting followed (2). Well wrapped up against the bitter weather in warm comforts from Home (3), our men completed mopping-up operations by Dec. 28, 1943. Successor to the 8th's beloved General Sir Bernard Montgomery, Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese (4) assumed command in Italy on Dec. 30, 1943. See Ortona story in page 569.

Photos. British and Canadian Official

Fighting France Beats Nazis on Italian Soil



VETERANS OF THE TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN, French troops now on the 5th Army front in Italy have scored important successes, notably the capture of Acquafondata and San Elia, announced on Jan. 15 and Jan. 18, 1944, respectively. Great skill in mountain warfare earned them these triumphs in the difficult northern sector. General Clark, 5th Army Commander, commenting on these achievements in a message to General Giraud, stated: "Every day the French forces under General Juin are adding a new glorious page to their distinguished record." PAGE 555 *Photo, British Official*

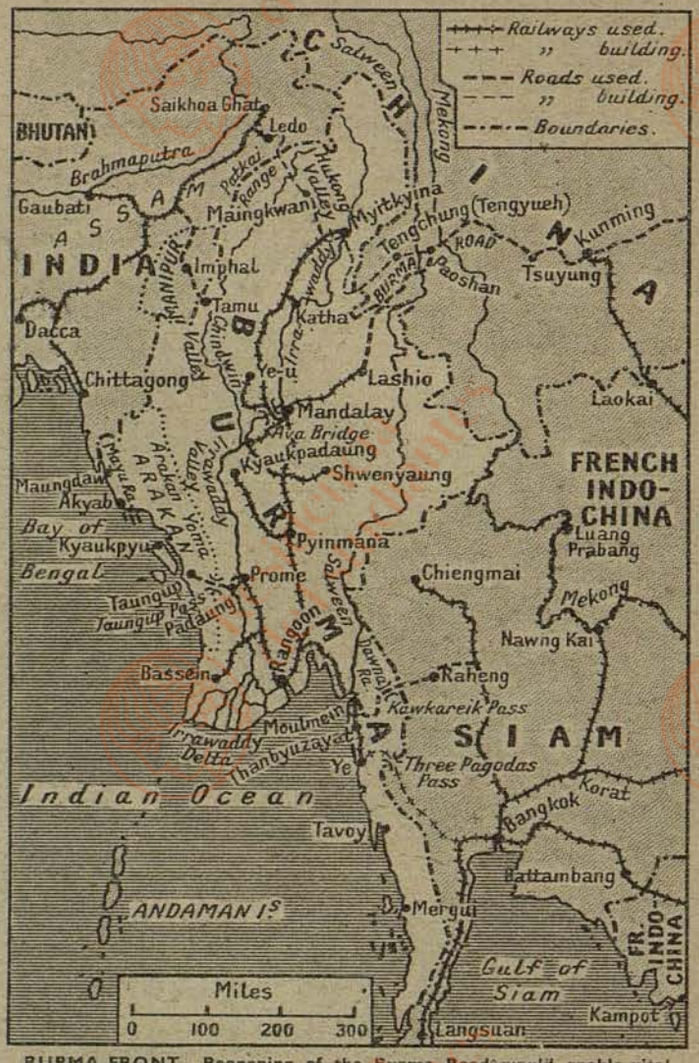
Planning to Regain the Key to the Orient

First step towards fulfilment of the recent Cairo Conference decisions (see p. 499) for the liberation of all territory occupied by Japan during a 50-year period of aggression is the reconquest of Burma, cornerstone of Japan's illgotten empire. A Special Correspondent throws light on the tasks confronting Lord Louis Mountbatten as Supreme Allied Commander S.E. Asia. See also facing page.

OCCUPYING a highly strategic position in the Far East, the reconquest of Burma, the Key to the Orient, will be the first Allied objective on the Asiatic mainland. For this purpose, powerful land and air forces are concentrated in India, and strong naval units in Ceylon, possibly in preparation for operations against the Nicobar and Andaman Is. Though simultaneous attacks may be carried out against the Burmese-Javan arc of islands, the main task of Lord Louis Mountbatten is the conquest of Burma and the opening of the Burma Road. With Burma once again under the control of the Allies, not only would the Chinese armies be able to receive heavy equipment and other vital war material in quantity, but Japan's position in South Eastern Asia would become extremely precarious. From Burma thrusts could be developed into Siam and French Indo-China which would completely paralyze the enemy's hold on the Indies and Malaya.

The immediate problem confronting the South-East Asia Command, then, is the wresting of Burma from the Japanese. Separated from India by jungle-covered mountain ranges and the Bay of Bengal, the reconquest of Burma will be a hard task. As a result, the offensive against the Japanese in Burma will have to be launched from more than one direction and across more than one element. From Assam and Manipur overland thrusts into Northern and Upper Burma can be expected, coupled with naval landings along the west coast and in Lower Burma.

ALREADY, American trained Chinese troops have forced their way into Northern Burma. In their wake a motor road known as the Tokyo Road is being constructed. This runs from the railhead of Ledo in Assam and crosses the Patkai Range into the Hukong Valley, jade mine district of Burma. The Chinese intend to link this road with the Burma Road at Paoshan, running via Maingkwan, Myitkyina and Tengchung (Tengyueh). Another important road has recently been built from the Indian State of Manipur towards the Chindwin Valley. These roads are likely to be the most important invasion routes in Upper Burma.



BURMA FRONT. Reopening of the Burma Road would enable vital war supplies to reach Chinese armies. Meantime, Chinese troops are building the Tokyo Road, from Ledo railhead, Assam, across the Patkai Range into the Hukong Valley, eventually to link up with the Burma Road. See also illus. page 464. *Specially drawn for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

However, as the Burmese west coast is shut off from the interior of Burma by the Arakan Yoma mountain range, Rangoon, which is the gateway to Burma and the Burma Road, is the most important objective in the country. Thus, for the Allies it is desirable that landings from the sea should be carried out as near as possible to the Burmese capital of Rangoon, situated on the Irrawaddy Delta. But landings on the Delta with its mangrove swamps would be difficult.

Further, with the Japanese still in full control of the naval and air bases in the Andaman Islands, attempts to land men and material on the Delta without first gaining control of the Andamans may prove to be hazardous. Therefore efforts to seize these islands, just over a hundred miles away from the Burmese coast and some 900 miles away from Ceylon, may first be made. With the Andamans in the hands of the United Nations landings could also be made near Moulmein. This would enable the Allies to cut Japanese overland communications with Siam running across the Dawna Range through the Kawkareik Pass.

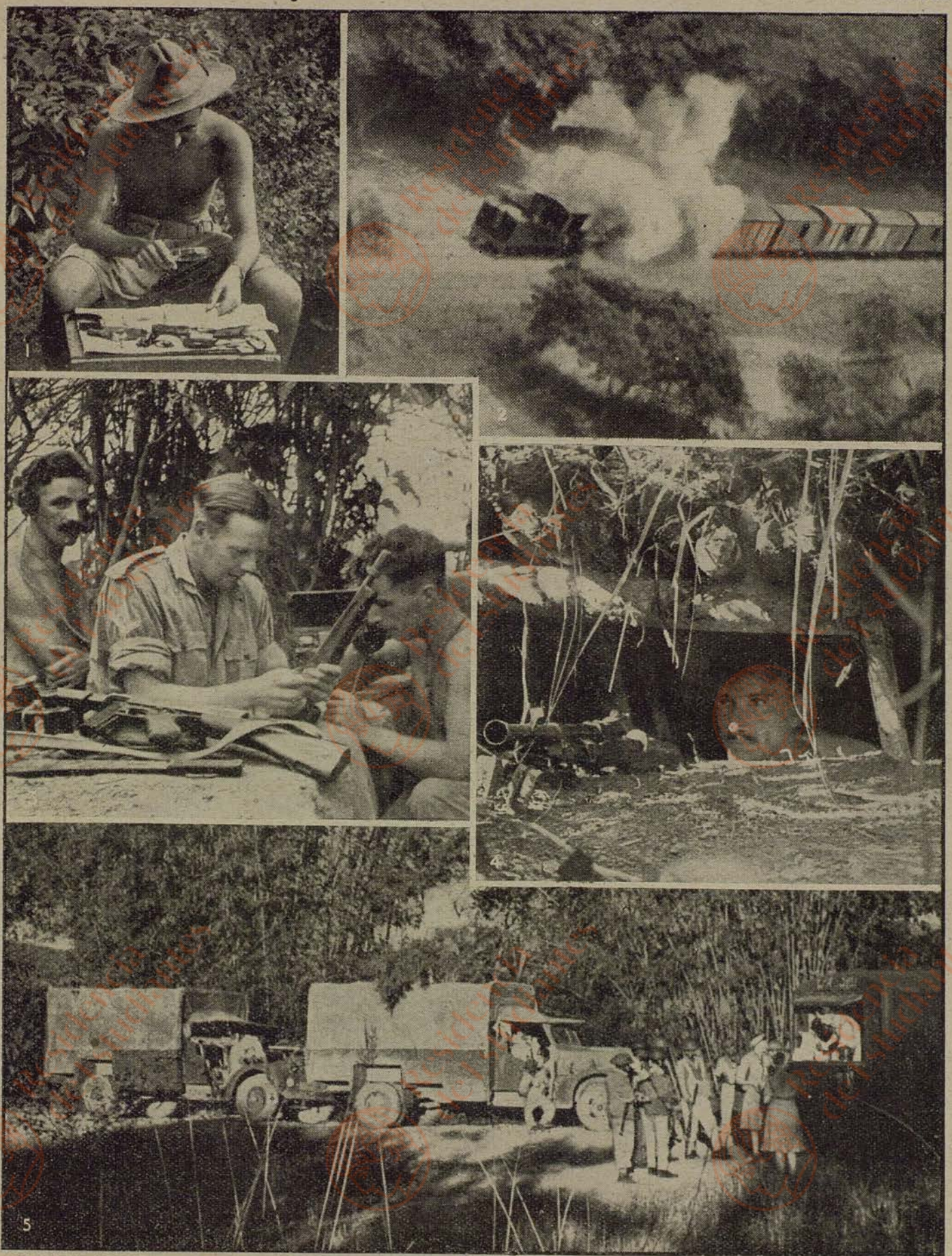
At present most of the land activity on the Burmese war zone is confined to the Arakan front. Though the Burmese coastal province of Arakan is not strategically vital to the forces of the United Nations, that is if a direct landing can be effected in the neighbourhood of Rangoon, control of Arakan with its important air base and capacious harbours at Akyab and Kyaukpyu would nevertheless be of great advantage. Its occupation would pave the way for a thrust into the heart of the country. The 100 mile long Taungup-Padaung motor road, across the Arakan Yoma mountain range via the Taungup Pass linking the Burmese west coast with the Irrawaddy Valley, has been greatly improved by the Japanese, who have been using it as the main supply route for their forces in Arakan. They are, however, now finding it increasingly difficult to move traffic freely owing to the frequent Anglo-U.S. air attacks on supply dumps near Taungup and on motor convoys along the Taungup-Prome road itself. As proved in last winter's campaign, the Arakan coastal strip can only be successfully occupied by combined sea and land operations. Thus, landings along the Burmese west coast, near Taungup in particular, may be made with a view to a drive into the interior through the Taungup Pass.

REALIZING that Burma will be the first Allied objective on the Asiatic mainland, the Japanese High Command have also been making military preparations to counter the Allied threat. Improvement of communications in and between the countries her armies have occupied seems to be the essential feature of Japanese preparations. Though the Shanghai-Singapore rail link is still an ambitious dream, Burma has definitely been connected with Siam by a good military road running through the Kawkareik Pass, while the Rangoon-Bangkok railway on which British prisoners of war have been put to work is still under construction. The projected railway is to run from the southern Burmese rail terminus of Yé, 220 miles south of Rangoon, through the Three Pagodas Pass. Recently large stocks of material which the Nipponese had accumulated at Thanbyuzayat, south of Moulmein, for the construction of the Rangoon-Bangkok railroad, were bombed by the United States Tenth Air Force operating from airfields in India.

Japanese military preparations in Burma, therefore, have not been allowed to continue unhindered. Throughout the monsoons, U.S and British Air Forces incessantly bombed railway connexions and dock installations including key bridges like the 3,940 feet long Ava Bridge near Mandalay, which is the main link in the rail connexion between Lower Burma and the regions threatened by the forces of the United Nations from Assam.

DESPITE difficulties, the Japanese have been steadily reinforcing their forces in Burma under the command of Lieutenant-General Matakasu Kawabé. According to Chinese reports the strength of the Japanese army in Burma is put at ten divisions, with reserves in Siam and Indo-China, while a large proportion of the Nipponese Air Force is based on Chiengmai in Siam. Thus the fight against the Japanese in Burma will be hard, but everything is being done to ease the lot of our men engaged. For example, British troops fighting in Arakan are now getting fresh wholemeal bread, supplies reaching the most advanced positions every 24 hours from field bakeries set up at strategic points and staffed by bakers of the R.I.A.S.C. From these working depots the bread, baked in clay ovens, is distributed to strong-points in the jungle hills overshadowing the main battle fronts. Mobile canteens penetrate even the jungle trails, see photograph on opposite page.

Our 14th Army is Now on the Move in Burma



WITH THE RECAPTURE OF MAUNGDAW, Burma key-point 60 miles up the coast from Akyab, by the 14th Army (reported on Jan. 11, 1944), and advances on the central part of the Burmese front, Cairo Conference decisions are being implemented. A British advanced post (4) menaces Japanese patrols; communication is by field telephone (3); an officer seeking unit identifications (1) scrutinizes articles from Japanese casualties. Freight train (2) is shot up by a Beaufighter. Convoy men (5) stop for tea at a mobile canteen.

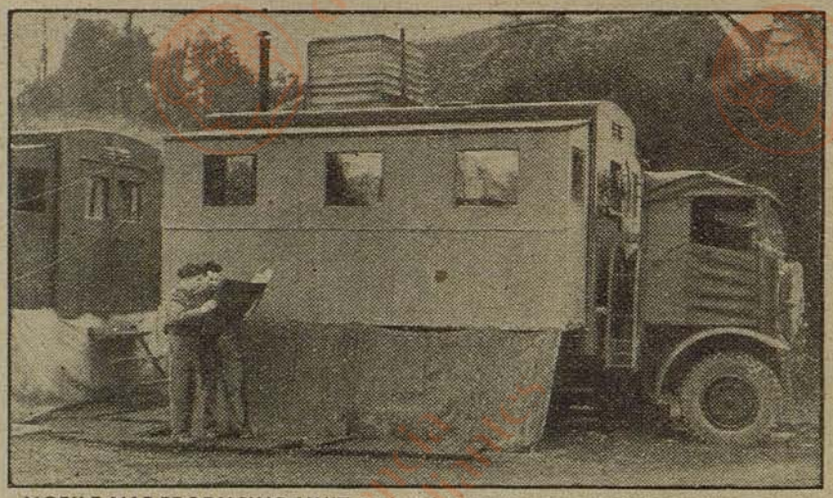
Photos, British and Indian Official

Maps for Battles to Come Prepared at Top Speed

Army cartographers not only record hour-to-hour changes in the battle zones for the information of our commanders; they plot the ground where future battles are likely to be fought. In this article HARRIMAN DICKSON outlines the astonishing organization which has contributed so greatly to our successes in the field and which is indispensable for the achievement of victories to come.

TUCKED away behind G.H.Q. in Italy are a handful of trucks which, but for their very elaborate camouflage, might pass unnoticed by the casual visitor. The camouflage experts spent some time on the job. It was a particularly vital one. For from these trucks come up-to-the-minute maps which go straight to the front-line troops. In previous wars you studied your map at leisure, several days before the battle. Today maps are issued with the same high speed and efficiency as newspapers.

A big offensive is about to begin. Reconnaissance planes get pictures of the enemy's forward areas. They show considerable changes of gun positions, minefields and trenches. The information is rushed back to the Mapping Unit, who are specially equipped to deal with stop-press details. All the alterations in the German dispositions are quickly recorded on fresh maps. Then the printing machines begin to turn over. They are capable of printing thousands of maps in several colours, and they can complete a full-scale job in a few hours.



MOBILE MAP-PRODUCING UNIT equipped to accompany a main body of troops. It comprises a printing press, with personnel of surveyors, cartographers and draughtsmen skilled in rapid and accurate production of entirely new maps or the last-minute improvement of existing ones for speedy issue in the field. *Photo, Fox*

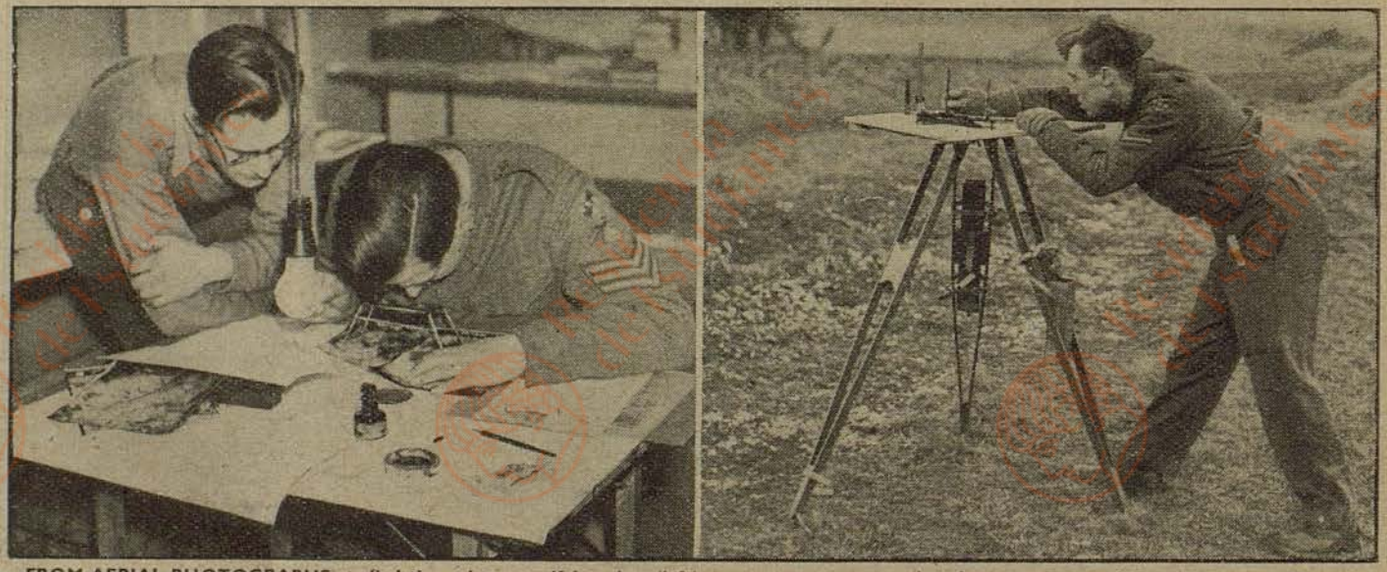
Four hours after receipt of details of the new enemy dispositions, brand-new maps are leaving the Mapping Unit again for dispatch to the fighting forces. Tank commanders, ready to go into action, get their copies. Commandos, about to launch a surprise attack, see from the new and revised map that they must switch their area of operations. It may mean hundreds of men spared from annihilation. Certainly hundreds of casualties are saved through this service. The Germans have a very healthy respect for our map-making units. On at least three occasions they have issued to their own men copies of our maps taken from prisoners.

The British staffs of the mapping units are highly specialized men who know every trick and turn of the "trade." Their work does not stop between battles; a lull in the fighting may give them more work than ever, for the enemy begins to change his dispositions during the lull, and our experts have to survey and prepare maps of the area which looks like being the next centre of fighting. There are several map-making units at the battle fronts, and on occasion they come in for their full share of actual warfare. The map-making unit in France had a warm time during the Dunkirk operations, and in the North African campaign a unit was strafed from the air for several hours. Map-making is not the easiest thing to do under fire. The ground may heave under you, just as you are touching-in the most tricky corner of, say, the toe of Italy, but as every moment is vital there must be no letting-up.

It has long been recognized in military circles that if your maps are more accurate and up-to-date than the enemy's, then you start the battle with a distinct advantage over him. The battle of Alamein was clear evidence of this; our maps of the enemy's lines were astonishingly complete. Every battery was carefully marked. Officers knew just where the trouble would start. Similarly, the infantry had close-ups of minefields ahead and knew just how to enter them. Those maps were not only very detailed and accurate, they were completed only three days before the battle began. Thousands of them were then rushed through the printing presses of the Eighth Army Survey Units into the hands of front-line troops.

The number of maps required for any major operation today gives some idea of the scope of the map-making units. For the invasion of Sicily, over 3,500,000 maps were printed. In Italy that number has probably been doubled. The Sicilian maps were prepared from large numbers of air photographs taken of the coast defences. They had to be flown to Cairo, printed and flown back to the invasion Armies; and these maps showed every one of the details taken only three or four days before.

The basic maps required by our forces in the Mediterranean are prepared by the Army Survey Directorate in Cairo. They also produce the maps and charts for the Navy and the R.A.F. More than 2,000 men are employed day and night translating every new move on the battle fronts into mapping terms. Beginning, sometimes, with a few scrawled lines set down on paper by a lance-corporal, they produce, in a few hours, a beautifully coloured map, complete in every detail. And that map may influence the whole course of a new campaign. Issues are not confined to overseas forces, of course. During one month alone—November 1943—no less than 1,031,776 maps were issued by the Army Survey Department to troops stationed in the United Kingdom.



FROM AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS studied through a magnifying glass (left) army experts prepare data for a new map. A Royal Engineers surveyor (right) uses his plane instruments to make an accurate land survey. Combination of these air and land efforts makes possible a minutely detailed map of any given area not actually in enemy hands or under fire. Panorama photographs of enemy-held territory are naturally lacking in certain details, which can be determined only from ground level. *Photos, Fox*



Photo, Planet News

No Enemy Bombs Will Fall on the Reich!

Thus Goering boasted to the German people. The weapon the Nazis used so ruthlessly against defenceless cities and hamlets has been turned against them, and no capital in the world has suffered such devastation as Berlin. Between the start of the Battle of Berlin, Nov. 18, 1943, and Dec. 16, six maior raids resulted in complete destruction of 1,300 acres of buildings; in four later raids 5,000 tons were dropped. Here, at the Brandenburg Gate, women prepare to serve food to the bombed-out.



1



2



5



3



4



6

As the Hour of Final Reckoning Nears—

The strains of a Nazi military band (1) marching down Berlin's bombed Unter Den Linden, past debris at the corner of Friedrich Strasse, may or may not cheer the sinking hearts of those quaking under shattering blows from Britain. From the tubes, night-shelterers emerge (2), and queue for water—the R.A.F. having cut off the main supply—from an old street-fountain erected in pre-mains days (3). A wrecked shoe shop (4) announces that business will be conducted in the basement.

Photos, Associated Press, Planet News

—From 'Europe's Aircraft Carrier' Britain

With Gestapo chiefs and high Nazi officials in attendance, Goering strives to infuse hope into the homeless (6); not their homes but war factories of the Reich were the R.A.F. objectives. In the Wittenbergplatz district (5) of Berlin demolition squads have been active. Foreign workers and war-prisoners are no longer set to this task; as bombing rises to a climax they are worked still harder in the factories. The labour of clearing-up now falls compulsorily upon the bombed-out.



Berlin's Evacuees Wait—and Wonder

Photo, Keystone

Fervently they hope the present peace of the East Prussian countryside where they and their belongings are lined up to await transport to an unspecified destination will not be shattered. They are leaving for good, they trust, the panic atmosphere and acute food problems of the capital and other big towns, intensified now by the inadequacy of rail and lorry traffic to such an extent that tens of thousands of bombed-out civilians stand perforce in long queues for hours for doled-out soup.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

MacArthur of the Unpacific Pacific

WE have not heard nearly as much about General MacArthur, now in command of all military forces engaged against Japan in the S.W. Pacific, with his headquarters in Australia, as we have about the war leaders on this side of the world. There is a vivid and most heartening sketch of him in Mr. Clark Lee's book, They Call It Pacific (John Long, 12s. 6d.), a freshly-observed and largely new account of the loss of the Philippines by the U.S.

MacArthur was made responsible for their defence, but he was not given anything like the materials or the men to put up adequate resistance to the furious Japanese onslaught. But he certainly made the most effective use of the means he had at his disposal. Above all he inspired his men. "He never allowed himself the luxury of letting down," which means that he never relaxed ("letting down" with us has a different meaning).

He always kept his shoulders back and his chin at a fighting angle. He always looked serenely confident, even at the blackest moments. He spoke to privates always with a word of praise or cheer, as readily as he spoke to the members of his staff. His hair grew long, but his trousers retained their crease and his shoes their polish. It was part of his code to keep them that way.

He thinks of warfare, Mr. Lee says, in terms of offence. He plans to strike blows, not to parry them. He never thinks, "as some commanders did, in terms of what he might lose." The French generals especially were obsessed by fear of losses.

MacArthur's orderly and personal servant, a Filipino and a good soldier, as most of the Filipino troops are, in the author's opinion, says of him he is "always in tip-top condition, walks, walks, walks constantly, does callisthenics, no drinks. Always leaves parties at 11 p.m." He is "a soldier and a man of culture, whom some men hate because he is both prophet and poet and a master of the English language, who can tell you the details of every great battle in history, whose incisive brain and great military knowledge," Mr. Lee suggests, "ought to have been employed in planning great battles, massing hundreds of thousands of men and thousands of tanks and planes, to attack, not to defend."

MR. LEE charges his country with having failed the Filipinos as Britain is blamed for losing Singapore and the Dutch Government is considered to have left Java and Sumatra without proper protection. "We told them we were big and strong and powerful and would take care of them, and they believed us." But when the Japs attacked there were not enough men to make that boast good. "Gen. MacArthur did not have even enough troops to hold an unbroken line across the fifteen-mile-wide peninsula of Bataan and he had to leave part of the mountainous area in the centre undefended. The Japs quickly found that out."

As for air defence, there was almost none. The principal military airfield was bombed while "the pilots had come down to eat and to refuel their planes all together, instead of a few at a time." The machines were caught on the ground and destroyed, "lined up in straight rows and not dispersed, because our fliers had not had any experience and did not understand the necessity for dispersal. Underground hangars were being built, but were not yet finished. Radio detecting equipment was inadequate." So the Americans suffered "one of the most crushing blows in the whole Philippines campaign." The enemy was able to bomb undisturbed. "Why doesn't our Air Force knock them out?" the Americans in Manila and elsewhere kept on asking each other. They only learned afterwards there was no Air Force to do it.

That undoubtedly made the Japanese programme of Asia for the Asiatics appeal to the Filipinos more than it would have done if the United States had kept its promise to defend them with its might and power. "Such a programme," a shrewd Filipino told Mr. Lee, "has a terrific pull for lots of Oriental people." He pointed out that the Americans and the natives of the islands lived in two different worlds, and "so long as Americans insist on living in their own and keeping us in ours, the spiritual and psychological differences between us will continue to exist and to grow deeper. And if America doesn't send us help, who knows . . . ?"

But America will send help. MacArthur has made up his mind to go back to the Philippines and he can return only as conqueror. He knows all the obstacles. He does not underrate them. "The Jap is a first-class fighting man," the General says. "Their troops facing me on Bataan may not have been as good as the best troops in the (First) World War, but it would take the best troops to beat them.

"THEIR officers spend lives heedlessly, even for unimportant objectives. The individual Jap is a fanatic. He will throw himself on a land mine to explode it and clear the way for others. He will fling himself on barbed wire and let those following him climb over his body." A Japanese general said his country's rulers were prepared to lose ten million men in the Pacific war. Consequently Gen. MacArthur's view is, "The only way for America to win is to kill Japs, kill more Japs, and kill still more Japs." Not a pleasant prospect for either side!

MacArthur knows why the Japs drove the U.S. and Great Britain and the Netherlands out of the Far East and conquered a vast and rich empire containing all the natural resources needed to make Japan the world's most powerful nation. It was by reason of their very careful planning and their bold, fearless attack. "Mostly they won," declares Mr. Lee, "because of the indecision and slowness of the United States." American forces in the Pacific were too small, merely "token" forces. The reaction after Pearl Harbour was too slow. With air control established in their favour, the Japanese drives could not be stopped. The Japanese Air Force was the decisive factor everywhere. It "operated like a smooth, first-class machine." Army and Navy "worked perfectly together as a single team." Their preparations were amazing, and they knew every foot of the ground they were to fight over, since their spies had for years been laboriously gathering the information they would need.

ALL this MacArthur knows and takes fully into account. At this moment he is making his plans—plans that will be no less thorough and perfect than those of the enemy—with every difficulty charted, every eventuality foreseen. When the time comes, he will put those plans into operation and will be on his way back to the Philippines. That will be his supreme testing-time. In the Battle of Bataan he did the utmost that could be done with what he had. "It may have given the United States sufficient time to recover from the Pearl Harbour disaster and to build up its Pacific forces to an extent that the Jap advance was finally stopped—at Coral Sea and Midway."

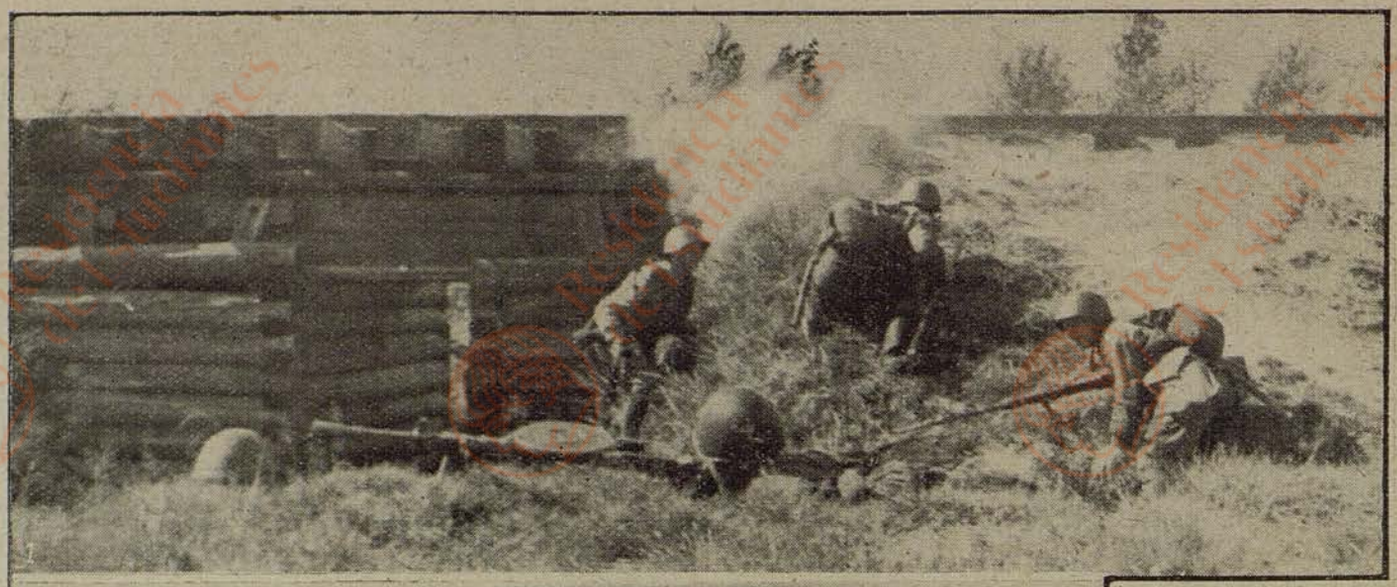
Those naval victories and the successful challenging of Japanese superiority in the air point the way to the triple power that MacArthur will be able to deploy. But even when he has used it and Japan has been utterly beaten, there will still be another war to carry through. That the Japs are brutal we know. One little example Mr. Lee gives almost without comment; it is so familiar. Jap sentries in Shanghai frequently slapped or clubbed foreigners for smoking as they passed, this being an insult to their emperor through his representatives—themselves! But what about the "amiable-looking British business-men who in Hong Kong pushed Chinese off sidewalks or hit rickshaw-pullers with a cane?" And the American woman in Manila who, being refused a drink after closing hours, called out, "You Filipinos are dirt. We are the ruling race here." Unless we can "live in the same world" with the people we live amongst, we shall have fought the war and won it all in vain.

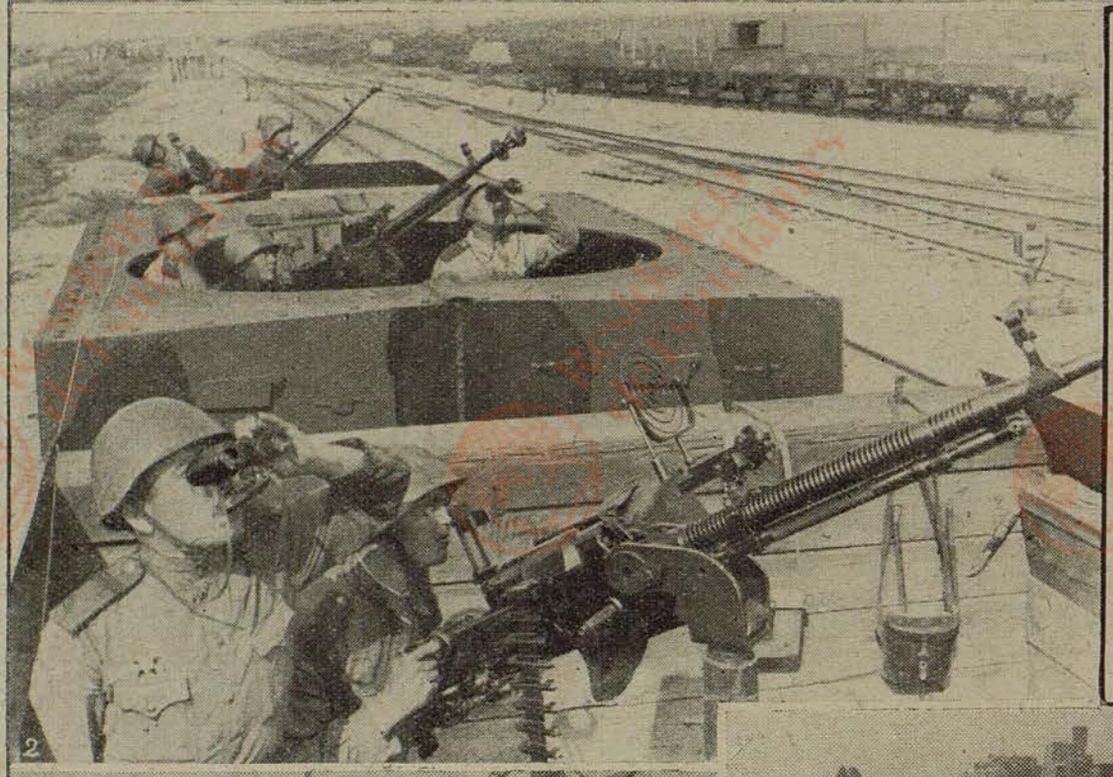


GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, hero of Corregidor, victor of the Bismarck Sea battle, Allied Supreme Commander in the S.W. Pacific since March 1942. He is responsible for directing Allied thrusts against the Japanese in New Guinea and the Solomons. A vivid sketch of this 63-years-old campaigner is given in the book reviewed here.

Photo, Pictorial Press

Battle of Communications on the Karelian Front







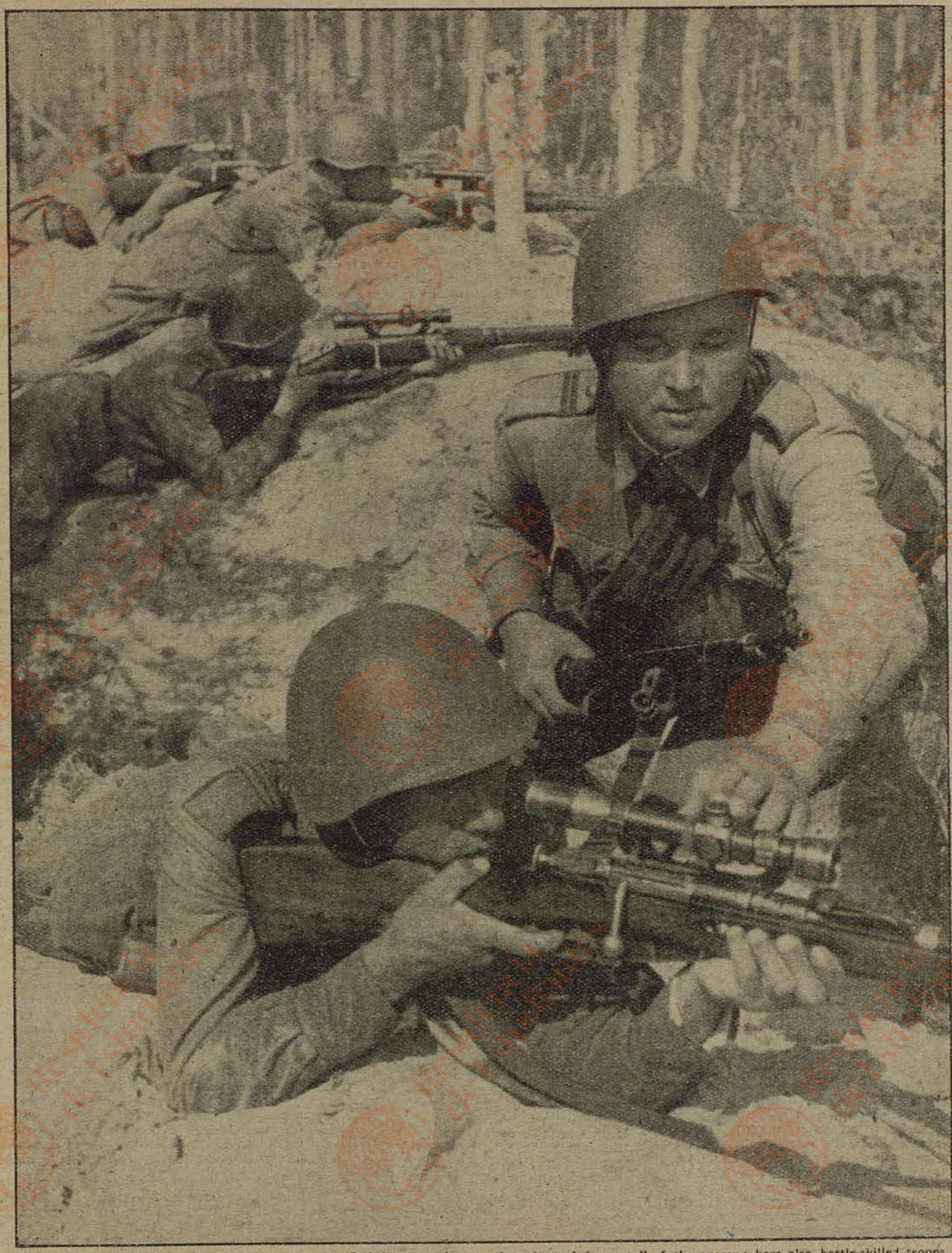


RUSSIAN TROOPS on the Karelian Front, Finland, are alert in intercepting enemy attackers of vital railway communications, and any disruption caused is set right in the minimum of time. As marauders appear, A.A. crews of an armoured train (2) stand to their guns, awaiting the fire order from their commander. The enemy driven off, damage is repaired by the train crews themselves (4), who replace blasted track with new rails, while linesmen (3) rapidly restore telegraph wires by the track-side. Red Army sappers (1) strike back, mining a railway bridge essential to the enemy's needs; its destruction aided the Soviet High Command's strategic planning.

Most important region of the Karelian front is the rich industrial Karelian Peninsula, ceded to Russia by Finland on March 12, 1940, but re-occupied by Finnish troops in the autumn of 1941. Recently launched Soviet offensives in the Leningrad and Volkov areas threaten to outflank the whole Karelian Isthmus from the sea.

Photos, Pictorial Press

The Soviet Sharpshooter Learns to Get His Man



SCHOOL FOR SNIPERS in a Russian forest trains Red Army marksmen who take such heavy toll of the enemy; here also, battle-skilled troops have refresher courses during lulls in fighting on their particular sectors. Sergeant Andrei Lavenko, chief instructor, who has 40 Germans to his credit, is coaching one of his pupils, who will become still more adept at picking off Germans at long range—for which purpose the rifles are fitted with telescopic sights.

Photo, Pictorial Press

Behind the Scenes with Showmen of the Services

Between spells of activity overseas, and in intervals of hard training, boredom can be one of the worst afflictions. How this is dispelled by the well-organized machinery of Services entertainments, and, all else lacking, how men are encouraged to amuse themselves, even in the most unpromising circumstances, is explained by CAPT. MARTIN THORNHILL, M.C.

WAR is not the dismal affair it used to be. When the troops move on, the Show moves on too. Established troupes of showmen are literally a branch of the Services now, keeping serving men entertained, maintaining good cheer and morale among millions of troops in training and reserve, overseas and at the fronts.

Welfare in the Forces began with "Comforts," an ambiguous term which covered all army welfare, such as it was, in the war days of the near past. Apart from a few local amateur shows provided by kindly civilian well-wishers, the efforts of a few hard-working padres, conscientious colonels and a handful of local welfare officers, there was nothing except table games in the canteens, and what the soldier himself could cram into his leaves.

All the same, it was directly on those modest early efforts to ameliorate the soldier's lot that the Government, the War Office and the show world have built their vast contemporary schemes of Forces welfare and entertainment. The platoon subaltern was always responsible not merely for the training of his men but for their general welfare. If a soldier got into trouble, his subaltern put in a word for him; he visited him in hospital, saw that all his men were suitably provided for in off-duty hours. In short, every subaltern was his men's unofficial welfare officer.

Just Short of Going Crazy

But there were obvious limits to what a junior company officer could do, virtually without funds and with no official entertainment schemes. For thousands of soldiers quartered in outlying districts, in camp or on active service, canteen draughts and dominoes, an occasional game of football, an amateur show or two, just about kept the men from going crazy—little more. Boredom set in. Something had to be done about it.

And it was—if slowly. Early in the war county and local welfare officers were appointed, and units were encouraged to detail an officer to co-operate with them. Each was responsible for seeing that the men of his unit received books, comforts, handicrafts and lectures. ENSA (Entertainments National Service Association) was formed to distribute professional entertainment to all Commands. Soon the allocation of ENSA parties was something like 20 per Command, producing about 150 performances a week.

So far so good. ENSA and its companion body—CEMA (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts), and the rest—had been doing a fine job of work. But the Forces now numbered several millions, and there was not nearly enough entertainment to go round. So the War Office encouraged units as far as possible to provide for their own entertainment. Keen comb-outs revealed enlisted professional entertainers. After that it was a short jump to bands, orchestras, concert parties, choirs, theatrical companies.

And that, broadly, is the point to which Forces entertainment has now advanced. The soldier-entertainer and his troupe of showboys is now officially recognized, modelled—be it noted—on those few but fine, hard-working divisional concert parties of the 1914-1918 war: the Roosters, Splinters, Balmorals, Rouge et Noir. This unit-supplied material is at the complete disposal of District Entertainment Officers, who distribute it with the single aim of keeping every unit in their territory constantly supplied.

Every D.E.O. is a regimental officer specially selected for his job, with funds at hand and stage properties available from central supply stores. With the help of an assistant Entertainment Officer in each unit who voluntarily undertakes the task in addition to his normal duties, the function of the District Officer is to see that the Forces in his region are willing and able to entertain themselves, he himself filling the multiple role of general manager, film renter and distributor, censor, legal expert, transport wizard, and solver of other problems.

A C.O. asks for the Sunday opening of a cinema in his area to be arranged. The E.O. attends to it. Can the E.O. provide producer, props, curtains, footlights, spotlight, for a troops show during a particular



ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE TROOPS by the troops not infrequently reveals unexpected talent among amateur performers. There may be a star of the future among the members of this concert party who are busily sorting costumes. *Photo, Fox*

week? He can, and he does. A unit E.O. wants to outfit a new concert party; how about clothing coupons? The D.E.O. contrives that too. There's some privately donated equipment—a film-projector maybe: what is the best use that the E.O. can make of it? Why, there is probably an isolated A.A. battery out on the Lincolnshire Fens—the very place for it.

IF entertainment for the troops by the troops is a major part of the Army show game today, don't imagine that, in these critical times with shortage of man-power, troop concert parties skip parades and cut the fighting. True, there is a War Office Central Pool of Artistes—a limited number of one-time professionals, some unfit for strenuous war service, the others serving soldiers who report back to their units for training every three months. Like ENSA, the C. P. of A. provides a shuttle service of entertainers purely supernumerary to units' own entertainment efforts; their main function is to step in where unforeseen circumstances forecast a blank week, or to supply artistes for isolated batteries and detachments which cannot provide their own entertainment.

But, like his counterpart in Russia, where the soldier-performer scheme is also popular, our khaki showman is a soldier first, entertainer afterwards. His filling of that role does not exempt him from swapping his saxophone for a Bren gun. The need arises quite frequently on active service; and even troupes of civilian show-makers have had some exciting moments.

While the Eighth Army was on the move from El Alamein there was little time for organized entertainment, but once General Montgomery had gained the coveted goal, Tripoli, there was some breathing space. A few days after the last enemy truck had rolled westward out of the city, the largest welfare convoy ever assembled in the Middle East began its journey across 1,500 miles of dreary desert from Cairo.

IT had been smaller "mobiles" like these that braved bombs and shells to give the troops entertainment during the siege of Tobruk. In tunnels and hide-outs within the beleaguered garrison, one tireless organizer saw to it that the shows went on throughout the siege. And when the port was at last relieved this showman led the cinema cavalcade on to Derna, then to Benghazi. There his car was blasted by a bomb, which severely wounded him, forcing him to relinquish his job to another.

Dispersed by Tanks and Shells

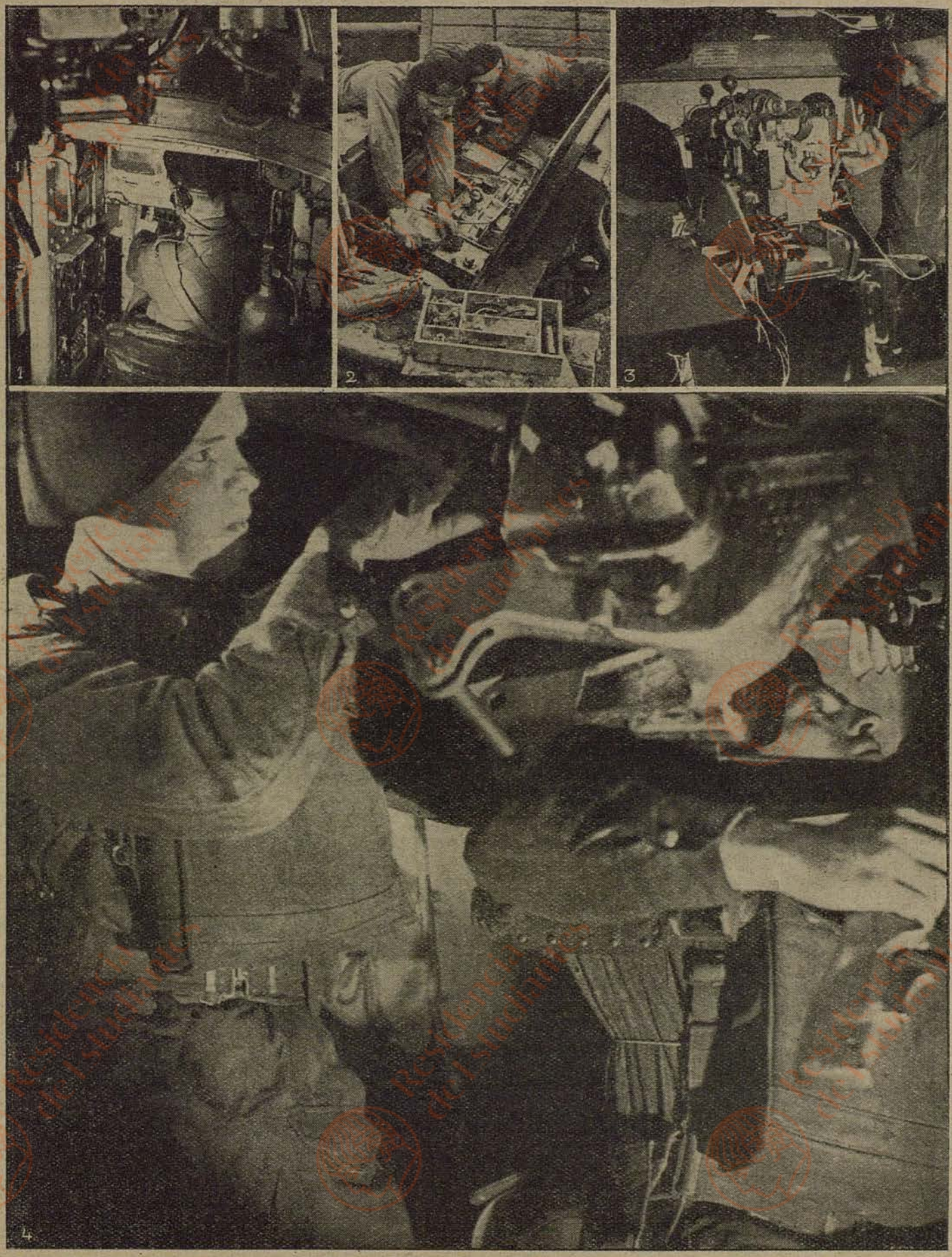
This man was the shows hero of Tobruk, even if his fun fare was only films. But in the view of the Directorate of Army Welfare it is invidious to mention names, for in all the theatres of war there are scores of outstanding yet unsung members of troupes who work unceasingly to keep the troops in good heart. Often their shows are forced by bombing and shell-fire to disperse, only to reform as soon as it seems reasonably safe to carry on. Once at least, when enemy tanks made a sudden appearance, troupers have found themselves well and truly in the front line, with barely five minutes in which to seize suitcases and get out.

India, where there are more troops than ever before ready for large-scale invasion of Burma, has its ENSA too: ACES, for short—Amenities, Comforts and Education for the Services. A knotty problem in a country 17 times the size of the U.K. is the travel question, so in India units are encouraged to furnish their own fun. And between them they are staging many a show that brightens the lives of troops in lonely jungle outposts on the Burma border, as well as in Burma itself.

IN bamboo thickets and jungle glades, by rugged mountain passes, on the edges of dangerous swamps, the war's showmen bring popular fun to some of the world's most appreciative audiences. Night after night, the stage as often as not a giant ant-hill levelled off at the top by willing hands from the audience, with oil lamps as footlights, the tropical moon a spotlight, little bands of entertainers play to off-stage accompaniments by roaring tigers and laughing hyenas, the dismal howl of the jackal, chattering monkeys and the non-stop drone of clouds of mosquitoes like the hum of distant planes.

There are plenty of critics of the quality of entertainment provided for the Forces, cynical comments on the lack of shows at places where they are most needed. But make no mistake about it, the stuff they give the troops—and the stuff the troops give themselves—to keep boredom at bay, is getting bigger and better.

Inside a Fifty Miles-per-Hour Churchill Tank



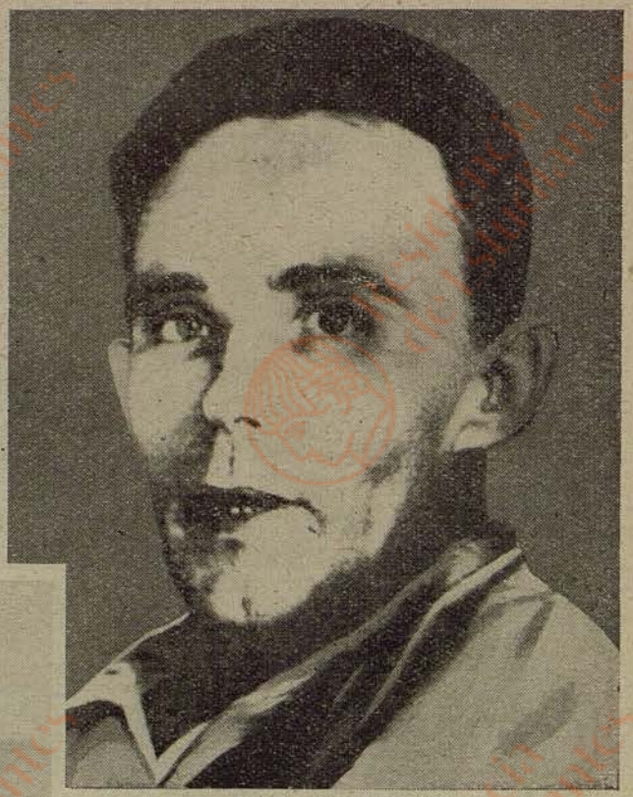
MAZE OF MACHINERY leaves little room for the crew of a Churchill tank, as is obvious from the positions of the driver (1) at his steering lever, the gunner (3, left) and the wireless operator (3, right) who also acts as gun-loader. The gunner (4, right) assisted by the wireless operator who is attending to the gun's breech is seen from another angle. Royal Armoured Corps men adjust the engines (2). The weight of a Churchill is 28-30 tons, and its speed up to 50 miles per hour.

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright

Tenacious Devotion to Duty Gained These Awards



Lieut. T. W. DOWNING, G.M. (left) and Capt. E. M. KETLEY, O.B.E. These officers were members of a small party of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps who volunteered for the dangerous task of dumping overboard from a ship's hold 50,000 rounds of ammunition. It was liable to explode at any moment, but they continued operations until it was disposed of, June 8—11, 1943.



Pte. R. KELLIHER, V.C.
During an attack by his platoon on a strongly defended Japanese position at Nadzab, New Guinea, on September 13, 1943, when heavy machine-gun fire from a concealed post only 50 yards distant had stopped the advance, causing several casualties, Pte. Kelliher, Australian Military Forces, suddenly and on his own initiative rushed the post with grenades, killing some of the gun-crew. Returning to his platoon for a Bren gun he again advanced and finally silenced the post. Again he dashed out, to rescue his wounded section-leader, and returned safely.



Sapper R. SOUTHALL, M.M.
Searching for enemy mines north of Enfidaville, Tunisia, Sapper Southall stepped on one. To save comrades from injury he continued to stand on it until his foot was blown off.



Fusilier T. MOORE, M.M.
At Lemon Bridge in the Catania Plain (Sicily), July 1943, a heavy German counter-attack developed, and in the face of devastating fire Fusilier Moore withdrew some of his battalion's guns.



Major F. G. DELFORCE, D.S.O.
Commanding a mixed force, Major Delforce, Royal Fusiliers (smoking pipe in group above) received the D.S.O. for his part in holding St. Lucia, keypoint of the Salerno bridgehead, loss of which would have had serious consequences, on Sept. 15, 1943.



Sgt. J. STEWART, M.M.
Of the Queen's Royal Regiment, this sergeant received the M.M. for conspicuous gallantry displayed during the fighting in Tunis, May 7—8, 1943, when he prevented the destruction of an important bridge.

Photos, British Official · Crown Copyright; Sport & General, G.P.U.

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Japanese Night-Prowlers Routed in the Solomons

New Zealand and U.S. troops landed on Mono Island (known also as Treasury Island) in the Solomons, S.W. of the Shortland Islands, on October 26, 1943, and were in complete occupation by November 3—after extraordinary incidents such as related here by a N.Z. Official War Correspondent.

At times a score or more Japanese prowled among our lines and foxholes, chattering among themselves, singing sometimes and conducting themselves with a strangely carefree abandon that suggested a queer twist of psychology, or, what might well have been possible, over-indulgence in their alcoholic saki, many bottles of which were found in camp sites.

They sat on fallen trees and felt gingerly for men's heads in foxholes (three coconuts and pieces of coral placed here and there !) and clicked signals to each other with wooden sticks. Four sat for two hours within a yard of a wounded New Zealander, but they never saw him. One poked a skinny hand under the log roof of a big foxhole and was riddled with a tommy-gun burst.

There were occasional interchanges of fire through one night, but no enemy were killed. Four lay dead after the second night. It turned out that they had a purpose, for from trees along the beach came snipers' fire, and on the following day at least nine snipers were found. They had been eliminated by spraying the tree tops with bullets.

One battalion has this story about "The Corpse that Walked," which has the testimony of the commanding officer as a guarantee of veracity. Late one afternoon there were shots from tree-tops and coconut palms which whizzed close to a private's head. He turned his automatic rifle into a palm, and was rewarded by the falling of a sniper's rifle and the slumping of a barely discernible body amongst the greenery. The Japanese had been tied to the tree and the body stayed where it was. Dusk was falling and the body was left alone. In the morning it was gone.

Referring to another night incident, a South Island corporal now knows what it feels like to have his steel helmet lifted slowly back while he slept in a foxhole. He woke to semi-consciousness one night as his hat was being pulled gently upwards. Not realizing what was happening he drowsily pulled it back on his head. Next moment a hand jerked it up again, and the truth then dawned upon the corporal that someone was trying to lift his chin and expose his throat. The corporal did not drowse any more. He lashed out with his fists, and a dark form slid off in a hurry. With this blood-curdling lesson of night-risks in mind it is perhaps needless to record that the corporal slept no more that night, nor the night after !

Our Captors Became Our Prisoners at Ortona

Captured during the street-fighting in Ortona, Italy, 15 Canadian soldiers of the 8th Army were rescued from a house by a patrol from their own battalion. Two of them tell their stories here, in an Associated Press dispatch from Douglas Amaron. See also pages 516, 537 and 554.

When the rescue patrol arrived, the Germans, under the command of a young parachute troop lieutenant, surrendered their weapons and left the house as the prisoners of their erstwhile captives. One of the captured Canadians, Sergeant John Elaschuk, known throughout his unit as the "immortal sergeant," said :

There were twice as many Germans in the building as Canadians. The only order given to us was to keep quiet and muffle any coughing. None of the Germans was more than 24 years old, and one of them was not a day over 17. An officer, who spoke French and English, was about 21. The Germans, who had just returned from leave, were wearing spotlessly clean, well-pressed uniforms. They tried hard to pump



TO THIS PALM-FRINGED BAY OF MONO ISLAND New Zealand troops rushed supplies and equipment from their armed invasion craft. Japanese strove desperately to prevent the landing on Oct. 26, 1943, using heavy guns, but these were quickly put out of action by a naval bombardment. Deadly night skirmishes were a feature of the battle for this island which now forms an important base for further Allied progress in the Solomons. See story above, descriptive of the first three nights spent by the New Zealanders on Mono. *Photo, Keystone*

us for information, using indirect methods of questioning which, however, had little effect on us.

They asked us about Sherman tanks, and we told them we knew nothing. We gave them the same answer when they wanted to know how many Canadians had been killed in Ortona. They were particularly keen to hear the true story of Hess. They wanted all the details, but as I did not know much about him I could not give them the information, even had I wanted to.

The Germans, who all carried pictures of Hitler, had not much to say about the war, except for the comment of one officer, who said, "Win or lose, you Canadians can return to Canada and be happy—if we lose, we lose everything!" Some of the Germans who were in good spirit whistled bars of the Lambeth Walk, and I was almost tempted to join in myself.

Private Wilfrid Haimes, another Canadian, said that his captors had asked him where his section was quartered:

I told them I didn't know. After they had finished with me they took me to a back street. We passed a house, and one German wanted to throw a grenade through the door, but another stopped him and shone a torch in instead. Just then a gramophone in the house started playing a record from the opera Carmen, and the door opened. A Canadian corporal came out, and the Germans grabbed him and took us both back.

About noon Canadian troops in the town went into the attack again and approached our building. One of the German officers took me aside and told me that the men must keep "very quiet." Then he went upstairs, and as soon as he had gone all the other Germans in the room turned their weapons over to me. Things began to happen fast then, with the Canadians in the street letting loose with everything they had into the house. Elaschuk and some of the others started shouting, and only their yells prevented us from being mortared by our rescuers. The Jerries were just as anxious to get away as we were, and they were genuinely glad to become our prisoners.



FROM A SHELL-HOLED HOUSE IN ORTONA Canadian Pte. George Cunningham emerges, to be congratulated by one of the men who rescued him after six hours in German hands. Later, Pte. Cunningham had the joy of helping his rescuers to capture eight Germans. See story commencing in previous page.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

We Saw the Scharnhorst Hit in North Cape Battle

The shelling and destruction of the German battleship on December 26, 1943, is graphically described by Leading-Seaman R. Daly, Able-Seaman Litton, and Paymaster-Lieut. T. B. Homan, R.N., all of the victorious Duke of York. They gave these personal accounts when their ship returned to base after the memorable action. See also pages 518-520 and 551.

THE first indication we had that we were nearing the enemy was when we saw a star shell fired by the cruiser Belfast in the distance (said Daly). Soon we turned and fired star shell too. Our star shell fell right over the Scharnhorst and for a time I could see her very plainly travelling at full speed. Our 14-in. guns then opened up, but our first salvo fell short. With the second salvo, however, I distinctly saw four hits, which showed up as four huge red flashes along the length of the ship.

As our job was look-outs against enemy destroyers coming in to make torpedo attacks we had to shut our eyes every time we heard the "Fire" bell ring, otherwise we would have been temporarily blinded by the flash. Immediately we heard the guns go off, however, we looked up, and it was amazing to see our shells racing through the sky, just like shooting stars. The shells from the Jamaica we could follow all the way from ship to target.

WITH every salvo I said, "Let's hope she gets this lot bang in the middle!" At times we could hear the Scharnhorst's shells whistling overhead, and I noticed that during the first part of the action white smoke could be seen where they had hit the water, but later on all we could see was black smoke. We heard our foremast being hit, and a shower of shrapnel descended all over the deck. We all ducked down just in time as the shrapnel bounced off the bulkheads just above us.

After a time (said Litton, taking up the story) there was a lull in the action, and we were told that our destroyers had gone in to make a torpedo attack. A short while after this I saw two huge flashes and our ship shook with some explosion. Some of the chaps said "We've been hit on the catapult deck!" but I said, "No, we've tin-fished her. Well done the 'boats,' that shook her!" I could see the destroyers coming out from the attack and the enemy certainly sent out something at them, thousands of tracer bullets and shells seemed to be flying at them at the same time. The destroyers let go too.

And then I saw a big white flash which lasted for a minute or two and I thought that one of our boats had been hit, which later proved to be correct. A short while after that, our 14-in. and 5·25-in. guns opened up again and the cruiser astern also began to fire. Fire seemed to be coming from the other side of the enemy, which indicated that the three cruisers who had been shadowing her during the day were also making contact. We got many hits, and I saw a great fire break out on board her and noticed that she was only firing from her after turret and trying to put up a smoke screen. The next we saw was two destroyers lighting up the area with their searchlights, picking up survivors, and then we began to draw away.

I WAS fortunate (said Paymaster-Lieutenant T. B. Homan, R.N.) in having an action station on the wings of the Admiral's bridge in Duke of York, and as the light H.A. armament was not manned I was able to watch the whole action from what might be termed a ring-side seat. Before darkness came on I had a very good view of the Battle Ensigns being hoisted in Duke of York—two at the foremast and one aft—a grand sight.

As we gradually closed the range after contact had been made in the dark, it was difficult to realize what was about to happen before my eyes. Then the cruisers which had shadowed Scharnhorst during the day fired their star shell to illuminate her—and the party was on. The star shell burst and hung in the sky and seemed to light up the whole horizon, but it was not until Duke of York had fired her star shell that I was able to pick out the Scharnhorst steaming at high speed, about 7 miles away. Then Duke of York fired the first salvo of her 14-in. guns. There was no warning buzzer and I was temporarily blinded by the flash, which seemed to roar all around me.

AFTER my eyes had cleared and the smoke of our guns had passed, I was able to follow the 14-in. "bricks" flying through the night sky towards the enemy. More star shell lit up the scene, and then five minutes or so later Scharnhorst fired her first broadside from her 11-in. guns. After that the air seemed full of gun flashes, the deafening roar and acrid fumes of our guns, shells streaking across the night sky and the stabs of the enemy's guns as she returned our fire.

I was able to see Belfast and the other two cruisers firing at Scharnhorst in the distance. Now and then there would be a very short period of absolute silence whilst guns were reloaded and range corrected. Then the overwhelming noise would start up again.

I felt at times that I was witnessing one of Hollywood's gigantic productions and it seemed impossible that this was the real thing—a night action at sea. The sound of Duke of York's guns, shattering as it was, was an inspiring and comforting sound. But the whine of the Scharnhorst's shells and the sight of the fountains of water thrown up around Duke of York, as they landed just off our bows and what seemed to be only a few yards off our beam, were sufficient to remove any ideas that my berth was at all comfortable, or that the fight was all one-sided. Duke of York was undoubtedly lucky, but was masterfully handled by the Captain, to whom a lot is owed for bringing us through undamaged.

Shrapnel clattered on the masts and funnels now and then and made me duck. I



BLINDFOLDED SURVIVORS OF THE SCHARNHORST, sunk in the action off North Cape on Dec. 26, 1943, were landed at a British port on their way to internment. H.M. Destroyers Scorpion and Matchless picked up 36 Nazi seamen and transferred them to the Duke of York (see illus. p. 551), whose broadsides crippled the German vessel. Majority of the survivors were aged between 19 and 21, and for some it was their first sea trip. Stories of the action are related in this and the previous page.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

should have ducked a considerable amount more had I known of the hole which had appeared in the port support of the foremast about 20 feet away from my position. I found this out next day—and swallowed hard. When the destroyers went in later in the action the enemy opened up with his lighter weapons and they seemed to be going into a hail of tracer shell streaming toward them.

When Duke of York closed the range a second time I was able to observe definite hits on the Scharnhorst which showed several dull red glows. Her firing was now fairly erratic, although even now an occasional spout of water would mark her shells landing uncommonly close. At the end, the enemy appeared to be slowly circling and a cloud of thick smoke was hanging over her. Jamaica left us to go in and fire her torpedoes, but I could not see the Scharnhorst now as the smoke from her fires obscured the view. The cruisers played searchlights over where she was last seen, and the action was over. Again, all was very dark and very quiet. It was difficult to realize what a tremendous scene had just been enacted before my eyes out there in the darkness.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JANUARY 5, Wednesday *1,586th day*

Italy.—Announced that Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese appointed commander of 8th Army in succession to Gen. Montgomery.

Russian Front.—Berdichev captured by Red Army. Soviet forces launched offensive in Kirovograd region.

Australasia.—Revealed that on Jan. 4 600 Japanese killed in battle at Cape Gloucester, New Britain.

JANUARY 6, Thursday *1,587th day*

Russian Front.—Rokitno, 12 miles over Polish frontier, Chudnov and Goroditsa, captured by First Ukrainian Army.

General.—Gen. Sir Harold Franklyn appointed C.-in-C., Home Forces.

JANUARY 7, Friday *1,588th day*

Russian Front.—Break-through 25 miles in depth by Second Ukrainian Army under Gen. Koniev on a 60-mile front in the Kirovograd region; Novgoradka captured. Klesov, district centre of Rovno area 12 miles from Sarny, and Yarnushpol, taken.

Air.—Revealed that a fighter plane operated by jet-propulsion, invented by Group-Captain Frank Whittle, R.A.F., would soon be in production.

JANUARY 8, Saturday *1,589th day*

Italy.—Capture of San Vittore by 5th Army announced.

Russian Front.—Kirovograd captured by Soviet troops; 8 German divisions routed.

General.—Appointments announced: Air Marshal Sir John Slessor to be deputy Air Commander in Mediterranean area under Gen. Ira. C. Eaker; Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas to be his successor as C.-in-C. Coastal Command.

JANUARY 9, Sunday *1,590th day*

Russian Front.—Polonnoye captured by Russians.

General.—Lt.-Gen. J. A. H. Gammell appointed Chief of Staff in the Mediterranean. Maj.-Gen. Bedell Smith, U.S. Army, appointed Chief of Staff to Gen. Eisenhower.

JANUARY 10, Monday *1,591st day*

Italy.—Capture of Catena Vecchio by 5th Army announced. Bridgehead across River Pecchia forced.

Mediterranean.—Sofia, Bulgarian capital, bombed by Fortresses.

Russian Front.—Lyudvipol and Berezno across 1939 Polish frontier captured by Red Army; rail link between Smyela and Krisinovka cut.

JANUARY 11, Tuesday *1,592nd day*

Mediterranean.—Piraeus, port of Athens, heavily bombed.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops launched offensive in the Mozyr direction and on Sarny front forced a crossing of the River Siucz. 40-miles Red Army front established to date in Poland.

Burma.—Capture of Maungdaw, 60 miles N.W. of Akyab, announced. Revealed that British force in action on the Burmese front was the 14th Army.

Air.—Over 700 escorted Liberators and Fortresses bombed Oschersleben, Halberstadt and Brunswick fighter-aircraft assembly plants.

General.—Count Ciano and 4 other ex-members of the Fascist Grand Council executed in Verona.

JANUARY 12, Wednesday *1,593rd day*

Italy.—Capture of Monte Caparo by U.S. troops of 5th Army announced.

Russian Front.—Sarny rail junction, first major town across Polish frontier, captured by Red Army.

General.—Mr. Churchill and Gen. de Gaulle met for discussions at Marrakesh (Morocco), where the Prime Minister had been convalescing.

JANUARY 13, Thursday *1,594th day*

Italy.—Fall of Cervaro to U.S. troops of 5th Army announced. French troops under Gen. Juin launched an attack S.W. of Rocchetta.

Russian Front.—Korets, district centre of Rovno region, captured by Russians.

Australasia.—Announced that Australian troops had reached Gniesenau Point, 5 miles from Sio, New Guinea.

General.—Revealed that shortly before sinking of the German battleship Scharnhorst, Adml. Sir Bruce Fraser, C.-in-C. of the Home Fleet, had paid a visit in the Duke of York to a Russian naval port.

JANUARY 14, Friday *1,595th day*

Italy.—Announced fierce enemy counter-attacks launched at Cervaro repulsed; U.S. troops crossed Rome road in direction of Monte Trocchio.

Russian Front.—Mozyr, Kalinkovichi, Klinsk, Kachury and Kozenki in White Russia, captured by Soviet troops.

Burma.—Capture of Kanyindan and Dilpara by 14th Army announced.

Air.—Brunswick (2,000 tons dropped) heavily bombed.

JANUARY 15, Saturday *1,596th day*

Italy.—Fall of Acquafondata to French troops of the 5th Army announced; Montefero, Montepagano, and Monte Pile heights stormed. U.S. troops seized Monte Trocchio.

Russian Front.—Gen. Rokossovsky's Army reached a point 25 miles west of Mozyr. Soviet troops under Gen. Govorov launched an offensive in the Leningrad area, south of Oranienbaum and Pulkovo.

JANUARY 16, Sunday *1,597th day*

Italy.—Capture of Cardito, Monte Croce and Vallerotonda, by French troops of 5th Army announced.

Mediterranean.—Klagenfurt Messerschmitt factory in Austrian province of Carinthia bombed by Fortresses.

Russian Front.—Revealed that Russian forces had broken enemy defences N. of Novo Sokolniki, Kostopol, 35 miles S.W. of Sarny, captured by Soviet troops.

General.—Revealed that Gen. Eisenhower had taken up his post in the United Kingdom as Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces.

JANUARY 17, Monday *1,598th day*

Italy.—Announced forward 5th Army troops had reached the River Rapido. British troops of the 5th Army forced three crossings of the Garigliano River at Argento, Sujo and near Minturno.

Russian Front.—Tulchin, in Rovno region, occupied by Red Army.

Australasia.—Announced Sio (New Guinea) taken by Australians.

General.—Lt.-General Omar Bradley appointed to command U.S. Army in the Field under Gen. Eisenhower.

JANUARY 18, Tuesday *1,599th day*

Italy.—Announced that French troops of the 5th Army had captured San Elia.

Russian Front.—Announced that two fresh offensives recently launched by Red Army had carried them beyond enemy fortified defences in the Oranienbaum area of the Leningrad front, and had pierced fortifications north of Novgorod on the Volkhov front. Russian troops captured Slavuta and cut the rail connexion between Shepetovka and Rovno, S.W. of Novigrad Volynsk.

General.—Mr. Churchill returned to England from N. Africa.

★ Flash-backs ★

1941

January 5. *Bardia surrendered to Gen. Wavell's 8th Army. 30,000 Italians made prisoner.*

January 18. *Dive-bombing attacks on Malta commenced. Aircraft-carrier Illustrious in Valetta harbour enemy's main objective.*

1942

January 12. *Attack on Halfaya (Egypt) began by British and Imperial troops.*

January 17. *Halfaya garrison surrendered to South Africans.*

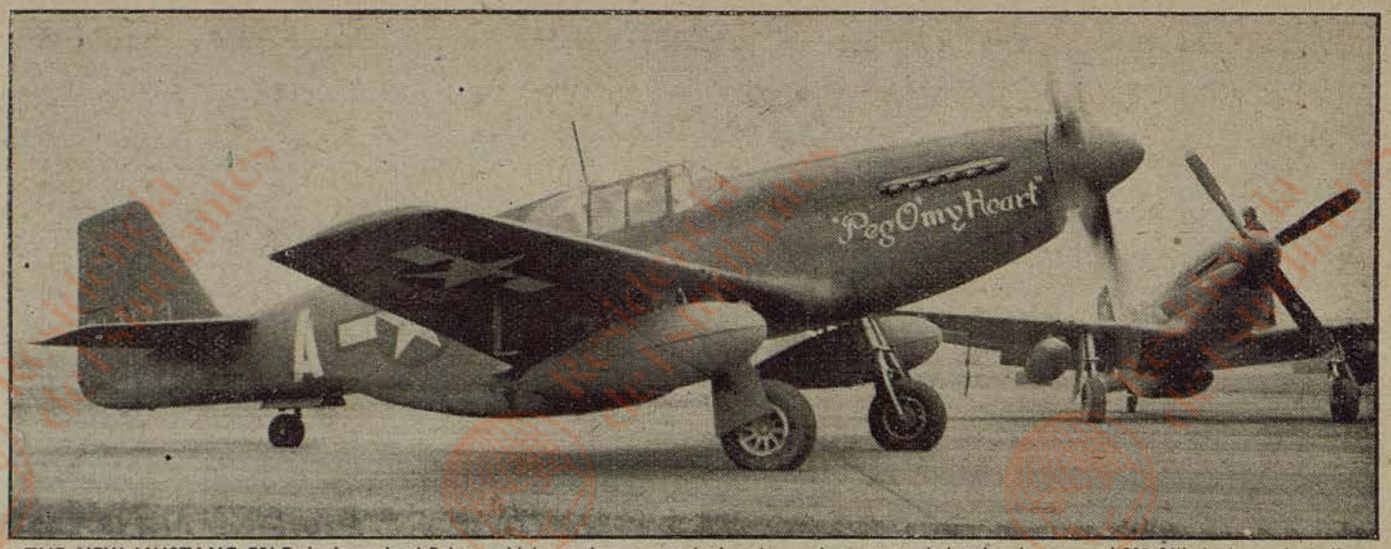
1943

January 5. *Tsimlyanskaya on Don front taken by Red Army troops.*

January 12. *Conquest of Fezzan by Free French troops under Gen. Leclerc completed.*

January 14. *President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, accompanied by the combined Chiefs of Staff, met at Casablanca, French Morocco, to plan the enemy's "unconditional surrender."*

January 15. *Gen. Montgomery's 8th Army opened an offensive at Buerat (Tripolitania).*



THE NEW MUSTANG P51 B single-engined fighter which acted as escort during the war's greatest air battle when some 1,200 Allied planes, including over 700 Liberators and Fortresses, successfully attacked vital German aircraft plants at Halberstadt, Oschersleben and Brunswick, on Jan. 11, 1944. The improved Mustang is Anglo-American, built originally in U.S.A. from British specifications. Speed is said to be over 400 m.p.h., and auxiliary tanks under the wings give it the longest range of any single-seat fighter in the world. *Photo, Associated Press*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE war in the air is playing a far more important part in the whole war than the average person with whom I come into contact realizes. And I am going to present to readers my view of the far-reaching nature of the effects of the air war, and of some of the disadvantages we have encountered through the unimaginative misemployment (I purposely use this strong word) of air power.

By the time this article is published the large-scale raids made on German targets by Bomber Command will have been proceeding for about eleven months. The attacks made earlier—the first of the 1,000-bomber raids on Cologne, the Ruhr and Bremen—were experimental try-outs of the new method of bombing which has since achieved such remarkable results. Those early raids were made with twin-engined bombers forming the major part of the formations engaged, and it took about 90 minutes to unload about 1,500 tons of bombs. Now, employing four-engined bombers, it is possible, as in the recent raid on Brunswick (Jan. 11, 1944), to decant 2,000 tons of bombs in 23 minutes.

What, you may ask, is the reason for the concentration of effort in modern bombing? Why do we not do as the Germans did when they attacked our cities and maintain a steady attack throughout the night, dropping bombs at a slower pace, but keeping on dropping them for the ten hours of darkness? There are several reasons, not just one, and they concern both the flying conditions and the surface conditions.

CONFLAGRATIONS Beyond Control of Nazi Civil Defence Services

In flight there is the obvious need to avoid unnecessary casualties among our aircraft, and the shortest possible time spent over the target exposes them to the least possible risk from enemy night fighters and flak, while reduction in the time spent in the air means that a greater load of bombs can be carried, because of reduction in weight of petrol.

On the surface, the great concentration of bombing produces within an extremely brief period a conflagration so great that the German civil defence services are powerless to control the flames within the target area. The most they can do is to work to prevent the fires from spreading to other areas. In this way the target area marked out for attack is devastated by one successful assault, and the same area need not be again dealt with on the grand scale; any isolated targets that may have survived within the area can be of small value to the enemy, but, if it is desired to deal with them, this can be done by American bombers operating in daylight, or by British Mosquito bombers flying either by day or night.

OF course, some target areas are better protected from attack because they are dispersed. A notable example was Essen, where industry sprawled widely over a large zone. That was why repetitive raids were required to be launched against this area, but even in this case the devastation was but a question of time. What is important is this: *any war industrial area can be devastated so that it is useless to the German war effort.* And without industry Germany can no longer maintain either her armies in the field or her civilian population in the Reich. Her whole effort would inevitably collapse.

What has already been achieved? Bomber Command and the American bomber force in Britain working together by night and day dropped 157,000 tons and 55,000 tons respectively on enemy targets during 1943. In that first year of real bombing Bomber Command dropped 136,000 tons on Germany alone. Twenty-seven per cent of all Germany's built-up area has been devastated, covering an aggregate area of about 40 square miles, and Germany has been forced on to the defensive because she has suffered a reduced production of all-important weapons. She has been compelled to give priority to defensive weapons. Fighters have taken precedence over bombers, and probably over other surface and sea weapons. The measure of German fear of the bombing battle of Germany is evidenced in her production of fighter aircraft in such quantities that the Luftwaffe first-line strength is numerically 1,000 aircraft greater than it was a year ago.

THIS does not mean that she has as great an aircraft industry, for it must be remembered that it is possible to build at least three fighters for every bomber, so that the replacement of a bomber programme by a fighter programme automatically increases the output of aircraft even from a depleted industry. Remember, too, that it is only in recent months that we have attacked the fighter aircraft factories. The continuation of the bomber offensive will have such an effect upon the German aircraft industry that Germany will not be able to maintain her production of fighter aircraft. Then, with the bomber offensive growing and the German fighter defence diminishing, the end would be near.

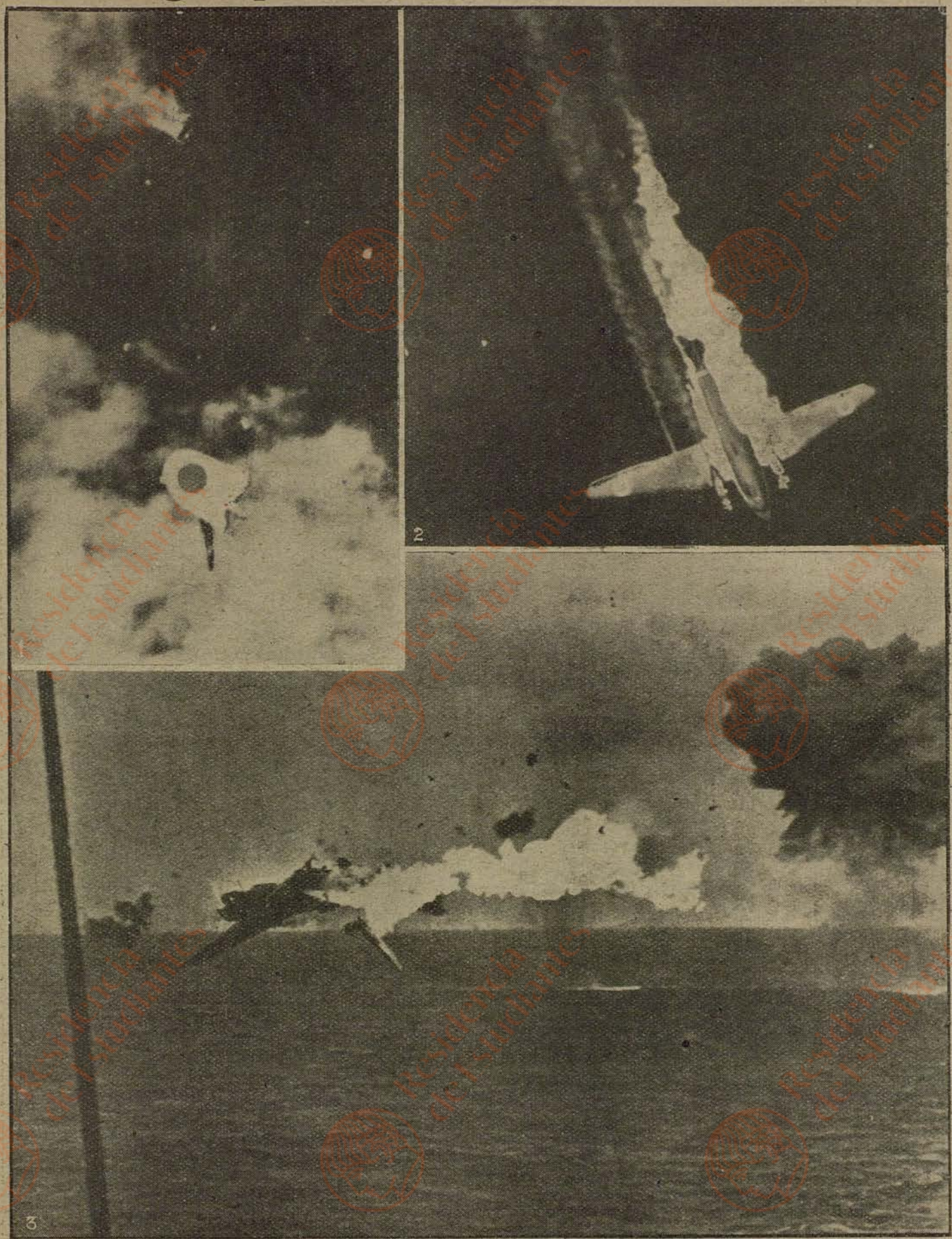
If we and the Americans had achieved the bombing strength we should have had, the effect upon German industry would by now have been much greater than it is. Germany would not have had her present increase in fighter strength. Her armies would have been depleted of still more weapons. Her soldiers would have been up against the wall. The great mass of her civilian population would have been homeless and unable to sustain their industrial efforts.

WOULD Germany Welcome an Invasion of Europe?

Why have we failed to accomplish this? Because we have not concentrated our force at the vital point. We have followed devious war trails. Our bombers have been employed for extraneous purposes. What we have been expending in a winter mud-crawl up the Italian peninsula could have been better employed against German industry. Germany wants us to fight her armies; they are still her best weapons. She would welcome a premature invasion of Europe. It is the one way she might hope to win this war, and if we had made the attempt too soon we should have lost our opportunity to defeat her by air power, for our already partially dispersed bomber force would then have been almost wholly dispersed.

BUT, you may ask, what proof is there that bombing will defeat Germany? Well, it is known that it is the weapon Germany fears most. Those who really know what the Luftwaffe did here, and what we are doing to Germany, know the effect of bombing on us and its effect on Germany. The retreat of the German armies in Russia is the direct result of the destruction of German industry. The victorious Russian armies advance in the rear of an army forced by Bomber Command to retire to a line which it believes it can maintain with the industry it now possesses, with something substantial left over to oppose invasion. If our bombing is maintained and increased the Nazi line will be too long to hold, and battered German industry will bring Hitler's downfall because it will be unable to give him arms. We can win the war by bombing. We might lose it through premature invasion. If we invade too soon it will cost us dearly.

Shooting Japanese Planes out of Pacific Skies



ACCURATE ALLIED FIRE plays havoc with Japanese aircraft over Pacific waters. Tribute to a Liberator's marksmanship is this shattered wing-tip (1) falling into the sea ; an enemy transport plane (2) believed to be carrying Japanese officials, is another victim. A Zero torpedo-bomber (3) which had attempted to attack one of the American aircraft carriers raiding the Marshall Islands on Dec. 4, 1943, is blown apart by the carrier's guns. In the Rabaul area alone, during intense air activity the Japanese lost, between Dec. 24, 1943, and Jan. 6, 1944, nearly 200 planes, heartening indication of the constantly increasing toll being taken by our fighters. *Photos, Keystone*

Ice-Chamber Tests Make High Flight Possible



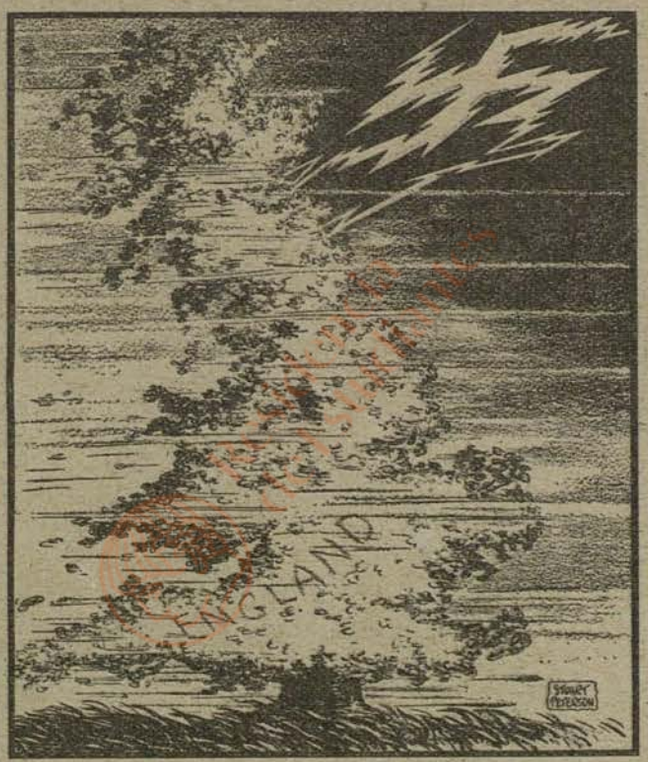
AT 70 DEGREES BELOW ZERO, approximating to a height of 35,000 feet, the atmosphere in this pressure chamber (1) necessitates warm suits made of horsehide lined with wool, and aluminium helmets welded to padded shoulders : the men are undergoing a working-test in stratosphere and Arctic conditions without leaving the ground ; contact with observers outside is maintained by telephone (3). Low temperature affects planes too; a component is removed (2) for testing in the chamber, and a plane's hydraulic system (4) follows it. See p. 521.

Photos, Keystone

Editor's Postscript

PROPHECIES during this war have seldom been fulfilled—so far. Certainly Hitler's have not. Nor was Mr. Chamberlain any more fortunate when he said the future would show that Hitler in 1940 "had missed the bus," though this phrase was alleged to have been first used by a high-ranking officer in this connexion. Unluckily it was broadcast on the eve of the series of colossal blows by which the Nazis brought the Continent and a large part of Scandinavia under their temporary domination. But one prediction I can remember reflects credit in a high degree on the man who uttered it. Mr. Ernest Bevin declared a long time ago, when we were getting the worst of the air raids, that in course of time we should drop five tons of bombs on Germany for every ton they dropped here. That has come true already. Indeed, we have done better than that. And as the months go by we shall increase the weight of our attacks. Two years before war began, in 1937, Hitler said meditatively and with a melancholy air to a Rumanian politician who visited him, "What an appalling thing to picture London and other cities destroyed by bombs!" He was thinking, the visitor believed, of German cities being treated in the same way. But was he? When he threatened to "erase" ours, he had such superiority in the air that such a possibility as the obliteration of Berlin could not occur to him. Goering assured him that no bombs would ever fall on the Reich (see pp. 559-562). Of all war prophecies that is the one which will be pilloried in history as the most fatuous of all.

NOT many people are aware of the large number of Irish men and women who have been imported to work for us in war factories and in constructing airfields. There are about 80 girls from Eire in what used to be a college for training Church of England clergymen not far from Oxford. The other day an organizer for the Workers' Educational Association went to this college to see if a course of lectures would be welcomed. He sketched the sort of subjects that could be dealt with and then asked "What subject would most of you prefer?" The reply was a shout of "Men!" He said he never felt so much at a loss. He departed without arranging anything.



WITHSTANDING THE STORM

"Storms Make Oaks Take Deeper Root"

Originally published in The Sun, Sydney, Australia, on Aug. 27, 1940, this cartoon was reprinted as tribute to the spirit of Britain on Sept. 3, 1943, the fourth anniversary of war with Germany.

IS there more crime of the mean and petty kind in wartime than at other times, or is it merely that we hear more about it? One certainly does notice a larger record of really revolting sneak-thefts. As bad a one as any I heard of a few days ago. An old lady travelling by train (journey strictly necessary!) in a first-class compartment went out for a few moments, leaving her bag very carelessly on her seat. When she opened it again, she found all her clothing and ration coupons had been taken out, together with a valuable gold-bound morocco wallet (which was empty). Her identity card had been left, fortunately. What ought to be done to the incredibly caddish offenders who are guilty of acts like that—if they can be caught? I believe making them wear a distinguishing mark and having a statement of their offence displayed outside their houses would have more of a deterrent effect than any fine or imprisonment. Public opinion might do a lot towards decreasing crime.

I HAVE made a discovery. I am a rack-renter! Do you know what that is? I have had to look it up in the dictionary. I had a dim memory of the term being applied to Irish landlords in the days long ago when the Rent War was going on across St. George's Channel. It was then supposed to mean an unjust, grasping landlord. The dictionary supports that. It says rack-rent is "a rent stretched to the utmost, an exorbitant rent." Now it happens that a house of mine is being used by the military, having been requisitioned for a staff headquarters. The Army authorities have sent me an agreement to sign and in this I am described as a "person receiving the rack-rent of the land or a person who would receive the rack-rent if the land were let at a rack-rent." That sounds like Alice in Wonderland. War Office documents often do. I haven't the slightest idea what it means, nor, I would venture to bet, has the official who signed it. I am receiving far less rent than the house is worth, therefore I am not, according to the dictionary, a rack-renter. Why should the War Office call me one?

THEY might, now I come to think of it, have discovered its significance from Shakespeare. In Much Ado About Nothing the Friar says wisely:

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but, being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

There the word is used in its right sense. Shakespeare was saying that when we have lost a possession, we strain its value, exaggerate it, set an exorbitant price upon it. That use of the expression has gone out, except in the compound "rack-rent," which, as the above instance shows, may not be quite clear even to officials who employ it. Its original meaning survives in rack-stick, a stick used for stretching a rope. All meanings seem to have developed from the rack on which unfortunate victims of tyranny were tortured by being stretched. A hat-rack, a luggage-rack, a newspaper-rack, all bear some slight resemblance to the instrument of torture. But why the piece of ice used for curling should in Scotland be called a rack, I cannot imagine. I might add that some very expensive linoleum could not be removed from the house in question as it was pasted to the floor boards. In the event of its being damaged I am to be compensated to an amount not exceeding eighteen-pence per yard!

HOW would you say the war has affected the dog population in this country? Most people think it has gone down very much, that the increased difficulty of buying dog food, meat especially, must have made a number of dog-owners reluctantly part with their four-footed friends. Yet the figures show that the difference is not really great after all. There were in 1939 two million eight hundred thousand dogs. The latest estimate is that there are now two million four hundred thousand. There is an inclination to think even that is too many. The Government must decide this. I read a long time ago that the Germans had been forbidden to keep dogs. I didn't believe it at the time, and I don't now. They have not been as short of meat as we have. Yet it is pretty certain their drop in dog numbers has been heavier in proportion than ours, because they take more careful precautions against future risks. However, as our statistics mean that we have no more than one dog to every sixteen or so of our human population, it can't, I think, be called excessive, even in present circumstances.

THREE letters I read in a daily paper from men in the Army or Air Force about what they call excessive "spit and polish," unnecessary cleaning, exaggerated regard for appearances, made a letter I received myself from Persia particularly interesting. It was from a young officer friend of mine. "I have," he told me, "received a formal reprimand in writing for having the badge on my hat three-eighths of an inch out of place." Now what possible justification can there be for such old-maidish fussiness as that? What a shock the writer of the reprimand would receive from "Monty's" beret, stuck all over with badges! And here is another gem. Before an inspection men of a unit were told "every man must see that his trousers are properly ironed!"

THERE are names in the news from the Italian front which must give all who read Browning (and anyone who does not misses a lot of interest and pleasure) a painful jolt. Fano, for instance—when I read of this little town by the sea being a target for attack from the air, I hoped the church with the picture by Guercino in it had escaped. This picture gave the poet the idea for "The Guardian Angel," in which occur the often-quoted lines:

O world as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?

As God made it! What would Browning have said of the world today, as Man is making it? Nothing very comforting!

Tedder's Carpet will Pave the Allied Way



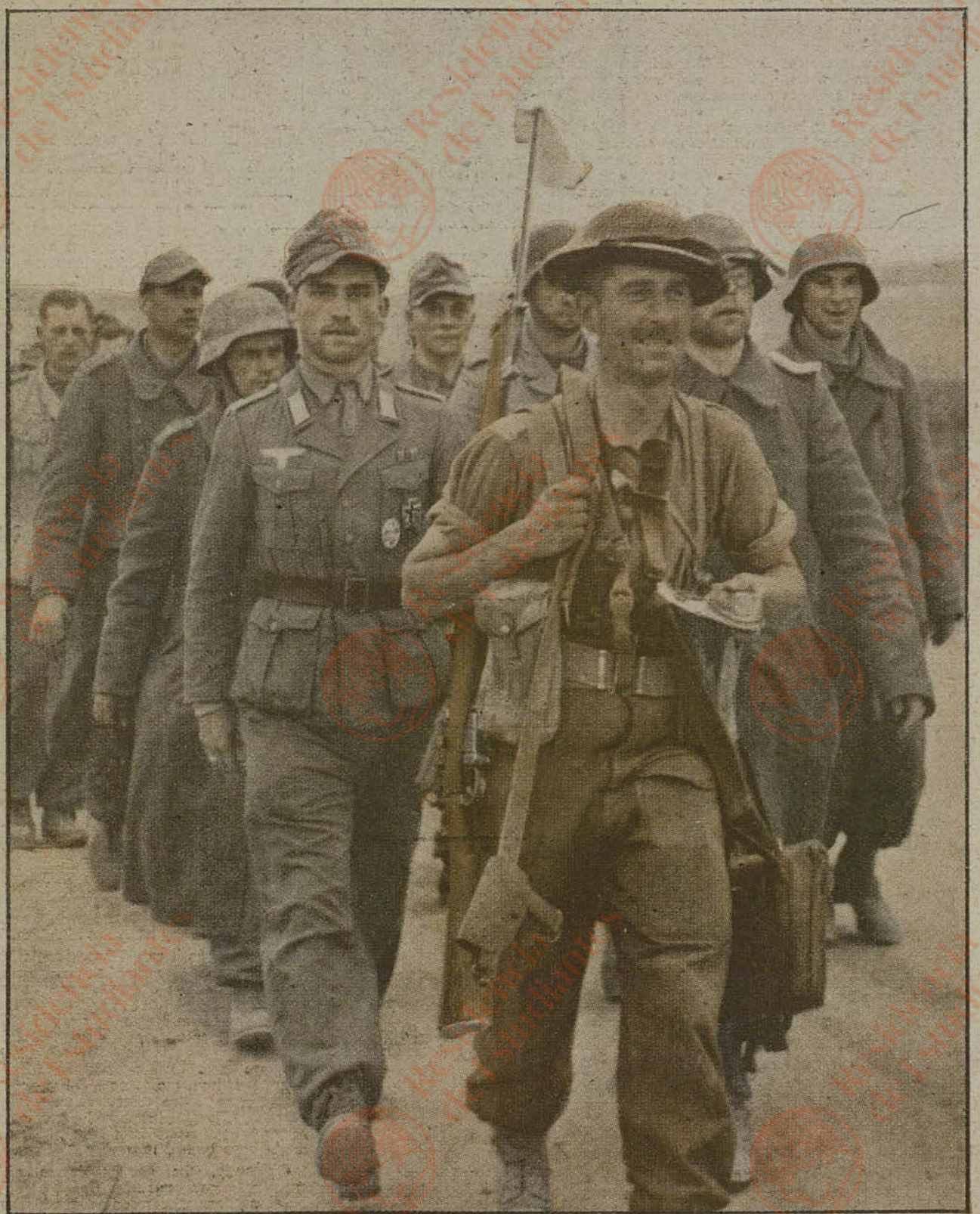
AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR WILLIAM TEDDER, K.C.B., on the balcony of Air House, his former Cairo home as A.O.C.-in-C. Mediterranean Air Command. On December 27, 1943, he was appointed Deputy Supreme Commander, under General Eisenhower, of the Allied forces which will invade Western Europe from these shores: indication that fullest use will be made of the Allies' air might to prepare our way. Air Chief Marshal Tedder is the creator of the famous "carpet" or pattern bombing technique. *Photo, British Official*

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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE JUNE 11, 1943



'WE ARE CLOSING DOWN FOR EVER,' was Von Arnim's final message to Hitler just before the great Tunisian surrender. By May 13, 1943 not a single Axis soldier was left fighting in N. Africa, and a week later Gen. Eisenhower announced that the number of Axis prisoners taken in Tunisia since the break-through on May 5 was 224,000. Carrying sundry trophies, map-cases, and a pistol, his bayonet decorated with a white flag, this 1st Army man leads in his captives—Germans from the 334th Artillery Regiment. *Photo, British Official*

NO. 157 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JUNE 25

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

SINCE the collapse of the Axis in North Africa there has been a more complete cessation of land operations than at any time since the months following the fall of France. The lull is not likely, this time, to last so long, but there is a curious resemblance in reverse between the two situations.

Then, we were awaiting the invasion of Britain and Egypt ; now it is the invasion of Europe that is expected, with Britain and Egypt providing offensive bases. Then, while the armies remained inactive, the air war intensified with the battle for air supremacy being fought out across the English Channel, and with London and British industrial centres targets for bombers. Today the air war is again the main feature in the news; but the targets for bombers are Berlin and the war industries of Germany and Italy, while the battle for air supremacy as a prelude to invasion is being fought across the Mediterranean. Now it is the attacker not the defender that is winning. Now it is the Allies who have captured a great line of naval and air bases for their operations.

During the lull of 1940 Germany's Eastern front gave her no cause for anxiety, but now it is precisely there that her armies are most deeply committed. Then, she scoffed at the idea that American material aid could reach Britain in time to affect the issue even if it could run the U-boat blockade. Now she has learnt to her cost that it is not material aid alone that America can give, and in spite of all her efforts the U-boat is becoming a dwindling asset.

TUNISIA

When I last wrote we had not yet fully learnt the extent of the Tunisian victory, nor about some of its most amazing features. It seemed probable then that the Axis forces might be found to have been weaker than had been estimated and that a proportion of their troops might have been evacuated.

Yet, on the contrary, it has now been proved by the numbers of prisoners and booty captured that the enemy's numerical strength was greater than expected, that he was not seriously short of munitions or supplies, and that, far from having evacuated part of his force, he had received substantial reinforcements shortly before disaster overtook him.

It is true that some of his detachments were isolated, and may have run short of supplies, after Alexander's initial breakthrough had dislocated central control. But a large section of his force, facing the 8th Army, was intact and had not been heavily engaged.

Von Arnim had undoubtedly been misled and outmanoeuvred by Alexander and had lost control ; but that does not excuse the astounding collapse of German morale or the lack of initiative shown by almost all subordinate commanders.

In spite of the magnificent energy and dash displayed by our armour in exploiting success in the capture of Hammamlif and the drive to Hammamet it is abundantly evident that, but for the breakdown of morale and failure in initiative, the Germans might still be holding a very strong position in the Cape Bon peninsula. Whether the collapse of morale was due to the withdrawal of the Luftwaffe and the consequent undisputed air supremacy established by the Allies, or to a refusal to make ruthless sacrifice of life on the Stalingrad pattern, is not yet clear. It may have been due mainly to a sudden loss of faith in German invincibility.

THEY FOUGHT IN TUNISIA

The Lancashire Fusiliers, Hampshire Regiment, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, The Black Watch, London Irish Rifles, Buffs, Royal Irish Fusiliers, Seaforth Highlanders, Lincolnshire Regiment, East Surrey Regiment, York and Lancaster Regiment, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Gordon Highlanders, Northamptonshire Regiment, Cameron Highlanders, and Royal West Kent Regiment.

Both Regular and Territorial units of various regiments have been fighting, and it must not be forgotten that the Brigade of Guards took a great part in the campaign, as well as the Royal Regiment of Artillery in all its branches ; the Royal Engineers, the Royal Armoured Corps, including the Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and Nottinghamshire Yeomanry, the R.A.S.C., R.E.M.E., R.A.O.C., and R.A.M.C.—*Lord Croft, Under-Secretary of State for War, May 18, 1943*



CAPE BON—FINAL AXIS STRONGHOLD IN AFRICA. These two infantrymen stand on the edge of a cliff in the Cape Bon peninsula, overlooking the sea from which the enemy was debarred from staging a Dunkirk. Thousands of prisoners and an enormous quantity of military stores of every kind fell into the Allies' hands when this last centre of resistance was overwhelmed.

Photo, British Official ; Crown Copyright



PANTELLERIA, Italian island situated about 60 miles from the Sicilian coast, and 45 miles from Cap Bon (see map, page 8), was repeatedly attacked by Allied aircraft following the end of the African campaign.

ITALY

The battle for air supremacy in the central Mediterranean has now shifted northwards and the whole Allied air force based on North Africa and Malta, liberated from the task of cooperating in land operations, can devote itself exclusively to securing complete supremacy in the air over the Sicilian Channel and to making the enemy's bases from which that supremacy might be disputed as far as possible unusable.

Whether it is intended to invade Sicily, Sardinia, or Italy itself or not, it is obvious that we must take advantage of the newly acquired African air bases to make the Mediterranean route as safe as possible for the passage of convoys, and the attack is naturally being pressed home while the enemy is still weakened by his losses in Africa.

Not long ago it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to establish air supremacy, or even a marked degree of air superiority, beyond the orbit of short-range fighter aircraft based on North Africa and Malta ; but it would seem from the results obtained, especially by the American Flying Fortresses, that we have in the bomber which can operate without escort an ideal weapon for pressing home the attack on a weakened enemy. If the Luftwaffe had possessed such a weapon in the Battle of Britain the results might have been disastrously different.

Obviously, the greater degree of air superiority we establish in the central Mediterranean, the more vulnerable to invasion Sicily, Sardinia, and Italy become ; and whether they are attacked or not the enemy is bound to provide troops for their protection on quite a new scale. The enemy is therefore forced into the dilemma of becoming weak everywhere in the attempt to be strong everywhere.



RUSSIANS ENTER KRYMSKAYA. This important railway junction, 25 miles N. of Novorossisk in the Kuban (see map p. 21), was captured on May 4, 1943, after four days of sustained Soviet attacks. German forces then withdrew W. of the town. These Cossack women welcome Red Army men as the latter march into the place *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

GERMANY If the Allied air forces are achieving great results in the Mediterranean the recent successes of the Home-based aircraft have been even more remarkable with the attack on the Mohne and Eder dams, an outstanding achievement —incomparably the greatest blow in its lasting effects German war industries have yet received.

The captious may ask why it was not done before; but that implies ignorance of the problems the destruction of the dams involved. It is evident that no ordinary bombing attack could have shifted such a great mass of masonry. To achieve the results obtained an exceptionally large and concentrated weight of explosives had to be placed with absolute accuracy, and detonated at a correct depth to obtain the maximum effect of water pressure. That in the face of powerful flak defence. The amazing thing is that the attack in two cases was completely successful. The highest standard of training, skill and courage to give effect to precise calculation was clearly necessary, as well as aircraft of suitable type to deliver the load. Seldom can an experiment involving an untried technique have justified itself so completely.

RUSSIA The last week of May came without either side making a major move, though feverish preparations were clearly in progress. Inaction was the more intriguing because the ground in the south, where preparations were most apparent, had for some weeks been in a condition favourable to mobile operations. It had seemed probable that the Germans would strike first, before the Russians could completely restore communications in recaptured territory.

Possibly the very effective and intensified air attacks made by the Russians on German communications may have caused delay, or events in North Africa, with their implications, may have caused the Germans to hesitate to commit themselves. Reports were current that sections of military opinion opposed offensive action in Russia which might lead to an inescapable entanglement, and advocated a defensive policy.

There were few definite indications as to the exact points at which major action might be taken; but the probability seemed to be that the Germans might, as an initial move, attempt a two-pronged offensive from the Briansk-Orel salient and from the neighbourhood of Bielgorod against the Russian salient west of Kursk.

The Russians, on the other hand, were expanding their bridgeheads across the Middle Donetz which might indicate an offensive against the Germans in the Donetz Basin.

The Russian attack in the Kuban had not been abandoned, but had been brought almost to a standstill by the very strong German positions covering Novorossisk.

The Russians probably benefit by delays in view of their inferior communications; and the successes gained by their air forces are very encouraging, especially now that the Luftwaffe is so widely dispersed. It must be expected, however, that if and when the Germans take the offensive they will again be able to support it with a strong concentration of air power and will almost certainly have initial successes.

FAR EAST It is now franky admitted that our operations in the Arakan district of Burma failed in their offensive object; but they gave valuable training and achieved the defensive object of denying Akyab to the Japanese as a base from which to bomb India. We have now withdrawn practically to the Indian frontier, and if we cannot claim success the situation has not materially deteriorated.

The exploits of Brigadier Wingate's raiding columns were remarkable. They are encouraging as revealing elements of weakness in the Japanese position; and no doubt they were something more than disconcerting to the enemy. But they more than ever make plain the difficulties Burma presents to military operations. The enterprise inspired by Field-Marshal Wavell himself recalls, and may have had the same purpose as, the reconnaissances and raids carried out by his covering troops on the Libyan frontier in 1940. They, it will be remembered, acquired much valuable knowledge of the conditions of the desert terrain and the military use that could be made of them.

PACIFIC The American capture of Attu island in the Aleutians marks the loss to the Japanese of yet another of their defensive outposts. It is difficult at present to assess the importance of the capture, but clearly it makes the situation of the Japanese on Kiska island more precarious; and the experience gained in landing operations will be valuable.

THE KING TO MR. CHURCHILL

Now that the campaign in Africa has reached a glorious conclusion, I wish to tell you how profoundly I appreciate the fact that its initial conception and successful prosecution are largely due to your vision and to your unflinching determination in the face of early difficulties.

The African campaign has immeasurably increased the debt that this country and indeed all the United Nations owe to you.

MR. CHURCHILL TO THE KING

I am deeply grateful for the most gracious message with which your Majesty has honoured me. No Minister of the Crown has ever received more kindness and confidence from his Sovereign than I have done during the three fateful years which have passed since I received your Majesty's commission to form a national Administration. This has been a precious aid and comfort to me, especially in the dark time through which we have passed.

My father and my grandfather both served in Cabinets of Queen Victoria's reign, and I myself have been a Minister under your Majesty's grandfather, your father, and yourself for many years. The signal compliment which your Majesty has paid me on this occasion goes far beyond my deserts, but will remain as a source of lively pleasure to me as long as I live.

Published May 17, 1943



INDIAN SNIPERS IN THE ARAKAN JUNGLE, like Brigadier Wingate's "Chindits" in the forests of Central Burma, have inflicted considerable losses upon the Japs. This guerilla warfare, carried out in inaccessible country, has been maintained in spite of difficult conditions. These vigilant Sikhs are shown amid typical surroundings. *Photo, Indian Official*

British and Americans Enter Bizerta Together



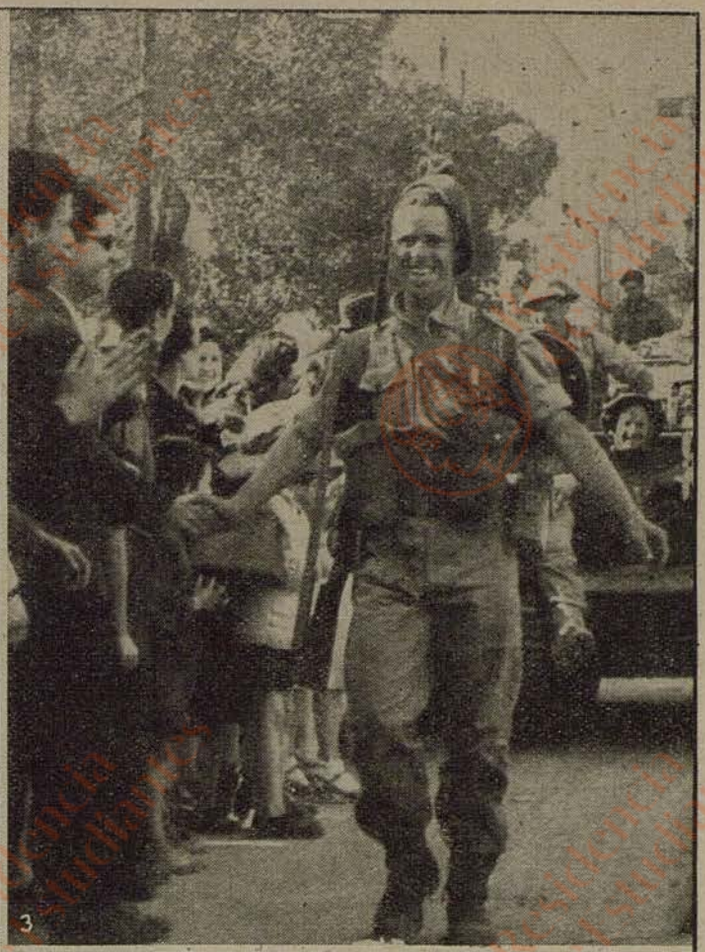
ALLIES IN BIZERTA. The U.S. 2nd Army Corps occupied this great base on May 7, 1943 and, as at Tunis, resistance had to be overcome in the streets. So swift was the advance upon the city that the enemy was unable to complete the destruction of the port. 1, Lt.-Gen. Anderson, commander of the 1st Army, with Maj.-Gen. Bradley, in command of the American troops. 2, U.S. patrol awaits order to advance during a street battle. 3, British patrol moves forward in search of enemy snipers.

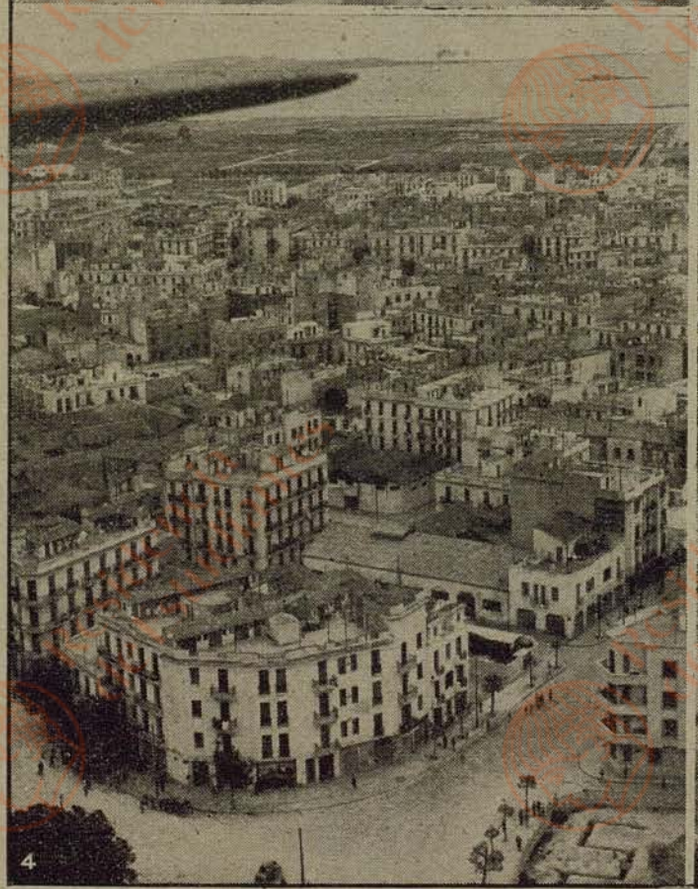
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

With Unbounded Joy Tunis Greeted the Allies











ALLIED OCCUPATION OF TUNIS. 1, Gen. Alexander and Air-Marshal Coningham drive into the city, taken by the 1st Army on May 7, 1943. 2, A German who had been sniping at our men from a garden lies dead. French civilians step cautiously from their hiding-places; 3, Inhabitants give the Allied troops a tumultuous welcome. Day after day our bombers strafed the dock area (5), but the commercial and residential quarters (4) were hardly damaged.

Photos, British Official



FANTASTIC SCENES OF SURRENDER AND DEFEAT were enacted during the last battle of Tunisia when the hopelessly disorganized and shattered Axis forces were rounded up in their thousands. At one prisoners' camp alone, Germans and Italians flowed in at the rate of 1,000 an hour, and so overwhelming was the Allied victory that the roads were choked with what appeared to be never-ending streams of captives. On May 19, 1943 Gen. Eisenhower, Allied C.-in-C., N. Africa, announced that the total number of prisoners taken in Tunisia since the Battle of Mareth was 267,000, while in addition 30,000 of the enemy were killed and 27,000 seriously wounded. A vast crowd of soldiers, sailors and airmen is here seen at a prisoners' camp near Tunis.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Italy Trembles at the Thunder of the Guns

Now that the Allied armies are in full control of all the North African coast, now that their bombers are disrupting Italy's social and industrial system, the Italians are hearing already in fearful anticipation the tread of the invader. How are they bearing up in their hour of trial?

At six o'clock on the evening of June 10, 1940—just three years ago—Mussolini appeared on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia, the No. 10, Downing Street of Rome, and announced that Italy's declaration of war had been handed to the Ambassadors of Britain and France, those "plutocratic and reactionary democracies of the west." Proletarian and Fascist Italy, barked Il Duce, was on her feet. She had only one watchword: "To conquer!" Up went the bully's chin. From below came the sound of delirious cheers uttered by the crowd of giddy young Fascists.

Swift in reply came the voice of Mr. Duff Cooper, in a broadcast speech from London.

"Mussolini," declared the Minister of Information, "will bring misery and starvation upon his people. He will leave nothing behind him but the curses of those whom he has betrayed. *He will increase the number of ruins for which Italy has long been famous.*"

At the time this remark about ruins was considered by the political purists to be not altogether nice, as being slightly indecorous. But few of our latter-day prophets have been so signally and so speedily justified in their predictions as Mr. Duff Cooper in his grim warning to Italy, then inflated almost to bursting-point at the prospect of a victory on the cheap. Italy has always been a land of ruins, but never have the ruins been so numerous as now. The Italian Empire is a ruin. Italy herself, her military establishments, her industrial system, her social complex, her intellectual ideology—in all and everything she displays

. . . ruin upon ruin, rout on rout.
Confusion worse confounded.

Only three years have been added to history since "Sawdust Caesar" uttered his frantic boasts and foolish words. Where is he now?

Mussolini still sits in his great room in his Roman palace, behind the desk placed in the far corner so that he has a long and clear view of his visitors. He is still the Pooh-Bah of Pooh-Bahs, holding nearly all the portfolios of the Italian Cabinet in what he likes to think is still a masterful hand. He still overshadows little Victor Emmanuel, keeps his eye on Crown Prince Umberto; he still plays musical-chairs with his subordinates, frequently sacking not a few to encourage the others. But unless he has lost his one-time shrewdness, he may suspect in the uneasy watches of a sleepless night that all around him the rats are nibbling at the foundations of the Fascist house that he so proudly built and dreamed of as his eternal monument. Maybe he suspects that king and courtiers, army generals and Fascist chiefs allow him to remain where he is because it may be convenient to have a scapegoat for the crimes and follies of more than twenty years. And where could they find a better one than the man who willed that he should give his own name to his age?

The Italian Empire: you may look for it now in vain and find it only in atlases the sword has made out of date. Genially condescending, Benito Mussolini, the blacksmith's son, bestowed on his king, whose ancestors have been dukes and princes for a thousand years, the titles of King of Albania and—still better sounding—of Emperor of Ethiopia. Victor Emmanuel still keeps his titles, but—well! According to the Almanach de Gotha he is King of Cyprus, King of Jerusalem, King of Armenia. His writ runs just as effectively in Abyssinia as in Cyprus—or in the moon.

In Addis Ababa, Haile Selassie sits again on the throne from which he was driven by Italian bombs and poison gas. Tripolitania and Cyrenaica in North Africa are now being administered by a handful of British officers under the Civil Affairs Branch of G.H.Q., Middle East, in Cairo. The farms in Libya which were carved out of the desert with such toil and expense are now being worked by Arabs. So, too, with Eritrea. The Italian officials still function, but they do so under British supervision. Asmara's extensive machine-shops, reputed to be almost as good as Birmingham's, are now working for the Allies; and British officials see that the 20,000 grass-widows left behind in the Italian débâcle get the supplies of fresh milk for themselves and their children.

With all the Italian Empire in Africa in Allied hands, Emperor Emmanuel is left with Albania (boiling with unrest, always on the verge of open revolution) and the Dodecanese Islands, now definitely threatened by the ever-growing British power in Cyprus. And, of course, Italy . . .

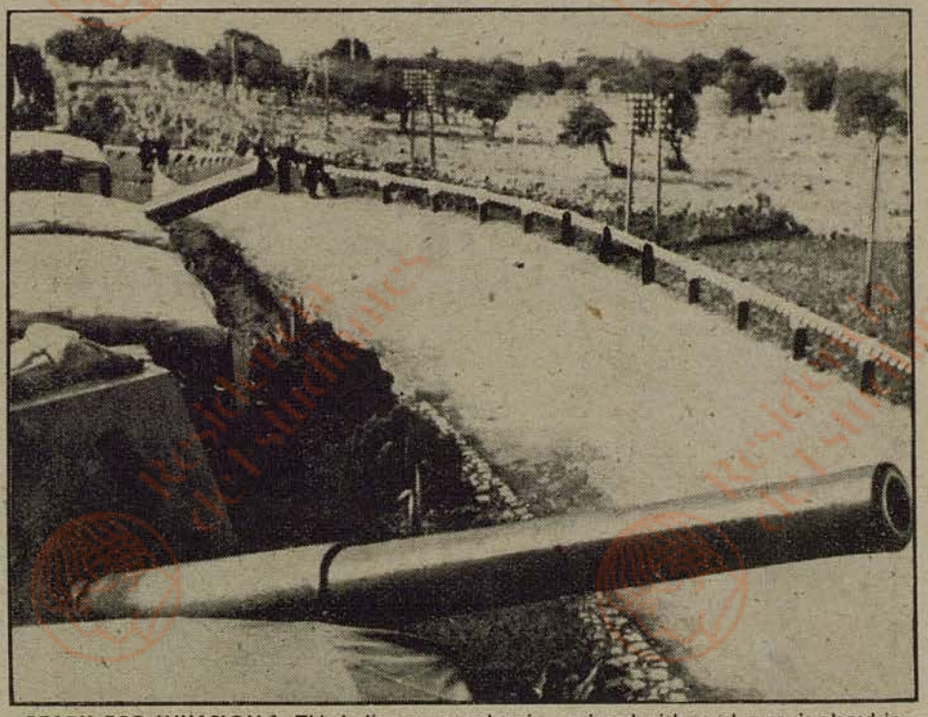
Looking out on the Italian scene the king and the Duce can discover little to gladden their eyes, to raise their leaden spirits.

They take up their newspapers, and they find complaints about this, that, and the other. Here is a cardinal denouncing the growth of atheism and irreligion. Pilfering and forgery are the subjects of frequent leading articles. Profiteering and the black market are the objects of constant denunciation. The luxury of the rich, the idle living, the untimely elegance of the well-to-do provide a congenial theme for journalistic Jeremiahs. Particularly scathing are the comments directed against the bomb-dodgers who crowd the hotels and boarding-houses of the seaside and mountain resorts. Why, some of these women have flaunted themselves in trousers . . .

Beyond a doubt the prevailing mood is one of intensest depression. And who can wonder at it, when every morning and every night bring news of yet further defeats, yet greater losses? Not all the chicanery of the communiqué-mongers can hide the blackness of the outlook from the coffee-house politicians, the peasants driving their ox-teams across the stony soil, the husbandmen tending their vineyards on the mountain slopes, the housewives gossiping beside the village well or in the churchyard after Mass.

Occasionally their fears are heightened by the news that filters through the walls of censorship. A broadcast from London or New York is picked up surreptitiously. A leaflet, urging the Italians to surrender before they are blasted into nothingness, is retrieved from the dust where it was dropped during the night before by an R.A.F. plane.

On the other side of the leaflet is a map, on which the cities which are to be bombed are indicated. Among these, we may well believe, is Rome, since it is inconceivable that it may be maintained much longer that Rome, the metropolis of the totalitarian state of antiquity, contains relics of greater cultural importance than our own Canterbury or Exeter, Westminster or York—or the Athens which, after giving to the world ages ago the deathless trinity of goodness, truth and beauty, is today polluted by the barbarians.



READY FOR INVASION? This Italian armoured train, equipped with naval guns, is placed in position near the coast. Following the spectacular and devastating defeat of the Axis in Tunisia in May 1943, tension in Italy steadily mounted in the face of an Allied invasion. A state of emergency was proclaimed throughout the country. *Photo, Associated Press*

What of the future? Will Victor Emmanuel abdicate and Umberto reign in his stead? Will the Duce flee, or push himself forward in the role of a Darlan? Or will the inheritors of Mazzini's dream of a liberal Italy rise again as from the dead?

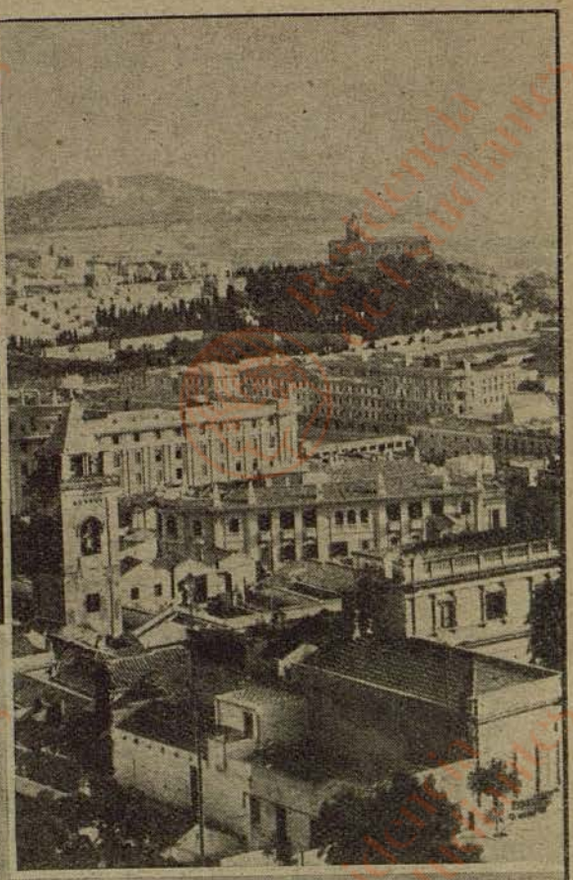
It is almost idle to speculate, but it may be doubted whether in the post-war world there will be a place for Italy as a great power. She has not got the resources for that, the industrial organization, the economic wealth, the population, the imperial urge. As colonizers Italian men and women have their virtues, and as civil engineers Italians are first-rate. But their shoulders are not broad or strong enough to carry Caesar's mantle.

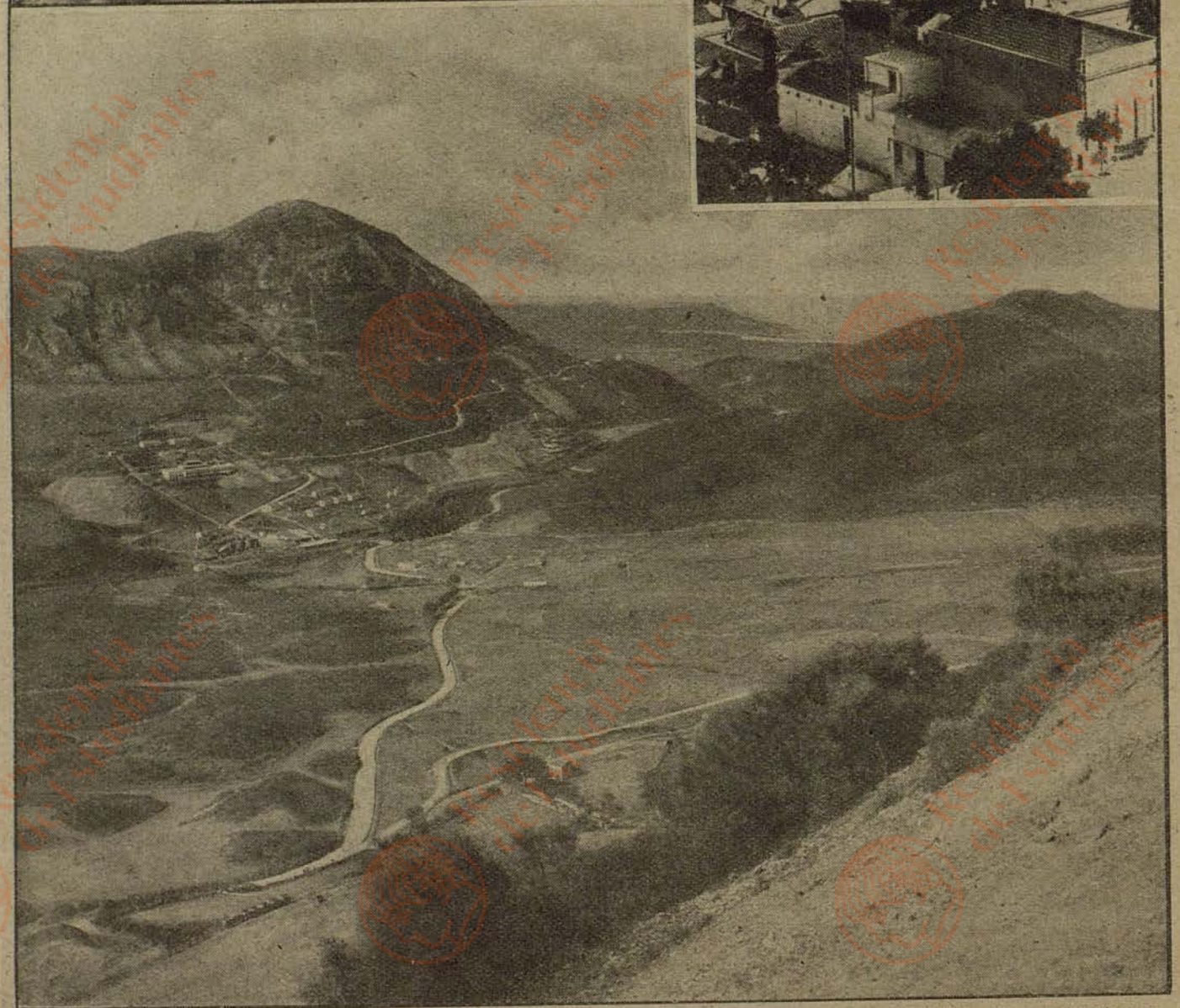
But it is not yet tomorrow. It is still the grim and gloomy present, when Italy's state is summed up in a sentence penned by a Milanese journalist in a description of Naples after a recent raid. "It is a voiceless city, in which are seen only pale, thin-faced inhabitants, turning their faces to the sky as if they expected it to rain death until the end of the world."

E. ROYSTON PIKE

Will Invasion Follow the Bombs on Sardinia?



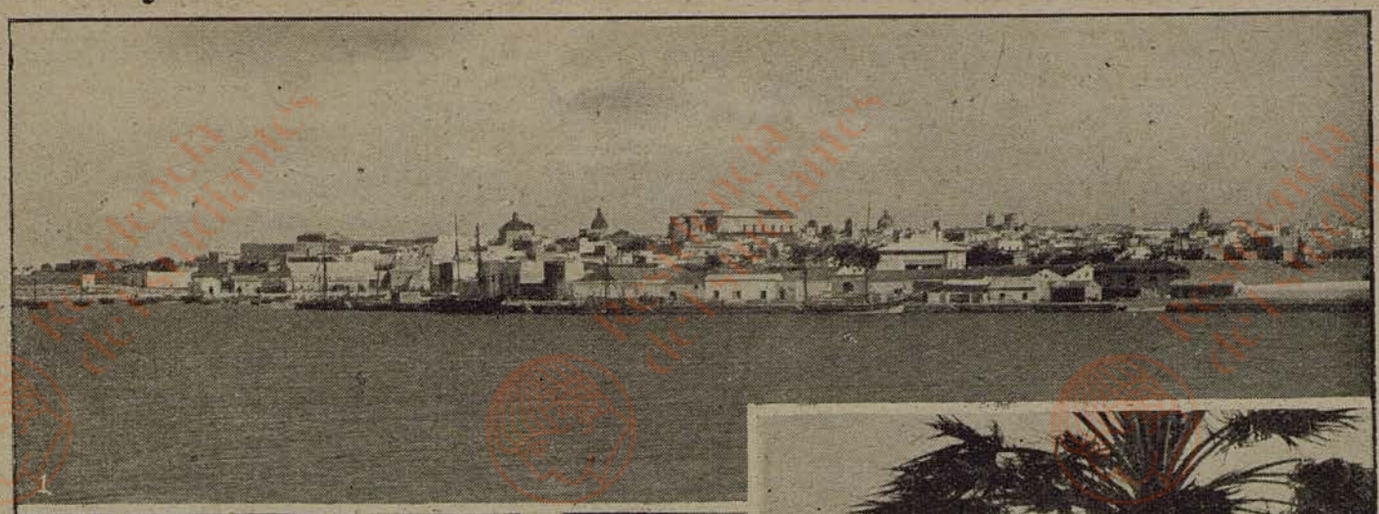




SARDINIA, some 120 miles N.N.W. of Bizerta, has felt the full weight of Allied air power. The island has four main airfields with a seaplane base at Cagliari and a number of satellite landing-grounds. With the final collapse of the Axis in Tunisia, Sardinia became an important target in our campaign against Fortress Europe. Top left, map showing relative distances between N. Tunisia and enemy key-points. Top right, Cagliari, capital and chief port of Sardinia; after being devastated by Allied bombers it was evacuated by the civilian population, Rome Radio announced on May 25. Below, Gonnesa, with the Gulf of Porto Paglia in background.

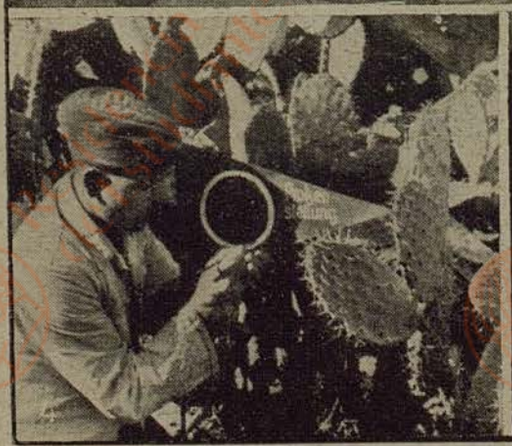
Map by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph; Photos, E.N.A., Topical

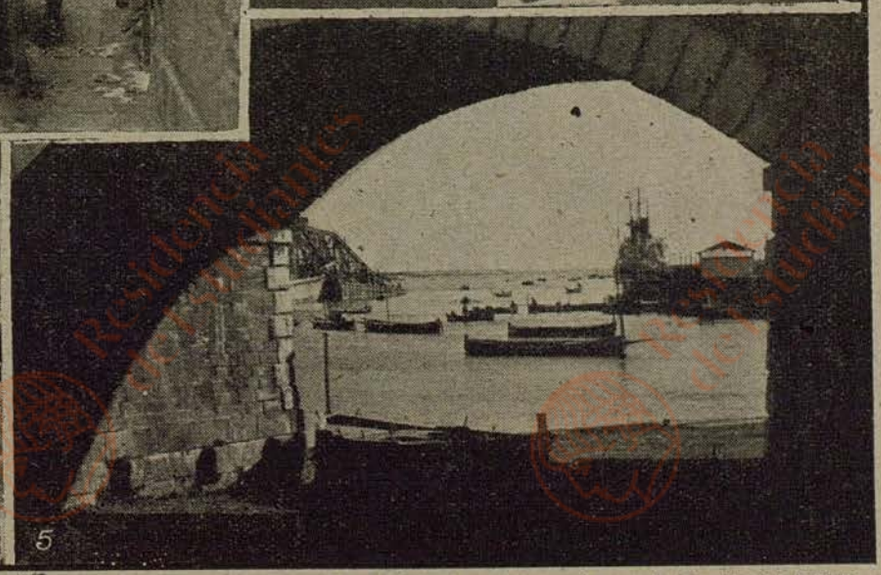
Only 100 Miles Divide the Allies From Sicily











SICILY, chief stepping-stone to Italy, is separated by the 95-mile-wide Sicilian Channel from Cap Bon (see map in opposite page). The island is held by a number of Italian divisions, supported by Luftwaffe and Regia Aeronautica Squadrons. 1, Marsala, heavily raided on May 11, 1943. 2, A street in Syracuse. 3, Taormina. 4, Member of a German anti-aircraft battery paints a sign among cacti, indicating the way to the A.A. site. 5, A glimpse of Catania's harbour.

Photos, E.N.A., Pictorial Press, Keystone

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

AN even more serious portent for Germany than the loss of her armies in Tunisia is the failure of the much-advertised U-boat offensive in the Atlantic. Grossadmiral Doenitz, who superseded Grossadmiral Raeder early this year in consequence of the latter's inability to prevent Allied convoys getting through to Russia, must have disappointed Hitler sadly.

In his address to the United States Congress on May 19 Mr. Churchill revealed that in the early months of this year, and especially during the first three weeks of May, the number of U-boat killings has broken all previous records. Though this may to some extent be connected with the fact that in recent months there have been more enemy submarines at sea than ever before, the primary factor is undoubtedly the much stronger escorts which it is now possible to provide for convoys. In the case of one convoy that was exposed to a series of attacks by about 25 U-boats from April 30 to May 6, escort vessels mentioned as taking part in repelling the U-boat packs numbered no fewer than ten. These comprised two destroyers, a sloop, two of the new frigates, four corvettes and an ex-U.S. Coast Guard cutter. It is quite likely that there were other vessels besides in the escort, which in any case was much stronger than has been usual in the past. It is this strengthening of escorts that counts for most in defeating the U-boats, though there are other contributory causes.

A VALUABLE aid which should not be overlooked is the escort aircraft-carrier, as the type is termed in the Royal Navy, though in the United States Navy the expression "aircraft escort vessel" is preferred. Scores of these have been built in American shipyards, and photographs have so far appeared of four of them, H.M.S. Battler and Tracker and the U.S.S. Charger and Long Island. All were laid down as merchant vessels, but flight decks have been superimposed on the original hulls, with lifts to bring up aircraft from the extensive hangar space below. Varying numbers of planes, up to a maximum of 30 fighters, can be carried. Some of these ships are propelled by Diesel engines at speeds in the region of 16 knots, but others, including the Battler, have geared turbines and high pressure water-tube boilers, so are probably faster.

To provide a continuous air patrol around a convoy as it proceeds on its way is the important duty carried out by these extremely useful ships. Smaller, cheaper and more rapidly built than the big fleet aircraft-carriers, they have done much to help in overcoming the U-boat menace, as a submarine is obliged to keep under water when an aircraft is overhead.

Mention in Press reports and in the Prime Minister's speech of "new weapons" for combating submarines has given rise to sundry conjectures as to their nature. Improved Asdic methods, heavier depth charges and radio-location of submarines on the surface are amongst these. Another is the use of helicopters, of a type which can rise and descend almost vertically, and hover over a target if desired. Carried on the decks of merchantmen, helicopters add a fresh terror to the various dangers which threaten the U-boat's existence today. (See illus. p. 728, Vol. 6.)

Everything, then, points to the fact that the U-boat attack is being held, but that our adversaries will use every means in their power to intensify the attack, rather than submit to defeat, may be taken for granted.

AMERICA'S Sea Power in the Aleutians

Though to people in this country it may seem a very remote theatre of war, the operations in the Bering Sea, between Alaska and the coast of Asiatic Russia, are of considerable importance, and may have a far-reaching effect on the struggle with Japan.

It was in July 1942 that it first became generally known that the Japanese had sent an expedition into the Bering Sea. Forces of uncertain strength were landed in the islands of Attu and Kiska, where airfields were in due course laid out. These islands are amongst the westernmost of the chain known as the Aleutians, extending from the south-west coast of Alaska along the southern fringe of the Bering Sea in the direction of the Kamchatka peninsula. In one of the easternmost of these, Unalaska, is situated the American naval base of Dutch Harbour.



ATTU, N. Pacific, Jap base in the Aleutians, was the scene of bitter fighting when U.S. forces launched a triple drive against remnants of the enemy in mid-May 1943. (See below.) *By courtesy of The Daily Telegraph*

For a considerable while hostilities in this region were mainly confined to sporadic air raids on Attu and Kiska by United States forces, and on various American islands by the Japanese. In August 1942 a naval bombardment of Kiska was also carried out, causing some damage to enemy shore installations. This interference had the effect of delaying, but not stopping, Japanese efforts to consolidate their positions; and in October, as a counter-move, American troops landed in the Andreanof Islands, thus providing a base somewhat nearer to the enemy-occupied territory.

For the greater part of the year weather conditions in the Bering Sea are so bad that warlike operations can only be undertaken intermittently, and are subject to unforeseen interruptions. Fog is seldom absent; and gales which make it impossible to fly spring up without much warning. All the islands of the Aleutian chain are more or less encumbered by rocks and shoals.

It is not surprising, therefore, that no operations were reported in this region during the winter. In February there was a naval bombardment of Attu; and at the end of April it was announced that a Japanese submarine had been sunk by an American bomber off the Aleutians.

IN May strong forces of U.S. troops were landed at two points in Attu and, after bitter fighting drove their opponents into a small area around the village of Attu, on Chichagof Harbour. This is in the north-east of the island, and is often incorrectly referred to in transatlantic news reports as "Chicago Harbour." It is actually named after a Russian admiral who died in 1849.

Attu having been reconquered, the Japanese garrison of Kiska, further to the eastward, is left between two groups of American-held islands. Their relief is thus rendered difficult if not impossible, and surrender should be only a question of time.

Undoubtedly this end to the Bering Sea expedition is a serious defeat for Japan, whose obvious intention in intruding was to divide American forces in Alaska from a possible future junction with Soviet allies on the western side of the Bering Sea. Now the position will be changed to the disadvantage of Japan, which will be exposed to air attack from Siberian bases should Russia join the nations at war with Tokyo.

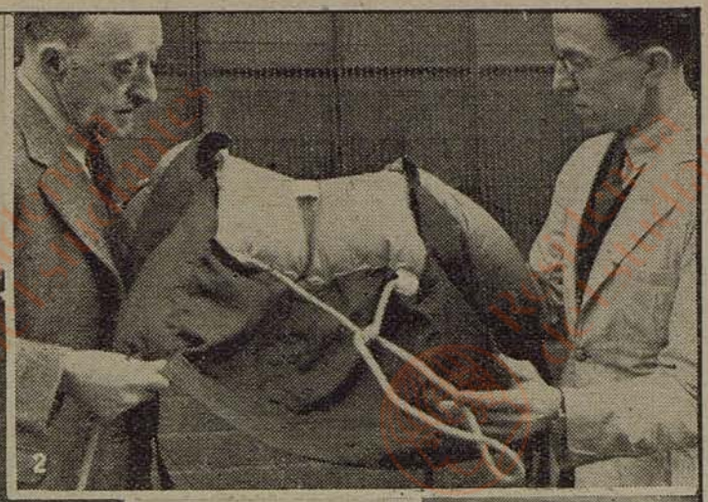
From the Kamchatka peninsula or from the Siberian Maritime Province, behind Vladivostok, destructive raids could be directed against Japanese bases in Hokkaido and the Kurile Islands to the north-eastward. This is a danger which the enemy had hoped to avert by moving first in this direction.



AXIS TROOPS ESCAPING FROM TUNISIA by sea fared badly. On May 24, 1943 it was stated that during the previous fortnight some 900 Germans and Italians escaping in small craft had been captured by the Royal Navy. This photograph shows a party of Germans who set out in rubber dinghies to reach Pantelleria being put into the Royal Navy's "bag" some 20 miles from land. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

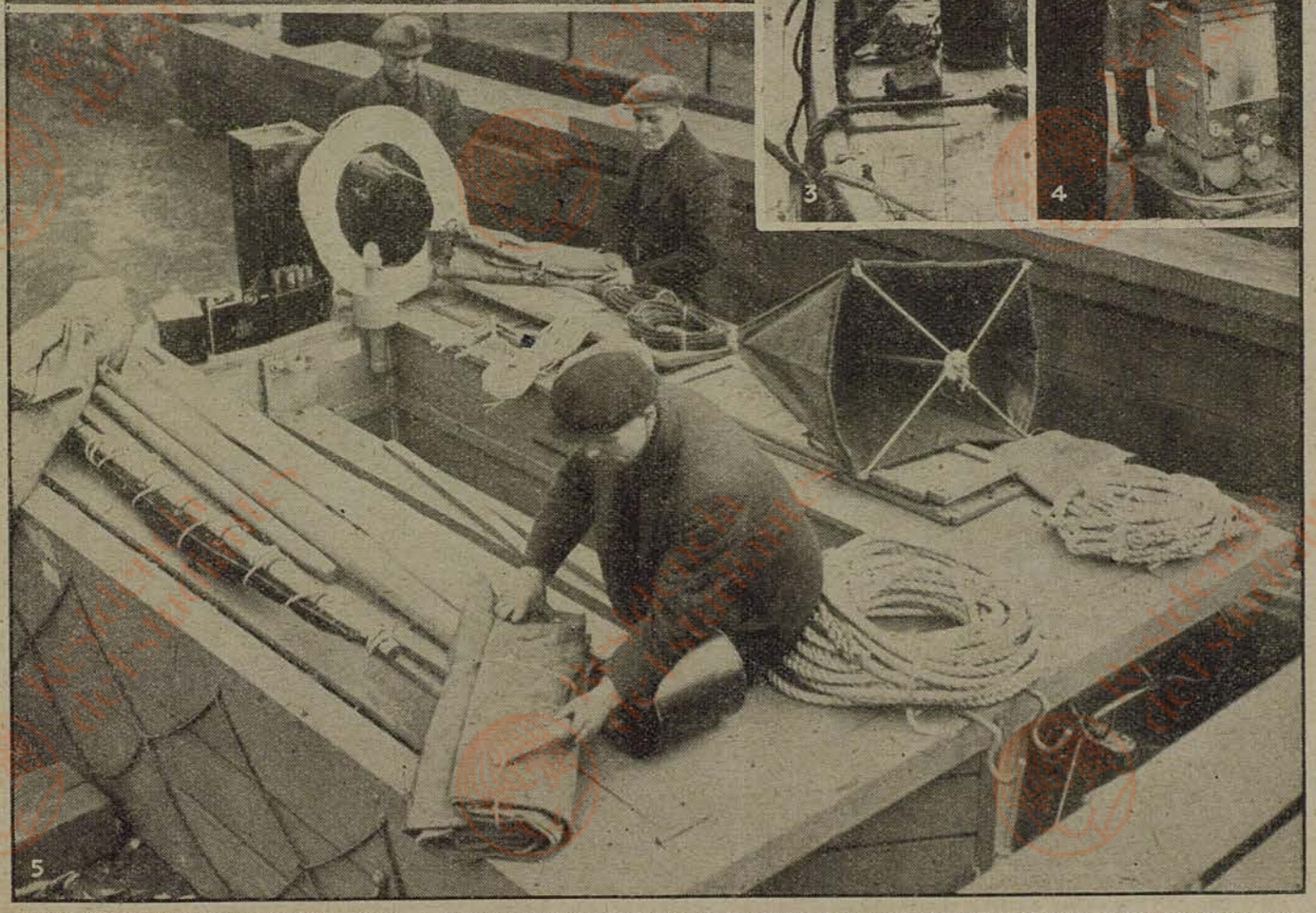
Our Merchant Seamen Should Be Safer Now


1


2


3


4


5

LIFE-SAVING DEVICES IN THE SEA WAR. 1, Hurricane fighter on its catapult mounted in the bows of an Allied supply ship. 2, Crossland waistcoat has a cord attached which forms a loop behind wearer's back to facilitate rescue. 3, A portable still for converting salt water to fresh water. 4, Lt. Goodfellow (left), the inventor of another type of still, demonstrates it to Adm. Sir M. Dunbar-Nasmyth, V.C. 5, Chipchase raft: stores, sail and anti-frostbite bag are fitted into the lockers.

Photos, British Official; Keystone, Central Press, Daily Mirror

Sailors with Wings Are Taught Their Job



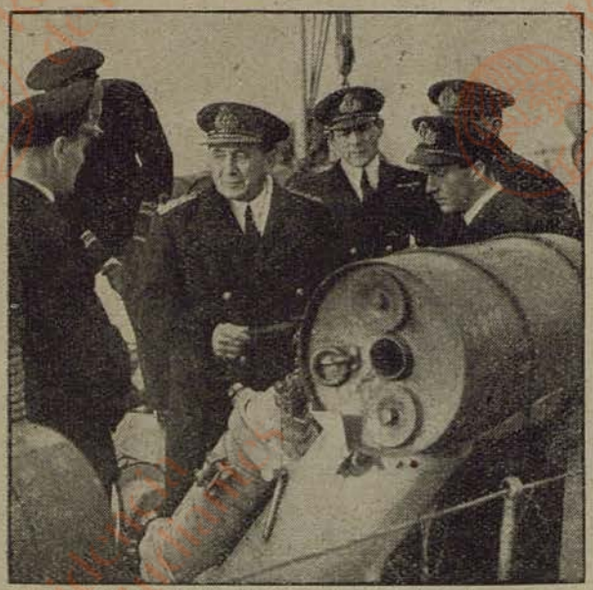
FLEET AIR ARM GUNNERS, operating in carrier-based aircraft, receive a magnificent training. These photographs show phases of their instruction at a Naval Air Arm station in Britain. 1, Gunnery instruction officer coaches a trainee. 2. Fleet Air Arm gunners train mostly in Swordfish planes. Here one Swordfish draws a drogue—sleeve target towed by a plane—while the other aircraft attacks it. 3, A Wren gathers up the drogue. The score is calculated from the number of bullet-holes in the sleeve. 4, Instructing the pilot of a Seafire to land by signals. This method is practised by all naval air pilots. An experienced pilot is in charge of the bats. 5, Gunner takes aim at a "Junkers 88." The model, tilted in several positions, is moved up and down a runway to give the effect of varying distances and backgrounds. 6, Fixing the cannon in a Seafire—a Spitfire adapted for taking off and landing on deck.

Photos, Pictorial Press Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Where They Plot the War Against the U-Boats

More and more the Nazis are coming to rely upon the U-boat to win them the victory denied their armies on land. Yet here, too, they are finding increasing difficulty in holding their own. This article by HARRIMAN DICKSON tells of the underground H.Q. whence our campaign against the U-boats is directed.

PRACTICALLY the whole of this large room is covered with charts. The precise nature of the areas covered by these charts I cannot reveal, but I can tell you something of the fascinating things which go forward in this room day and night. For this is the headquarters in the tremendous battle against the U-boats.



ADM. SIR MAX K. HORTON, C.-in-C. Western Approaches (see accompanying text), recently inspected escort vessels under his command which are engaged in fighting U-boats. He is here aboard a destroyer; the device in the foreground is a depth-charge thrower. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

There are clusters of pins and tiny flags scattered about the wall charts. They show the precise position of battleships, cruisers, and destroyers in the Atlantic. They trace the course of our convoys as they plough through the hazards of the ocean's millions of square miles.

A thousand miles away a great argosy of ships is suddenly attacked by U-boats. The sirens wail, the destroyers swerve in their tracks, the depth charges begin to go down . . . It is past midnight when the attack begins, and nearly one before it is over. Back in the chart-room some small pins put in an appearance on one map. They are the pins used to indicate U-boats. They have increased considerably in the last nine months. Germany is staking a large part of her war effort on the U-boat, and every action which takes place in the Atlantic is reflected on the charts at H.Q.

The room is underground. You need very special credentials before you can so much as approach it. In fact, it is, of course, barred to everyone who has not urgent and official reason for being there. Petty officers and ratings with fixed bayonets guard the room.

The enormous charts are the first things that catch your eye. Then you notice something like an enclosed glass-house at one end. This is "air operations." Here, once again, messages are filtering through day and night from the steadily increasing Coastal Command patrols. Giant flying-boats have given the U-boat commanders a new type of headache. They can spot submarines more easily than the surface observer. They can also bring terrible destruction to bear.

Dominating both these sections again is a second glass compartment. This is the room of the Commander-in-Chief Western Approaches, Admiral Sir Max Horton. Sir Max was one of our most distinguished submarine officers in the last war, and has an intimate knowledge of U-boat campaigns. He won considerable fame amongst the Germans, who regarded him with deep respect. The Russians also thought highly of him: his submarine fought side by side with their submarines in the Baltic, and he frequently came back with German ships to his credit.

From this higher, glass-fronted room Admiral Sir Max Horton can see all the details on the charts below without getting up from his desk. Next to his office is a small cubicle. It has a bed in it where the Admiral can sleep. Actually, in these days, complete relaxation is rare. Any hour of the day or night the C.-in-C. is liable to be called. It is a twenty-four-hour job directing the war against the U-boats.

When you first enter the underground H.Q. the atmospherics from wireless sets of various calibres are disturbing, but that, and the ringing of small bells, eventually make up a hardly noticeable background.

Historic messages have come over these wireless sets, messages which have subsequently reached the public and thrilled the whole nation. When the Bismarck was relocated and under attack in May 1941, the first news came through to this room. All kinds of ships are continually sending messages, all kinds of dramas are reflected here. Even a lifeboat picked up by a warship may set things humming in the underground H.Q.

As every new anti-submarine device comes into operation the first intimation of its effectiveness is received here. It is indeed a fascinating business.

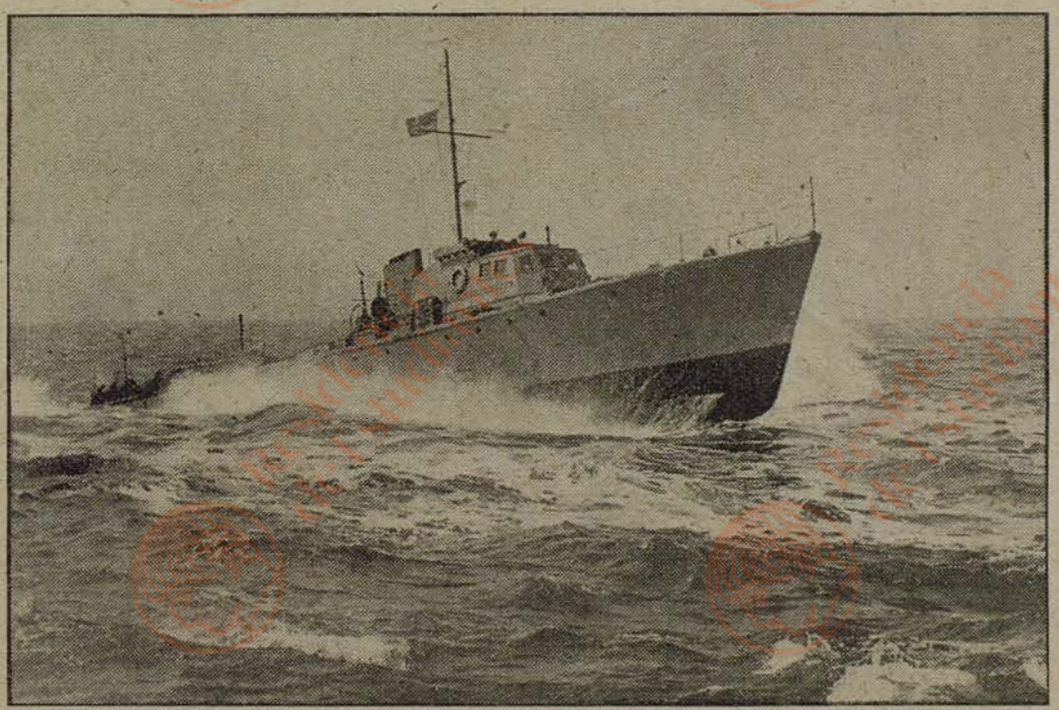
'STILL THE GREATEST DANGER'

UNLESS the ocean life-line which joins our two peoples can be kept unbroken, the British Isles and all the very considerable forces which radiate therefrom would be paralysed and doomed. We have willingly done our full share of the sea work in the dangerous waters of the Mediterranean and in the Arctic convoys to Russia, and we have sustained, since our alliance began, more than double the losses in merchant tonnage that have fallen upon the United States.

On the other hand again, the prodigious output of new ships from the United States building-yards has now, for six months past, overtaken, and now indeed far surpasses, the losses of both allies; and if no effort is relaxed there is every reason to count upon the ceaseless progressive expansion of allied shipping available for the prosecution of the war.

OUR killings of the U-boats, as the Secretary of the Navy will readily confirm, have this year greatly exceeded all previous experience; and the last three months, and particularly the last three weeks, have yielded record results. This, of course, is to some extent due to the larger number of U-boats operating, but it is also due to the marked improvement in the severity and power of our measures against them and of the new devices continually employed.

While I rate the U-boat danger as still the greatest we have to face, I have a good and sober confidence that it will not only be met and contained, but overcome. The increase of shipping tonnage over sinkings provides, after the movement of vital supplies of food and munitions has been arranged, that margin which is the main measure of our joint war effort.—*Mr. Churchill, in speech to U.S. Congress, May 19, 1943.*



FULL SPEED AFTER THE ENEMY! Earlier in the War, when U-boats were operating in narrow waters, fast motor launches were employed for anti-submarine work. For this purpose they carried depth charges, in addition to the latest type of A.A. gun and machine-guns, and had small but highly trained crews. This photograph shows a motor launch on patrol. *Photo, Planet News*

What Are These 'Hairpin Squads' of the R.A.F.?

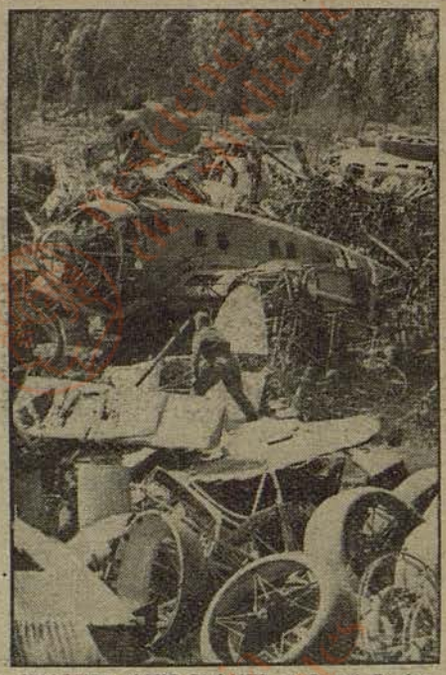
Salvage drives are a frequent occurrence in our cities and villages, and it is good to know that Servicemen are just as keen and eager as civilians to save every scrap of paper, metal, etc. which may contribute something to the national war effort. This article by WEBSTER FAWCETT tells of the really splendid activities of the R.A.F. salvage squads.

AN R.A.F. train-busting ace of Fighter Command, fully alive to the vital necessity of salvage, exultantly returned from a recent railway raid with a chunk of Nazi locomotive embedded in the fuselage of his plane. The fragment had been blown sky-high by his own delayed-actions just as he wheeled for a second attack, and the pilot gleefully promised himself to extract it in person and bestow it upon the appropriate salvage dump with full honours. Thirty minutes later, when he returned with the tools to finish the job, the tell-tale hole in his fuselage remained, but the trophy had vanished. The "Hairpin Squad" of his station had whisked it away.

Every morning, when the bombers return from the night's offensive, the Hairpin Squads bear down upon the machines, as one pilot put it, "like a swarm of locusts," and toothcomb them for spent bullets, flak fragments, or cannon-shell shrapnel. After technicians have analysed the material it goes to salvage; and a single station has wrested enough metal from Hitler in this way to make 75,000 rifle barrels. In addition, in a matter of nine months, Hairpins of Fighter Command alone have retrieved as much as 2 tons of silver paper, 27 tons of ethylene glycol, 120 tons of rubber, 14 tons of cement paper bags—enough to make 8,000 bomb interior containers—and 160 tons of aluminium and non-ferrous metals.

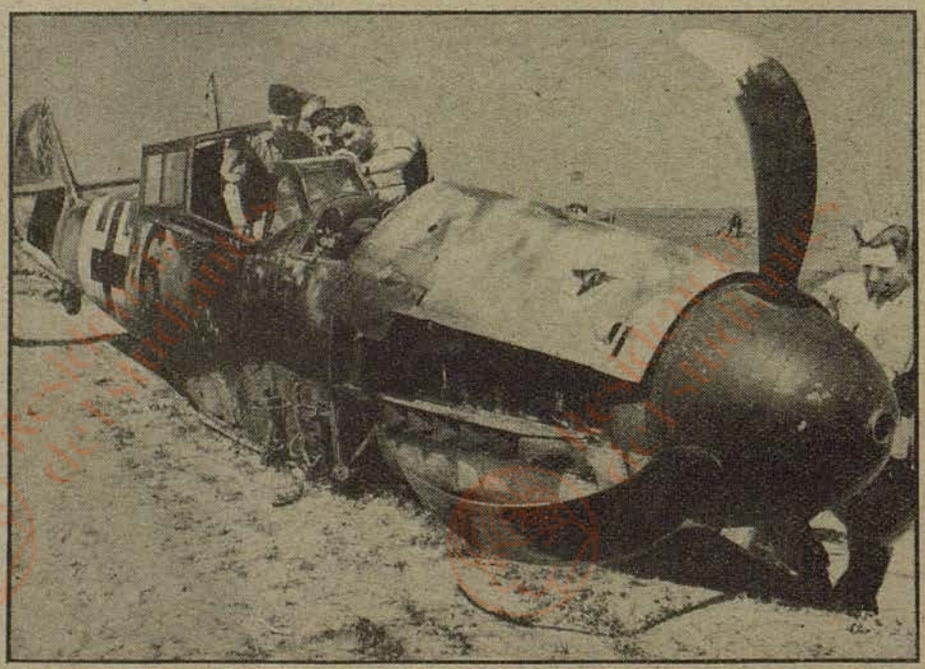
Who are Hairpins? They are sections of the maintenance ground crews who work in their spare time from other duties to ensure that nothing is wasted. Headed by a full-time salvage officer—usually a flight-lieutenant from the Equipment Branch—they have made a name for themselves because, from derelict steam rollers to W.A.A.F. hairpins, they make use of everything.

Thanks to Hairpins, the toughened glass from wrecked Dornier bombers brought down over this country has helped to make denture plates and even false teeth for the Army Dental Corps. Thanks, too, to their "waste not" policy, the R.A.F. has salvaged and refined enough engine oil in the past six months to save a tanker-a trip across the Atlantic.



SMASHED AXIS PLANES at Castel Benito airfield, near Tripoli (occupied by the 8th Army last January), provided a vast quantity of material for the R.A.F. Hairpin Squads.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Fighter Command units are still augmenting this total by 10 tons a week. Oil from rags, as well as from engine sumps, is not overlooked; and R.A.F. rag-waste itself accumulates to 100 tons of salvaged wool annually. In a single month recently, after Hairpins had made mincemeat of confidential reports and secret orders, over 900 tons of waste-paper and cardboard were returned to the mills for conversion to fresh uses.



TRAIL OF WRECKAGE from El Alamein to Bizerta has yielded tons of salvage which will be used against the enemy. Anything resembling a completed aircraft can be employed by the R.A.F. for experimental purposes. These men of an R.A.F. Salvage Unit are examining instruments in the cockpit of a broken ME 109, lying derelict in the desert.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

At one airfield the Hairpin Squad—let us call them Hairpin I—heard with envy that a rival group at another drome (Hairpin II) had donated a derelict bus to salvage. Hairpin I, pleading that the invasion risk was over, received permission to disinter an obsolete tank which had been originally placed near the perimeter track as a defence post. Hairpin II responded with a couple of steam rollers. Hairpin I—and here the issue rests at present—knew that their station had been a civil airport in peacetime, and discovered some disused boilers under a building. Cut up, these provided 20 tons of first-class boiler steel, and Hairpin I gained a lasting satisfaction from the fact that the boilers had been made in Germany.

In another instance, a Hairpin Squad worked in its own off-duty time to take three blitzed cars to pieces and finally construct one sound vehicle. Duly camouflaged, this was presented to the C.O., who, feeling very proud of his men, mentioned the feat to higher authorities. "You are not entitled to an official car," was the response, "only a motor bicycle"—and the treasured car is now being used by . . . the higher authorities!

BLITZED R.A.F. timber has been made into 12,000,000 ammunition boxes; and this takes no account of the timber salvaged by the Hairpin Squads for further constructional purposes. A condemned hangar presented a tough proposition in face of a lack of labour to tear it down; but Hairpins dynamited first one wall, then the other, with such skill that the 40-ton wooden roof was brought down without damage.

In similar Syd Walker style, a salvage officer faced the problem of what to do with 350 old motor-cars which had been dumped as obstructions on one airfield before it became operational. The cars were real derelicts, for all useful metal such as aluminium, and every instrument, had been removed. A Hairpin man suggested piling them in heaps and burning the woodwork for the metal residue—and £100 worth of scrap metal was forthcoming.

These facts are all the more remarkable when it is recalled that before the War private contractors cleared R.A.F. rubbish at a cost of between £100 and £800 for each unit. The little-known work of the Hairpin Squads has enabled three-fourths of these scavenging contracts to be cancelled and many others to be reduced substantially, effecting a saving to the taxpayer of £40,000 a year.

Collecting 1,400,000 razor blades alone, the Hairpins accumulated four tons of scrap, and the sale realized £570 for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. A plane crashes—and within a few hours, when Hairpins have stripped all usable materials, the aluminium of the twisted fuselage becomes a neat stack of ingots ready for dispatch to an aircraft factory. Or a Messerschmitt falls in the Channel—and the local Hairpins go all out to wrest it from naval salvage and send it to the 20-acre scrap pile, the funeral pile of the Luftwaffe, where the wings of crashed aircraft fence off the various salvage heaps as tidily as any housewife sorts the salvage from her own kitchen.

Salvaging 6,000 tons of scrap in a year from Fighter Command alone, the Hairpin Squads took time off to rescue the H.T. batteries which had outlived their usefulness in aircraft. And thanks to this, soldiers in the Orkneys—where H.T. batteries were unobtainable—now are enabled to enjoy their radio programmes.



BURNT-OUT AEROPLANE — John Armstrong



RUBY LOFTUS SCREWING A BREECH-RING — Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

(*Top*) *Exhibited at the National Gallery, London, and* (*bottom*) *at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, 1943. Painted for the Nation's War Records. Crown Copyright reserved*

Artists and the War

MUCH well-merited praise is often bestowed on the fine output of the Army Film and Photographic Unit and that of the official photographers attached to the other Fighting Services. The notable work of the official war artists, however, is much less widely known and appreciated, though it has been regularly displayed at the National Gallery, London, since early 1940 and exhibitions have toured the provinces and the Dominions, as well as South America.

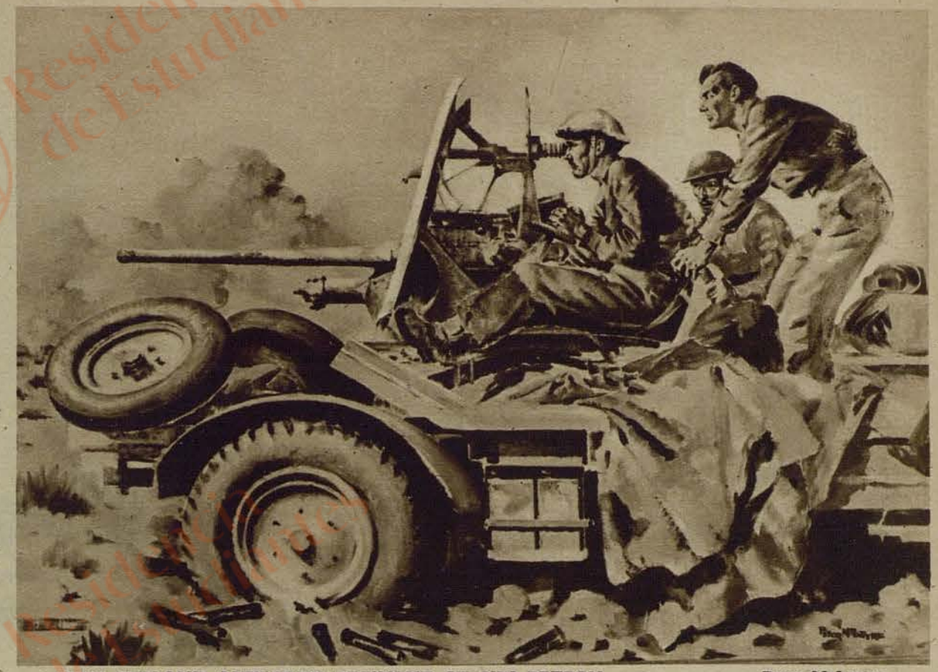
A number of outstanding examples have already been reproduced in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED (see pp. 545–8, Vol. 3, and 322–3, Vol. 4), but an important and distinctive feature of the interesting selection given in this and the three following pages is that several of those included are vivid impressions recorded on the actual scene of battle. Such are the admirable Western Desert subjects executed by the South African artists Geoffrey Long and Philip Bawcombe, and the New Zealander Capt. Peter McIntyre. Portraiture is represented by the vigorous works of Capt. Neville Lewis, another South African, and two British exponents of the art, Harry Morley, R.A. and William Dring.



25-POUNDER GUN AND TEAM IN ACTION ON THE ALAMEIN FRONT J. Berry



JOB MASEGO, M.M. Capt. Neville Lewis



NEW ZEALAND ANTI-TANK REGIMENT AT SIDI REZEGH Peter McIntyre



RAILWAY STATION, ALAMEIN Philip Bawcombe



AXIS ROAD, CROSSROADS IN THE DESERT Geoffrey Long

(Top centre, bottom left and right) Reproduced by permission of the Government of South Africa, and (top right) the Government of New Zealand. (Top left) Crown Copyright reserved. Exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery, May 1943



CONVOY TO RUSSIA — Charles Pears



Lt.-Comdr. M. D. WANKLYN, V.C., D.S.O. — Harry Morley, R.A.



Coxswain A. G. BLOGGS, B.E.M. — William Dring

(Top and bottom right) Exhibited at the National Gallery, London. Crown Copyright reserved. (Bottom left) Exhibited at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, 1943.
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VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

A New Type of British Army

"To give the public an idea of the new type of Army which has been built up out of the failures and defeats of the first part of the war." That is the object Major-Gen. E. D. H. Tollemache set before him when he wrote The Turning Tide (John Murray, 4s. 6d.).

The phrase "new type of Army" set me thinking. My mind went back forty-four years to the time of the South African War, when I first made the acquaintance of "the British Tommy," as he was then called. He was certainly a strikingly different type from the soldier of today.

Kipling drew him in Soldiers Three—at any rate, in the persons of Ortheris and Learoyd (Mulvaney I could never believe in). Hayden Coffin sang the universal popular notion of him in a catchy musical comedy number:

It doesn't matter what he was before,
Or what his parents fancied for his name,
Once he's pocketed the shilling
And a uniform he's filling,
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same.

It was a nickname used in a way that was half affectionate, and half—not contemptuous, but condescending. The idea that soldiers were, as the Duke of Wellington put it, "the scum of the earth," still haunted a good many minds. A lot of people—especially "chapel folk"—thought a family was disgraced if a son enlisted. Some places of entertainment still put up the notice: "Soldiers in uniform not admitted."

It was the South African War which began to break down the notion that the private soldier was a drunken, foul-mouthed, none too moral blot on society. Kipling rhymed the change in Tommy:

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint of beer,
The publican 'e up and sez, "We serve no red-coats 'ere" . . .
I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me!
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!

The lilting refrains caught the public ear:

Oh, it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Tommy, wait outside,"
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.
. . . .
It's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.

Today if a rhymester were putting words into a soldier's mouth, as Kipling did in Tommy's, the h's would not be dropped: it would not be suggested that a private soldier was more "common" in his speech than an officer. It was still considered correct to do this when Neil Lyons during the last war wrote that masterpiece of humour, Kitchener Chaps. Now it would seem out of date, old-fashioned, insulting.

General Tollemache does not touch on this social change which has come over "Other Ranks" in the last half-century or so. He deals with soldiers solely as fighting men; "killers" he insists on calling them. He shows how they are being trained to kill, and how this training differs from that of the past. The essential aim now is "to harden physically, to develop personality and speed of thought in action, and to produce a specialist to take his part in the team of killers." The old drill of the parade ground is, the general says, completely superseded (I wish all British officers agreed with him). Its object was to weld the troops into a solid mass which could be hurled against the enemy.

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die.

No initiative was permitted, no trace of individuality encouraged. The soldier was moulded into an automaton; he became part of a machine.

Steadily, shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily, blade by blade . . .

That was how the Boys of the Old Brigade did it.

Well, the South African War stopped all that—or ought to have stopped it. Campaigning on the veld caused all rules of warfare based on the campaigns of Marlborough and Napoleon to be scrapped as obsolete. Individuality had to be fostered instead of being stamped out. The chief reason why the Boers made it 'a three years', and not, as we were led to expect, a three months' job, was that they had this quality and our men had it not.

From 1914 to 1918 it was not often called for. Trench warfare doesn't give the individual much chance, though trench raids brought out personal qualities and special aptitudes. In this war it is called for as it never has been before, except in Red Indian fighting or such guerilla warfare as went on for many years in the mountains of Spain. Now, says Gen. Tollemache, "there is no room for the amateur." The soldier must not rely solely on orders. He must be "quick-thinking, self-reliant and supremely confident in his own powers."

The Hitler Youth Movement, copied from "our own Boy Scout organization," develops these qualities.

The strong morale of the Nazi soldier is the direct result of deliberate youth training. At the approved age it presents the army with a trained soldier, one who can start at once to specialize in whichever branch of warfare he has already proved himself to be most suited.

Specialization is the keynote of soldiering today.

Former wars did not require the employment of large numbers of specialists, but rapid strides have been made in the art of killing. Inventions require continued increases in specialization. It extends to all soldiers in accordance with the nature of the country in which they are fighting. It is estimated that three months' training and seasoning are required for desert fighting, and six months' for jungle fighting before a soldier ceases to be a liability in battle.

Thus we couldn't throw into the battle, as we did in 1918, totally untrained youths and middle-aged men scarcely knowing one end of a rifle from the other. They were a "liability" indeed. I know, for I saw them, and sick at heart I was to think of their plight. What Gen. Tollemache looks forward to is "the permeation throughout the Army of the Commando standard of training." It is the aim of all commanders, he states, "to teach their units to reach this high degree and to emulate the inspiring example of the Commando troops." I wonder.

Tribute is paid to the value of Army films for training purposes. They are created by "a combination of military expert and film technicians." They teach almost as well as actual demonstrations of attack and defence, which are not easy to arrange.

The film can portray the general idea of the whole manoeuvre and teach the object, the scope, and the result, or demonstrate the wrong way and the right way of carrying it out, and finally each distinct little phase can be shown and described separately.

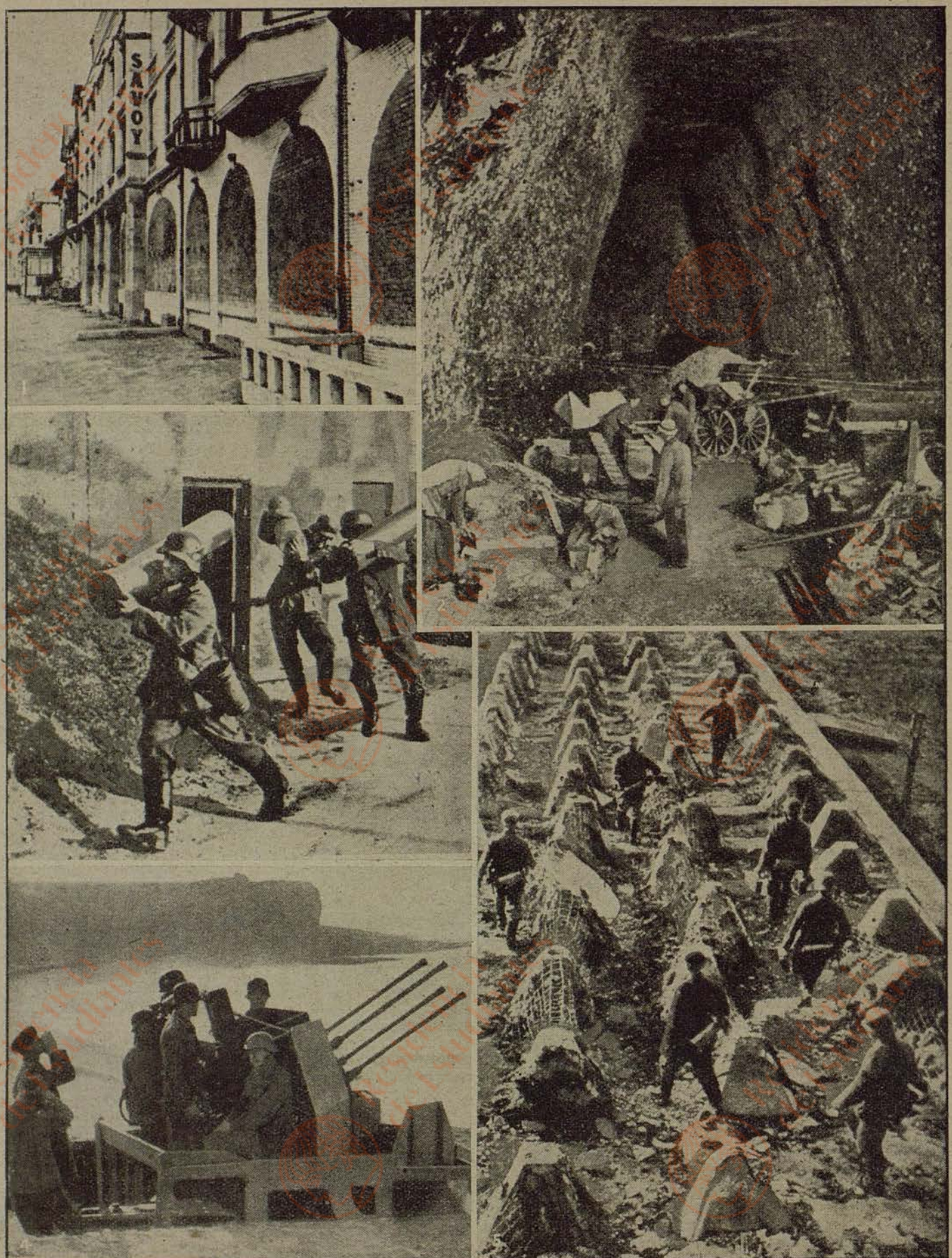
The soldier in training can see how every operation of war and the handling of war machines and equipment are carried out by experts, with the help of an expert commentary.

Surprise, in the General's opinion, is the element "in which lies our chance of earlier victory." All the Nazi successes in the first three years of the War have been due to it. The United Nations surprised the world when they landed armies in North Africa. Unfortunately, they did not follow this up when the enemy in the Bizerta region had only 20,000 men to pit against us. Inadequate preparation allowed Rommel and Von Arnim to accumulate 200,000, and we have had to advance "inch by inch," as the radio commentators frequently emphasize. To be able to take advantage of a surprise move is more important, recent experience has proved once again, than the surprise itself.



FIGHTING MEN IN THE MAKING. The Turning Tide, Gen. Tollemache's book reviewed in this page, stresses the necessity for specialization among all branches of the Army in warfare today. These 18-year-old youths are learning to use the range-finder on a mortar. *Photo, Daily Mirror*

Will the Atlantic Wall Prove Another Maginot?

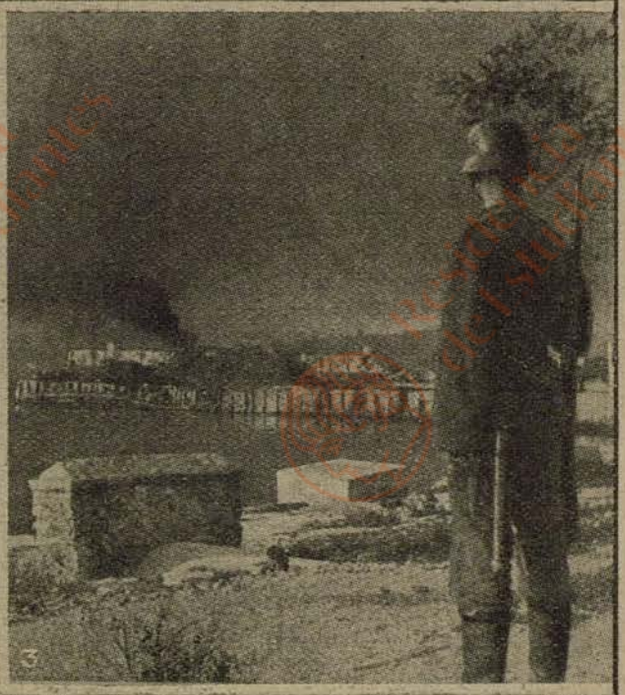


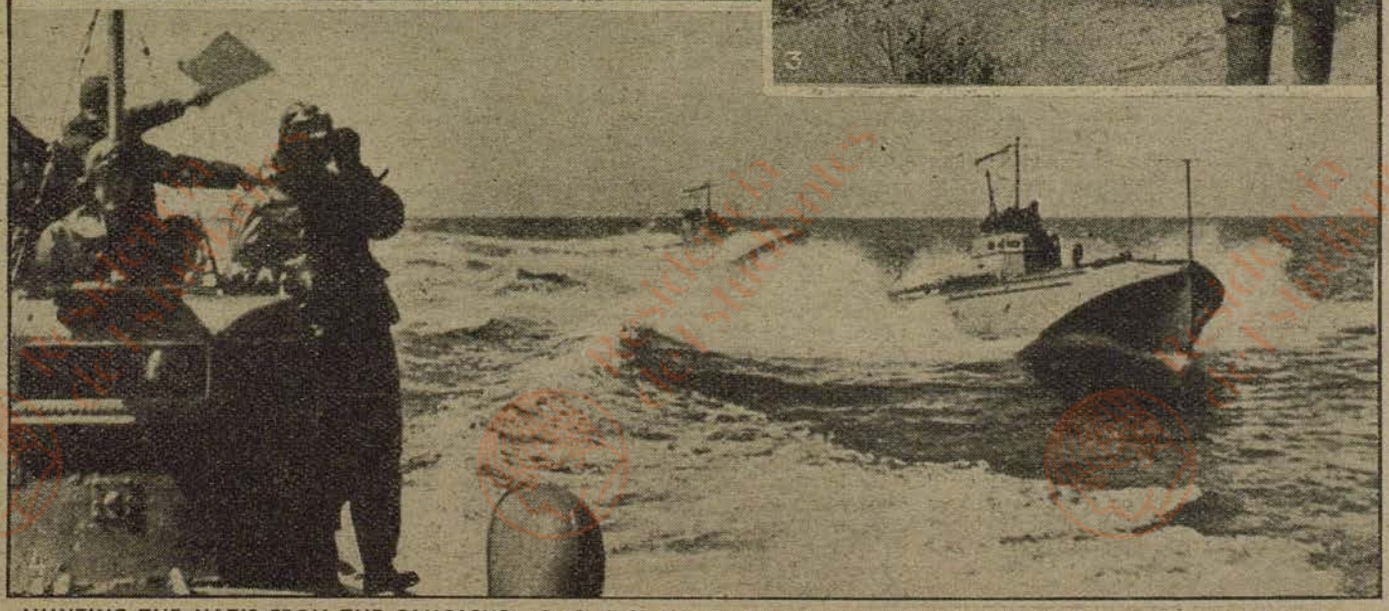
THE ATLANTIC WALL, supposed to extend from Norway to the Bay of Biscay, comprises "a concrete belt 5,000 miles long to defend the Fortress of Europe." How much has been actually built, and how much is just propaganda, remains to be seen. These photographs were recently published in the German press. 1, Fortified houses in a French coastal town. 2, Natural caverns "invulnerable to air attack." 3, Alarm signal: Germans carrying heavy shells run towards their guns. 4, A.A. gun emplacement. 5, Anti-tank obstacles. *Photos, Associated Press, Planet News, Keystone*

Yet Nearer to Novorossisk Drive the Russians









HUNTING THE NAZIS FROM THE CAUCASUS. On April 29, 1943, our Ally launched an attack against the German bridgehead in the Kuban peninsula, facing the Crimea (see map inset); and by May 4, had captured Krymskaya, powerful German base 25 miles from Novorossisk. 1, Soviet infantrymen attack in this area. 2, Russian tanks advance with tommy-gun detachments. 3, German sentry on guard at Novorossisk. This Soviet Black Sea naval base was taken by the enemy on Sept. 6, 1942. Engagements have also taken place between light naval craft in the Kuban River; in (4) Russian torpedo boats are seen on patrol.

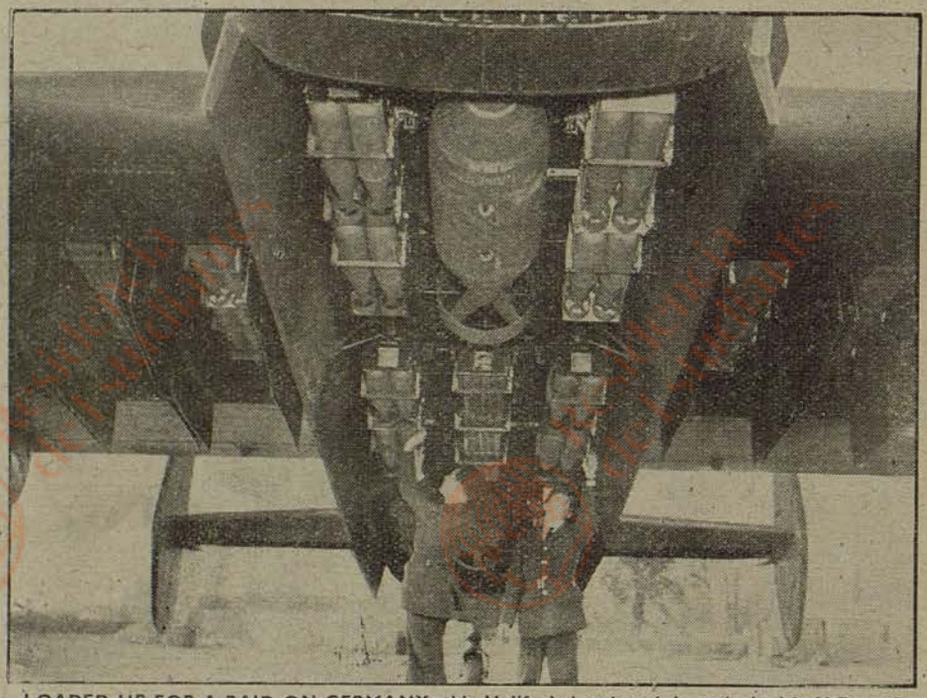
Photos, U.S.S.R. Official, Planet News, E.N.A., Keystone

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

UNTIL Churchillian-Roosevelt war policy consequent upon the outcome of the Anglo-American staff talks becomes evident in the form of strategic moves, it would be idle to predict what tactical forms the war in the air will take. Mr. Churchill has laid emphasis upon British help to America against Japan, and upon the pressing urgency of giving relief both to China and to Russia. That predicates coming greater pressure upon the Japanese by the forces now in the zones commanded by Field-Marshal Wavell and General MacArthur; but where the blows will fall which will ease from Russia the pressure of the present 190 German divisions and 38 Axis-allied divisions arrayed against her, is not likely to be disclosed until the stroke begins.

One thing is certain. That is, that the air pressure which will be brought to bear against the Axis contained within Europe and the Japanese forces outside Japan and the Japanese within Japan will be stepped up to ever-increasing power and frequency. For there is today no doubt in the minds of those who hold absolute directional power over Anglo-American war effort that air supremacy and the power of the bomber form a war weapon of unparalleled force, and there is expressed determination to make the utmost of the Allies' air superiority.



LOADED UP FOR A RAID ON GERMANY, this Halifax's bomb-rack is packed with H.E.s and incendiaries. N.C.O.s check over the fuses before the bomb-doors are shut. The R.A.F.'s record raid on Dortmund on May 23-24, 1943 brought the total weight of bombs dropped on Germany to 100,000 tons. *Photo, Keystone*

THE turning of the tide in the air war is one of the most outstanding features of the World War. At the beginning Germany wielded great superiority in the air, 20 to one at least against Poland, 100 to one against Norway, 40 to one against Holland, 25 to one against Belgium, 10 to one against France, five to one against Britain. That superiority has gone. Britain alone exceeds in air strength the Axis and Japan. Add American and Russian air strength, and the United Nations must possess a two to one ratio in their favour against all their enemies combined. This ratio is rising rapidly to a flood. The present air strength of the combined air force of the United Nations is exerting a tremendous attrition against the air power of Germany, Italy and Japan—destroying their aircraft on the ground, in the air, and in course of manufacture. The third method of destruction of enemy air power has yet to be carried to Japan. Its delivery has been promised by both President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. There is every reason to believe that the great man-power of China will be strengthened by the addition of air power and ground mechanized power at no very distant date. Meanwhile, the bases of Italy and industry of Germany are being pulverized from the air with ever-increasingly powerful strokes by day and night.

STRATEGIC Significance of the Raid on the Ruhr Dams

The loss of eight out of 19 Lancasters to effect the rupture of the Eder and Mohne dams in Germany was a small price (however regrettable) to pay for a blow of such outstanding strategic significance. It is the first time in history that such a stroke has been effected from the air. It is a use of air power which I among others have long since prophesied. Its significance lies in the fact that it points the way to the fulfilment of many other uses of air power or to their capacity for fulfilment. One was specifically stated by Mr. Churchill when he said that if Germany used gas against the Russians we would immediately employ gas against her cities and factories. That is one of the aspects of the air weapon which too many in Britain did not accept before the War began—I mean, the strategic conception of its use; how, but by air power, could we hope to deter Germany from using gas against Russia? Only by the threat, nay, the certainty, of swift retribution, would Germany be held back from the employment of any means which held out hope of victory. Dare she try the use of gas against the spoken word of Mr. Churchill, knowing (as at least her leaders know) that she is inferior in air power, and especially in the kind of aircraft which would deal most havoc in air-gas warfare? Nothing that sea or land power could do today to Germany could have the slightest restraining influence. Air alone may restrain, and, if that fails, answer.

Here we have the reply to those who, even a short time ago, having noted Germany's failure to end the War with her then predominance in air power, proceeded to argue that the strategic conception of air power was false and that all air power should be "integrated" with land and sea power: or, in other words, handed over in a subservient capacity to Army and Navy Commanders. The independent nature of the R.A.F. as a Service was challenged by these theorists.

HOW wrong they were! It has been precisely the independent nature of the R.A.F. which saved Britain. If it had been an Army service, we might have had far too many squadrons in France, and too few for the Battle of Britain. No Army air service could have rendered greater help than the R.A.F. and the associated air forces in the Battle of North Africa. The truth is that air power is a specialist's job; and that its employment can be deflected by that specialist where he wills, strategically or tactically, according to the current necessities of political, military, or naval situations.

The failure of the Luftwaffe is the failure of a service which, although ranked as independent, was nevertheless the vassal of the German Army. The beginning of its failure was in the tactical conception of the Battle of Britain by responsible German commanders, and in the kind of equipment they provided for the purpose.

The reservoir of Allied air power that was stored in North Africa is now released and is rushing towards Southern Europe, battering the islands with its flood, creating havoc and alarm in Italy. That is one price the Italians have had to pay for defeat in Africa.

WHEN a Beaufighter Was Shot Down off Malta

Recently, I heard an interesting story of the earlier days of the Mediterranean struggle in the air. A Beaufighter squadron which was moved from Scotland through England to Malta to help to provide protection for the convoys to North Africa once had two Beaus. out on patrol from George Cross island. They shot down two German aircraft. One of the Beaus. came down and its crew of two got into their dinghy. The other Beau. circled and radioed back to base. Two more aircraft of the squadron came out, took over, and circled in patrol over the dinghy.

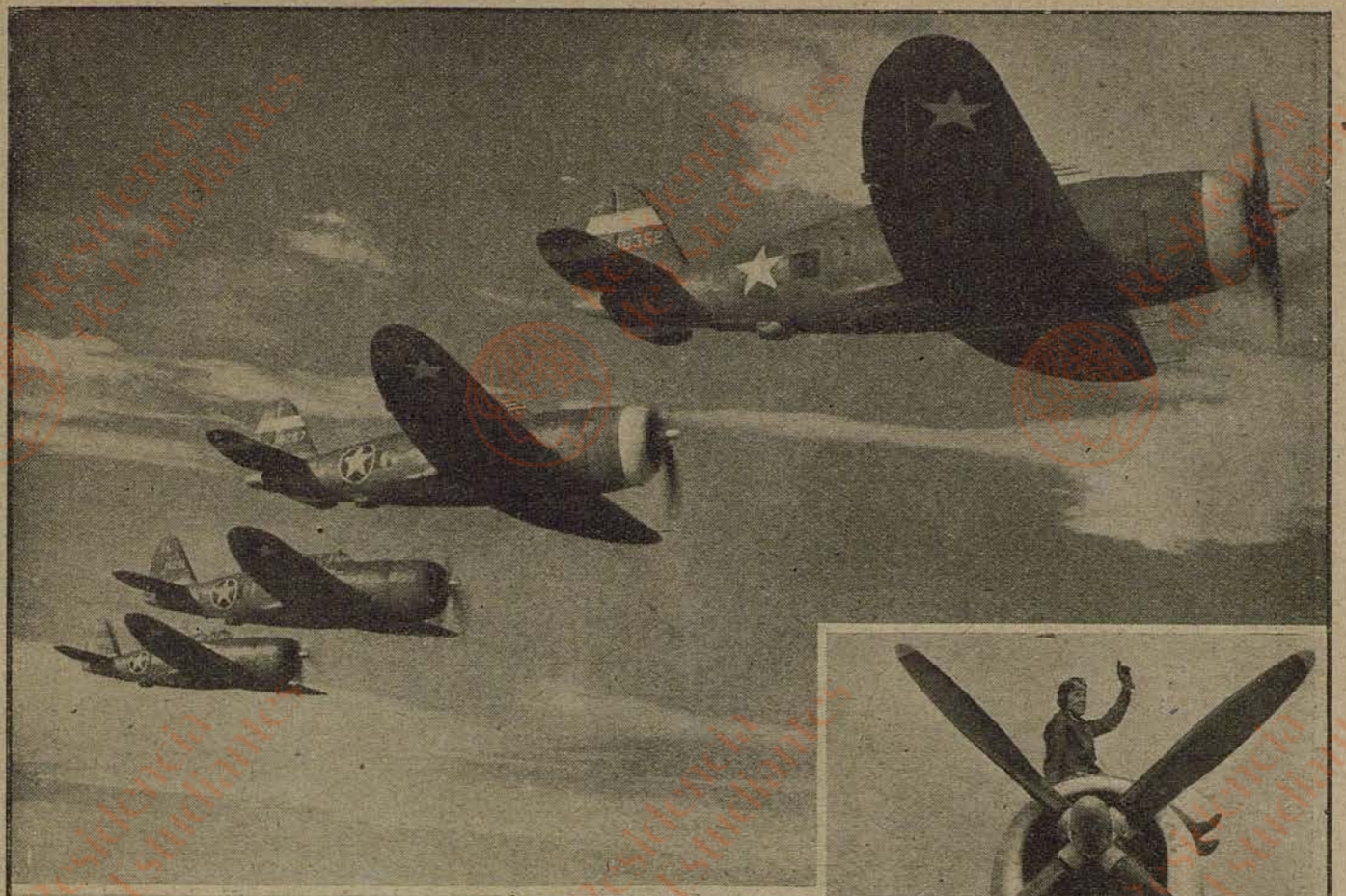
The only seaplane in Malta at the time was a captured Italian machine. It took off to go to the rescue of the two British airmen, only to be shot down by a Spitfire.

Two more Beaus. went out to circle the dinghy. One returned with engine trouble. The other relieved the two who were there.

FOUR F.W.190s appeared and circled above the solitary Beaufighter but did not attack it. A Dornier flying-boat then came along and circled with the Beau. The British pilot called up Malta and asked what he should do. He said he could shoot down the Dornier, but then the F.W.s would attack him and the dinghy.

Malta replied that if the Dornier would rescue the dinghy's crew, let it do so. The Beau. pilot then dived repeatedly over the dinghy. The Dornier pilot understood, went down, landed alongside and took the two men on board. It rose again. The Beau. flew alongside it, and the pilot saluted. The German pilot saluted in return and then turned off on a course for Italy. The solitary Beaufighter turned on to a course for Malta, and the four F.W.190s retired.

For Reasons Enough It's Named Thunderbolt





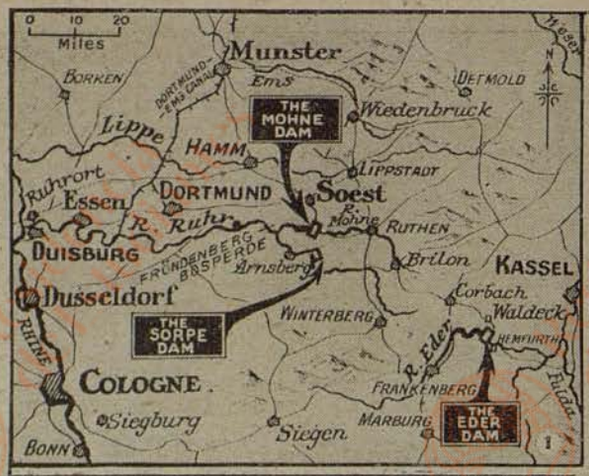
THUNDERBOLT, America's latest fighter (P.47) now operating from British bases, has a span of 41 ft., length 32 ft., and weighs 13,500 lb. Its powerful armament consists of eight 0·5 in. machine-guns, having a combined rate of fire of 6,400 rounds a minute. A single-seat, low-wing monoplane, it is designed for high altitude performance and is powered by a 2,000 h.p. engine giving a speed of about 400 m.p.h. 1, Thunderbolts in flight. 2, Four guns in each wing give this plane a deadly punch. 3, The Thunderbolt's nose. 4, Taking off.

Photos, New York Times Photos, Central Press, Associated Press





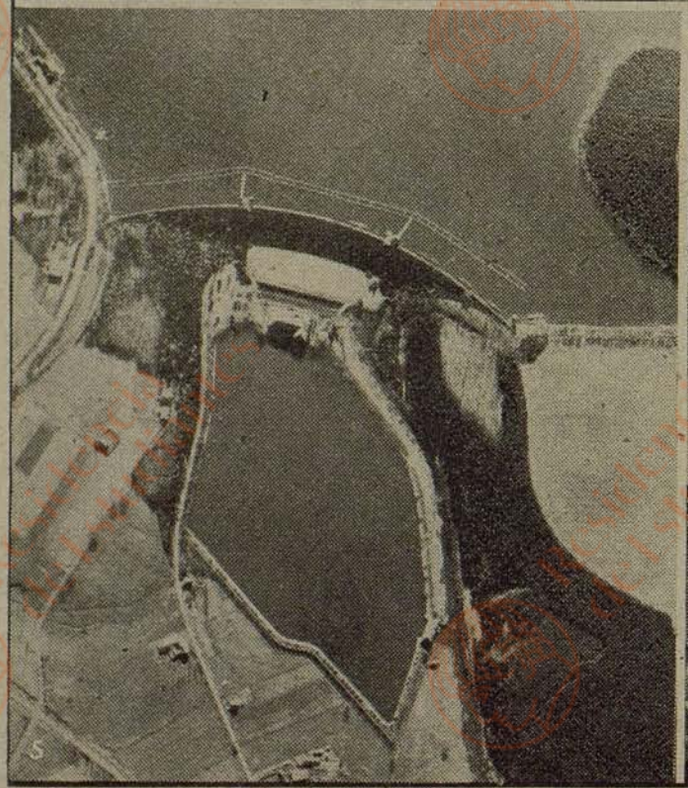
Lancasters Breach Ruhr Dams by Moonlight









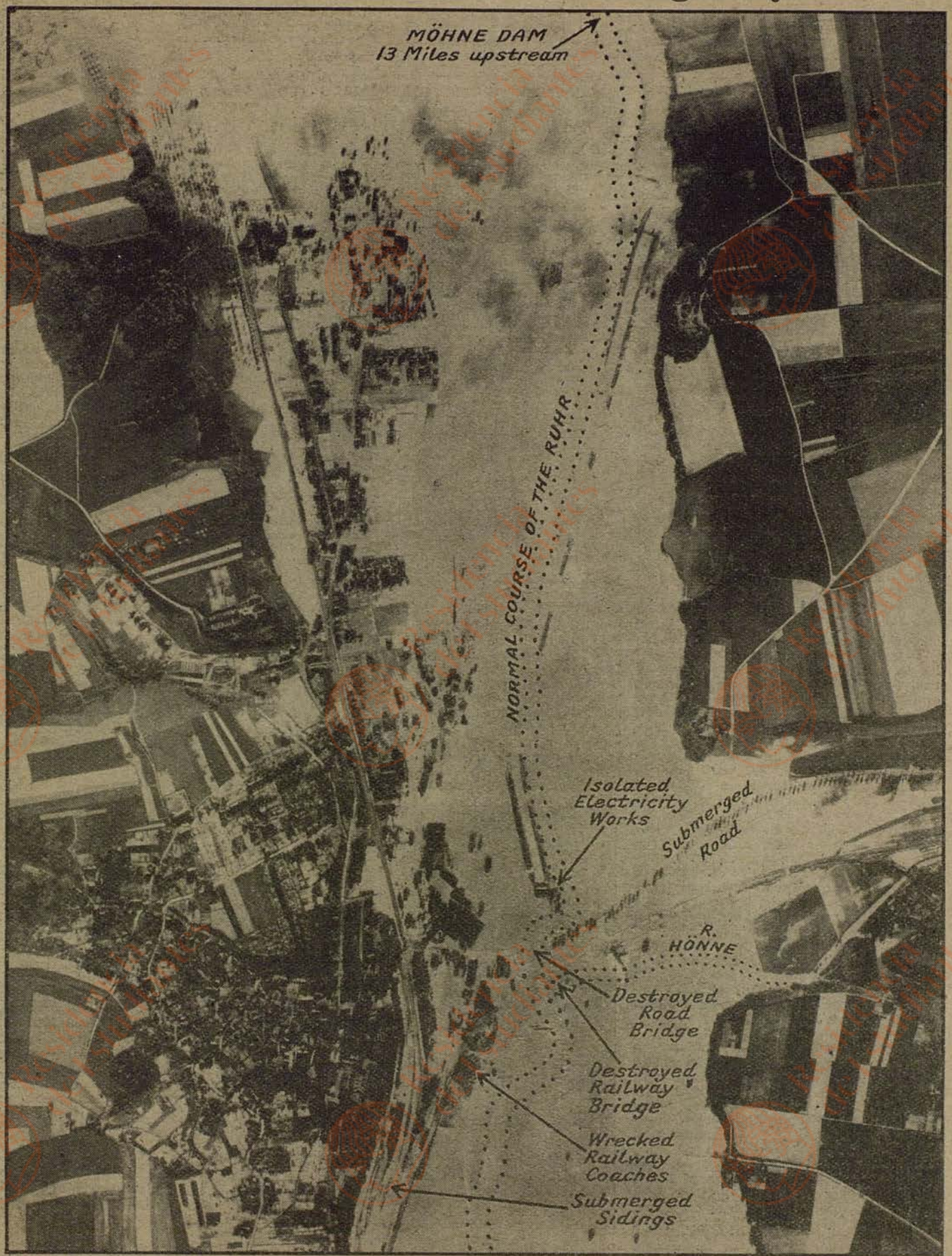




DESTRUCTION OF MÖHNE, SORPE AND EDER DAMS by R.A.F. Lancasters on May 17, 1943, launched the War's greatest industrial disaster against Germany. 1, Position of targets in relation to Ruhr centres. 2, Sir A. Harris, A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command (standing on left), listens to a crew being interrogated after the raid. 3, Wing-Cmdr. Gibson, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, who led the attack; his V.C. was announced on May 28. 4, Möhne Dam with valve chambers in foreground and control-room on crest, and (5) seen from the air before the raid. 6, Water pouring through the 300-ft.-wide gap made by the R.A.F.'s mines.

Map by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph: photos, British Official; Barratt's.

Floods Complete the Havoc Wrought by Bombs



IN THE RUHR VALLEY: An R.A.F. reconnaissance photograph showing the inundations at Fröndenberg-Bosperde, 13 miles from the Möhne dam (see map in opposite page) following the breaching of the Möhne and Sorpe dams by 19 R.A.F. Lancasters on May 17, 1943. Two days after the attack it was stated that flood waters from the Möhne reservoir had swept more than 100 miles along the Ruhr and Rhine rivers to Emmerich, a few miles from the Dutch frontier.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Aggressive Defence Is the Home Guard's Duty

On the completion of its third year's service, on May 14, 1943 the Home Guard was signally honoured by a broadcast from Mr. Churchill, salient points from which are given in this page. Here, also, is a comprehensive review of the force's work during the past twelvemonths ; previous articles will be found in Vol. 4, p. 570, and Vol. 5, p. 760.

THREE strenuous years have gone by since that well-remembered evening in May when Britons in their hundreds of thousands rallied to Mr. Eden's stirring call for Local Defence Volunteers. Years of increase, these, increase in training, in arms and equipment, in fighting efficiency; and their expiration finds the Home Guard—changed in name but not in spirit—a vital part of the formidable defence forces now gathered against the danger of invasion. More than this, the time is at hand when the Home Guard must take a great deal of the burden of home defence on to its own shoulders and so release the regular troops for the impending onslaught on Europe.

What has Britain's citizen army done during the past year to fit itself for this great and responsible task ? Firstly, it has widened and developed the scope of its activities, as foreshadowed early in 1942. Thus in addition to the main body of General Service battalions, there are the much augmented A.A. units, the Coastal Defence batteries, and the recently formed Motor Transport companies which already number over one hundred. The primary function of the last-named, some of which are troop-carrying and some load-carrying, is to undertake general transport duties for the Army in case of emergency. Secondly, by a progressive stiffening up of training, continual practice and improved knowledge of operational duties, all branches of the Home Guard have attained a notably higher standard of proficiency. Finally, the supply of all-important arms and equipment has at last met the insistent demand, even practice ammunition being now available in quantity.

Though the chief task of the General Service battalions—the aggressive defence of their towns and villages—has not changed, certain far-reaching innovations have been made in training methods. The adoption of battle procedure and battle drill on a modified Army model, necessitating the reorganization of units into battle companies and platoons, has on the whole effected an undoubted improvement in operational efficiency. In some instances this form of training may have been too uniformly employed without due consideration for the capabilities of the older members of the force, but the obvious results of this over-enthusiasm have tended to correct such mistakes. The attempt to train some units on Commando lines was, however, a more serious error, upon which Lord Bridgeman, the Director-General, recently made forceful comment. " I would like to make it quite clear," he said, " that Commandos train for certain special duties which the Home Guard does not share with them . . . Commandos are not Home Guards and Home Guards are not Commandos."

THE general speeding up of training so marked in the past year has been immensely facilitated by the substantial extension of instructional centres. There are now three G.H.Q. schools, twenty-six travelling wings and one Town Fighting wing, all staffed by regular officers and N.C.O.s familiar with Home Guard requirements. In addition, courses are run at Command Weapon Training Schools where the use of Home Guard weapons is taught, together with certain specialist subjects such as signalling, anti-gas and intelligence. All this is but a part of the invaluable help being given by the Army, to which must be added the regular officers and Permanent Staff Instructors allotted to battalions for training and administrative work and, of course, the ever-welcome cooperation in exercise and training so readily extended to individual units by the Field Army itself.

It is no small satisfaction to the Home Guard to know that it is returning thanks to the Army every day in the form of "recruits" who are already well-trained soldiers at the moment they join the colours. A member of the Home Guard does in fact start his Army career many weeks ahead of the raw recruit ; moreover, every man who passes the proficiency test provided for in Home Guard Regulations is now to be given a certificate which will guarantee the standard of training he has attained when he joins up.

The man-power problem, steadily growing more acute, has created many difficulties for the Home Guard in general and the General Service battalions in particular. Not only have the latter had to replace the continual drain imposed by the Services, but also fill the gaps left in their ranks by the numerous transfers to A.A. units, Coast Defence batteries and M.T. companies. These losses have to a large extent been offset by the intake of "directed" men under the compulsory enrolment scheme introduced in 1942, and the lowering of the joining age to 17. Other demands have been those of agriculture and vital war industries crystallized by a suggestion, put forward in February 1943 by the T.U.C., that members of the Home Guard engaged in such essential work who had reached a reasonable degree of efficiency should have their training and duties lightened to the minimum absolutely necessary. This was in accordance with War Office policy and was immediately given effect.

YET another outcome of the increasing man-power shortage was the greatly improved co-ordination between the Home Guard and the Civil Defence Services. Although the former cannot be called upon for Civil Defence duties if the local Military Commander deems such employment detrimental to military requirements, it has in fact been found practical in many places for the two forces usefully to interchange certain branches of their training. The value of this has been abundantly proved in many major and minor air raids when the Home Guard has rendered good service to the Civil Defence authorities.

A year ago the newly-formed A.A. units had scarcely found their feet ; today many of the batteries have mastered the hard training called for and are now operational. Their success is fittingly summed up in a terse communiqué issued on January 18, 1943 : "The Home Guard turned out and manned A.A. guns during last night's raids. The muster was very satisfactory. More than one regular battery commander stated that they came fully up to expectations and did a 'good job of work.' "

Progress has also been good in communications and transport. To the already competent signalling sections, portable wireless sets are now being issued ; while the number of W.D. vehicles in use, ranging from motor-cycles to 8-cwt. trucks, has passed the 9,000 mark. Feeding and medical arrangements, too, have been greatly improved. On mustering, the Home Guard is now in a position to provide its own food. Every battalion and most companies have their own medical officers and specially trained N.C.O.s, while a high percentage of the rank and file has qualified in first aid.

Finally, after much agitation, the useful help long given unofficially by women has been properly recognized, and women auxiliaries have now been authorized to perform service with the Home Guard in non-combatant duties. They will wear a specially designed badge, but no uniform.

The question is sometimes asked : "Is too much being put on the Home Guard ? " In answer let me again quote the Director-General. " Never yet," he said at a Press Conference on May 6, 1943, "has the Home Guard turned back from any job which they realized was necessary, and was in their power to perform and they were the right people to perform it."

J. R. FAWCETT THOMPSON

THE PREMIER TO THE HOME GUARD

GREAT BRITAIN is the advanced fighting base of the United Nations, and is still under constant siege and assault by air and sea. It is in a very large measure the powerhouse and directing centre of the whole British Commonwealth and Empire. It is the source of a vast output of war equipment. It is the home and cradle of the Navy . . . In this zone there burns the light of freedom—Guard it well, Home Guard . . .

We have now nearly 2,000,000 resolute, trained and equipped men, all of whom do their daily work in field or factory, and add to it, free gratis and for nothing but honour, the last and proudest duty of a citizen of the Empire and a soldier of the King . . . You Home Guardsmen are specially adapted to meet that most modern form of oversea attack—the mass descent of parachute troops. The Home Guard might well share the motto of the Royal Artillery—' Ubique '—for they are everywhere.

And if the Nazi villains drop down upon us from the skies, any night on a raid or heavy attack upon the key production centres, you will make it clear to them that they have not alighted in the poultry run, or in the rabbit farm, or even in the sheepfold, but that they have come down in the lions' den at the Zoo.

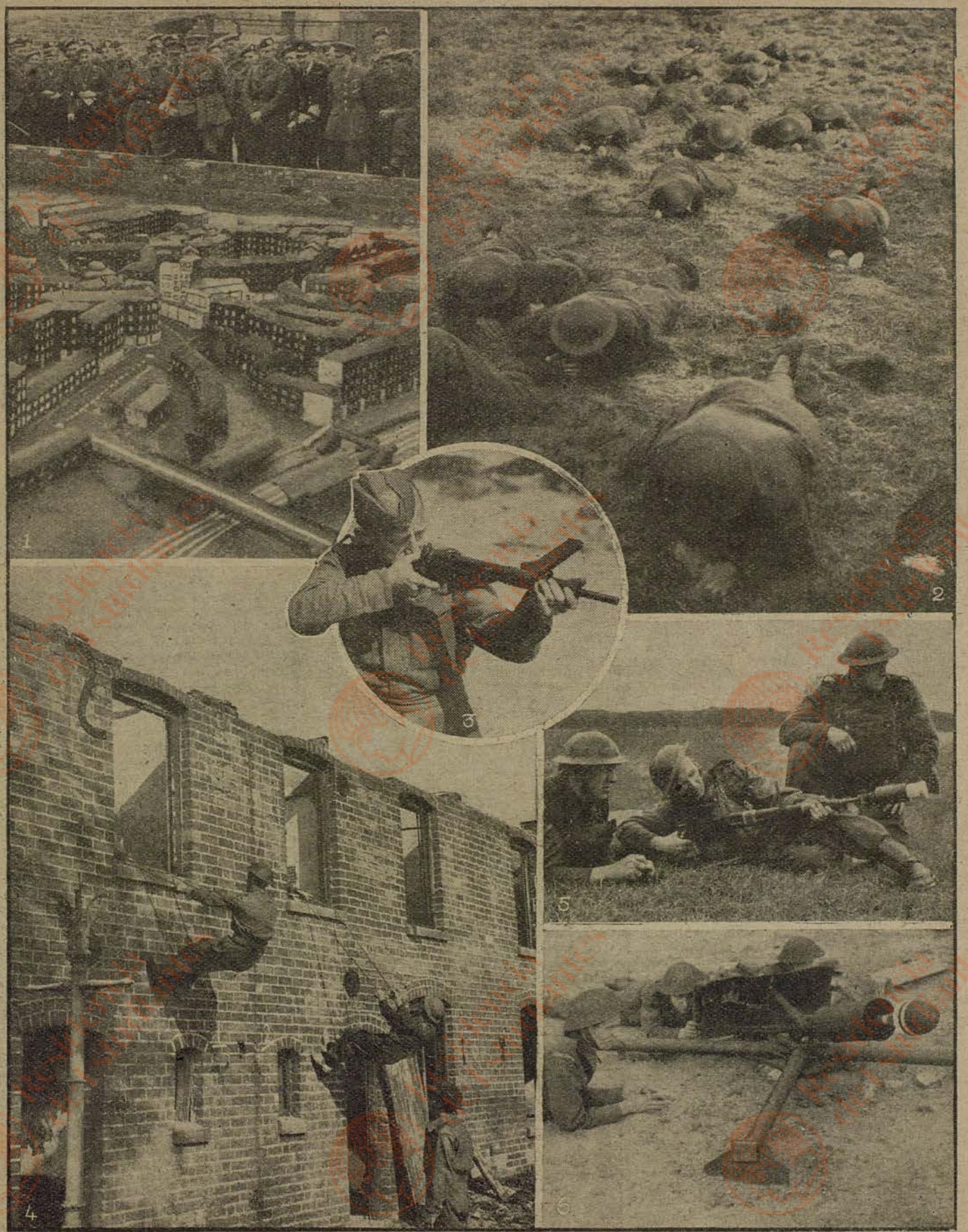
Here is the reality of your work. Here is that sense of imminent emergency which cheers and inspires the long routine of drills and musters after the hard day's work is done . . . Just in the same way as the Home Guard render the regular forces mobile against an invader, so the Home Guard must now become capable of taking a great deal of the burden of home defence on to themselves and thus set free the bulk of our trained troops for the assault on the strongholds of the enemy's power.

It is this reason which, above all others, has prompted me to make you and all Britain realize afresh . . . . the magnitude and lively importance of your duties and of the part you have to play in the supreme cause, now gathering momentum as it rolls forward to its goal.
—*In a broadcast from The White House, Washington, U.S.A., May 14, 1943*



L.D.V.s ON PARADE during the anxious summer months of 1940. These eager volunteers, ill armed and equipped though they were, established the great tradition of service that inspires the Home Guard today.
Photo, Fox

'If the Nazi Villains Drop Down Upon Us'



HOME GUARD TRAINING has made vast strides during the past year—the third of the Force's existence. The supply of arms and equipment, also, is now keeping pace with the demand. These photographs taken during training show how Home Guardsmen are preparing themselves for the serious responsibilities that lie ahead. 1, Model for teaching street-fighting tactics at a Glasgow school. 2, Crossing open ground under live fire. 3, Sten machine-carbine as fired from the shoulder. This useful weapon has been issued to the Home Guard in increasing quantities. 4, Scaling walls by means of toggle-ropes at a street-fighting school. 5, Firing a grenade from a discharger cup attached to a Service rifle. 6, The spigot mortar, part of the Home Guard's sub-artillery.

Photos, British Official, G.P.U., Sport & General, Central Press, Topical

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Were in at the Death in Tunisia

Told in vivid dispatches from front-line war reporters in Tunisia, here is the story of the final dramatic stages of the brilliant campaign which, culminating in the capture of General von Arnim, leader of the vaunted Afrika Korps, now demoralized and broken, freed North Africa of Axis domination.

So here we are in Tunis (May 7). We are in the town and fighting is still going on in the streets. In friendly rivalry, armoured cars of the First and Eighth Armies have gone in side by side—the Derbyshire Yeomanry from the former and the 11th Hussars from the latter. I can tell you just what the first hour or two after our entry was like. With other correspondents I had been all day close on the heels of our armoured cars, through Massicault and St. Cyprien. In front of us were a couple of Sherman tanks, some half-dozen armoured cars, and a solitary jeep.

We had topped the rise beyond St. Cyprien and seen the wide expanse of Tunis lying before us under a thick pall of black smoke from burning enemy petrol dumps. This sombre spectacle was pricked out with brightly burning fires in one part or another of the city as we began to descend the hill. Eagerly we counted the kilometre stones that brought us ever nearer to the city—six, five, four. The nearer we got the louder grew the cheering of the freed people.

GAILY-DRESSED women lined the streets as we passed through. Elderly men were cheering with the gusto of schoolchildren. Outside a villa appropriately named the Villa de la Victoire a pretty girl in a light blue jumper impulsively thrust a bottle of wine into our hands. A few paces farther on other women threw flowers into our car. The cheering swelled to a roar as we approached the centre of the city. Everyone seemed to be waving the Tricolor. There were shouts of "Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre!"

Then at 4.30 we drew up behind the advanced armoured cars, our car the only Allied "soft-skinned" vehicle in Tunis. The capital of Tunisia was taken. Then began a crowded half-hour of life. One hardly realizes how it started. One moment we were standing up in our car among a cheering throng. The next there was a sudden crackle of machine-gun fire, loud and repeated.

There were German snipers in the town, and they were firing from the windows of houses. In a moment we were out of the car and down flat on the ground, under the shelter of the nearest house. It was a strange sensation. Against the wall overhead machine-gun bullets were pattering in quick succession. We were in the very midst of a street battle. I can only describe it by saying that it was all more incredibly Hollywood than anything I could possibly have dreamed.

SUDDENLY a voice called out, "There is a German firing from the house above you." Whether it was so or not we did not wait to discover. We crawled along the ground some distance, and then got to our feet and made quick going for a couple of hundred yards perhaps. Here we were on "dead ground," and fantastic scenes were taking place. I had been present at the entry of British troops into Benghazi, Tripoli, Kairouan and other towns and each was generally an affair more or less conforming to a set pattern. Here it was different. British troops, German troops, French civilians, all seemed mixed up in indescribable confusion.

Out of numberless side streets more and more Germans were appearing. Some were under escort, but the majority were coming in to surrender themselves freely. They tramped stolidly along in twos and threes or fours, sometimes with their hands up and sometimes not. Anyhow, they seemed to have no fight left in them. And yet a hundred yards or so away heavy street fighting was still continuing. Elsewhere a group of Germans had surrendered to a couple of British Bren-gun carriers. The troops manning the carriers were under orders to go forward to take part in routing out the remaining nests of enemy snipers in the town. They did not know what to do with the numbers of prisoners. They simply piled them into the carriers, where they considerably outnumbered their captors. The troops then went forward into action, taking their prisoners with them.

Not the least remarkable feature was the fate of the British prisoners. Some 800 of them had been housed in a large covered-in cattle shed on the outskirts of the town. On Wednesday of this week 380 of these had been removed by sea to Italy. The bulk of the remainder were due to go today or tomorrow. I found these 400 in their improvised prison just as the street battle was dying down in their immediate neighbourhood. They greeted us with cheers and began spontaneously singing any music-hall catch that came into their heads.

Most of them had been there about a fortnight. They had suffered severely from dysentery. All were weak from hunger. They had not been positively ill-treated, but the administration of the prison camp had simply broken down in the last few days, and sanitary arrangements had been practically non-existent.

WHEN I entered the prison I saw lying on the floor, soaked in blood, a badly wounded Italian soldier. He died within a few minutes. His fate is a grim illustration of the attitude of the Germans towards their allies. He had been on sentry duty outside the prison and had wandered perhaps some dozen yards from his sentry box to talk to a group of civilians. Suddenly a German armoured car swept through the town. Its occupants saw the sentry apparently fraternizing with the civilians. With one swift round of machine-gun fire they mortally wounded the sentry, who had to be dragged in and succoured by the very men whom he had been set to guard. That was how the last German panzers behaved as they fled.

What an amazing 48 hours it has been since our final blitz attack started with the attack on Djebel Bou Aoukas on Wednesday evening (May 5)! In this last act of the Tunisian drama the climax seemed to come with amazing swiftness. What happened was that we brought an immense superiority in man-power and every sort of material to bear in the final decisive battle. And that was a matter of supreme organization. The result was that, having weathered the earlier storms, when the final phase of the attack started on Wednesday evening the battle developed with such clockwork precision and punctuality as have scarcely been equalled since Wavell's first great battle at Sidi Barrani nearly three years ago. Our infantry went slap through their objectives right up to time, and the armour were up ready to exploit them.

When it is realized that we had in the air frequently well over 100 planes at a time over a single small sector and that for the final infantry attack on Wednesday night there was one gun to every several yards of front it will be seen how immensely powerful was the blow which we were able to strike. And that was why the enemy front collapsed so suddenly and abruptly.

AT first light we all went forward nourishing the hope that we might perhaps reach the suburbs of Tunis or at any rate look over the city from the adjacent hillside before evening.

By 2.45 in the afternoon the first armoured cars of the Derbyshire Yeomanry were reported in the outskirts, and at 4.30 the 11th Hussars broke into the town itself.—*Christopher Buckley, The Daily Telegraph*



CLEARING OUT ENEMY STRONGPOINT in Tunis. Street fighting, described in this page, was quickly dealt with by our men.
Photo, British Official

How We Did Rejoice in Liberated Tunis!

IT is a wonderful thing seeing a city come to life after the Germans have gone. Tunis has given itself up to three days of rejoicing, and there are no signs of it ending yet. Shouts, cheers and yells keep coming up to this hotel bedroom window from the main street, where 1st and 8th Army units are flowing through the crowds.

For two days before we arrived all French people were confined to their houses, and for six months before that they could not go beyond the city limits. Now, as though the whole war were finished, they have burst out on the streets, waving flags, throwing flowers on every passing truck. The singing and shouting have not stopped since dawn.

Only the military curfew put a stop to festivity last night. A broadcasting truck passed through the streets at 7.30 p.m., and in French and English it was announced that "everyone, including military personnel, must be off the streets in half an hour." They melted away reluctantly and made up for the loss of time today. At dusk I went into a music hall, which carried on in spite of the fact that the Germans smashed the electric power plant before they left. A notice outside said: "Despite Adolf and Benito the show goes on."

Footlights were a row of candles, and

an oil lamp kept exploding through the performance. But four or five hundred people deliriously sang "Madelon," and roared over the comedians' wise-cracks against Hitler and "Macaroni"—wise-cracks which would have meant death three days ago. There was a tumult of clapping when the principal comedian announced that he had composed a new song "without any kind of collaboration whatever." The word "collaboration" to all Frenchmen has come to mean "pro-German."

WHEN I came out into the street a much better show was going on. Four "Desert Rats" were standing on the balcony in an almost Romeo and Juliet setting, roaring English songs to a fascinated crowd of French people who swarmed across the street below.

Suddenly three motor lorries filled with Germans and Italians who had tardily been routed out of some houses came round the corner and passed the crowd. The thing that took my attention was not the tide of boos and hisses, not the wave of hate, but the stony look on the face of the last German in the last car. I have seen some 20,000 prisoners in the last two days, but this youth was the expression of them all. He had such a look of balked fanaticism, of weariness and bewilderment that it was clear that he was on the point of breaking down, and saying: "Why do they hate me so much? Have we been wrong all along? Is Hitler a fraud?"

But this crowd is in no mood for finesse, nor has it any time for worrying over German feelings. French and Allied officials are making a clean sweep through the Administration. Refugees from Bizerta, Sousse, Sfax and France itself are being sorted out. Already young Frenchmen are being called up. The food situation is being taken care of at once. It is announced this morning that everyone is to have 500 grammes (more than a pound) of bread daily, and the new coffee ration starts this week.

I went into the offices of the local newspaper, *Dépêche Tunisienne*, where the Germans printed most of their propaganda. Just before they left a party of German saboteurs entered the building, smashed the linotypes and poured nitric acid on to the paper rolls. "They just left these," said the head compositor, showing me a great pile of anti-British cartoons and printing blocks. With a superb gesture he swept them off the table into a rubble heap.

There were stacks of the last issue of the German desert newspaper The Oasis, which was started for the Afrika Korps two years ago. This is one German paper that will never be published again. This issue was dated May 9, the day after the Germans had left. In place of The Oasis a newspaper for British troops appeared off the same presses today—The Tunis Telegraph. The first man to get in here was a Sergeant Lyons, who was the first man to get into Tripoli, the newspaper says.—*Alan Moorehead, The Daily Express.*

For 60 Miles I Drove Past German Prisoners

TODAY (May 11) I have seen what must be the greatest collapse of German arms since Adolf Hitler, as Chancellor of the German Reich, began ten years ago to lead his nation into war.

For sixty miles I have been driving past German vehicles crowded with German soldiers, driven by Germans flying the white flag. More than 40,000 additional German troops have surrendered and are coming back unguarded except for an occasional British private.

Perhaps nothing could more clearly highlight the utter cracking in German morale than the fact that thousands of men have been sitting down beside the road merely awaiting someone to accept their surrender. Three hundred men, led by officers, surrendered to myself and one other correspondent near the end of the peninsula. And these were not slovenly Italians, but men of the Afrika Korps and the Hermann Goering Regiment.

In the race back through the darkness to catch the courier plane we have had to order to a side road German staff cars crowded with officers. Lumbering along the road back to Tunis we have seen hundreds of German trucks, cars, volks-wagons, and troop carriers containing, as far as my rapid count can be regarded as accurate, between 20,000 and 25,000 crack German troops—accompanying them were not more than a few dozen British soldiers. With evacuation



CELEBRATING OUR VICTORY IN TUNIS. Delirious with joy, citizens turn out en masse in carnival mood to greet the victorious Allied troops. As told in this and the preceding page the streets of the city were thronged with singing and cheering multitudes.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright



PRISONERS ON HORSEBACK. These cheerful Germans in Tunisia come in unassisted. A description of our round up of the enemy is given in this and the following page.
Photo, British Official

denied them their débâcle has been utter, complete and devastating.

As we drove down into the Cape Bon peninsula from Tunis we met the first number of refugees returning homeward, then gorgeously dressed horsemen of the Palace Cavalry of the Bey of Tunis, who are guarding the furniture and ornaments which are being hauled back to his Tunis residence. In a yard outside the town of Hammam Lif were eleven dead horses without a mark of injury on them, but all killed instantaneously by bomb blast. Swollen by gases, they lay in fabulous attitudes, their feet in the air.

German 88-mm. guns, sometimes destroyed, sometimes still complete, lay abandoned along the roadway, and away to the right of the highway an occasional shell was plopping as our men dealt with an obstinate pocket of Germans. We raced down miles of empty road, hardly knowing whether a German ambush lay ahead, for every building in the fields was flying the white flag and an occasional strange figure melted into the bushes as our solitary car approached.

We went north-east from the middle of the peninsula to the town of Beni Khaled, where we found a squadron of Churchill tanks clanking through the narrow winding streets, seeking to catch up with the First Army reconnaissance units which were reported to be pushing right down toward Cape Bon itself. Here were gardens being improvised into prison cages, and in them Germans who smoked, played accordions, even sang as they awaited transport up the road. Most of them were decorated, and many had seen a year's fighting in Russia.

THERE was a large store of Axis equipment in this town, and from now on we were to see deserted enemy camps left crammed with material, abandoned dumps, munitions, transport in working order with petrol still in the tanks and loaded trucks beside the road. In one was a great miserable pig in a crate which grunted piteously as we approached. That was in the early afternoon, and from then on only two things were monotonously repeated—the burning vehicles beside the road and Germans driving toward Tunis in long dusty columns.

When we first saw truck after truck with black German crosses on the sides and filled with German soldiers, with an occasional staff car or tractored troop carrier, roaring past us, this might have been a nightmare, for there wasn't a sign of any British escort. If it had not been for the absence of weapons it was like an ordinary enemy troop movement behind the lines. It appeared that those German units who hadn't enough petrol to run their vehicles were setting them afire or wrecking them, for pillars of smoke were

rising blackly, and others were driving themselves into captivity.

As Allied planes in their last bombing of the day on the northern side of the peninsula—down which we were now following an armoured car reconnaissance squadron—began low attacks on the country ahead we halted for lunch.

News began to come back a little later from an armoured division that they were pushing on and meeting practically no resistance but taking thousands of prisoners. We realized that organized resistance had ceased. The prisoners are mainly German, and the extraordinary thing is that they seem relieved to be captured. They are docile and not aggressive, stopping at each corner in order to inquire which way they turn for the prison cages. They came out from woods, attaching white flags to their vehicles or carrying them on sticks.

Groups of officers, smartly uniformed and smoking cigarettes, drove in sleek cars with their men. Others stood at attention beside the roadway, saluting every British officer who passed. In Tunis as I drove through in the moonlight there was the grotesque scene of Germans reoccupying the streets which they had been driven out of last Friday, but this time they were not men of war but mere wayfarers whom I saw asking in broken English which route they were to take to the prison camp.—*Roderick Macdonald, The News Chronicle*



Gen. VON ARNIM, defeated Axis C.-in-C. in Tunisia, steps from the plane which landed him in Britain on May 16, 1943. He was brought by air from Gibraltar. *Photo, British Official*

How Von Arnim Surrendered at Last

OUR brigade columns of the Fourth Indian Division were working their way through hilly country in the St. Marie du Zit zone, 28 miles south of Tunis, on May 12 (said an officer of this famous unit), when some German lorries came forward with white flags flying. The lorries brought Col. Nolte, Arnim's Chief of Staff, with other officers and interpreters. Nolte said that he had been authorized by Arnim to seek terms of surrender for the supreme commander of the Axis forces in Tunisia, for Gen. Krause, German Panzer general, and their Staffs.

Nolte was taken to our divisional headquarters, near Ainel Asker, where he was shown a typewritten note setting out terms for the unconditional surrender of the Axis forces and the immediate cessation of hostilities. He reiterated that Arnim was surrendering only himself, Krause and their Staffs, and that they had no power to accept other terms. The Major-General commanding our Division and a Corps Commander went off with Nolte to German H.Q. Arnim greeted the British generals outside his caravan, stiffly saluting each one before inviting them inside. Arnim and Krause then talked with the British generals through an interpreter.

The Axis commander declared that his forces were too widely scattered for him to order them to cease fire even if he wanted to. Nothing more could be done, and Arnim's surrender was accepted. He and Krause gave up their revolvers, and later in the afternoon, when arrangements had been made for their removal, Arnim emerged from the caravan. His Staff Officers, lined up outside, sprang to attention and remained at the salute for nearly half a minute. Arnim acknowledged the salute and then walked down the ranks of his officers, shaking hands with each one of them.

The officers clicked their heels and some of them gave the Nazi salute. All were dressed in their best uniforms with full decorations and gave a remarkable display of military etiquette. Arnim entered an open car and stood holding the windscreen with his left hand in Hitler fashion while he gave the final salute to his Staff. The car rolled slowly away to the H.Q. of the British 1st Army, followed by other cars carrying Krause and other German officers, along a road packed with Italians and Germans driving themselves into captivity in their own vehicles.

Arnim stood up in his car practically all the way acknowledging the salutes and cheers of his defeated soldiers. He dined with other captured German generals in a small tent at 1st Army H.Q. Then he had a talk with General Anderson.—*Reuters Special Correspondents in Tunisia*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

MAY 12, 1943, Wednesday *1,348th day*

Air.—Duisburg bombed in R.A.F.'s heaviest attack to date; 34 bombers missing. Soviet Air Force raided Warsaw railway station.

North Africa.—Organized resistance in Tunisia ceased; Gen. von Arnim, commander of Axis forces, captured.

Mediterranean.—Naples docks and railway yards raided by Allied bombers.

MAY 13, Thursday *1,349th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made very heavy night raids on Bochum in the Ruhr, Berlin and Czechoslovakia; 34 bombers missing.

North Africa.—Last Axis forces in Tunisia surrendered.

Mediterranean.—Pantelleria bombarded by naval force. Allied bombers raided Sardinia and Sicily.

Russian Front.—Soviet Air Force raided rly. junctions at Orel and Lozovaya.

MAY 14, Friday *1,350th day*

Air.—Heavy force of U.S. bombers raided Kiel, Velsen, Antwerp and Courtrai.

Mediterranean.—Fortress bombers made heavy attack on port of Civita Vecchia, nr. Rome.

Australasia.—Sixteen Jap aircraft shot down out of 45 raiding Oro Bay, New Guinea. Australian hospital ship Centaur torpedoed by submarine off Brisbane.

MAY 15, Saturday *1,351st day*

Air.—Strongest force of U.S. bombers to operate from Britain to date attacked Emden in daylight.

Russian Front.—Soviet Air Force raided Briansk, Kremenchug and Dnepropetrovsk.

MAY 16, Sunday *1,352nd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of submarine Splendid.

Air.—During night of May 16-17 Lancaster bombers breached with mines the Moehne and Sorpe dams in the Ruhr valley and the Eder dam in the Weser valley, causing great floods; eight out of 19 Lancasters lost.

Mediterranean.—Seaplane base at Lido di Roma, near Ostia, bombed.

Burma.—In Arakan British troops raided Maungdaw from the sea.

MAY 17, Monday *1,353rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced scuttling of two German blockade runners from the Far East, intercepted by cruisers Adventure and Glasgow.

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers raided Lorient and Bordeaux in daylight.

MAY 18, Tuesday *1,354th day*

North Africa.—Announced that number of Axis prisoners taken between May 5 and May 18 exceeded 200,000.

Mediterranean.—U.S. bombers gave Pantelleria its heaviest raid of the war.

MAY 19, Wednesday *1,355th day*

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers (unescorted) attacked U-boat yards at Kiel and Flensburg by day. At night Mosquitoes attacked targets in Berlin.

Mediterranean.—In Allied raids on Sicily and Sardinia 29 Axis fighters were reported destroyed in combat and 44 enemy aircraft on the ground.

General.—Mr. Churchill addressed both Houses of Congress in Washington. Mr. Joseph Davies, President Roosevelt's envoy, arrived in Moscow.

MAY 20, Thursday *1,356th day*

Air.—Mosquitoes again bombed Berlin.

Mediterranean.—Flying Fortresses attacked airfield at Grosseto, on Italian mainland, destroying 58 aircraft on the ground.

Burma.—Announced that long-range jungle force of British, Indian and Burmese troops had returned from three months wrecking operations in enemy-occupied territory.

Australasia.—Japanese bombers made abortive raid on Exmouth Gulf, Western Australia.

MAY 21, Friday *1,357th day*

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers (unescorted) bombed submarine yards at Wilhelmshaven and Emden at midday; 12 bombers missing; 74 enemy aircraft destroyed. Mosquitoes again over Berlin at night.

Mediterranean.—U.S. heavy bombers made heavy daylight attacks on airfields in Sardinia and Sicily; San Giovanni and Reggio, in toe of Italy, also raided.

Australasia.—Japanese bombers again attempted to raid Exmouth Gulf.

General.—Announced that Adm. Yamamoto, C.-in-C. of Japanese fleet, was killed in April "in air combat."

MAY 22, Saturday *1,358th day*

Mediterranean.—Airfields in Sicily again attacked by day. R.A.F. raided San Giovanni, Italy, at night.

India.—R.A.F. Hurricanes destroyed or damaged nearly half force of Japanese aircraft raiding airfield at Chittagong.

General.—Moscow announced that Communist Third International (Comintern) was to be dissolved.

MAY 23, Sunday *1,359th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made heaviest air attack of the war on Dortmund by night; over 2,000 tons of bombs dropped in an hour; 38 aircraft missing.

Mediterranean.—Three daylight air attacks on docks and airfields on Pantellaria, followed by night attack; Messina also raided at night.

Home Front.—Sharp daylight attacks by F.W. 190s on two south coast towns.

MAY 24, Monday *1,360th day*

Mediterranean.—Day and night attacks by Allied bombers on ports and airfields in Sardinia. U.S. heavy bombers also attacked San Giovanni and Reggio, in toe of Italy, by daylight.

MAY 25, Tuesday *1,361st day*

Air.—R.A.F. made very heavy night attack on Düsseldorf.

Mediterranean.—Very heavy air attacks on Sicily (especially Messina), Sardinia and Pantelleria. R.A.F. made daylight raid on seaplane base at Preveza, Greece.

U.S.A.—American warships bombarded Chicagof area of Attu Island.

Flash-backs

1940

May 14. *Rotterdam heavily bombed by Luftwaffe; Dutch Army on mainland surrendered; Govt. moved to London.*
Mr. Eden announced formation of "Local Defence Volunteers" (later Home Guard).

May 15. *Germans broke through French lines south of Sedan.*

May 17. *Brussels occupied by Germans.*

May 19. *Gen. Weygand became C.-in-C. of Allied forces.*

May 21. *Germans reached Amiens and Arras, cutting off Allies in north. Gen. Giraud, commander of French 9th Army, captured.*

May 23. *British troops withdrew from Boulogne.*

May 25. *Germans announced closing of ring round Belgian Army, B.E.F., and part of French army.*

1941

May 19. *Italian troops under Duke of Aosta surrendered at Amba Alagi, northern Abyssinia.*

May 20. *German airborne troops landed in Crete.*

May 21. *Maleme aerodrome, Crete, captured by Germans. British naval forces destroyed seaborne convoy.*

May 22-23. *Cruisers Gloucester and Fiji and destroyers Juno, Greyhound, Kelly, and Kashmir sunk by enemy aircraft off Crete.*

May 24. *H.M.S. Hood sunk off Greenland when engaging German battleship Bismarck.*

1942

May 13. *Timoshenko launched offensive in Kharkov sector.*

May 16. *Germans occupied town of Kerch in the Crimea.*

Editor's Postscript

SURELY, I thought the other day, London streets have never been so clean as now, when traffic has been reduced to a minimum, when careful passengers on bus and tram drop their tickets in the boxes provided, so that the stopping-places are no longer strewn with a rich collection of evidences of journeys done; and when the morning's newspapers no longer clutter up the gutter but are "posted" in special receptacles. (For the benefit of posterity let me record that they are collected every evening and distributed free to the canteens, etc., of the men and women in the Services.) Yet only a day or two after I had mentally congratulated my fellow-citizens on their advancement towards litter-consciousness, I read that Mr. Peat, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, had declared that tons of paper are still being wasted daily through people throwing away cigarette cartons, bus tickets, and other odds and ends. "Our streets are littered with presents to Hitler," is one of the statements he is reported to have made.

LONDON is a big place, and only a taxi-driver of long standing can profess acquaintance with more than a very few of the multitude of nooks and corners that make up its vastness. But I cannot help feeling that Mr. Peat has gone somewhat beyond his brief. He was opening the "Private Scrap Builds a Bomber" Exhibition at Charing Cross Underground Station, and he may well have felt the necessity for putting a little stimulus into our waste-paper collections. Undoubtedly there is plenty of paper being wasted, every day, every hour. But Mr. Peat should look nearer home. Perhaps he will take note of such an absurdity as the instruction printed on the front of an O.H.M.S. envelope just received from the National Savings Committee. "War Economy," it begins, in black capitals. "Open by slitting along the flap edge. Re-use envelope by sealing with Economy Label." Now this is one of those foolscap envelopes so preferred by Government departments (though to my mind they are most inconveniently shaped) in which the flap is on the long edge. So in order to cover up the slit as directed, an economy label or piece of paper 8¾ inches in length is required. Surely it would be more sensible to urge that the short edge, which is only 3¾ inches, should be the one to be slit open? A little thing doubtless, but not only a Scot knows that many a mickle makes a muckle.

THEN it was unfortunate, to say the least, that on the very day that Mr. Peat was denouncing the paper-wasting habits of the people at large, the newspapers should be carrying richly detailed and illustrated accounts of a certain rubbish dump in the North London district of Hackney. Before the War, it appears, the site of this dump was liable to flooding, and so it was chosen as a suitable place on which to dump the refuse left behind by the months of blitz. The level of the ground would be raised; the unsightly litter got rid of, buried out of the sight of man. But, according to report, included among the materials dumped are such things as small shell-casings with copper bands and brass ends, bolts and washers, lengths of iron and brass piping, copper wire, brass screws, strips of aluminium and duralumin, even iron house railings. For weeks past the "totters," as the men are called who rake over refuse dumps and sell their findings to waste-metal merchants, have been reaping a rich harvest. Where all the stuff has come from no one seems to know; and when the reporter of The Star, which first gave publicity to the matter, inquired of the Directorate of Salvage and Recovery, he says an official told him, "We have no comment to make." It is an extraordinary story; and it wasn't cleared up at all satisfactorily when the matter was raised in the House of Commons. Moreover, the Hackney dump is not the only one, it seems, on which valuable metals are being thrown to waste. Yet it is still an offence to throw away a bus ticket, or the cap off a milk-bottle.

NOW here is a book which cannot but make a very strong appeal to all who are in the least degree air-minded—Elementary Flying Training, published by H.M. Stationery Office, price 9d. It is the manual used in the Royal Air Force by cadets learning to fly elementary trainers, and it is expected that it will make its strongest appeal to young men who aspire to take up air-crew duties in the R.A.F. But it is issued by the Air Ministry and placed on public sale so that all who are interested in flying may have access to an authoritative work on the subject.

ANOTHER of the books that take us "behind the scenes" is Destroyer at War, by Lieut. G. P. Griggs, R.N. (Hutchinson, 5s.). Mr. Griggs tells us that his object in writing was to present a destroyer from within, and to recapture the kind of lives men lead in her—to convey an atmosphere of truth and reality, a portrait of little ships. There I should say he has succeeded. Life on his imaginary H.M.S. Valcarron must be very much the kind of life that is lived on those destroyers you and I are most interested in. So this little book may help to fill some of those gaps in our knowledge of which we are sometimes painfully aware.

COMBINED Ops., we are reminded in Combined Operations 1940-42, recently published by the Ministry of Information (H.M. Stationery Office, 1s.), are no new development in our history, since they are the inevitable consequence of sea-power. Drake in the West Indies in 1585, Essex and Howard at Cadiz in 1596, the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, and of Cape Town in 1795, were all "conjunct expeditions," to give them the name used in olden times. But never in our history have they been so numerous and so widespread as those which are chronicled in the 144 pages of this excellently illustrated Government publication. The unnamed author—it is understood he is Mr. Hilary St. G. Saunders, who wrote the text of Battle of Britain and other official best-sellers—describes the origin of the Commandos, their training and the most outstanding of their exploits. They began immediately after the fall of France, and since that summer of 1940 Commandos have been in action many a time in places separated by thousands of miles. The French coast and the Channel Islands, Vaagso, Lofoten and Spitzbergen, Tobruk, and the crossing of the Litani River in Syria, Colonel Keyes' superbly audacious and daring raid on Rommel's headquarters, the attack on the radio location station near Bruneval, the Campbeltown's rendezvous at St. Nazaire, the storming of Diego Suarez in Madagascar, the reconnaissance in force at Dieppe, and the landing in North Africa last November—these are all described in this remarkable shillingsworth.

WHEN the official scribe sat down to write the story, the Chief of Combined Operations, we are told, gave but one order: "Bearing considerations of security in mind, see to it that the account is accurate and truthful." That order has been obeyed, no doubt. But, all the same, one wonders why we have had to wait until now for the details of these gallant exploits, when if they had been revealed earlier they would have had the greatly added interest of topicality. It is difficult to see how security could have entered into the matter to any extent, since the Germans must know quite as much as is told here—possibly very much more, since there are gaps in some of the narratives, e.g. that of the St. Nazaire raid, which can be filled in only when the Commandos who are now kicking their heels in German *stalags* come home again. Surely we have a right to complain when the bare bones of glorious deeds of daring are not clothed with flesh until they have passed into history.

IN my last notes I quoted a story going to show that the Navy knows its Shakespeare. Alas, the same cannot be said of those responsible for the production of Combined Operations. Hardly had the first copy reached this office when a colleague of mine with a sharp eye and a retentive memory reported a misquotation in the line of Shakespeare given in the concluding paragraph. As printed it runs, "To win bright honour from the palefaced moon." But what Hotspur really said—you can check the reference for yourself in the First Part of Henry IV, Act I, Scene 3—was not *win*, but *pluck*. This is obviously the right word; it is difficult to see how "win" in this context makes any sense at all. Only a small matter, I know; but I make no bones of declaring that a Government publication ought not to misquote the national poet.



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They Led the Triumphant Host in Tunisia



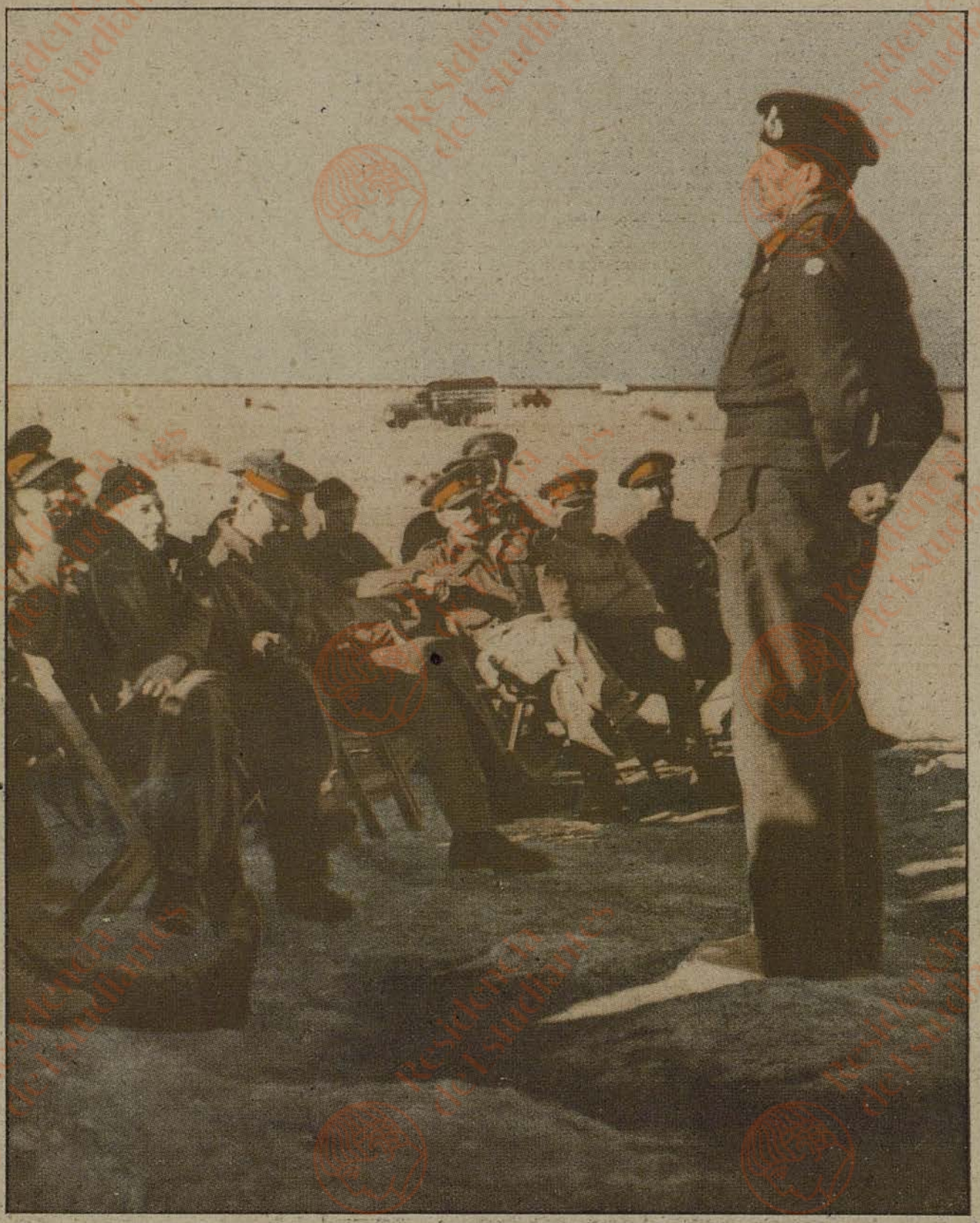
VICTORS IN CONFERENCE. The three men whose brilliant leadership contributed in so great a measure to our overwhelmingly successful campaign in Tunisia, are here shown conferring at First Army H.Q. in Tunis. In the centre stands Gen. Alexander, Deputy C.-in-C. to Gen. Eisenhower; left is Gen. Anderson, C.-in-C. 1st Army, and right Air Marshal Coningham, A.O.C. Tactical Air Force. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

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Vol 6 **The War Illustrated** N° 152

SIXPENCE — Edited by Sir John Hammerton — APRIL 18, 1943



'THE EIGHTH ARMY IS ON THE MOVE.' This significant announcement came at the end of Mr. Churchill's broadcast on March 21, 1943. The next day the world learned that Gen. Montgomery's forces had already begun their powerful assault on the Mareth positions; in little more than a week the whole Line was overrun. This photo shows the 8th Army's indomitable commander in a forward area in Tunisia, detailing his plans to members of his staff.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

NO. 153 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, APRIL 30

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

SINCE I last wrote in the middle of March 1943 the battle of Tunisia has begun. At the end of the month it is still in its early stages, and it will probably pass through many more. The need for secrecy prevents the release of definite information as regards the situation, and it has not yet advanced sufficiently to reveal with certainty the courses either side will pursue. The general strategic lay-out of the theatre of operations is clear enough, but it admits of development on several lines depending on the commanders' plans—and even they may be modified or drastically changed by the results of tactical encounters. All that can be foreseen with some certainty is a fierce struggle, probably prolonged over a period to be measured in months rather than weeks, and falling into a series of well-defined phases of which the battle for the Mareth Line is the first. Ultimate victory for the Allies is assured; but it is of importance to achieve victory in the shortest possible time—for time is essentially what the enemy is attempting to gain.

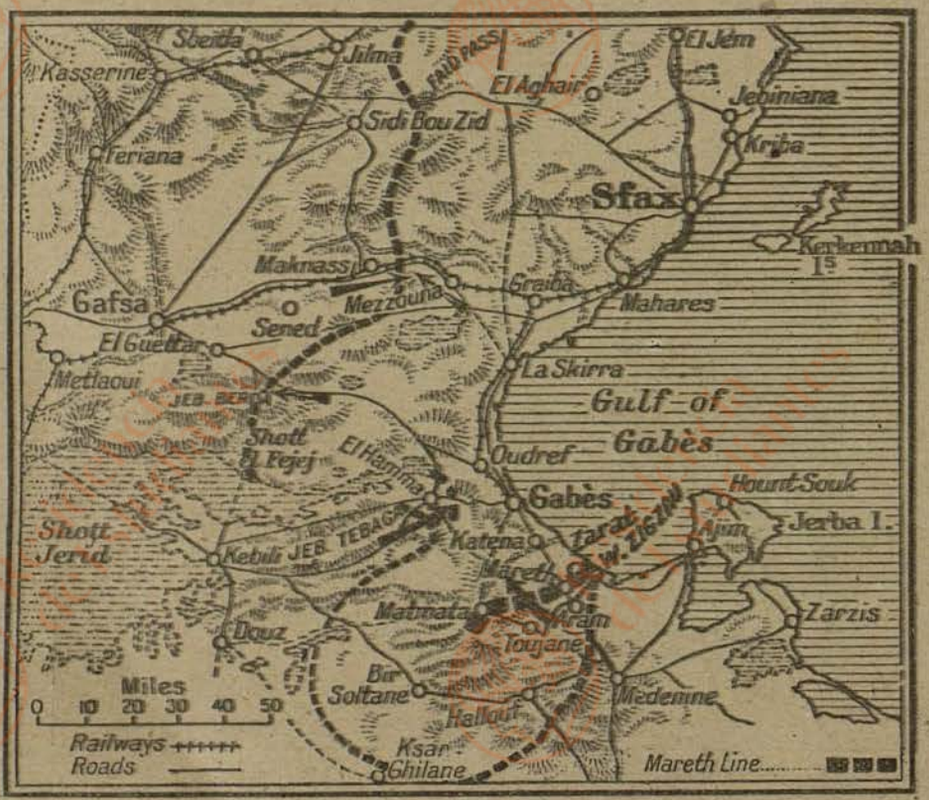
In Russia during the fortnight under review there has been much hard fighting on many sectors of the front, but thaw conditions have brought about something of a lull in major operations. Progress has slowed down, with attacks and counter-attacks aiming at local rather than at sweeping successes. It is clear that neither side is yet content to stabilize the front and wait for the ground to dry, and there is still the possibility of important developments before the summer campaigning season opens.

NORTH AFRICA With the battle of Tunisia still in its initial stages, too much importance should not be attached to the first tactical encounters. It must be realized that the fight for the Mareth Line is only an opening episode, which may or may not prove to have a decisive bearing on final results, depending on whether Rommel is determined to attempt to hold his positions at all costs or whether he will, while his line of retreat is still open, join forces with Von Arnim in the north.

The general strategic position is clear. The Axis main object must be to retain their hold on Tunis and Bizerta. Von Arnim has the task of meeting any attack made by the 1st Army in the north; and that definitely prevents him from cooperating with Rommel in the south. Rommel has much the more difficult task. He has to hold off the attack of the 8th Army, and at the same time to meet the threat of the French and American forces to his line of communications and retreat. He has had, it is true, in the Mareth Line a position very much stronger against direct attack than that which he failed to hold at El Alamein; but he lacks adequate numerical strength to meet both a direct attack and the threat to his rear.

Rommel's main advantage is that he possesses a powerful and mobile armoured reserve and a good road system by which it can be concentrated for counter-attack at the most threatened point, or against any one of the Allied columns which may give him an opportunity. His main object must be, by taking full advantage of interior lines, to prevent the Allied 1st and 8th Armies joining hands in a concentric close attack on the vital ports in the north.

General Alexander's problems are those of a numerically superior force acting on exterior lines. By maintaining unrelenting pressure at all points his opponent is prevented from concentrating reserves for counter-strokes to an extent that cannot be met by elastic defence at the point where counter-attacks are delivered. It may be necessary to give ground at such points while increasing pressure at others. Already we have seen this process in operation. Rommel has carried out counter-attacks at the most threatened points, but he has been forced to split up his reserves, with the consequence that counter-attacks have failed to achieve any considerable success and they are a wasting asset owing to losses.



EIGHTH ARMY'S ADVANCE ON MARETH LINE. On March 29, 1943 it was announced that Matmata, Mareth and Toujane had fallen to Gen. Montgomery's troops, and that Rommel was falling back towards Gabès. This map shows (dotted) the Allied line at March 27. The solid black arrows indicate the American attack from Maknassi; Gen. Freyberg's left flanking movement to El Hamma; and the frontal assault on the Mareth Line. *By courtesy of The Times*



FIELD AMBULANCE of the Indian Medical Service rescues a member of a Gurkha battalion in Tunisia. This man was wounded when taking part in an attack on enemy positions in the Matmata hills. *Photo, British Official*

Alexander's chief disadvantages are the long and difficult lines of communication, which probably limit the size and affect the composition of each of his attacking columns. This imposes a degree of caution. The main pressure on Rommel will probably have to be applied by the 8th Army, not only in its frontal attack but by the outflanking column which is threatening the Gabès gap at El Hamma. If the latter can maintain its position on the Jebel Tebaga ridge and can be reinforced—not an easy matter with such a long and difficult line of communications—it is very hard not to believe that Rommel will be compelled to withdraw to the Gabès position. An even more complete retreat would be unavoidable if the American thrust through Maknassi gains weight.

ROMMEL being attacked on such a wide front and from so many different directions must rely mainly on the mobility of his reserve fist. That reserve has already had heavy losses in its counter-attacks and is constantly harried from the air; it is therefore, as I have said, a wasting asset. The doubtful reliability in an emergency of some of his Italian troops must also be a source of anxiety to him. In the circumstances, the time must be drawing near for him to decide on retreat, or, deliberately, to face annihilation in order to gain time. A rapid, well-organized retreat might be combined with a heavy counter-attack possibly against the American Maknassi column.

I cannot believe that Rommel, who has so often saved himself from disaster by retreat, would deliberately allow himself to be enclosed in a trap. He probably realizes that he delayed retreat too long and expended his reserves too lavishly at El Alamein; and he must know that the loss of his army would leave Von Arnim in a desperate situation. His decision one way or the other cannot be long delayed; and I expect his retreat, probably covered by strong

counter-attacks, will have started before this article is published.

★Twenty-four hours after I had written as above came the news that the Mareth Line was in our hands. Once again Rommel had been out-manoeuvred and out-fought by the 8th Army. It may seem that Montgomery's outflanking attack on El Hamma which compelled Rommel to retreat was an obvious manoeuvre, and that his costly frontal attack was unnecessary. It should be realized, however, how audacious was the manoeuvre, for it involved dividing the 8th Army into two widely separated parts, and the attack, at the end of a long and difficult route, on an enemy strongly posted and possessing excellent and short lines of communication by which he could bring up his powerful reserves to counter-attack.

In view of the danger of defeat in detail the encircling attack was, in fact, only



JAP SUPPLIES moving up Burmese rivers have been heavily strafed by the R.A.F. Here is a typical target. The enemy vessel in the foreground has heeled over as a result of blast.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

justifiable if the frontal attack was delivered with sufficient energy to engage a large part of the enemy's reserves, and if the communications of the force which delivered the flanking attack were secure from interruption. The first condition was fulfilled by the original frontal attack, and I suggest that the latter depended on the impassable nature of the Matmata hills on which Rommel had relied for the protection of his right flank, but which in practice protected the communications of the outflanking column. To Montgomery's promptitude in grasping the possibilities of the situation as it developed, and in modifying his original plans accordingly, his victory must presumably be attributed; but it needed a magnificent response by his troops and the R.A.F. to the calls made on them to bring it to fruition.

RUSSIA After the recapture of Kharkov —admitted by the Russians on March 14—the Germans drove eastwards towards Chuguyev, which stands at the elbow formed by the upper and middle reaches of the Donetz. At the same time they redoubled their attacks northwards in attempts to force a passage of the middle reaches of the river while it was still frozen.



RUSSIAN CENTRAL FRONT. On March 26, 1943 it was stated that the Red Army was only 25 miles from Smolensk. Arrows show direction of main Soviet thrusts.
By courtesy of The Times

If this pincer attack had succeeded it would almost certainly have entailed the loss of Kupiansk and of immensely valuable railway communications which the Russians had recovered. There was desperate fighting, with heavy losses on both sides; but the Russian defence stood firm against repeated attacks, in which the Germans made prodigal use of reserve divisions, armoured and infantry, supported by great concentrations of aircraft. Not only did the Russians prevent the enemy getting a permanent footing on the left bank of the river, but they themselves retained a certain number of bridgeheads on the right bank.

Towards the end of the period under review, the ice on the river appears to have become too weak to take heavy weights, while it still prevented bridging operations. As a result, the scale of attacks diminished, though local attacks against the Russian bridgeheads across the river continue.

As their attempts against the Middle Donetz weakened, the Germans appear to have added to the weight of their drive north of Kharkov towards the Upper Donetz. Their capture of Byelgorod, on the right bank of the river, was a serious loss to the Russians, for it interrupted the railway from Kursk to Kupiansk and also implied a threat to the southern flank of the Russian offensive west of Kursk, which was also encountering increasing opposition on its front. The Germans have without success made many attempts to cross the Upper Donetz in the Byelgorod neighbourhood, but both here and in the Orel region the situation is obscure and it seems probable that mud is hampering the operations of both sides.

Meanwhile, on the central front the Russians have retained the initiative and have made steady if slow progress westwards from Vyasma and southwards from the line of the Rzhev-Veliki-Luki railway, forcing and turning the line of the Upper Dnieper. The Germans have retreated fighting hard, and their resistance is stiffening; but it seems improbable that they will stand to fight at all costs till the outer strong points of the Smolensk defences are reached. The Russians are getting very close to them now, and it seems probable that when they make contact with them they will not, at this time, attempt a further direct drive towards Smolensk itself. So far as ground conditions allow they may, however, continue their attacks in the more lightly defended fronts north and south of the Smolensk bastion.

The German counter-attacks about Zhizdra, north of Briansk, which were on the scale of a minor offensive of a forestalling or diversionary character, seem to indicate an attempt to frustrate some such plan. It may be noted, too, that the attacks met strong Russian forces and failed to make progress.

The early phases of the spring thaw are, however, already hampering Russian operations. Frost enables ski-troops to operate at night and in the morning, but by midday slush makes movement desperately difficult.

FARTHER north in the Ilmen and Leningrad regions the situation remains obscure; but the Germans evidently expect the Russians to undertake further operations on a considerable scale before the winter is over.

In these recent operations along the whole front the Germans have made lavish use of reserves. This would seem to indicate that they have no intention of attempting any decisive offensive operations, in the early part of the summer at any rate, and that their main immediate object is to secure a favourably situated, stabilized front as a springboard for an offensive at a later stage, or from which a withdrawal, if events rendered that necessary, could be carried out without much difficulty when the state of the ground facilitates movement. But the winter war is not yet over, and much may happen before it closes.



HOME FROM MIDDLE EAST. The 9th A.I.F. Division, known as "Rats of Tobruk" owing to their long occupation of that fortress, recently arrived back in Australia. On March 23, 1943 Mr. Curtin announced that Mr. Churchill had sent a congratulatory message to Lt.-Gen. Sir L. Morshead, commanding the division. Here is a group of men singing as they are ferried to the homeward-bound ships.
Photo, British Official

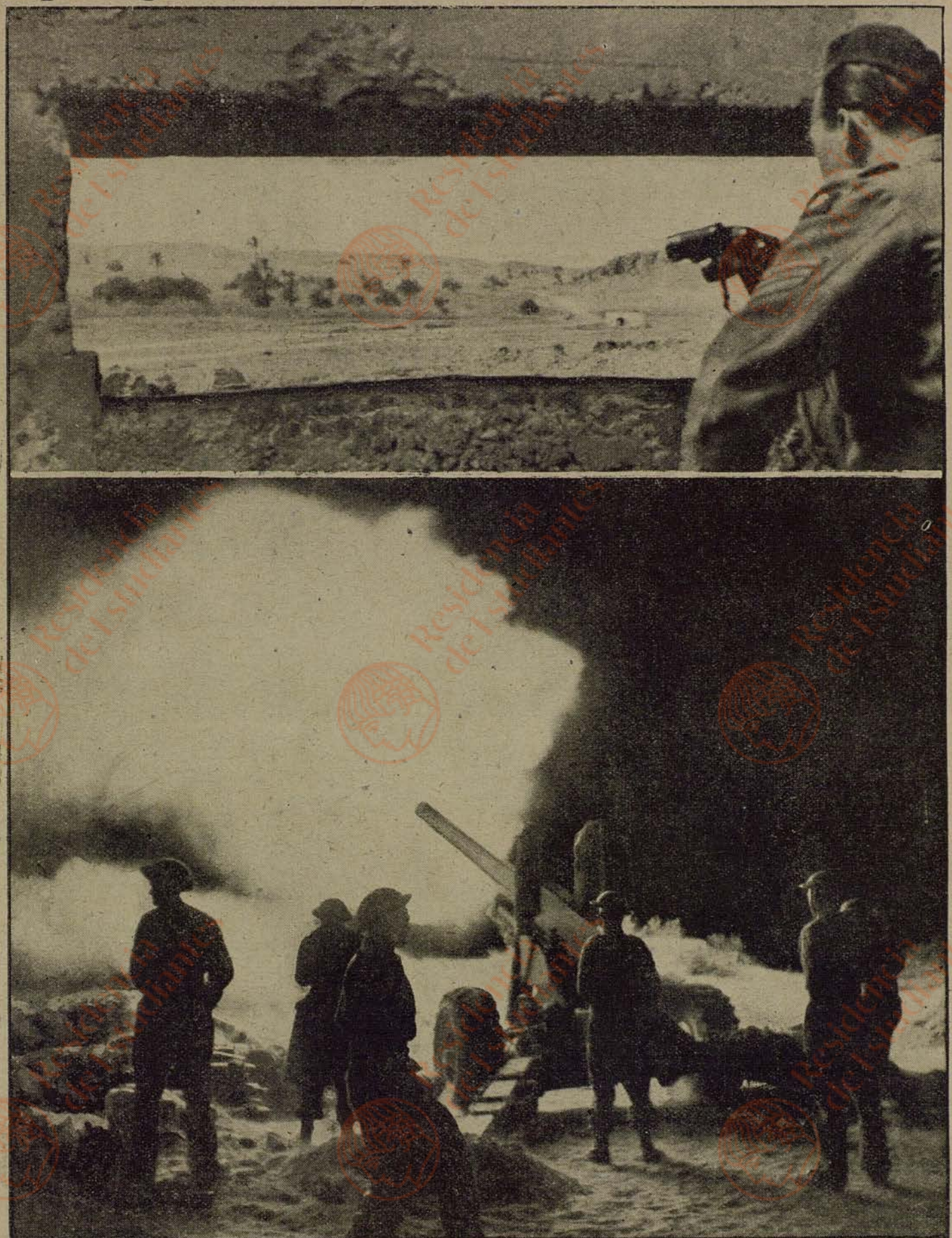
Our Guns Stopped Them Dead in Their Tracks



ROMMEL'S TANKS IN S. TUNISIA made a violent assault on 8th Army positions on March 5, 1943. The attack failed, and the enemy was forced to withdraw to the hills N.W. of Medenine. Altogether 52 German tanks were knocked out, estimated at about half the total Axis force engaged, including eight of the new type Mark III's. Top, a six-pounder battery of an anti-tank regiment, which destroyed five Mark III's, shown in action. Below, three of the enemy tanks burning.

Photos, British Official, Crown Copyright

Opening Shots in the Great Battle for Mareth

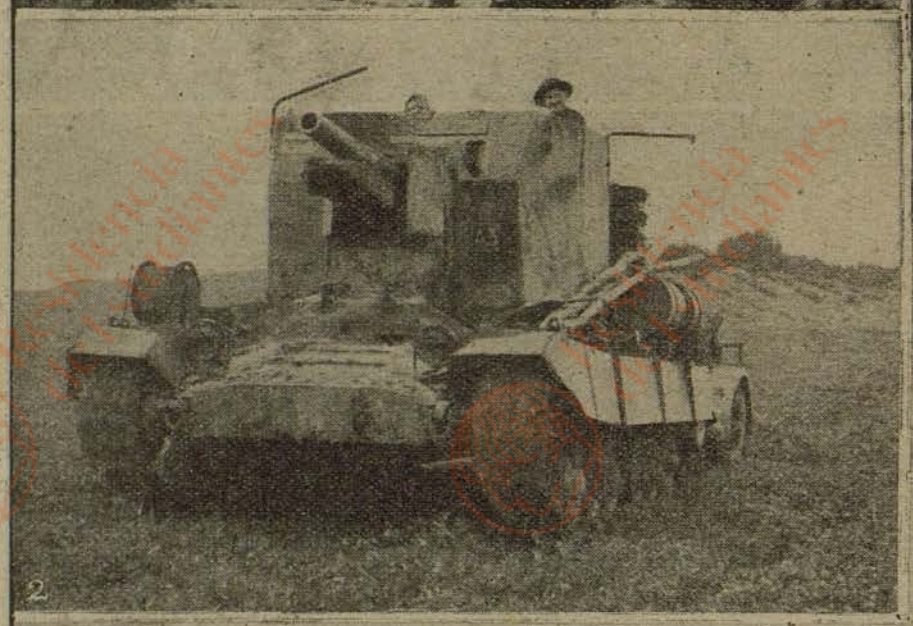


EIGHTH ARMY'S FRONTAL ATTACK on the Mareth Line, concentrated on a 6-mile front between the sea and the Medenine-Gabès road, scored the opening round of the great battle which began on March 19, 1943. Furious fighting developed as the result of Rommel's counter-attack launched to restore the German main defence-line. Top, view from an observation-post outside Foum Tatahouine, southern bastion of the Mareth Line, which Gen. Montgomery's forces captured on Feb. 18. Below, a 4·5-in. medium gun contributes its quota to the great night barrage that heralded the 8th Army's assault.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Before the Big Push in Anderson's Sector









BATTLE OF TUNISIA. 1, Axis prisoners, captured by U.S. troops, shown en route to a prison camp. 2, Formidable 25-pounder gun mounted on a Valentine tank chassis. 3, Gen. Alexander, deputy C.-in-C., Allied forces in N. Africa, at the wheel of a "jeep" during a visit to an advanced Brigade H.Q. 4, Carriers wait to advance as a Bren gunner keeps watch (left). They are manned by men from a Home Counties regiment, supported by units of a Scottish regiment.

Photos, British Official; British Newsreels, Sport & General

Joyous Homecoming of Men Wounded in the War



FROM THE MIDDLE EAST these British soldiers, many of whom were wounded in the battles of Egypt, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania, crowd the rails of the white-painted hospital ship Atlantis as she arrives at a home port. The majority of the casualties had treatment in South Africa before embarkation. Nearly 2,000 sick and wounded men of the 8th Army—some of whom had been abroad for two years—recently returned to this country for rest and recuperation.

Photo, G.P.U.

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

In March 1943 the Admiralty announced a change in the command of one of our three principal fleets. Vice-Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, aged 55, hitherto Second-in-Command, then relieved Admiral Sir John Tovey (aged 57) as Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet. The latter, it is understood, relinquished this command by his own desire in order to facilitate the advancement of younger officers. He now becomes Commander-in-Chief at the Nore in succession to Admiral Sir George Lyon.

On the eve of Sir John Tovey's departure the King made a point of visiting the Home Fleet and paying a personal farewell to its Chief. Under Sir John Tovey its efficiency has reached a very high level, as demonstrated when the Bismarck and Prinz Eugen broke out into the Atlantic in May 1941. The former was hunted down and sunk within the space of six days, while the latter was driven into Brest, where she remained blockaded for nearly nine months.

Other changes in high naval appointments coincided with the alteration in command of the Home Fleet. Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Moore, Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff at the Admiralty, took the place of Admiral Fraser as Second-in-Command, and was himself relieved by Vice-Admiral Sir Neville Syfret, previously in command of "Force H," based on Gibraltar. The latter force was taken over by Vice-Admiral A. U. Willis.

Such changes in wartime are an excellent thing, as they ensure that officers at the Admiralty and at sea have had recent experience of each other's problems, enabling them to work together with greater efficiency.

Mr. Churchill made the definite statement on March 25 that the United Nations have afloat a substantially larger fleet than they had at the worst moment of the U-boat warfare, and that this improvement is continuing. This assurance may be taken to imply that, though the present intensified attack by enemy submarines on our convoys is causing serious losses, these are not up to German expectations. It has been reported from a neutral source that improved defence tactics have caused heavy U-boat losses, the best answer that could be made to the attack. Not until enemy submarines are being destroyed faster than they can be built will it be possible to say that the menace has been mastered.

In the meantime Dr. Goebbels continues to make extravagant claims concerning Allied shipping losses. Invariably these are much exaggerated, but obviously he cannot afford to be moderate in his claims. The official view in this country, despite severe criticism, is that it would not pay us at this stage to disclose actual figures of mercantile tonnage sunk by the enemy, who would thus receive a useful guide to the progress of the U-boat campaign. For a similar reason no reports are made, save in exceptional cases, of the numerous enemy submarines destroyed; though it has been stated officially that of late the rate of destruction has shown a gratifying improvement.

Merchant Navy Personnel Rescued from the Sea

Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport, revealed recently that on the average 87 per cent are saved of ships' companies of cargo vessels sunk by enemy action. This is a high tribute not only to the life-saving appliances now in general use, but also to the diligence with which escort vessels and other merchantmen seek for survivors. It is, of course, obvious that in the Battle of the Atlantic the maintenance in adequate numbers of an experienced Merchant Navy personnel is even more important than the replacement of ships.

A good example of the type of attack with which our convoys have to contend was contained in the official account of an action in the Atlantic in February. In this series of attacks, which continued for three and a half days, at least two U-boats were accounted for, one by the surface escort and one by Coastal Command aircraft which arrived on the second day.

The former enemy submarine was sighted on the surface seven miles away by H.M.S. Beverley, an ex-American destroyer commanded by Lt.-Com. R. A. Price, R.N. When the Beverley had approached to within two-and-a-half miles the U-boat dived, but the Beverley succeeded in keeping her under observation, while a second destroyer, H.M.S. Vimy (Lt.-Com. R. B. Stannard, V.C., R.N.R.), dropped a series of depth charges. After the third batch the U-boat appeared on the surface again, and was instantly fired on by both destroyers. Her crew emerged and jumped into the sea just before the submarine started to sink by the stern. She went down vertically, her bow being the last part visible. Altogether 49 prisoners were recovered, four of whom died and were buried at sea.



Vice-Adm. SIR B. FRASER, whose appointment as C.-in-C. Home Fleet (with acting rank of Admiral), in succession to Adm. Sir J. Tovey, was announced on March 23, 1943. He is 55. *Photo, Vandyk*

Another U-boat was seen at this time, and during the night the attack was pursued by no less than five. Other vessels of the escort took active measures against the enemy, including H.M. corvettes Abelia, Mignonette, and Campanula, the U.S. destroyer Babbitt, and the Fighting French corvette Lobelia. To the last-named credit must be given for a second U-boat very seriously damaged, and probably destroyed. The Beverley also attacked several of the enemy submarines, damaging and possibly destroying at least two. Aircraft of the Sunderland and Liberator types finished off one U-boat and damaged four others.

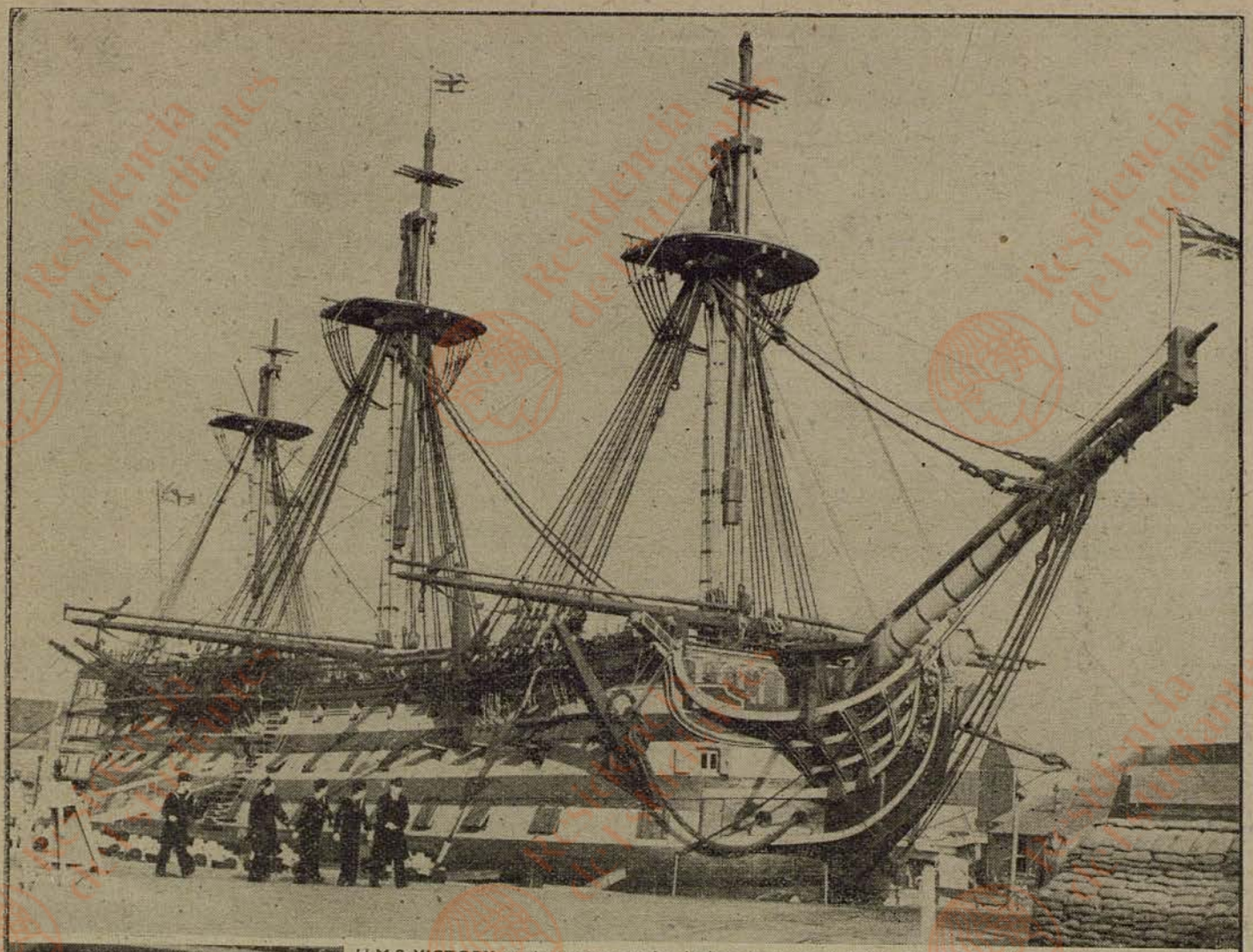
Though the escort of three destroyers and four corvettes may seem fairly strong, it is evident that double this number of warships could have accomplished more against the convoy's assailants. Before the U-boat menace can be really scotched it will be necessary to have escort vessels available in much larger numbers than hitherto, as well as to devise some method by which aircraft cooperation can be afforded all the way across the Atlantic. Though the range of shore-based aircraft has been largely extended, there is still a considerable gap in mid-ocean which there seems no possibility of bridging at present. The provision of more aircraft-carriers for convoy work is an evident essential.

Colonel Knox, the United States Secretary of the Navy, doubtless had this in mind when he announced that dozens of American escort aircraft-carriers are now in service, with scores more under construction. So far the names of 13 of these vessels have been published, the U.S.S. Altamaha, Barnes, Block Island, Bogue, Card, Charger, Copahee, Core, Croatan, Glacier, Hamlin, Long Island, and Nassau. It is understood that all are ex-mercantile hulls of over 17,000 tons displacement, adapted for carrying up to 30 fighters or a smaller number of other types of aircraft. They are propelled by Diesel engines of the Busch-Sulzer type at a maximum speed of 16·5 knots and are armed with light anti-aircraft weapons and machine-guns. Though their low speed renders them unsuitable for work with a fleet, for escort purposes their value cannot be questioned.



H.M.S. VIMY, commanded by Lt.-Cdr. R. B. Stannard, V.C. (see Vol. 3, p. 222), was escorting her first N. Atlantic convoy when a U-boat pack attacked. The ensuing battle lasted for 3 days and nights, 2 U-boats being sunk and many others damaged. The destroyer Vimy sank one of the enemy submarines, the members of whose crew are shown coming ashore under escort at a Northern port. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

After 165 Years H.M.S. Victory Still Serves





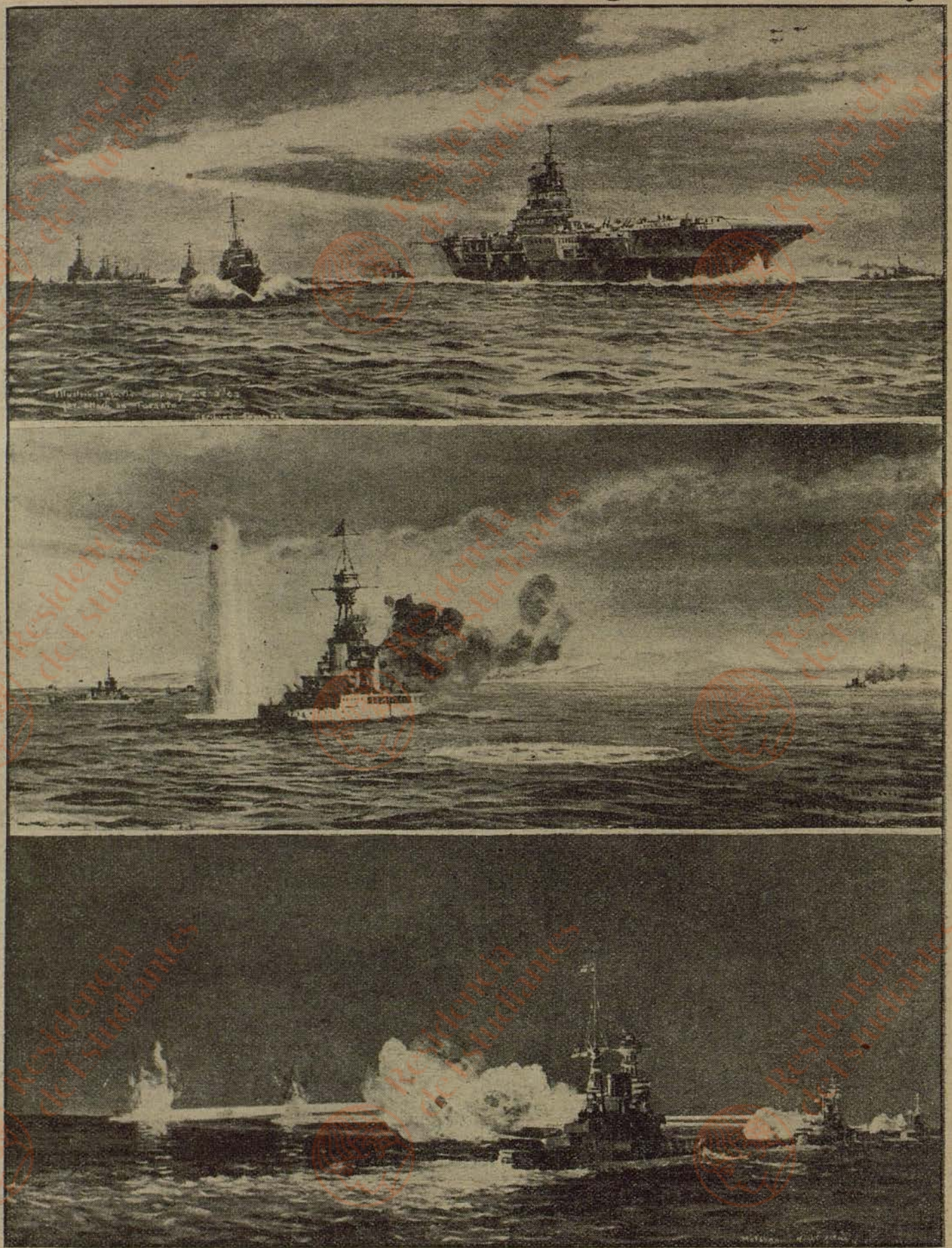


H.M.S. VICTORY as she appears today in her dry-dock at Portsmouth : topgallant masts struck, topmasts and jib-boom housed, and yards lowered on deck. Below, left, commissioned and warrant officer candidates engaged in a discussion round one of the old-time guns ; right, tea in one of the broad-side messes. The deal table is slung from a beam. Capt. A Grant, C.B.E., D.S.O., is in command of the Victory. *Photos, British Official ; Crown Copyright*

NELSON'S FLAGSHIP in his last and greatest battle is now being used as a naval barracks. Fifty prospective Naval officers, studying for commissions and awaiting their Selection Board (they will become temporary sub-lieutenants, R.N.V.R., in the Special Branch), eat and sleep on the same mess-deck and in the same surroundings as did Nelson's men at Trafalgar in 1805. These ratings live aboard from one to three months, and sleep in hammocks slung from the rails used by the Victory sailors, though they get more than the regulation 17 ins. of slinging width that was all that was allowed when the flagship's complement was 850 men —equal to that of a modern cruiser.

LAUNCHED in 1765 the Victory was not commissioned until 1778. She was paid off from active service in 1812, and since 1825 has flown almost continuously the flag of either the Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard or the C.-in-C. at Portsmouth. Placed in a special dry-dock at Portsmouth in 1922, she was restored to the same condition as at Trafalgar 138 years ago.

Mediterranean War Seen Through an Artist's Eye



'EAST OF MALTA, WEST OF SUEZ,' reviewed in page 684, contains several reproductions of naval paintings by Lt.-Cdr. R. Langmaid, R.N., who was attached to Admiral Cunningham's staff as official Admiralty artist. Here are three of the most striking. Top, Taranto, Nov. 11, 1940 : H.M.S. Illustrious (see opposite page) and her destroyer screen part company with the 3rd Cruiser Squadron. Centre, the monitor Terror and gunboats Ladybird and Aphis bombard Italian bases in Libya, Dec. 1940. Below, Matapan, March 27-28, 1941 : left to right, burning Italian cruisers Zara and Fiume, the Barham, Valiant and the flagship Warspite.

British Official : Crown Copyright reserved

On Fire and Crippled, Illustrious Won Through



H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS, famous aircraft-carrier (see Vol. 4, p. 103), was singled out as the main target for enemy attacks in January 1941. Top, German dive-bombers begin their assault on Jan. 10. At that time the Illustrious was with the fleet, 100 miles W. of Malta. Centre, she is hit, and set on fire; yet six hours after the attack she reached harbour. Below, while working parties repair her damage, the great ship becomes a target for further dive-bombing attacks as she lies alongside the dockyard at Valetta. On Jan. 23 the Illustrious left the island fortress, and was escorted to Alexandria.

East of Malta, West of Suez: The Navy on the Job

Describing the work of the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean from the outbreak of war in 1939 until the spring of 1941, East of Malta, West of Suez (H.M. Stationery Office, 15.) is a naval story of the deepest interest and importance. Though no name appears on its title page, it was written by Paymaster-Captain L. A. Ritchie, known to fame as a writer of novels of the sea under the pseudonym of Bartimeus. Below is an appreciation of the book, and a number of illustrations from it are reproduced in pages 682 and 683.

SOME time in 1940 the billposters were busy in Italy pasting up on convenient wall-spaces large copies of a map of Italy, bearing the comforting heading E VULNERABILE L'ITALIA ? NO ! On the map were symbolic representations of Italy's military, nayal and air might. The surrounding seas were shown to be securely held by a multitude of warships, and from the toe of Italy past Sicily to Bizerta was a great muster of Mussolini's navy. If the map were to be believed, the Mediterranean life-line of Britain's Empire was snipped through by the Italian scissors. "Is Italy vulnerable ? NO !"



Cmdr. C. L. KEIGHLEY-PEACH, "lone" fighter-pilot, whose heroic performances against Italian dive-bombers in the Mediterranean in 1940 are described in this page.
Photo, Daily Mirror

But Italy *was* vulnerable; the Italian fleet was very far from being that sure shield that the propagandists portrayed. At first, however, things looked pretty bright from the Italian windows. In June 1940 the French armies were being ground beneath Hitler's tanks. The Mediterranean was closed as a supply route from the United Kingdom, so that British reinforcements for the Near East had to go round the Cape. Malta looked an easy prize. To use a naval colloquialism, it must have appeared to Mussolini like "money for old rope." We may be sure that if it hadn't, he would not have declared war at midnight on June 10.

Even to Admiral Cunningham, Britain's C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean, the outlook may have seemed pretty grim, yet from the very first hour of the new war he secured the initiative, and maintained it. On Mussolini's map-posters the Mediterranean was marked *Mare Nostrum*, but the Italian admirals showed no eagerness to make good the claim. Time after time in those first weeks and in all the months that followed, Cunningham trailed his coat before the Italian bases, hoping to entice Mussolini's ships out to battle; but in spite of his superiority in numbers and armament, the enemy refused to venture all on the throw of a single sea fight.

The first clash came on July 8, when Captain R. C. O'Conor, in the Neptune, had the privilege of signalling "Enemy battle fleet in sight", for the first time in the Mediterranean since the Napoleonic wars. When the enemy battleships were engaged by the Warspite (flying the C.-in-C.'s flag) and the Malaya, they turned away under cover of smoke, closely followed by their attendant cruisers, and disappeared into the mist. The British ships, with the exception of the Gloucester, suffered neither damage nor casualties, but on their way back to Alexandria they were attacked almost continuously by Italian planes, nearly 400 bombs being dropped —without, however, any hit being scored. The action's chief interest lay in this revelation that Italy had decided to put her trust in the air arm as the weapon best calculated to defeat Britain's sea power.

For a nation which had air bases, actual or potential, straddling the central Mediterranean and stretching along the entire Libyan coast, this must have seemed the obvious strategy. By way of answer we had the aircraft-carrier and the Fleet Air Arm.

Until May 1940 the Fleet in the eastern Mediterranean had no carrier; then the twenty-year-old Eagle (Capt. A. R. M. Bridge, R.N.) joined the Fleet from the East Indies. She brought with her two squadrons of Swordfish, and later acquired four Gladiators as the basis of a fighter squadron. To quote a passage from East of Malta, West of Suez:

> There were no fighter pilots on board, but the Commander (Flying) of the Eagle, Commander C. L. Keighley-Peach, was an "old lag" of Fleet Air Arm fighters. ("Old lag" is their phrase —actually he was thirty-eight.) For a while he went up alone to defend the Fleet. Later he trained two of the bomber pilots as fighter pilots; the three of them, until they were reinforced by more machines and pilots, were all the Fleet had in the way of air defence against bombers and shadowers. Between them they accounted for eleven enemy aircraft, and somehow contrived to preserve the Fleet from major casualty. On one occasion the "old lag" went up alone with a bullet still in his thigh from a previous encounter and shot down an enemy machine.

This grimly heroic episode has a companion in the story of the *four* Gladiators which were all that the R.A.F. had in Malta at the outbreak of war.

> Wave after wave of bombers swept over the Island. They fought all day, coming down only to refuel and re-ammunition, taking on unimaginable odds. One machine was shot down, but the other three battled on in this fashion for two breath-taking months, when a squadron of Hurricanes came to their relief from England. Never before in its long history of assault had Malta seen so undaunted a defence: the inhabitants, peering out from the caves and tunnels at the three of them as they swooped against flights of ten, twenty and even fifty of the enemy, named them Faith, Hope and Charity.

Then we have accounts of engagements and incidents which have already been described and pictured in our own pages, e.g. the Fleet Air Arm's swoop on Taranto of November 11, 1940, the bombing of the Illustrious, and the Battle of Matapan in March 1941. Little is added in this new account that affects the main outlines, but there is an occasional detail which adds colour to the narrative.

> By way of example, when in the early days of the war Commander H. St. L. Nicolson's four destroyers were being pursued by two Italian cruisers—they were hoping to entice the enemy to within range of H.M.S. Sydney's guns—the Hasty, who was last in the line, made a signal to the Hero, the next ahead. "Don't look round now," blinked her signal lamp, while Italian shells pitched round them in all directions, "but I think we are being followed."

Moving is the account of the end of the old monitor Terror, which had to be abandoned following tremendous dive-bombing attacks.

> For two months her squat form had wallowed through gales and sandstorms in offensive bombardments off the Libyan coast, while she covered with her 15-in. guns her venturesome brood of gunboats (Aphis, Ladybird, Gnat) in their assaults. The rifling of her guns grew so worn that the ton-weight projectiles somersaulted about the enemy encampments like skittles in a bowling alley before they finally exploded. She had been a sort of Universal Aunt to the advancing army, acting as water-carrier, supply vessel and repair ship. In the swiftly occupied harbours, where all was improvisation, hers was the only effective defence against the Luftwaffe. Let it be her epitaph that she had endured all things and done well.

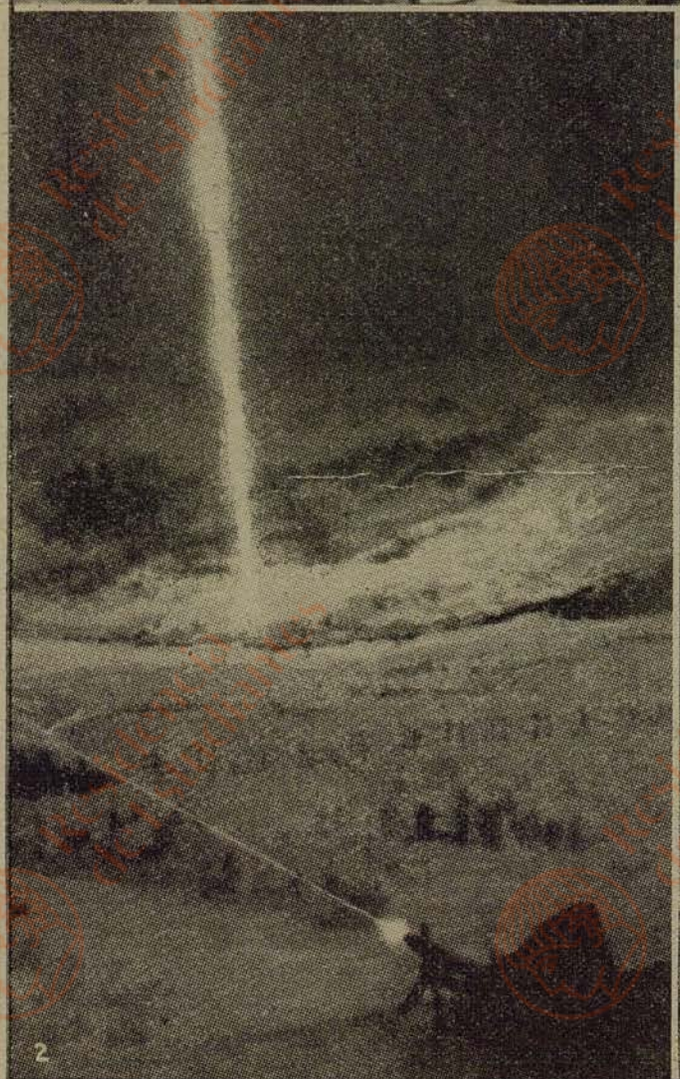
A few days later the C.-in-C. was promoted to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. "I would rather," he said, when told of it, his mind on the little ships he had to send along that dive-bombed coast, "I would rather they had given me three squadrons of Hurricanes."



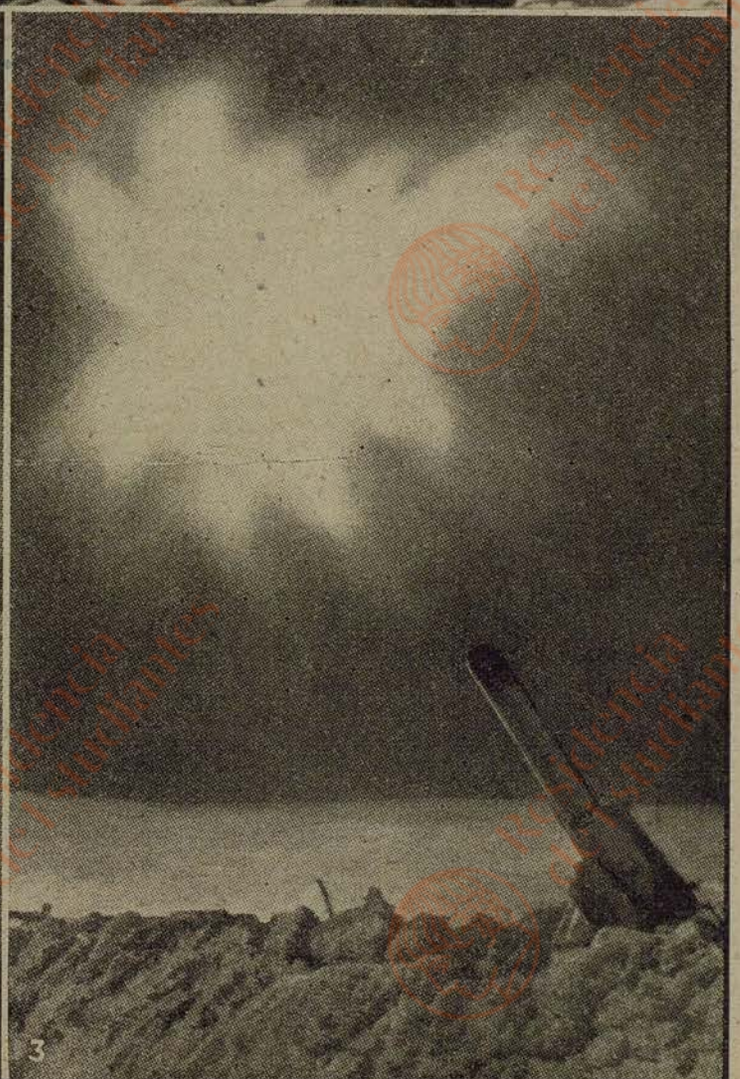
VALETTA, capital of Malta, endured one of the most prolonged and savage onslaughts known to man. "Never before in its long history had Malta seen so undaunted a defence." Day after day, week after week, Italian aircraft dropped their bombs, but Malta became the world's most formidable fortress and, as the enemy knows to his cost, hit back with a vengeance. Here is a view of Valetta under a heavy air attack, great clouds of smoke rising above its ancient walls. *Photo, Times of Malta*

Night and Day the Great Russian Battle Goes On





2



3

ALONG THE RUSSIAN FIGHTING LINE on the Central sector. 1, Red Army men examine a German A.A. gun and standard, abandoned by a routed enemy unit. The photographs below were taken from an enemy source, and show phases of night-fighting. 2, Magnesium flare dropped from a plane reveals barbed wire entanglements in the No-man's land between Russian and German positions. In the foreground a machine-gun fires tracer ammunition. 3, The flash from a German howitzer illuminates the sky and snow-covered ground, providing sufficient light for the cameraman to photograph the scene.

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official; Planet News

Carrier Pigeons Are Saving Our Men's Lives

Not the least of the many remarkable facts given in this article by J. M. MICHAELSON is that there are probably not less than a quarter of a million carrier pigeons now serving with our airmen and soldiers. Many have been wounded, many killed; but these gallant birds are maintaining a fine record of devoted service.

THREE lines in the newspapers recently announced the arrival of a draft of pigeons at an African base for the Middle East pigeon service. They have gone to reinforce the Army Carrier Pigeon Post which has done great work with the Eighth Army in North Africa. Specially trained men of the Royal Corps of Signals have worked with mobile lofts, and the birds have flown as truly and faithfully in the desert as in the more temperate climate of their English birthplace. Many have fallen victims to shells and bullets in the air and on the ground, and it is no doubt to replace these as well as to meet the needs of an expanding army that the reinforcements have gone out.

All the ingenuity of inventors has not made the carrier pigeon, one of the oldest methods of speedy, long-distance communication, obsolete. Telegraph and telephone wires can be cut; wireless transmitters can be damaged and, in any case, do not ensure secrecy. But the carrier pigeon will take a message quickly and secretly over a distance up to several hundred miles with almost unerring certainty. It was found that only five per cent of the many thousands of messages sent by pigeon in the First Great War failed to arrive.

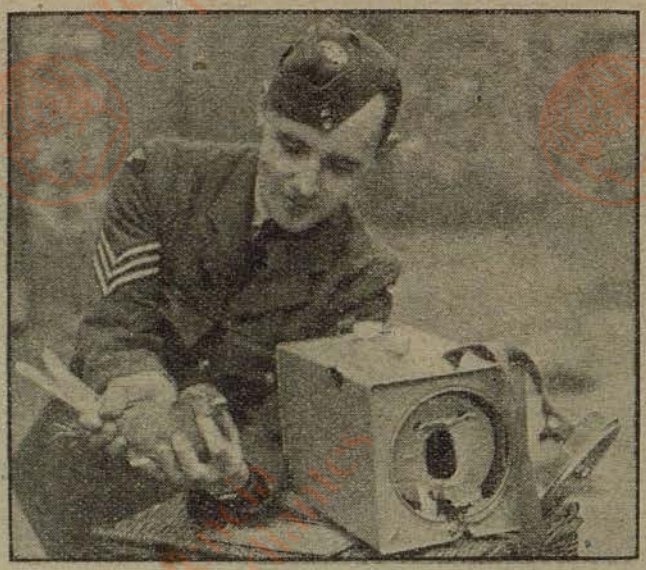
The greatest enemy of the carrier pigeon is really bad weather. The homing instinct is so powerful that birds will struggle home against wind and rain, even if they fall dead in the loft. But sometimes they are beaten, and even in peacetime pigeon-races a percentage of birds was lost through bad conditions.

THE other enemies of the pigeon are hawks of various kinds, not very serious, and men with guns on the ground, whether enemy or friendly. The "friendly" man with a gun is usually a careless sportsman or a man with "trigger itch" who must shoot at anything that moves. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the greatest care should be taken in shooting at pigeons to make sure first that they are not carriers. They are easy to distinguish. The wood pigeon is grey with a white ring round its neck. The carrier is light brown, blue or red and white. The carrier flies on a straight course and does not even deviate at a man with a gun, whereas every experienced shot knows that a wood pigeon will swerve away at anything strange on the ground. The carrier rarely alights to rest or feed. It is also a smaller bird.



SPECIAL CONTAINER in which he carries a pigeon for taking messages forms part of this parachute trooper's equipment. As told in this page, pigeons prove of the greatest value in landing operations. *Photo, Sport & General*

There is really no excuse for mistaking the bird that is carrying a vital message for the pest of the countryside. But the error is made only too frequently, and casualties from guns in our own country are far heavier than from enemy action. Every person who goes shooting should know that thousands of carrier pigeons are flying over Britain every day. They are training, carrying messages between the various headquarters or from aircraft or raiding-parties round the coast.



SAM, carrier pigeon attached to a Halifax bomber, was wounded in an R.A.F. raid over Berlin. A piece of A.A. metal pierced his canister and tore his beak. He is here shown with the damaged canister. *Photo, Daily Mirror*

It is a crime to shoot a carrier and, I suppose, the average man when he finds he has made a "mistake" almost instinctively buries the evidence of his "crime." But by doing this he may imperil operations and lives. Anyone who shoots a carrier by accident or finds one dead or injured should take it to the police immediately. If it was an accident, no more will be said and, in any case, the police will be more concerned with seeing the message is delivered than with anything else. Undoubtedly airmen have lost their lives through carrier pigeons being shot down and the message never delivered.

When a pigeon has to fly over a battlefield there is always the chance of it being hit by bullets or splinters. But it takes a lot to kill a pigeon, and many struggle home with serious wounds. A curious fact is that they seem to take little notice of gunfire or—as in the Great War of 1914–1918—clouds of gas.

THE first news of the Dieppe raid last August was brought to Britain by a carrier pigeon. For reasons of secrecy, it was inadvisable to use wireless; and two pigeons were set free on Dieppe beach, each with the first news of the operations. One pigeon was almost immediately shot down, but the other, Beachcomber, flew through the hail of fire and reached H.Q. It averaged 50 m.p.h. Beachcomber was bred by Mr. E. King of Ipswich (*see* photo, page 529).

There have been many instances of birds being badly wounded and living to fly home. Most famous of First Great War pigeons, Mocker, lost an eye by a shell fragment in the Battle of the Argonne in 1918, but delivered the message and lived for another 20 years! An R.A.F. pigeon named Sam was "mentioned in dispatches" for courage when wounded in a Halifax bomber over Berlin. A shell fragment penetrated the metal container and tore the bird's beak, but Sam behaved well while being given first aid and will be on operations again soon.

Coastal Command aircraft have all carried pigeons since the outbreak of war. The success of the pigeon service led later to birds being carried on all bombers, and thousands are now engaged on this active service. Many pigeons, of course, make operational flights without even spreading their wings. They are not released except in emergency. Some have made up to 80 flights in aircraft, and are still fit and working. Others have been unlucky and killed or wounded severely by shell fragments while in the plane.

A typical incident showing the work of the birds with aircraft resulted in a bird called Winkie being awarded a bronze plaque. A Beaufort was forced down in the sea. As the crew scrambled into the dinghy, the wireless operator picked up the cage containing two pigeons. Somehow in the confusion one got away before a message had been attached. The other was released a few minutes later with a message giving the position. The bird carrying the message did not reach home. Perhaps it was shot down, perhaps it succumbed to the weather.

But the first bird reached its loft. When its owner, summoned by the tinkling of the bell rung automatically as a pigeon alights, found there was no message, he telephoned the number of the pigeon to the nearest R.A.F. station. They quickly identified the aircraft which had carried it, already overdue. Some clever calculating of the aircraft's probable course and the time of arrival of the pigeon resulted in an approximate area being marked on the map. Reconnaissance aircraft very soon spotted the dinghy; and less than 24 hours after the accident the crew were safely ashore.

MANY thousands of pigeons were "demobbed" after the First Great War, but the R.A.F. maintained a nucleus of birds through the years of peace, and they did good work in bringing aid to disabled planes.

How many pigeons are now in service can only be guessed, but the number available is probably not less than 250,000. Early in 1939, when the threat of war began to loom, the 50,000 British pigeon fanciers (including H.M. the King, who has fine lofts at Sandringham) offered their birds to the War and Air Ministries through the National Homing Union. Young pigeons are hatched in the spring, but require careful and expert training before they are reliable "homers." The present extensive pigeon service would have been quite impossible without the help of thousands of enthusiastic amateurs.

The most recent development of the Carrier Pigeon Post Service is with parachute troops. The pigeons, in special containers that prevent them being harmed, are dropped with the men, and can be immediately released with news of the landing or other operations. Here again they have the great advantage of secrecy, as wireless might reveal to the enemy the position of troops whose landing was still unknown to him.



Photo, British Official · Crown Copyright

With Anderson's Men in Tunisia

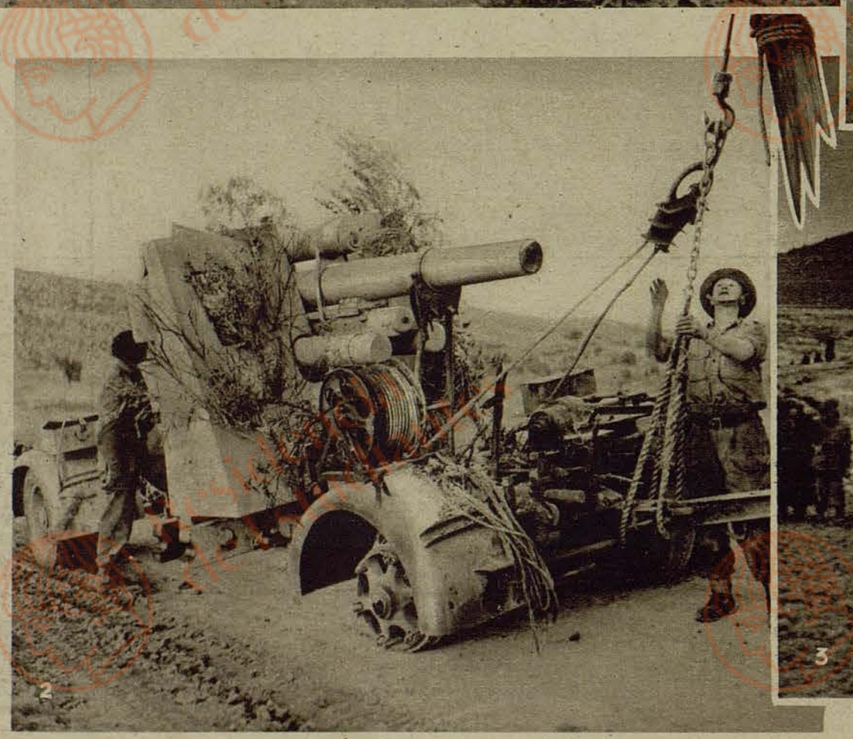
Down the boulder-strewn slopes of a little river-bed, now as dry as an ancient bone, Bren-gun carriers of the Grenadier Guards push on as fast as the terrain permits in the wake of the retreating Germans. A few days before, towards the end of February 1943, it was Rommel's men who were doing the advancing: up the Kasserine Pass they surged, almost to Thala. Then their onset was stayed by U.S. troops, a British armoured brigade, the Hampshires, Coldstreams and Grenadiers.













In a Cockpit of Sand and Rock

War in Tunisia is a strange mixture of big and little, of skirmishings and solitary patrols, of actions which can be described as battles. Our photographs reflect this military medley. 1, A German paratroop unearthed by a British Recce patrol. 2, Towing away a captured German 88mm. gun. 3, Churchill tanks of the 6th Armoured Division get ready to move to the support of the Guards near Sbiba. This action, fought on Feb. 2, 1943, was the Churchills' baptism of fire in North Africa.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Flashes of Life in the Forward Zone

Whatever the exotic appeal of Algiers, life at the front in North Africa has a toughness, a rude simplicity. Messing is no easy matter, and such additions to the diet as this sergeant at a forward R.A.F. airfield is negotiating with an Arab huckster (4) are very welcome. Life is dangerous, too, as well as earnest; in (5) we see stretcher-bearers bringing in a casualty from No-man's land, while in (6) we are inconveniently close to an R.E. sergeant and sapper digging out an enemy mine.



Old and New in North Africa

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Illustrating just one of the many contrasts to be found nowadays in Tunisia, this tank passes a form of transport which might have been new generations ago. One of the many that have been repaired by the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers at a mobile workshop belonging to this admirable service (see p. 692), the tank has been tested and is now being taken back to the front-line on a transporter by Reme's Delivery Squadron.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

To those who believe that nations have characters, the French at this moment present a difficult problem. France—that is the French Government, so far as there is one—lends Hitler aid in every way possible, not only from fear but (it would seem) from inclination. Outside France there are Gen. de Gaulle's Fighting French who stand with us and hate their Vichyite fellow-countrymen as heartily as they hate the Boche. Then there is the great mass of French people in France who seem to be little interested one way or the other, only wanting apparently to be left alone to follow their occupations and get what comfort they can. Which of these three so sharply divided sections represents the French national character?

Some light on this is thrown by two books by French writers just published by the Oxford University Press: one is France, by Pierre Maillaud, the other *L'Autre Bataille de France*, by Jacques Lorraine (each costs 3s. 6d.). The first is a rather complacent review of French culture, recent history, types of character, divisions of opinion. To M. Maillaud the collapse of his country is merely "an episode." He cannot disguise from himself that defeat was due to "total disruption of authority and organization"; he rightly defends the French private soldier from the charge of having "lost his fighting qualities." But he considers both the generals and the politicians guilty of incompetence in preparing for war, and incapacity in conducting it when it started.

But it will not do to say that a nation is "sound" when it allows intriguers and incompetents to lead it to disaster, any more than an allotment-holder can say his soil is good if his vegetables are poor. Leaders grow out of nations, as vegetables grow out of soils. If in Britain's darkest hour there had been among us politicians ready to treat with the enemy, generals like Pétain and Weygand who groaned that it was no use going on, admirals of the Darlan sort who were eager to knuckle down—can anyone who knows anything about us doubt what would have happened to them? They would have been hanged on lamp-posts all the way down Whitehall.

M. Maillaud is inclined to excuse many of the French high-ups who were ready to collaborate with Hitler. He defends their arguments as "bearing some relation to elementary logic." The policy of France had been for centuries aimed at preventing German unity, but this unity was nevertheless accomplished: why not, then, accept that fact and join with the Germans in setting up a new State, a new Empire of the West? But is that really a line of argument adopted by the men of Vichy? Are they not supporters of Hitler because they believe in Hitlerism? Do they not prefer Fascism to Democracy? Are not their actions based on what they believe to be self-interest?

M. Lorraine is very clear about this. He divides those who have betrayed their country to the Boche into two categories—collaborators and collaborationists. The former want Hitler to win; the latter wanted to save France from his vengeance when he had won. Both lots thought he would win; both lost heart as soon as the collapse began. The first lot wished this collapse to begin: they had done all they could to weaken their country's effort, and their sole aim was to prevent war from being prolonged. The second lot longed to see the Nazis beaten, but they lacked the vigour and determination to stand up to the traitors.

Laval was the chief scoundrel in the sordid drama that ended French resistance. M. Lorraine gives a spirited account of the way he stopped Herriot and Jeanneney, Presidents of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, from leaving Bordeaux for French North Africa with President Lebrun's authorization, to carry on the government from there—and of course, to continue the war. Lebrun meant to go to North Africa too.

Herriot, Jeanneney, with many senators and deputies, were on board the vessel that was to take them to North Africa. They found Lebrun was missing. He had at the last moment, after endless shilly-shallying, hesitated, procrastinated, stayed behind. They went ashore hastily to find him. The ship left without them. The opportunity had been lost. Laval had won. The wretched old Pétain was in his pocket.

The Fall of France In Retrospect

Laval took delight, it seemed, in declaring, "We have been thrashed. It's no use trying any more. We should only get a worse thrashing." Pétain agreed. At first he believed in his doting way that Hitler's terms were going to be "generous." It was put about by the Nazis that they had no wish to humiliate the French. Hitler supposed that, if he could stop French resistance, he could settle with Britain easily, and then turn to attack Russia. He had no idea of showing "generosity"; but it suited him to pretend that his terms would be reasonable, even easy. The French very soon found they were appallingly hard.

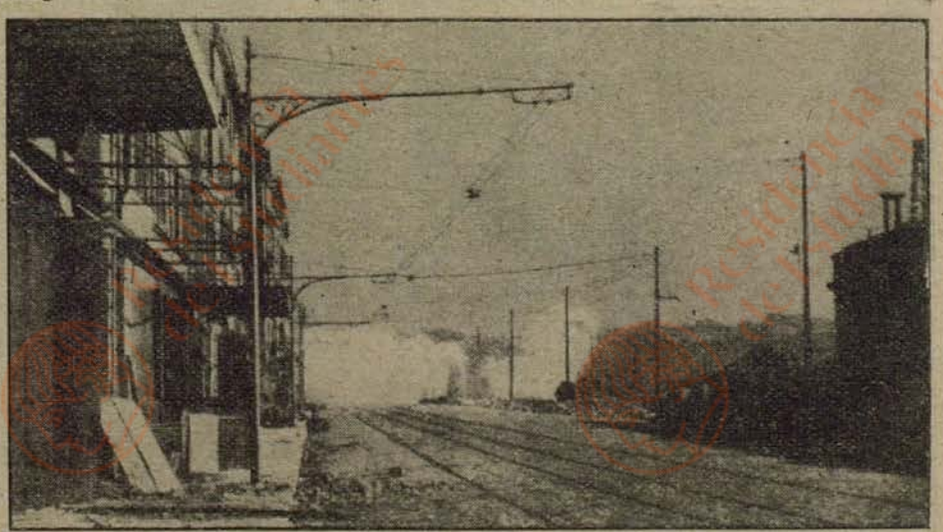
All who were their leaders at this moment, soldiers and politicians alike, believed that Britain was about to "have its neck wrung like a chicken." (You remember the Prime Minister's comment on that delusion in his speech at Ottawa—"Some chicken! Some neck!") When this did not happen, they did not say to themselves, "Now we must break loose from our bonds and stand up to Hitler again." They said on the contrary (M. Lorraine declares with justifiably savage indignation), "How can we help the Nazis to get the better of the British, in spite of their defeat in the Battle of Britain?"

Fortunately, they were not able to help a great deal. They did what they could, but they had the French traditional detestation of the Boche against them. A Nazi writer set out the advantages that the submission of France procured for his side. The French fleet was kept out of the war. North Africa could not be used as a base of Allied operations: that was, of course, before the landing there last November. The Americans were not installed at Bizerta. In addition, French workers produced enormous amounts of war material for Germany; and large numbers of skilled men went from France to work in German factories.

It is as refreshing to read M. Lorraine's fierce, biting French as it is disturbing to take note of the other writer's blindness to the lessons of the hour. M. Maillaud even hints that the disaster to the French army (which elsewhere he attributes correctly, as I have shown, to "criminal unpreparedness and military folly) was due in some measure to British troops not being sent in large enough numbers. This, he adds, makes most Frenchmen feel that in giving up the fight they were not guilty of a breach of contract. Does he forget that the French Government gave an undertaking not to make a separate peace?

But M. Lorraine remembers this. He asks in poignant phrases what will be the fate of a France which has "lost the support and sometimes even the respect of foreigners, those foreigners who will tomorrow be setting the world in order." He urges the impossibility of "awaiting passively the victory of Germany's foes." The armistice, he shows, has done infinite harm, not only to us who were the allies of France but to the French themselves. For example, "hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen have died in prison camps of exhaustion, privations and hunger, and on French soil also." And all the torments the nation has suffered "have had only the result of postponing the defeat of the Germans and lowering France in the eyes of the world." There must come a moment, he declares, when the armistice will be "broken like glass."

The pretence of the Vichyites that defeat was necessary to end the decadence into which the French had been slipping, shows how low some members of this once proud and honourable people can fall. "Beaten, beaten, beaten!" wails the Victor of Verdun, yet he is still held in respect and veneration by the mass of the nation. Is it the French character which makes them judge men so perversely? Are they so simple as to be easily deceived? The whole "episode," as M. Maillaud calls it, is a riddle to which the answers are very difficult to find.



MARSEILLES VIEUX PORT has been blown up by the Germans to make room for "a new and clean district"—and also a U-boat base. This ancient quarter of France's great Mediterranean city housed some 40,000 people, and on Feb. 24, 1943 the enemy began their mass evacuation. This photo shows buildings being demolished. *Photo, Keystone*

Knocked Out? Tanks Today Have Nine Lives!

Already in an earlier page we have described and pictured the work of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (see page 251), but here follows from the pen of ALEXANDER DILKE a fuller account, incorporating what has been revealed of the Corps' work in the Battle of Egypt and the subsequent pursuit of Rommel across North Africa.

If you have 400 tanks and 200 are knocked out, how many have you left? It seems a simple sum in arithmetic. But the answer may well be 300 instead of the 200 which arithmetic suggests. The key to the mystery is "Reemee," slang name for Britain's youngest army corps, the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, whose principal task it is to see that tanks knocked out are back in battle again as soon as possible. They had their baptism of fire in the Battle of Alamein and the pursuit that followed. Just how well they came through it is shown by the recently-revealed news that during the first month of the battle they repaired and put back in the battle no fewer than twelve hundred British tanks.

It is the ability of the modern tank to come back after being knocked out that explains why the figures for tanks put out of action given by both sides so often do not "add up." To avoid confusion, for instance, it should be explained that of the 1,200 tanks repaired and sent back into battle, many tanks appear more than once. They were repaired again and again after suffering damage from shells, mines, or simply breaking down through wear and tear.

In the earlier desert battles the advantage in this business of salving and repairing tanks was with the enemy. He had built up a fine organization—based upon British methods in the First Great War. On occasions after his armour had taken heavy punishment Rommel was able to strike back with surprising force because of his repair service. The lesson was learned by the British, and improved upon. Today "Reemee" works with a tenacity, skill and courage greater than the Germans have been able to show. None of the German "blitzes" has shown tanks in first-class condition after a fighting advance of over 1,000 miles.

A "child" of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, "Reemee" is responsible for all the work of repair and recovery of armoured vehicles, guns, wireless equipment, etc., in the field. It still depends upon the parent Corps for its supplies of spares, and this is no small business. There are 200,000 different items required for the repair of all types of tanks and vehicles, and 100,000 different items necessary for keeping in action and workable condition guns, wireless sets and engineering equipment. "Reemee" not only puts new caterpillars and engines into tanks on the field, but also repairs the most delicate optical equipment.

The work of repairing is echeloned backwards from front line to base, and is as carefully planned and organized as a modern factory. Working in the front line are men with mobile workshops on lorries whose task it is to do the minor repairs. A tank is a very robust vehicle, but it contains many delicate mechanisms and may be put out of action by a small defect which can be repaired by experts in an hour or two—if they are there to do it.

Any tank requiring larger repairs goes back to the brigade workshops, further behind the lines. Workshop is, perhaps, a misleading word. In the desert it generally consisted of well-dispersed lorries and folding canvas shelters. The brigade workshops are mobile also to the extent that they move forward in leaps as the army advances. Giant transporter vehicles carry back tanks unable to proceed under their own power. On many occasions, the salvage and repair crews have shown great gallantry in pulling out tanks under the very nose of the enemy, often working in total darkness with nervous machine-guns sweeping the area.

Behind the brigade workshops are the divisional workshops. Here a tank can be fitted with a complete new engine, a new gun and, in fact, brought into battleworthy condition again after serious damage. Finally, there are base workshops, as solid and elaborately equipped as the factories that built the tanks. But comparatively few of the tanks go back beyond divisional workshops. Base workshops also do a big business in reconditioning batteries and tires. When every item has to be transported many thousands of miles through dangerous seas, the importance of salvage and reconditioning is vitally realized. Tanks so badly damaged as to be not worth repairing are stripped down for spare parts or, on occasions, two tanks are "synthetized" to produce a single new one.

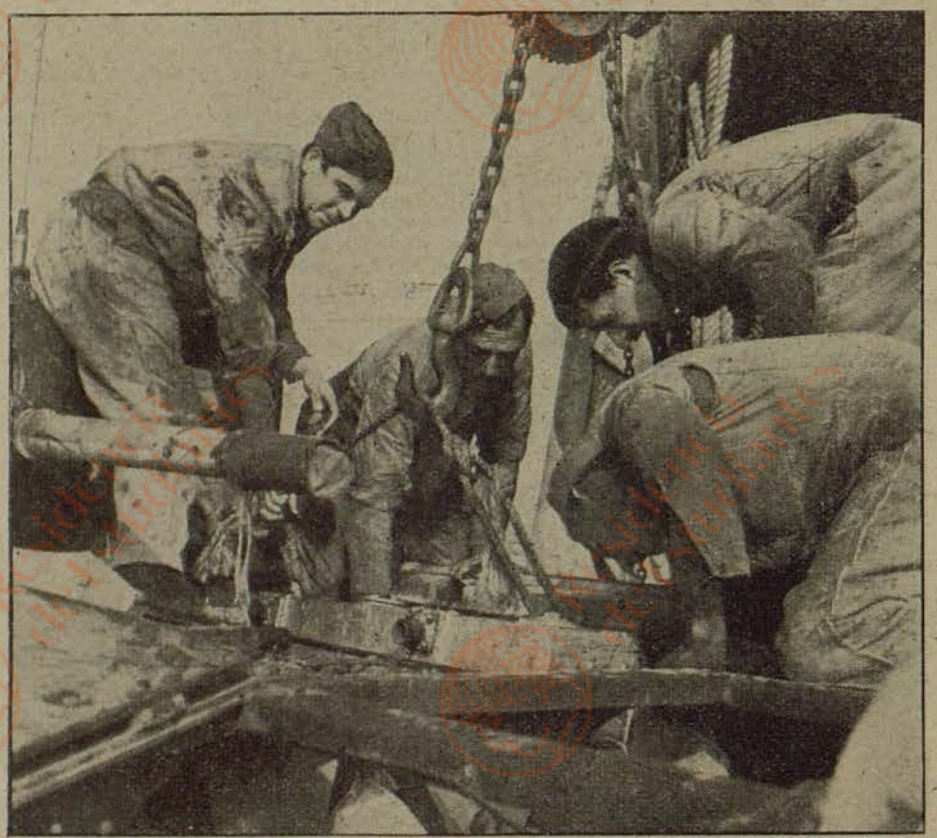
Craftsmen and engineers of every kind are to be found in these workshops—welders, turners, blacksmiths, electricians, carpenters, radio engineers, armourers. And always they are working at top speed, for every hour that a tank or other vehicle is out of action means just so much less power to be brought against the enemy. In the heat of battle, tanks which can be rapidly got back into action get priority. Lulls give the men a chance to catch up on work on other vehicles.

If there is a probability of a tank being put back into action in a matter of hours, its crew stay with it. But if it has to go back to divisional workshops, its crew leave it and are given another. When the tank is repaired it goes into the general "pool" from which tanks are issued.

The worst enemy of these men who have to keep the tanks moving has been not the Germans but the sand. It gets into everything; and although special precautions are taken against it, nothing can prevent the sand from causing certain parts of the tank to wear out very much more quickly than they do in Britain. Provision for this had to be made in estimating the number of spare parts required and sent out.

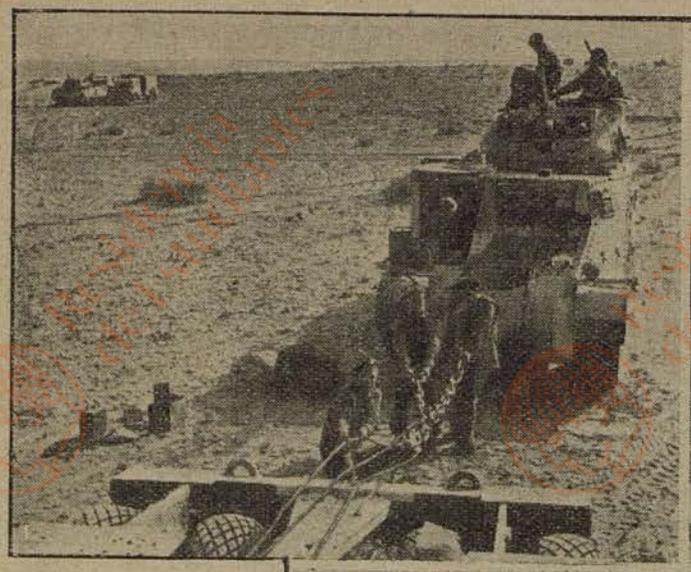
"Reemee," having come with flying colours through its first great battle, is now preparing for an even bigger one—the invasion of Europe. Thousands of armoured vehicles and tanks will take part, and it will be "Reemee's" task to keep them fighting fit. Far in advance, its staff must plan where it will set up its base, divisional and other workshops, and what machinery and spares it will need. Standardization has, to a degree, simplified the task, not only by reducing the variety of spare parts required, but also by limiting the variety of breakdown causes. Different tank types, like different makes of motor-car, tend to develop different defects in action, and the repair experts quickly get into the habit of looking for them.

The men who keep the tanks moving have played a very important if unspectacular part in the great victory in North Africa. They would be the first to say that they have been able to send the tanks in to fight again and again only because of the workmanship put into them in British factories. To those thousands of men and women in Britain engaged in making tanks it must be immensely satisfactory to know that they are maintained by a body of men who are as courageous and skilled as those who fight with them in battle.



R.E.M.E., as told in this page, has contributed magnificently to the fighting success of our tanks in Libya and Tripolitania. Thanks to this Corps' high speed repair service, 8th Army tanks and armoured vehicles pursued the Afrika Korps in a non-stop drive. Mechanics are here shown at work on a Crusader tank. *Photo, British Official*

Thanks to R.E.M.E. the Army Keeps On Moving

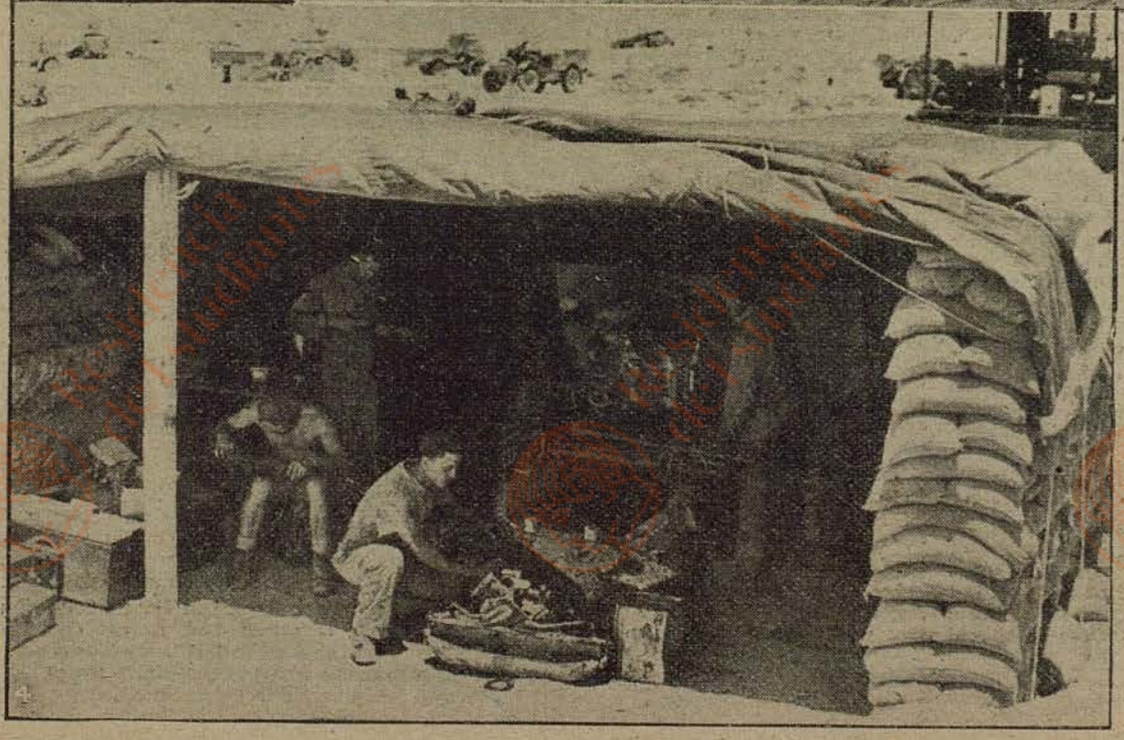




IN NORTH AFRICA the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (see page 251) have repaired some thousands of Army vehicles and recovered and "salvaged" scores of tanks since they began operations on October 1, 1942. These photographs illustrate some of R.E.M.E.'s activities during crucial phases of the fighting in the Western Desert and Tripolitania, in some of the worst conditions mechanized transport has ever been called upon to surmount.

1, Fitting hauling tackle to a disabled General Grant tank, preparatory to shifting it on to the transporter. 2, Removing a damaged tank in a Libyan forward area during heavy enemy air attacks. The tank has been safely hauled on to the transporter despite bombs bursting in the background. It was subsequently taken to a workshop, repaired and sent into action again.





DESERT WORKSHOPS of the 8th Army are fitted with the most up-to-date machinery, spare parts and repair equipment of every kind. Among the craftsmen whose job it is to repair vehicles are fitters, blacksmiths, turners, welders, armourers, instrument-makers, radio engineers, electricians, carpenters, etc. Each of these men is an expert at his particular job.

Above (3) is shown a busy scene at a blacksmith's shop. These craftsmen are hard at work all day. In addition to the pitiless glare of the desert they endure the heat of their furnaces as they labour at vital tasks of repairing guns and tanks. 4, The main workshop of this improvised blacksmith's shop is dug firmly into the sand, and effectively protected and camouflaged. The camouflage gives shade as well as protection.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

FORTRESS and Liberator bombers of the United States Army Eighth Air Force based in Britain attacked with bombs in daylight the important submarine-building yards at Vegesack, near Bremen, on March 18, 1943. For this raid into north-western Germany the American bombers had to fight their way through Dutch and German skies. The engagement lasted two hours, probably the longest air battle of its kind in history.

The result was an operational triumph for American methods of day bombing. Only two bombers were lost. Fifty-two enemy fighters were destroyed, and 43 were probably damaged or destroyed. (*See* eye-witness account in page 701.)

This is a shattering blow for the Luftwaffe. They have been unable to prevent the growing night raids of the R.A.F. Here is a demonstration that they cannot protect the Reich in daylight.



FLYING FORTRESS of the 8th U.S.A.A.F. heading for a target in N.W. Germany; just noticeable are the four separate condensation trails thrown off by the great machine as it speeds on its way. Daylight attacks by these formidable aircraft on enemy territory have been extraordinarily successful—one of the most remarkable being that inflicted on Vegesack (see pages 701 and 702.)

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

The success of the American bombers is not due solely to their weight of fire from half-inch machine-guns (as many seem to think), and to the excellent shooting of the air-gunners. Part of their success must be ascribed to their technical design for the specific purpose of high-level precision bombing. They are equipped with turbo-supercharged engines, which give a high power-output at height. The Fortress II has the curved fin surface and enlarged tail of the stratoliner; this alone indicates that it is a higher flying aircraft than the Fortress I, which had a maximum speed of 325 m.p.h. at 20,000 feet and a service ceiling of 36,700 feet. (The service ceiling is that height at which an aeroplane climbing at full throttle ascends at a maximum rate of 100 feet per minute.)

It has been stated in America that the 1941-type Fortress reaches 330 m.p.h. at 30,000 feet. Flying heights and speeds of aircraft vary according to the loads and kinds of equipment they are required to carry, but if these figures are anywhere near the true performance of the Fortresses when they raid Germany, it explains why they are able to defeat the German fighters in daylight as they do.

The F.W. 190 has a top speed of about 370 m.p.h. at 19,000 feet. The Me. 109F does about 370 at 22,000 feet, and the Me. 110 about 340 at 22,000 feet. The top speed of these fighters begins to fall above these heights, whereas that of the Fortress increases.

Even though the Fortresses do not travel at their top speed but cruise in formation, there can be only a slight speed advantage to the German fighters when they have to engage the American bombers above their own maximum efficiency levels. The ability of the German fighters to overhaul the bombers is reduced, their power of manoeuvre curtailed. If they are to close to accurate shooting range, the fighters must fly straight into the volume of fire from the whole bomber formation. Under these conditions, relative fire-power favours the bombers, for the Fortress carries eleven half-inch machine-guns against the contemporary German fighter's armament of eight rifle-calibre machine-guns or from two to four 20-millimetre cannon-guns and from two to four rifle-calibre machine-guns. The half-inch machine-gun's range is at least as good as that of the 20-millimetre cannon-gun. And it appears that at bombing height the German fighters are not fast enough to break through the fire-power of the American bombers.

IT was one of Napoleon's maxims to choose the battle-ground that suited himself and offered disadvantage to the enemy. American military air strategists and aeronautical engineers sought this condition in the air, and the aircrews have demonstrated that it applies there too.

Attacking Wilhelmshaven naval base on March 22, the American bombers destroyed 28 German fighters, with a further 18 probably destroyed or damaged; they lost three of their own aircraft.

Including the two raids mentioned, the Americans have made 51 raids since they first went into action, when they bombed Rouen with 12 machines on August 17, 1942. During this period they claim to have shot down 356 German aircraft, for a loss of fewer than 90 bombers.

Technical improvements are in continued development, including new bombers able to carry four times the load of today, and a long-range fighter. In addition to the armour on the aircraft, personal armour is being provided to protect aircrews against flak and small-bore ammunition.

THE American conception of the value of air power is summed up in the telegram sent by General MacArthur to Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, British Chief of Air Staff, who had telegraphed the congratulations of the R.A.F. to the American general on the victory of the Bismarck Sea. General MacArthur said: "The infinite possibility of the strategic application of air power is not even yet fully understood or comprehended. In proper co-ordination it opens up horizons of application not yet explored. Therein lies the way to victory, if we have sufficient constructive imagination to seize the opportunity."

What is described as one of the greatest battles of the War was fought during five days of February when twenty U-boats attacked a convoy in the North Atlantic. From bases in Iceland, North Ireland, and the Hebrides, Sunderland and Catalina flying-boats and Fortress and Liberator landplanes flew out in foul weather to act in close liaison with the escort ships of the Royal Navy, and the convoy was brought through "with comparatively small loss." Thousands of miles were flown in less than four days. Ten U-boat sightings and seven air attacks were made; some U-boats were bombed from only 30 ft up. (*See* p. 680.)

WHIRLWINDS and Mosquitoes Haunt the Nazi Skies

Three De Havilland Mosquito long-range fighters encountered Junkers 88s over the Bay of Biscay, 60 miles out from the Gironde estuary, and destroyed both. The report of the encounter on March 22 was the first disclosure of the conversion of this fast day-bomber into a fighter. Fighter Command has recently been using its former Whirlwind fighter as a light day and night bomber. On March 14 Whirlwinds bombed Maupertus and Abbeville airfields; on March 22 targets in Holland, rail targets near Armentières, and canal barges near Lille; on March 25 the railway yards at Abbeville; on the nights of March 20-21 and 21-22 they bombed the Morlaix railway viaduct approach to submarine bases (*see* illus. p. 696); and on March 22-23 went for rail targets in Brittany. All attacks were made without loss. A British long-range intruder fighter was over Bremen on the night of March 23-24; this is an important development.

MEANWHILE Bomber Command was handicapped by fog and mist. Aircraft laid mines on the nights of March 13-14 and 23-24, losing four aircraft. On March 22-23 St. Nazaire submarine base was attacked by nearly 300 four-engined bombers, one of which was lost; the others had to be shepherded back by Flying Control, the R.A.F. ground organization responsible for the safety of aircraft in flight. On the night of March 26-27 the Ruhr (Duisburg) was bombed, and the following night Berlin received its heaviest raid to date with 900 tons of bombs.

Bomber Command day attacks (with Venturas and Mosquitoes) were made against St. Brieuc airfield (March 15); rail workshops at Paderborn (March 16); Maasluis, near Rotterdam (March 18 and 22); railway at Leer, N.W. Germany, by one Lancaster, and rail targets at Louvain by Mosquitoes (March 20); loco. works near Nantes (March 23); rail targets in N.-W. Germany (March 24).

Air activity increased in Burma following the Japanese attack and British counter-attack on the Arakan front. In Tunisia the Eighth Army offensive, begun on March 20, was accompanied by intense air activity.

The R.A.F. Celebrates Its 25th Birthday



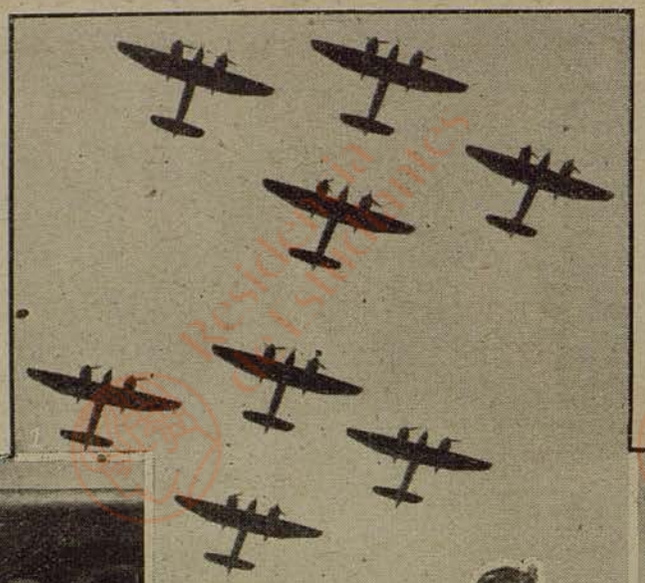
OUR BIGGEST RAID ON BERLIN was carried out on March 27, 1943, when Lancasters, Halifaxes and Stirlings (nine of which were missing) dropped over 900 tons of bombs—double the tonnage unloaded in the enemy's deadliest attack on London on April 16, 1941. Great fires were left burning on both sides of the Spree. Here are pilots and crews of Lancaster bombers photographed after returning to their base. Another raid on the German capital was made two days later.

Photo, New York Times Photos

On Morlaix Viaduct Dived the Whirlwinds

MORLAIX, ancient town of Brittany, and in pre-War days a famous resort for artists, became an important target for Whirlwind bombers of Fighter Command on the nights of March 20 and 21, 1943. The picturesque little town is dominated by a two-tiered viaduct, 310 yards in length and 200 feet in height, carrying the main railway line between Paris and Brest (the latter being one of the most vital U-boat centres) over the rivers Quefflent and Jariot. This viaduct was attacked by a force of Whirlwinds on both occasions.

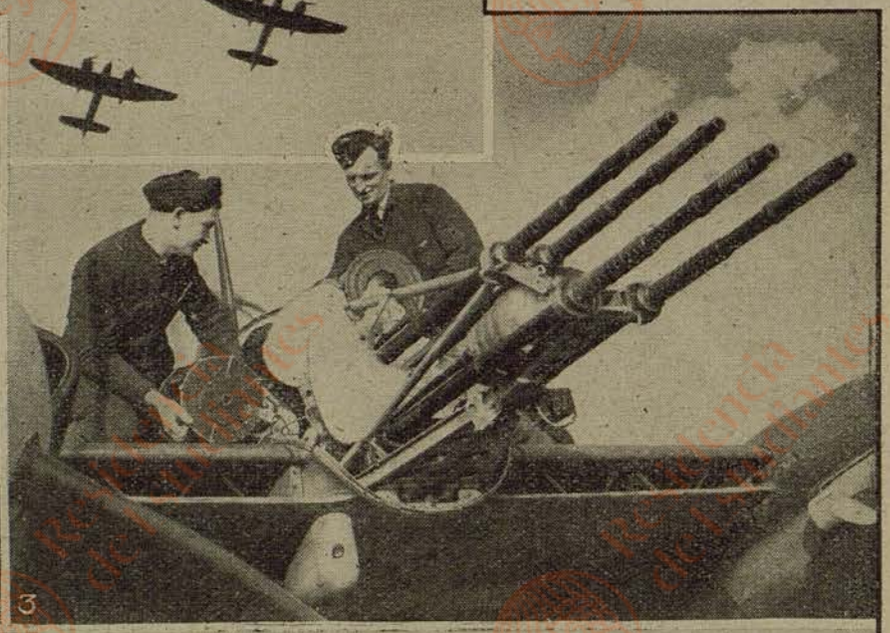
In spite of intense flak the aircraft flew in low, and several effective hits were obtained on the target. After the first raid a fire was left burning on the viaduct, and during the second attack two railway bridges on a main German supply line in the area were also bombed with noticeable success.

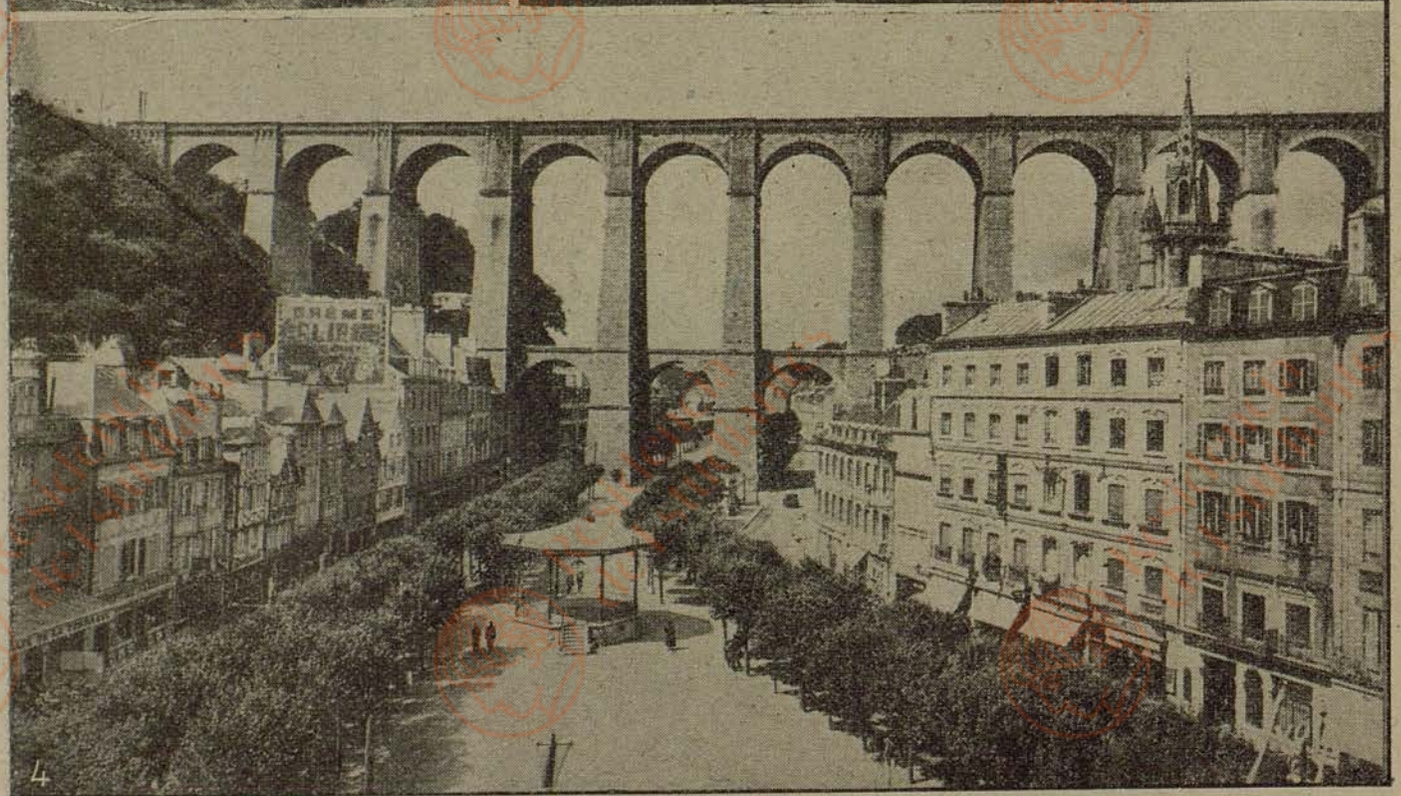


WHIRLWIND fighter-bombers, which have scored so many successes against the enemy during ceaseless day and night raids, are as fast as the Spitfire and can blaze 600 shells a minute from their four cannon. Each machine carries two 250-lb. bombs under the wings. Enemy sources credit the Whirlwind with a top speed of 353 m.p.h. at 16,350 ft. It has a span of 45 ft., is 31 ft. 6 in. in length, and has a height of 11 ft. 6 in.

Powered by two Rolls-Royce Peregrine engines, this aircraft mounts formidable armament in the rounded nose of the fuselage in the shape of four 20-mm. Hispano cannon—a type which has been used with great effect against ground targets in France and elsewhere. During a period of six months a Whirlwind Squadron destroyed or damaged 37 goods trains in enemy-occupied territory.







GERMAN COMMUNICATION LINES were seriously disrupted by the Whirlwind bombers' attack on the Morlaix viaduct. 1, Whirlwinds flying in "box" formation. 2, Loading one of the aircraft with a 250-lb. bomb preparatory to the raid. 3, Part of the Whirlwind's effective armament; loading up the four 20-mm. Hispano cannon. 4, The Place Thiers at Morlaix, with the viaduct—chief target of the Whirlwinds in their raids last March—spanning the town in the background. *Photos, P.N.A., Topical Press, E.N.A.*

Invaders of Tomorrow Pass McNaughton's Test



ANOTHER 'BATTLE OF BRITAIN' was waged recently in the largest military exercise ever held in this country. Armies clashed in mock combat on a wide front in a scheme that presupposed a British-Canadian force, "Southland," commanded by Lt.-Gen. McNaughton, attempting to advance against the "Germans," represented by the "Eastland" Army. 1, Both sides had their own field newspapers. This Southlander scans The Advance Post. 2, Pilots of an R.A.F. Composite Group being interrogated after bombing operations. 3, Canadian infantry crossing the Thames at Oxford; the bridge was "destroyed" by the enemy. 4, Tank commander and driver check up a route before setting off. 5, A Canadian inspects bus passengers' identity cards. After the "battle" Gen. McNaughton said that it had been the finest possible training, and he was satisfied with the land operations. The bridging in particular was magnificent.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Youth in a Britain of Bombs and Black-out

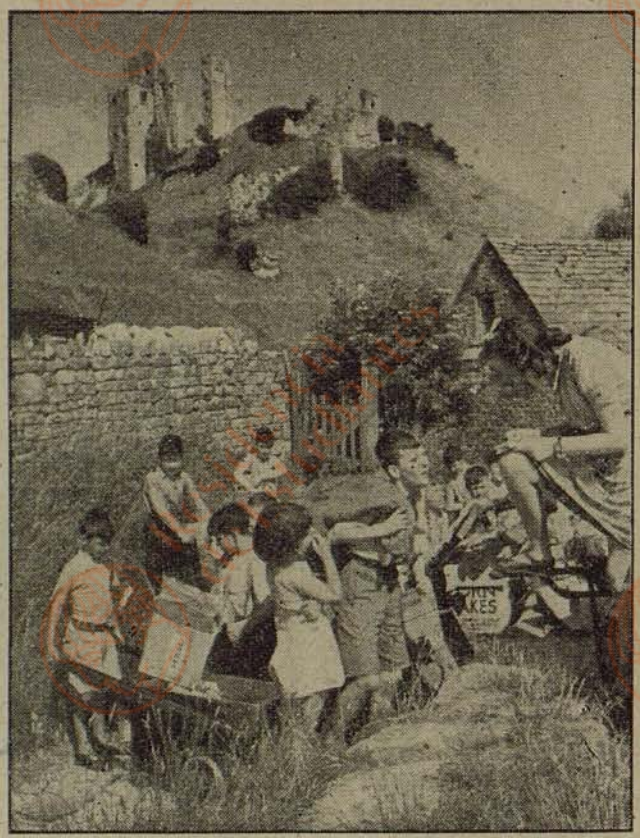
For much of the information contained in this article we are indebted to a twopenny pamphlet, Youth in a City, recently published by the Board of Education, which describes an experiment of Youth Service in the Sherbourne Road district of Birmingham. Remarkable as it is, however, this venture is but one of many aiming, in general with very encouraging results, at the enlistment of the spirit of youth in the cause of national service.

BLACK-OUT time in a much-bombed district of Birmingham! As soon as it got dark, immediately after tea that is, it was the custom of the young people of those close-packed streets and alleys to take their pillows and blankets and queue up at the entrance to the public air-raid shelter. "Booking a place", for the family by parking the bedding, they waited till father and mother came to the shelter; then out they went into the dark streets to join their chosen mates. The boys hung about doorways or at street-corners, talking and fooling, the girls strolled from street-corner gang to street-corner gang; both made themselves a nuisance to the neighbours and passers-by, and often they joined forces in doing malicious damage, for which there was plenty of scope in a district which had been so heavily bombed—but this was not the worst aspect of black-out time. The really serious danger came later in the evening when the boys and girls paired off before going home. Morale and morals were reported to be exceedingly bad.

Altogether they constituted a serious problem; but fortunately there were those in Birmingham who had the guts and gumption to tackle it. Under the leadership of Mr. J. J. Hegan, principal of one of the city's evening institutes, a little band of social workers opened in May 1941 the Sherbourne Road Centre on the first floor of a redundant senior school. The immediate purpose was to provide a place where young people at a loose end could meet and also an opportunity for them to do something of value to themselves during their leisure, while at the same time developing their character and improving their morale. Classes were begun in singing, dancing, woodwork, and physical training, and clubs were started—a model aeroplane club, concert party, dramatic society—all managed by the members themselves and, so far as possible, self-supporting.

IN the first week 135 young people enrolled. The gangs responded reasonably well to the invitation to come in, but quite a number joined with the intention of wrecking the venture. And they almost did so. The first four weeks were a nightmare. Young rowdies climbed up the water-pipes, swung on the electric-light fittings and pulled them from the ceiling. Gang leaders expected to be permitted to break all the rules of the games or to have them altered so that they could win; when they lost the billiard-cue was flung to the floor, the table-tennis bat deliberately smashed. But Mr. Hegan and his stalwarts made good. Before very long these boys and girls from the dull and dingy little houses in those back streets were discovered taking the keenest of interest in all the varied activities of the Centre. The young gangsters worked off their surplus energy in boxing and wrestling, the street-corner girls learnt first-aid and nursing, homecraft and needlework. Some even took to reading books. The general reading level (we are told) was very low; few read at all, some read only the penny "comic"; only three had current City Library tickets, and eight were members of the twopenny libraries.

When the Centre first opened, most of the members were dirty, untidy and ill-mannered. Four girls and two boys, indeed, were excluded because they were verminous. Many came to the Centre in their working clothes, and few washed before coming. This was understandable since few of the members have baths in their homes, and they can't be bothered to wait in the queues at the public baths. Now the boys can take hot showers at the gymnasium in the Centre one evening a week, but the girls are less fortunate. The custom is for them to have a full wash in the kitchen on Friday evening, if and when fathers and brothers go out. The girls state that overtime and late return cause the male movements to be erratic as to time, and if the coast is not clear—no bath! But soon it is hoped that the baths at the Centre will be open every night; it is hoped, too, that the members will bring their own towels.



IN CORFE, ancient Dorset town of about 1,400 inhabitants—how different from the Birmingham described in this page!—children bring salvage to a dump under the hill dominated by the castle, ruined in the Civil War 300 years ago. *Photo Daily Mirror*

BEYOND a doubt Birmingham is not exceptional in this matter of juvenile gangs (although it may be exceptional in the courageous way in which it was tackled). In every city, in every town, in many a village even, there are crowds of young people who have been cut or cast adrift from their moorings. School finishes at fourteen, and even this all too short schooling has been sadly interfered with by the bombing. Parental control has lessened. In hundreds of thousands of little homes Dad is in the Army, and Mum is on munitions. And when in their middle teens the young people go out into the world they are welcomed with open arms by employers willing and eager to pay 30s., £2, £3 a week for unskilled labour. From time to time there are reported in the papers cases of youths earning very much more than this; and an official at the Home Office recently spoke of children walking in and out of jobs as though they were film stars with all Hollywood waiting to give them a contract. One child of fifteen was mentioned who had had 75 different jobs, as many as two in one morning. (Although, on the other hand, there are numbers of boys and girls working disgracefully long hours. Some come to the Sherbourne Road Centre utterly tired out, so tired that they cannot talk or read for some time. "A," for instance, age 18, who is at work at 4.30 a.m., reaches home at 4.30 p.m., has tea, then delivers newspapers and helps in his father's shop until about 7 p.m., when he goes to the Centre.)

IS it any wonder that juvenile delinquency is on the increase?

Comparing the year ended March 1942 with the last pre-war year the number of cases of larceny and other offences in which boys of school age were concerned increased over the whole country by 51 per cent; for London boys alone the increase was 14 per cent. For boys of over school age (14+ to 16+) the increase in London cases was 21 per cent, as against the whole country's 38 per cent. Cases of girls of school age increased 121 per cent in London, the increase for the whole country being 83 per cent; while the corresponding figures for girls over school age showed increases of 116 and 125 per cent.

Thousands of boys and girls are charged with larceny every year: thefts of articles from cars, thefts of bicycles, thefts from multiple stores. The London figures show that the number of offences was lowest in the 8-year-old group, increasing progressively with each year's age group until the peak is reached with the 16-year-old boys and girls. Nearly half the offences are committed by boys and girls of 15 and 16 years of age.

From the statistics it would seem clear that great numbers of young people of both sexes are running wild. That boys should do so is perhaps to be expected—"boys will be boys"—and the consequences in after-life may not be too serious or too lasting. But with the other sex it is different; and the deepest concern must be felt at the spectacle of young girls, the mothers of tomorrow, hanging about street-corners or on the outskirts of military camps and barracks. Perhaps it is the romantic appeal of uniform; perhaps war affects in some strange way the chemistry of the body. Whatever the reason, it is a fact that precocious girls of 15 or 16, even younger, constitute a danger to their own and to others' physical and mental health.

To put it in a nutshell, Youth is a handful. But we have learnt how to treat this problem in social hygiene. That Birmingham Centre we have described is on the right road; so, too, are the many Youth organizations which have been in being for many years—the Scouts and Girl Guides, for instance, the Boys' Brigade, the Church Lads' Brigade—and those which have been launched quite recently with a definitely military backing—the Air Training Corps, the Girls' Training Corps, and the Cadet Force. Given something to belong to, a uniform to put on, a "gang" one mustn't let down whatever happens—given these, and the Youth problem born of war conditions, bombing and the black-out, the evacuations and the broken-up homes, has found its answer. Britain's "dead-end kids" are becoming the good citizens of tomorrow.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

Our Roving Camera Roams the Home Front



NEW CAPS FOR NURSES of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service have wide peaks and are light grey. They will replace the present Q.A.I.N.S. hats when the latter are worn out, and will save thousands of yards of material.



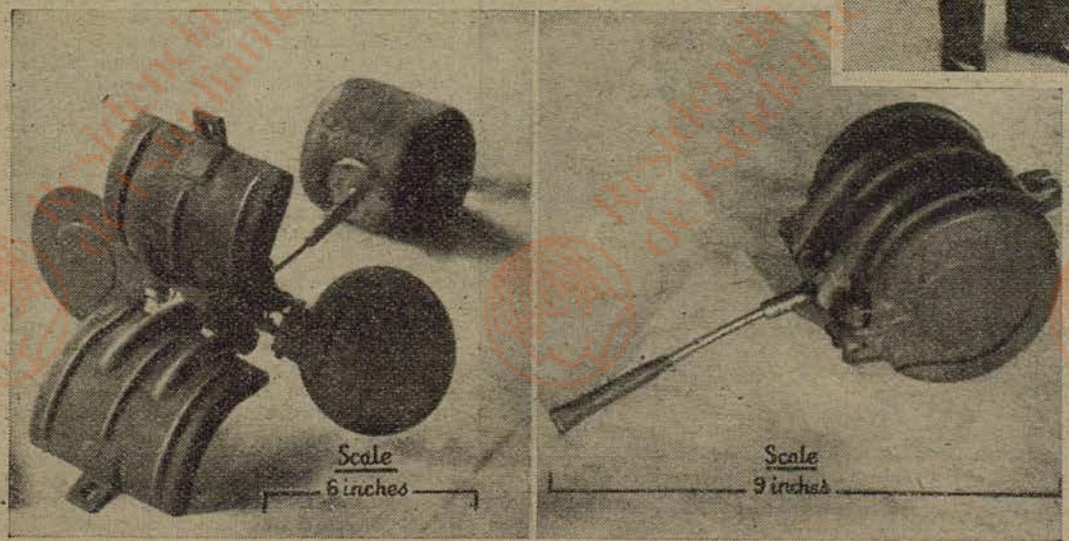
BRITAIN'S OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE on regular service, L.M.S. engine No. 20002, is 77 years old. Her mileage on Feb. 1, 1943 was 1,580,436. This veteran—in her day one of Britain's fastest engines—carried troops in the Boer War and during the conflict of 1914-18. She is now engaged in hauling loads of tanks and guns, and has achieved a fine record of work during the present war.



ROAST-POTATO STALL at Blackburn, Lancashire, does a brisk trade. War workers and schoolchildren crowd round Ivy Rossi, the owner of the stall. Until they were called-up her four brothers earned their living by selling roast potatoes. The Ministry of Food has urged everybody to "Eat more Potatoes," substituting them wherever possible for bread and thus releasing vital shipping space now taken up by imported wheat.



ROYAL SERVANTS at Buckingham Palace and other Royal residences have gone into "battledress." The King ordered a new style of livery to save materials. In place of tail-coat, waistcoat, stiff white shirt and collar, the servants wear dark blue "battle blouses." John Ainslie, the Palace steward, is shown above wearing the new livery; on his right is a Palace footman in the old attire.



GERMAN ANTI-PERSONNEL BOMBS, a number of which has been dropped recently in this country, are painted greyish-green or yellow, and may explode at the slightest touch. Each weighs about 4 lb. The casing, when open, expands into 4 hinged portions at the end of the wire (left); right-hand photo, bomb with its outer casing shut.

Photos, British Official: Keystone Daily Mirror, Planet News

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Formed Human Pyramids to Cross Wadi Zigzau

A young British major with a bullet embedded an inch above his heart continued to lead his men at the storming of Wadi Zigzau, in the first stage of the Mareth Line attack. Paul Bewsher, Daily Mail Special Correspondent with the Eighth Army, describes here his meeting with the gallant officer, and the major tells his own thrilling story.

BARE to the waist, he sat in the marquee of a field dressing station. All round him were unshaven Germans in dirty grey-green uniforms, receiving treatment. Tired and drawn, but still full of enthusiasm, this dark, lean-faced man from Taunton, Somerset, who won the Military Cross at El Alamein, described his men's heroism—without ever mentioning his own.

"Alamein was child's play compared to this," he said, as he drank hot tea and munched sardines and biscuits. "Our objective was a strong-point known as Ksiba Ouest just across the Wadi Zigzau. We knew from the maps and aerial photographs that it consisted of pillboxes with machine-gun nests round it, and we had rehearsed the whole operation as far as we could.

"After dark we gathered about half a mile this side of the wadi. While we were waiting we came under heavy shell-fire and machine-gun fire from both sides. Then to the second down came our own barrage, dropping heavy concentrations of shells on enemy positions right in front of us. For 20 minutes they came over. Then it was zero hour for our attack.

"Like clockwork those guns began laying a creeping barrage in front of us. It was a perfect, magnificent piece of work. Not one shell fell on our own men. Engineers had driven a path through the minefields, and we reached the near side of the wadi without meeting any enemy troops.

"It was full moon and very bright. The wadi is a very wide gully, with precipitous sides, and there were scaling ladders available if necessary. We all managed to slither down into the wadi. Crossing it was not very pleasant. Machine-gun fire and mortar shells came from both sides.

"But we got across all right. When we got to the other side we decided to climb to the opposite bank by forming human pyramids, which we had practised. You know—three sturdily-built men standing at the bottom, two more get on their shoulders, another man gets on top again, and the rest clamber over the top of the cliff. When everybody else is up except the pyramid men, they can be pulled up with rope if necessary.

"My men carried out this task splendidly, despite really fierce fire in the wadi. We went forward. Fire was coming at us from all sides. Then we had another obstacle to get through. There was a deep anti-tank ditch beyond the wadi, but we got across this by making human pyramids again.

"We found ourselves about 600 ft. to the left of Ksiba Ouest, our objective. The enemy opened very heavy fire with machine-guns and rifles from three concrete pillboxes. Gradually we worked towards them. The whole position was surrounded by a deep ditch, and barbed wire and mines were scattered about.

"We reached the wire, cut a way through, and dropped into the ditch." The speaker stopped, drank more tea, and said: "Hope I'm not talking too much. I've been having morphia, you know." I assured him he was not, and he went on: "Once we were in that ditch we started throwing hand grenades and put some pretty accurate rifle fire and machine-gun fire against those pillboxes.

"Suddenly they packed up. They just gave in. Out of the pillboxes men came pouring. We took 200 of them prisoners, and there were only 80 of us. The majority were Italians, but they included a number of Germans.

"They told us other Germans had driven away in the afternoon. One of the Italians was a doctor, so I let him dress my wound, which I had not had time to worry about before. Then we dug ourselves in all round the post. Men in my party put up a grand show. The whole job was done in three hours and we had very few casualties."

I asked him when he received that wound. "Oh, while we were waiting to start," he said casually. "But as I knew all about the job I thought I should go through with it."

At Hegra We Norwegians Held the Nazis at Bay

Three years ago, on April 9, Nazis landed at Trondheim and took the Norwegians by surprise. Not until now—upon the escape of Lieut.-Col. Holtermann—has the full story been told of how the beleaguered garrison of Hegra Fortress stood out, alone, for four weeks, against the might of the Wehrmacht. Here is the Commanding Officer's own dramatic story of the epic battle fought amid the Norwegian snows.

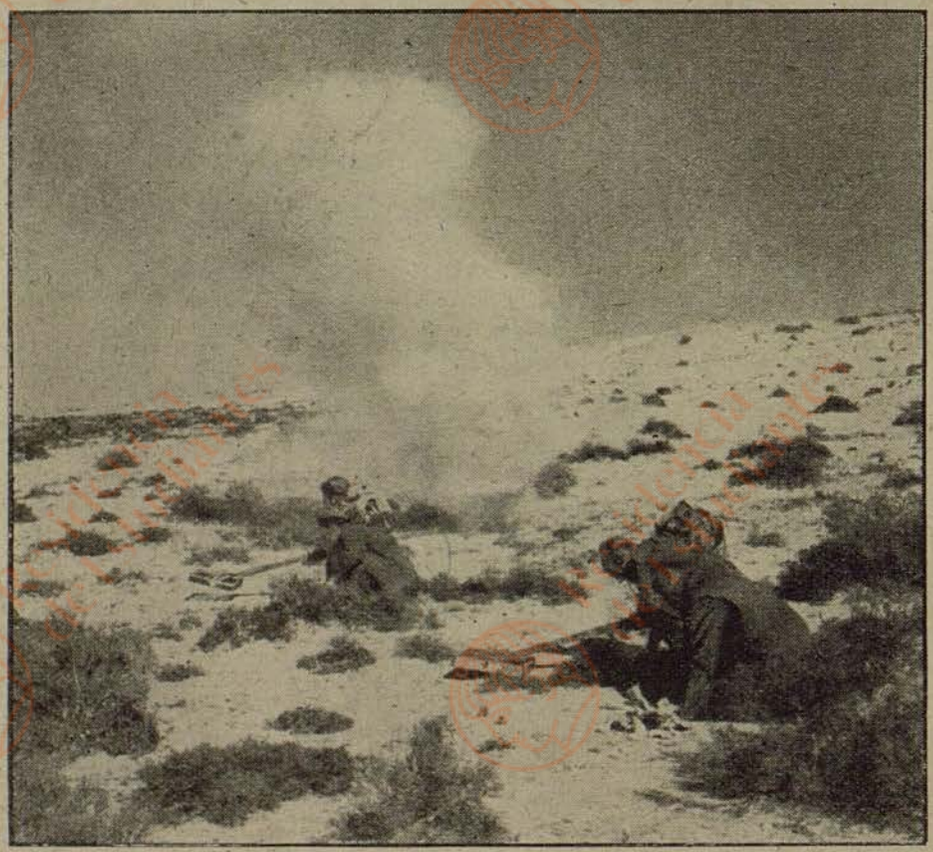
IT had originally been my intention only to occupy the camp west of the fortress in order to continue mobilization, as I assumed that the Norwegian forces in Inntröndelag, together with British and French troops, would soon advance southward in order to recapture Vaernes and Trondheim. It soon became clear, however, that that advance might be delayed and that I would be forced to stay at Hegra for some time. I therefore decided to occupy the fortress itself.

Hegra Fortress was built in 1907 as a frontier fort facing Sweden, but it was closed in 1926. It has a number of underground rooms hewn out of the mountain, and is surrounded by an open trench and also by a circle of barbed wire, but the latter could be crossed without difficulty at practically every point. The armaments consisted of four 10·5 and two 7·5cm. guns (made about 1898) in open positions, and also two old 8·4 field guns without recoil, but we managed to get them into some kind of working order. There were still comparatively large stocks of ammunition. Otherwise the fortress was practically devoid of equipment.

The greatest difficulty was caused by the fact that none of us had been at the fortress before. It took us some time to discover the outer works, which were snowed over. Several of the infantry trenches were also partly iced over, so that we had to break our way through. An important flank defence work on the north side was found only after the first infantry attack had taken place, and the well a few days before we had to surrender, but it was then so full of shrapnel and gunpowder residue that it was unusable. A great deal of work was also needed to clear away forest growth which had blocked the firing field of the guns.

We had hoped that the fortress would command Vaernes airfield, which was being used by the enemy. But our guns did not have the necessary range. We therefore constructed sledges for the old 8·4cm. guns with the idea of drawing them into a position on a mountain commanding the airfield from the south, but the enemy forestalled us by their attack.

For the first few days the enemy kept chiefly to Vaernes. In the afternoon of the 12th and the morning of April 13th, however, we observed signs which suggested that



SWEEPING FOR MINES in a forward area of the Tunisian battlefield, these sappers, under enemy fire, clear the way for the first units of the 8th Army to attack the Mareth Line. A dramatic description of the furious fighting that ensued is given in Paul Bewsher's interview with a young British officer, printed above. *Photo, British Official*

important moves were pending. Planes could often be seen over the valley, and on the following day the Germans attacked our advanced guards. The guards at Maelen Bridge—numbering about ten men—were driven back at dawn. The forces at Hegra Bridge and railway station were attacked early in the morning, simultaneously from the north, across the river, and from the west, on the south side of the river. After a short but bitter fight the Norwegians were forced to withdraw to the south after Lieutenant Bergström and a number of his men had fallen. The bridge was blown up and most of the remaining troops later reached the fortress or the barricade guarding the approach.

In the afternoon the enemy by-passed the fortress and we were thus surrounded on the north and east, with only the ridge to the west and south still open. The next day the fortress itself was attacked from the east. Fortunately our guns faced this direction, and consequently fine work was done. The enemy approached to within 200 yards of the fort before they were halted; meanwhile the garrison were being pounded by the fire of smaller enemy guns from the north side of the valley.

The next day the most dangerous attack we were to experience was launched. Two battalions attacked mainly from the north, and for a while the fate of the old fortress hung in the balance. Our gun crews were driven back by the enemy machine-gun fire, and we were afraid the fort would be stormed. To prepare for this eventuality we installed machine-guns in the passages of the fort, but this was not necessary because our men drove the enemy back again and reoccupied our positions. Our position was further helped when snow began to fall so that the German artillery and the Luftwaffe were hampered. It is also said that the German infantry troops lost their way in the difficult terrain and began to shoot at each other. On this day the fort's water supply was interrupted.

The Nazis gradually occupied the surrounding districts and established positions closer to the fort. From April 18 communications with the outside world could only be maintained by sending out patrols who sneaked between the German sentries at night. Now we were subjected to continual heavy bombardment by aircraft and artillery. It looked as though the enemy had decided to try to starve us into surrender. Some very heavy bombs were dropped, but the aim was bad. We defended ourselves as best we could from these air attacks with machine-gun and rifle fire and we succeeded in bringing down two planes and damaging one other.

The enemy bombardment lasted day and night, with short intervals only, from April 15 to May 4, and during this time our infantry suffered considerably. In the fort itself two guns were put out of action and a look-out tower was damaged. When the battle started we had food for ten days, plus a meat reserve of two live horses. But particularly pressing was the need for fresh supplies of bread. We had no Army Service Corps to depend on and had to fend for ourselves. The only solution was to break through the German lines and get help from the civilian population.

At first supplies were brought by ski patrols across the mountain from Leksdal—about six hours there and six hours back. But the Germans occupied Leksdal, destroying the depot and the farm where it had been established. We were then obliged to get our supplies from Selbu, the journey there and back taking twenty-four hours. But the Germans reached Selbu, and as a last alternative we had to descend the steep mountain side west of the fortress into the Stjoer Valley itself, about a mile away, and fetch our food from there. Captain Hofstad was sent down into the valley and arranged for the baking of bread in the neighbouring farms. He brought the bread to the foot of the mountain, where it was collected by our patrols during the night. This continued until May 4, when we were told that there was no more flour left on the farms.



During their ordeal at Hegra the heroic Norwegian garrison suffered terrible privations—the worst being lack of sleep. These men manage to rest for a few moments.



DEFENDERS OF HEGRA, as described by Lt.-Col. Holtermann in this and the preceding page, defied the might of the German Army for a month. Bombarded night and day, the Norwegians held out in the face of insuperable difficulties. This photograph, taken during the siege, shows a party of the defenders in a casemate. *By courtesy of the Royal Norwegian Government*

Lighting became a problem because of oil shortage, and this caused considerable difficulty in the darkness of the interior of the fort. There was too little room, and it was damp and wet everywhere. We had to sleep in our clothes the whole time and there was just a little straw to lie on. When the water supply was cut, snow had to be brought in and melted, and wood had to be collected during the night from outside the fort. Later, when the thaw began, we were able to secure all the water we wanted by placing vats in the fortress rooms and collecting the water which dripped from the roofs. The medical staff did wonders. Patrols had to be sent out to bring in the wounded and dead. The dead—and the badly wounded also—had to be taken through the German lines, across the mountain, and down to the village on the other side. It was impossible to operate at the fortress.

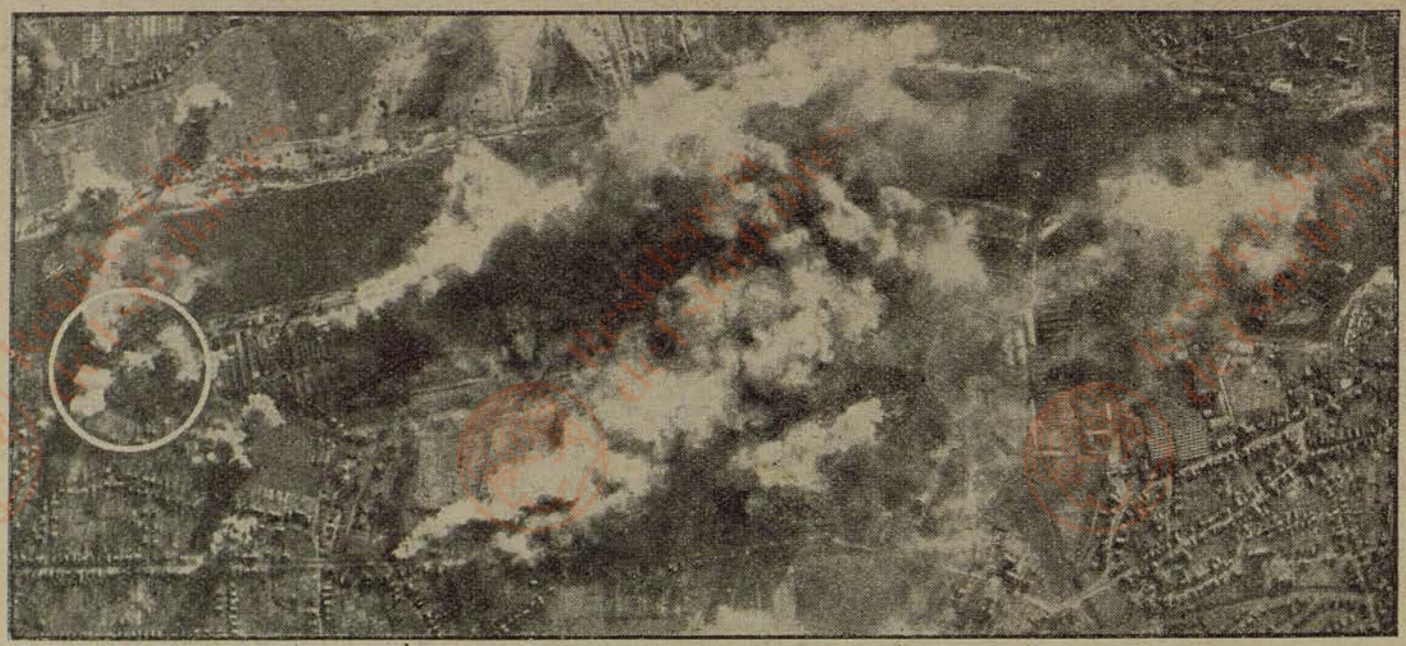
On the evening of May 4 we learned that the forces at Aandalsnes had capitulated on May 1, and the troops in North Tröndelag on May 2. We were thus alone in Southern Norway. It would have been possible to hold out for a day or two longer, but now there seemed to be little purpose in so doing. Consequently I paraded the whole detachment—everyone was in a bad state of health after the many privations—and told them we would have to capitulate. On the morning of May 5, 1940, the white flag was hoisted. The Battle of Hegra was ended.

I Went with U.S. Bombers to Plaster Vegesack

On March 18, 1943, crews of the U.S. Army Eighth Air Force carried out a successful daylight raid on Vegesack, the U-boat "nest" near Bremen. Accompanying the raiders, in a Flying Fortress, was Wing-Comdr. N. J. Baird-Smith of the R.A.F. Bombing Directorate. Here is his story.

I was only a spectator, but as I was fairly far back in the formation, I had a grandstand view of the whole operation. It was a most impressive sight, especially when one realized that each of these aircraft had ten highly skilled men flying in it. The sky seemed to be full of Fortresses and Liberators. I think that this impression was increased by the close formation in which we were flying—a formation that was never broken. As we approached the enemy coast the fighters came up to have a look, but they seemed very shy of attacking. They hung about, apparently waiting for an aircraft to stray out of the fold, and I felt that they disliked the idea of coming near the American "guns." In spite of pretty heavy flak, our pilot got on to his target all right and made a good bombing run—straight and level. It was evident that the bombs of the preceding aircraft had found their mark, for the whole target was already obscured by thick smoke.

You can judge a good deal about the crew of a bomber by its efficiency on the return



VEGESACK U-BOAT BUILDING YARDS suffered heavily when attacked by U.S. bombers on March 18, 1943. This daylight raid—an observer's account of which is given in this and the preceding page—brought congratulatory messages to Maj.-Gen. I. C. Eaker (commanding the U.S. 8th Army Air Force) from Mr. Churchill and Air Chief Marshal Sir C. Portal. This photo shows the target area as it appeared from one of the attacking U.S.A.A.F. bombers; Numerous bursts almost obscure the Vulcan shipyards; the power house area is shown by a circle. *Photo, British Official*

journey. By this time they had been flying for quite a considerable time, and with the obvious strain such close formation flying imposed they became tired. I can say, however, that the formations returned as they had gone out—closely packed and ready to do battle with anybody.

The fighters were on the look-out for the lone aircraft homeward bound, possibly shot up by flak or disabled by fighters, thus being unable to keep with the main formations. There were plenty of fighters and they attacked until we were a considerable distance from the enemy coast, but these attacks became less and less aggressive as they saw the German coast receding; until just before they left us they were milling round in the hope that a Fortress or Liberator would straggle.

Our particular formation had all the answers ready. One more aggressive Ju.88 which came in too close was met by an intense volume of fire and blew up; and I saw a FW.190 spinning out of control on its way down towards the sea. The meticulous planning of this operation, combined with the efficiency of the crews and leaders in carrying out this no mean task, seems to me to be the keynote to the successful bombing of Vegesack with such a small loss of aircraft to the U.S.A.A.F.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

MARCH 17, 1943, Wednesday *1,292nd day*

North Africa.—In Central Tunisia U.S. forces captured Gafsa.

Mediterranean.—Fighters from Malta attacked railways in Sicily.

Russian Front.—In Chuguyev area, S.E. of Kharkov, Soviet troops drove Germans back and repelled six counter-attacks.

Burma.—Japanese pressure on the Mayu river led to withdrawal of our forces.

MARCH 18, Thursday *1,293rd day*

Air.—U.S. Fortresses and Liberators heavily attacked U-boat yards at Vegesack, near Bremen, in daylight; 52 enemy fighters claimed as shot down; 2 bombers lost.

North Africa.—First Army troops withdrew from Tamera in N. Tunisia.

Mediterranean.—U.S. heavy bombers raided Naples by day and night.

Australasia.—Madang, Jap base in New Guinea, heavily raided by Liberators.

General.—French Guiana broke off allegiance to Vichy France.

MARCH 19, Friday *1,294th day*

North Africa.—U.S. troops occupied El Guettar in S. Tunisia.

Russian Front.—Heavy fighting continued on the northern Donetz.

Australasia.—U.S. dive-bombers attacked Jap base at Vila, Solomons.

General.—Announced that Adm. Doenitz, C.-in-C. German Navy, had held three-day conference with Italian naval chief Admiral Riccardi.

MARCH 20, Saturday *1,295th day*

Air.—Whirlwinds bombed railway viaduct at Morlaix, Brittany.

North Africa.—Eighth Army began attack on Mareth positions during night of 20th-21st.

Mediterranean.—Allied heavy bombers made night raid on Naples.

Burma.—British troops made progress towards Donbaik, N.W. of Akyab.

MARCH 21, Sunday *1,296th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of destroyer Lightning.

North Africa.—In Mareth Line Eighth Army effected bridgehead across Wadi Zigzau; flanking force approached El Hamma, north of Mareth Line. Americans occupied Maknassi.

Mediterranean.—Docks at Palermo heavily bombed; night raid on Naples.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops evacuated Byelgorod, N. of Kharkov, but gained ground on central front and in Kuban.

India.—Japanese aircraft raided area of Chittagong.

MARCH 22, Monday *1,297th day*

Air.—U.S. Fortresses and Liberators raided Wilhelmshaven by day; 28 enemy fighters destroyed for loss of 3 bombers. R.A.F. made heavy night raid on St. Nazaire.

North Africa.—Germans launched counter-attacks on Eighth Army bridgehead in Mareth Line.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Durovo, on Vyasma-Smolensk railway.

MARCH 23, Tuesday *1,298th day*

Air.—Mosquitoes raided locomotive works near Nantes.

North Africa.—Germans regained greater part of 8th Army's bridgehead in Mareth positions, and attacked U.S. troops near El Guettar.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Slavyanskaya in the Kuban.

India.—Enemy aircraft attacked airfield in S.E. Bengal.

Australasia.—Fortresses made heavy raid on enemy aircraft at airfields nr. Rabaul.

MARCH 24, Wednesday *1,299th day*

North Africa.—Heavy artillery duels on Mareth Line.

Mediterranean.—Allied bombers made raid on Messina.

Russian Front.—In the Kuban Soviet troops captured Abynskaya, N.E. of Novorossisk.

MARCH 25, Thursday *1,300th day*

North Africa.—Incessant Allied air attacks on enemy positions from Mareth to Sfax.

Mediterranean.—Malta-based aircraft attacked Rome-Naples railway.

India.—Jap bombers raided aerodrome in S.E. Bengal.

Australasia.—Allied aircraft made heaviest raid on Rabaul; Amboina, Lae and Salamaua also attacked.

U.S.A.—American bombers made four raids on Kiska, Aleutians.

MARCH 26, Friday *1,301st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of trawler Moravia.

Air.—R.A.F. made night raid on Duisburg and other targets in the Ruhr.

North Africa.—Attack by Eighth Army troops on positions S. of El Hamma forced enemy withdrawal from Mareth zone.

Australasia.—Liberators made heavy surprise raid on Nauru Island, S. Pacific.

MARCH 27, Saturday *1,302nd day*

Air.—R.A.F. made heaviest raid to date on Berlin.

North Africa.—Fierce fighting continued in area of El Hamma north of the Mareth Line. In Central Tunisia Americans captured Fondouk.

Burma.—Air battle over Arakan area resulted in 12 Jap bombers being shot down, ten by Hurricanes without loss.

Australasia.—Raids on Jap bases at Malahang and Lae.

General.—Hundreds arrested and curfew imposed following sabotage at Aarhus, Denmark.

MARCH 28, Sunday *1,303rd day*

Air.—Daylight raids by U.S. heavy bombers on railway yards at Rouen and by R.A.F. Venturas on shipping at Rotterdam. Heavy night raid on St. Nazaire.

North Africa.—Eighth Army occupied Mareth, Toujane and Matmata.

Australasia.—Sixty Jap aircraft raided Oro Bay, New Guinea; 25 shot down.

MARCH 29, Monday *1,304th day*

Air.—Venturas attacked shipping at Rotterdam and railway yards at Abbeville by day. R.A.F. made another heavy night raid on Berlin and also bombed Bochum in the Ruhr.

North Africa.—In Southern Tunisia Eighth Army troops occupied El Hamma and Gabès; in the north the First Army closed in on Sejenane.

Burma.—U.S. Liberators attacked docks and mining plant at Tavoy; R.A.F. made night raid on Heho airfield.

Australasia.—Jap bombers again raided Oro Bay, New Guinea, U.S. fighters attacked seaplane base at Faisi in the Solomons.

MARCH 30, Tuesday *1,305th day*

Air.—Mosquitoes bombed Philips radio factory at Eindhoven.

North Africa.—Vanguard of Eighth Army in pursuit of Rommel, occupied Metouia and Oudref, N. of Gabès; in N. Tunisia the First Army recaptured Sejenane.

Russian Front.—Hard fighting continued on northern Donetz where fresh German attacks were repelled.

Australasia.—Japanese convoy bound for New Guinea was attacked and driven off by Allied bombers; docks at Finschafen also bombed.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

March 20. *M. Reynaud formed Ministry in Paris following resignation of M. Daladier.*

1941

March 24. *El Agheila occupied by Axis forces; first appearance of German Afrika Korps in Libya.*

March 25. *Yugoslav Premier and Foreign Minister signed Axis Pact.*

March 27. *Yugoslav Army under Gen. Simovitch deposed Govt.; King Peter assumed power.*

Agreement for lease to U.S.A. of naval and air bases in Atlantic signed in London.

British captured Keren, Italian stronghold in Eritrea.

March 28. *Battle of Cape Matapan.*

1942

March 17. *Gen. MacArthur arrived in Australia as C.-in-C. of United Nations in S.W. Pacific.*

March 23. *Japanese occupied Andaman Is., Bay of Bengal.*

March 28. *Combined Operations raid on St. Nazaire; H.M.S. Campbeltown rammed dock gate.*

Editor's Postscript

STRANGE and wonderful is the language—I hesitate to call it English—written by our Whitehall scribes. But there is to be an improvement. Mr. Herbert Morrison has found time amid his innumerable cares and responsibilities to issue a circular, itself couched in concise and straightforward terms, urging the Civil Service to abandon their formal and cumbersome phraseology and express themselves in the English of everyday speech. Write in clear and simple language, is the keynote of the instructions. Keep your sentences short. Avoid officialese, and, above all, avoid clichés. Avoid ambiguity and do not hedge: if something is red, say so, and not "it appears to be of a somewhat reddish tint." Avoid stilted phraseology—"I am to," "I have to," and so on. Don't say "on the subject of" and "with reference to" when you mean "about" and "regarding." Time and trouble are well spent in seeing that circulars are clear and concise. If you have to turn down your correspondent's request, make it as clear as you can why you are turning it down.

SPEAKING recently at a luncheon given by the Waste Paper Recovery Association, Sir Andrew Duncan, Minister of Supply, said that since the beginning of the War nearly three million tons of waste paper have been salvaged. Generally speaking, the public have responded most loyally to the appeals to save paper, and a wonderful code of economy and recovery has been established. All the same, one can sympathize most heartily with the remarks made on the same occasion by Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P. There would be greater confidence among the public in the salvage effort, she said, if they saw Government departments making greater efforts to save paper. "I think they might economize with great advantage in the use of forms," she went on. "The war effort would not be impeded, but greatly expedited if we could cut down a great many of those useless communications which are duplicated and sent out all over the country. It would be a great encouragement if it could be made clear that we are going to have a great and glorious clear-up of Whitehall to begin with."

WITH this Mr. Morrison would seem to agree, since another paragraph in his circular points out that "an enormous amount of the delay for which Government offices are blamed, particularly the really spectacular examples, is caused by the aimless circulation of paper in which no one will take an interest. So when a paper has been wrongly sent to you and you don't know whose job it is, keep on asking in likely places until you find out. Don't let the paper go until you have found out, and are sure you are passing it to the right quarter." Another injunction, and just as excellent, is that the newcomer to the Service should not jump to conclusions, become a slavish adherent to precedent and routine, but spend time and trouble in collecting and checking his facts. "This takes time, but it will be time well spent. Having surveyed your problem, make up your mind, and having made it up, stick to your view, unless it is later proved to be wrong. *Don't haver!*"

THIS last exhortation may prove a stumbling-block to some, as it has proved to A Scottish Civil Servant (Temporary), who has written to The Manchester Guardian. "The circular is splendid," he writes, "though for a long time I was greatly puzzled by the passage which ends by advising the new Civil Servant not to haver. After long study I suddenly realized that the Englishman who composed this document did not know what 'haver' meant. It is as plain as day. He means 'swither.'" Possibly, but only on the principle that the greater includes the less. To haver just means to indulge in any sort of pointless turgid talk, to be verbose and also uncertain; but to swither may be defined as "to doubt or hesitate, to be perplexed or undecided." There is really no obscurity in the wording of this Home Office circular, which is a most worthy document. Soon our Civil Servants ought to be writing with the sword-blade directness of our soldiers—of General Montgomery, for instance, some of whose phrases, like his recent "Rommel is caught like a rat in a trap . . . We will, in fact, give him a very bloody nose," are examples of good direct idiomatic speech, compared with the periphrastic phraseology of your bureaucrat. But didn't Mr. Churchill issue a circular on similar lines not long ago—and where Winston failed can Herbert succeed?



AIR VICE-MARSHAL A. H. ORLEBAR, A.F.C., whose appointment as Deputy Chief to Vice-Adm. Lord Louis Mountbatten, C.-in-C. Combined Operations, was announced on March 19, 1943. An expert on air defence, he evolved some of the fighter tactics employed in the Battle of Britain, 1940. *Pilots, British Official*

LAURENCE BINYON, who died on March 10 in his 74th year, will live in men's memories as the author of the stanza:

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Engraved at the doorway of the British Museum, where Dr. Binyon was for nearly forty years an official in the Department of Prints and Drawings, the lines form part of his poem, For the Fallen, which was originally published in September 1914, when the first casualty lists were bringing home the meaning of war's sacrifice. As every old soldier knows, they have a prominent part in the simple ritual of the British Legion, and are often recited on those occasions when we are called upon to remember those who have died in order that England may live. Binyon's qualities as a poet were recognized even in youth, but it is not so generally realized that he was also an authority on the fine arts, more particularly on the art of Japan and China.

READING in one of the Sunday newspapers of the Nazis' latest pep-raising whisper, that they have nearly completed a tunnel under the Channel and that we in England cannot for the life of us discover where it is going to debouch—reading this reminded me of the Channel Tunnel proposals of earlier and happier days, when we in England thought it would be a distinct advantage to get to the Continent without the unpleasantness of *mal-de-mer*. Much more than a hundred years ago the idea was mooted by Napoleon I, and an actual scheme was submitted to Napoleon III in 1856 by a French engineer. Many on this side of the Channel supported the proposal, among them Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and the great engineers Brunel and Robert Stephenson, not to mention the politicians Gladstone, Bright and Lord Salisbury. On the other hand there was strong opposition, from those who feared the effect on Victorian ways and morals of holiday-making "Froggies," and also from the Blimps of the War Office. But a Channel Tunnel Company was formed, and from near Folkestone and near Calais preliminary tunnels were driven under the sea for a mile or so.

BUT beyond this nothing had been done when the First Great War broke out, and nothing has been done since—save that in 1922 Marshal Foch stated that if the Channel Tunnel had been built it might have prevented the war and in any case would have shortened it by half, and that a year or two later Mr. Winston Churchill came out strongly in its favour. In the light of what happened in France in 1940 some may think it was a very good thing that the proposal never got beyond the blue-print stage. But if the tunnel *had* been built we might have rendered more effective succour to our ally, and from Dunkirk our men might have brought back their guns and equipment. And it would have been an easy matter to block or blow up the tunnel so as to prevent the Germans using it; indeed, the plans allowed for a dip in mid-tunnel which could be flooded in wartime. Now the Germans are building the tunnel—so they say. So if you go bathing this summer don't be surprised if you step on a pickelhaube's spike . . .

MUCH has been written of the dramatic arrival in Britain of Alfred Horn, more famous (or infamous) as Rudolf Hess, boon companion of the Fuehrer. The story is told again—and this time I suppose it is really official—in Roof Over Britain: the Official Story of the A.A. Defences 1939-1942, recently published by H.M. Stationery Office at 9d. But this story is only one of many in a book which is primarily concerned with the air battle that was fought so short a time ago. The Great London Barrage, the Blitzes on the Humber, Portsmouth Fights Back, A.A. Women, Balloons in Battle, Balloons at Sea—this selection of chapter-headings will indicate Roof Over Britain's contents.

Abandon Ship! Of 4,000 Only 4 Were Lost



DRAMATIC END OF A U.S. TRANSPORT. On Dec. 12, 1942 it was announced that the President Coolidge, former American luxury liner but of late a troopship, had been sunk off the Solomons. She struck a mine ; and though she was rammed on to a coral reef, she slipped off and turned turtle. Of the 4,000 troops on board only four were drowned, so fine was the rescue effort. Built in 1931 this ship, a turbo-electric vessel, was the tenth U.S. transport to be sunk since America entered the War. Above, troops are seen swarming over the side of the doomed ship. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE MARCH 5, 1943



WELCOME HOME TO 'A GREAT ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'! Mr. Churchill is here seen outside No. 10 Downing Street on his safe return to London on Feb 7, 1943, from his momentous air-journeyings to Casablanca, Cairo, Turkey, Cyprus, and Tripoli. In a broadcast a few days later, President Roosevelt referred with intense satisfaction to his consultations with "a great English gentleman," which had shown that Britain and the U.S.A. were in complete accord in their determination to destroy the forces of barbarism in Europe, Asia and Africa. *Photo, Keystone*

NO. 150 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MARCH 19

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

DURING the first half of February war news as regards land operations came almost exclusively from Russia. But how amazing and heartening the news has been! Practically all the dangers with which in my last article I suggested the Germans were threatened have matured; many unforeseeable disasters have overtaken them; others appear inevitable; and others still greater are rapidly entering the category of possibilities.

It is not, however, the recapture of towns or the reoccupation of territory that matters so much as the damage done morally and physically to the German war machine and the proof given of the superiority of Russian generalship. There are some observers outside Russia who apparently still retain some of their belief in the Reichswehr's power, speaking of a great new German offensive when the snow has gone, and hard ground facilitates manoeuvre. I think that in the main they are unduly nervous, although I admit that, till it surrenders, the Reichswehr, like a wounded animal, will always be dangerous.

I suggest that while the Germans held the initiative they were able with great efficiency to carry out their carefully-prepared plans for a blitzkrieg war, and they had forged an admirable instrument for the purpose. But since they lost the initiative they have fumbled and made mistake after mistake.



GEN. EISENHOWER, whose appointment as C.-in-C., Allied Forces in N. Africa was announced by Mr. Churchill on Feb. 11, 1943. "One of the finest men I have ever met," was the Premier's description of him.
Photo, Planet News

RUSSIA

By the beginning of February 1943 the Russians had practically accomplished the first two objects of their offensive. On Feb. 2 the 6th Army's surrender (*see* p. 595) marked the end of one of the most dramatic episodes in military history. Hitler and his myrmidons have attempted to veil the gross mistakes which brought about the disaster by raising the undeniably gallant fight of the 6th Army into a supreme example of self-sacrifice which achieved all it intended. Self-sacrifice there undoubtedly was; but how far it was willing or how far it resulted from docile obedience to orders may be questioned. It is more certain that the sacrifice was made in vain, and had little or no effect on the development of Russian plans.

At that date, too, the Germans were still in full flight from the Caucasus, and it was only a question of how much of their Army in that region would find temporary safety at Rostov or in the Crimea. By February 5 the way of escape through Rostov had been closed; and a week later all the small ports on the Azov coast to which railways lead were in Russian hands. The remnants which had not escaped, and which still clung to Krasnodar and Novorossisk, had become practically innocuous, and were in danger of annihilation. By February 13 Krasnodar had been retaken after stiff but futile resistance; and a force landed by the ever-active Russian Black Sea Fleet threatened to cut off the garrison of Novorossisk from all hope of retreat.

How much of the Caucasus armies has escaped immediate annihilation is still uncertain; but even those elements that have escaped may yet become involved in dangers that threaten the armies of the Donetz Basin and the Crimea—unless they have been sent far to the rear for reorganization.

DEVASTATING as these German disasters have been, they represent the first fruits only of Zhukov's offensive. Since the beginning of February, while the army which originally broke through the German positions on the Middle Don and that which had encircled Von Paulus were steadily closing on Rostov and on the Germans established on the loop of the Donetz, Zhukov's right wing was making sensational progress. In my last article I suggested that the break-through south of Voronezh, the one that had captured Valuiki, was threatening to cut the communications between Kharkov and the Donetz Basin, which might then become a dangerous salient. I also suggested that, farther north, the drive from Voronezh itself, that had captured Kastornaya and threatened to interrupt the communications between Kharkov and the important bastion of Kursk, would make heavy demands on German reserves to protect this main avenue for lateral movements. The great improvement in Russian railway communications, the lack of which had previously threatened to handicap the maintenance of the impetus of the offensive, had also been noted as a result of successes gained.

THE way success has been exploited has, however, far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The two thrusts not only linked up to clear the whole length of the railway from Moscow through Eletz to Valuiki, but the northern one pushed on to capture the great "hedgehog" of Kursk.

The southern thrust has had even more sensational success. Wheeling south-westwards, it captured Kupiansk and other important centres, severing all communications from Kharkov and Poltava to the Donetz Basin. Pressing on, it captured Lozovaya, cutting communications between Kharkov and the Crimea. Even more important, it has cut the railway from the Donetz Basin to Dnepropetrovsk, the direct and main line of retreat from what had indeed become a dangerous salient, containing a great army almost completely encircled. This was an audacious manoeuvre, for it not only involved the crossing of the Upper Donetz and the capture of strongly defended towns in the face of counter-attacks from within the salient, but it also risked an attack in flank from Kharkov.

As a main base centre, presumably strongly garrisoned and with ample railway communications by which reinforcements could arrive, Kharkov appeared an obvious point of assembly for a counter-stroke. It was probably quite as much to guard against this danger as to bring about the capture of the place that Russian attacks were directed towards the city and its communications, while the thrust towards the south-west passed across its front.

That no offensive movement developed from Kharkov, combined with the rapid fall of Kursk, was a clear indication that the



ROSTOV-ON-DON, capital of N. Caucasus, whose recapture was announced by the Russians on Feb. 14, 1943, was first taken by the Germans on Nov. 22, 1941, but 6 days later the Russians drove out the enemy. In July 1942 the city fell again to the Germans. This photo shows a street scene shortly before the enemy entered Rostov last year.
Photo, E.N.A.

(*see* page 547)

Germans had few reserves unexpended. It seems probable that most of those available were rushed forward in order to check the earlier Russian drives, to form the bridgehead east of Rostov, and to hold the line of the Lower Donetz.

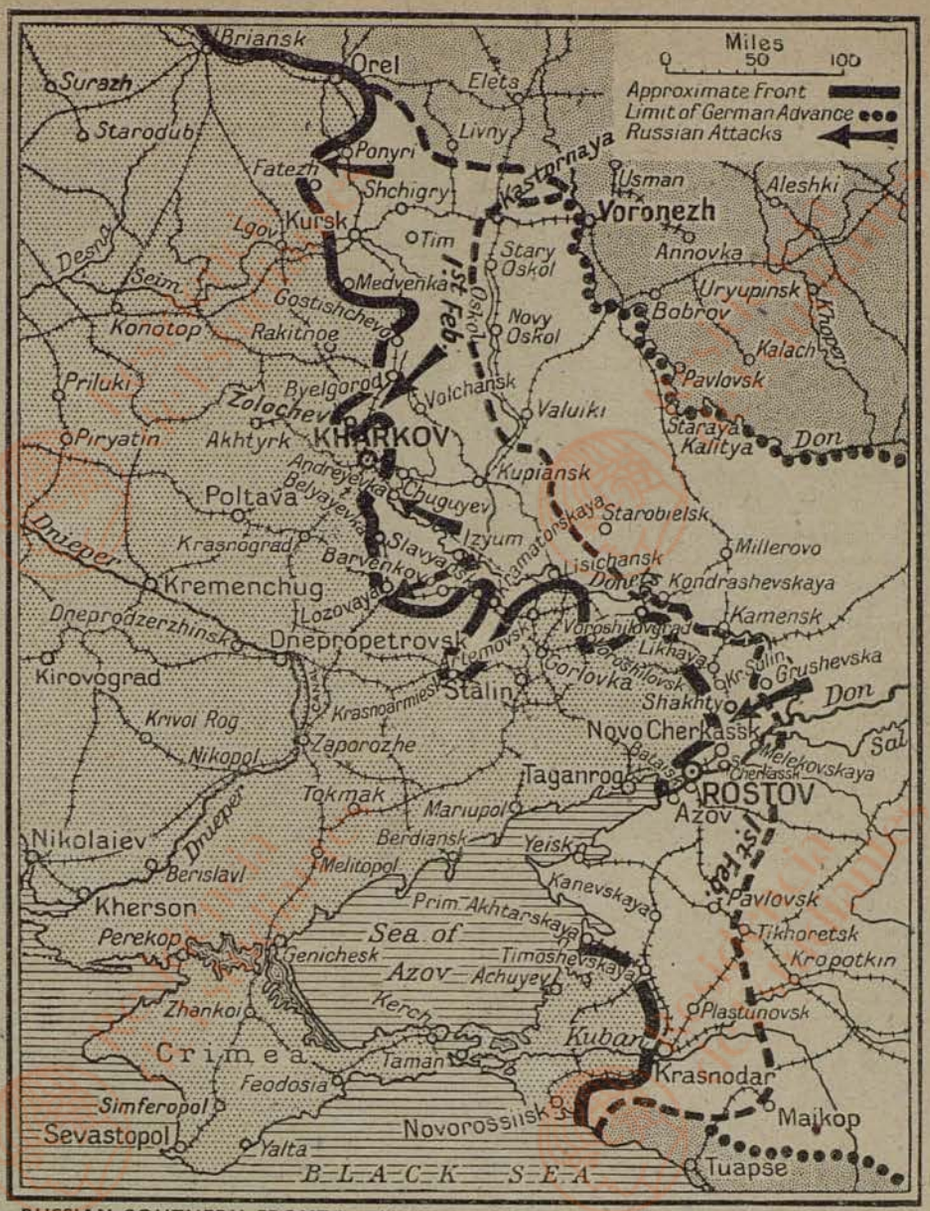
From within the salient the Germans made fierce if somewhat piecemeal counter-attacks in attempts to stop the thrust at their line of retreat, but these were ineffective. Meanwhile, Kharkov was threatened with encirclement, and its garrison incapable of offensive action.

Loss of the initiative and the rigid character of the "hedgehog" defence system have no doubt combined to make it difficult for the Germans to assemble any large force for a major counter-stroke. "Hedgehog" centres absorb large numbers, and if garrisons are reduced the "hedgehogs" lose their quality of impregnability.

It would seem from the fate of Kursk and other centres that in their search for reserves the Germans have been forced to this fatal compromise, and have fallen between two stools—weakening their defences without obtaining a mobile force of adequate power.

WHILE the threat to the base of the Donetz salient developed, the Russians increased their pressure at its apex. At the time of writing (mid-February) they have crossed the Donetz and the Don delta, and Moscow has just announced the recapture of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad. Fighting has been fierce, but there are indications that the Germans have decided that retreat is inevitable. If that is their decision it is belated; and it will require desperate rearguard and flank guard actions to save any large part of the army from complete catastrophe.

Danger still threatens the Germans in the centre at Veliki Luki and in the north at Leningrad, so that on the whole the prospect of their being able to establish a stabilized front on a shorter line before spring mud affords a respite is far from hopeful.



RUSSIAN SOUTHERN FRONT in mid-February 1943. Arrows represent the main thrusts by the Red Army. By Feb. 15 the Russians had recaptured Rostov, Voroshilovgrad and Voroshilovsk; Kharkov was almost encircled (it fell the next day); and in the Caucasus the Nazis held little more than a bridgehead behind Taman.

By Courtesy of The Times

NORTH AFRICA

In the period under review (first half of February 1943) there was little serious fighting on land. The 8th Army advanced steadily into Tunisia, driving back fairly strong delaying detachments but without encountering any definite rearguard position. Bad weather, mines, and demolitions have slowed down the pace of advance; but there was no object in attempting to increase the speed until communications through Tripoli could be well established.

On the 1st Army and American front there was little change, though there were some stiff local engagements with varying fortune. The air situation, however, continued to improve with the arrival of reinforcements in Algeria, the improvement in airfields, and the advance of the 8th Army's bases.

The unification of the whole Allied North African force was evidently a necessary step, and the solution arrived at should prove satisfactory. It closely resembles that of 1918 with General Eisenhower assuming Foch's position and General Alexander that of Haig, though with a different title. If the arrangement should not work smoothly—and there is no reason to fear that it will not—I am convinced it will not be General Alexander's fault, for no one better fitted temperamentally for loyal and tactful co-operation could have been found.



U.S. TANKS IN NEW GUINEA recently took part in successful actions in one of the most difficult fighting terrains in the world. These two light American tanks are forcing their way through a coconut grove near Cape Endaiadere. The crews have just given the machines a quick overhaul.

Photo, Associated Press

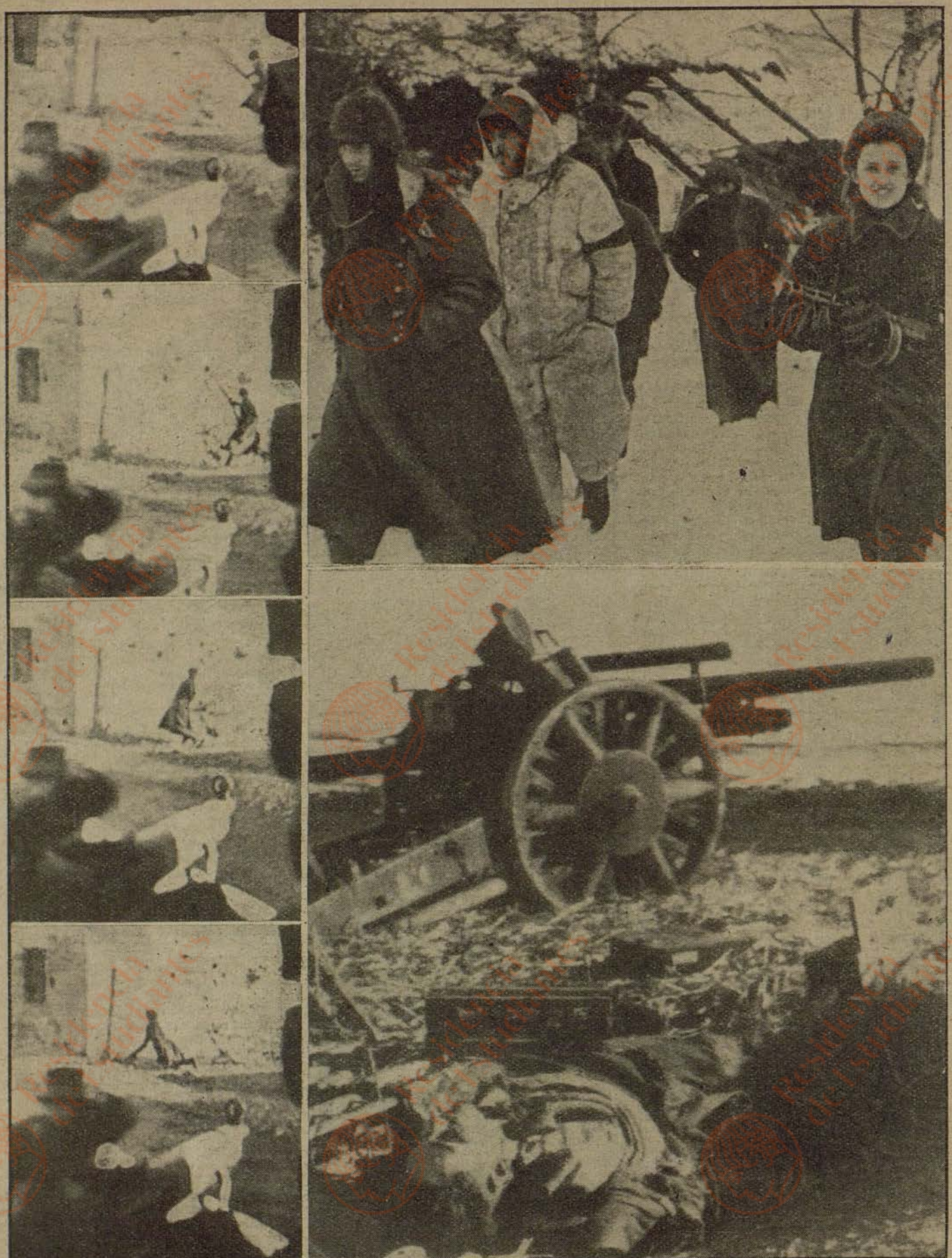
FAR EAST

In the Pacific and on the Burma front the record is mainly of increasing Allied air offensive operations. Of the naval engagements in the Solomons area we have as yet been told little, but the Japanese decision to withdraw altogether from Guadalcanal is an indication that the Japanese claims to a considerable success were, as usual, grossly exaggerated, if not altogether unfounded.

The withdrawal certainly implies the admission of a notable failure involving heavy losses in ships and aircraft and the abandonment of offensive projects which the recapture of the island would have facilitated.

In New Guinea the failure of the Japanese to capture the airfields at the Wau goldfields is another rebuff. The situation there must be unique: a force dependent entirely on air communications defending itself against another operating through almost impenetrable jungle. Nevertheless, possession of the airfields may have considerable importance in future operations.

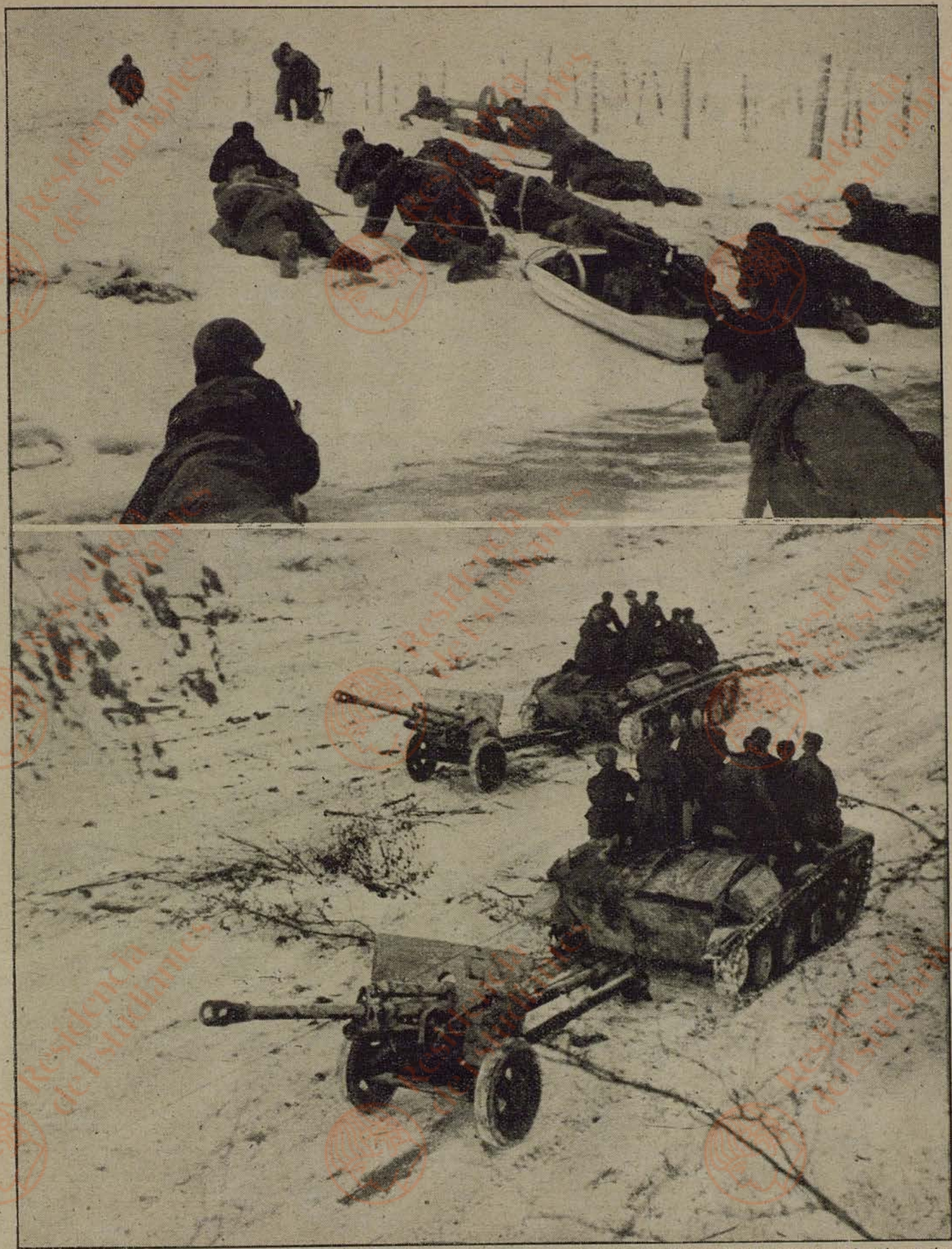
On the East Front Nazis Suffer Blow after Blow



ON THE S. RUSSIAN FRONT, said Moscow radio on Feb. 16, "the beaten German armies are rolling back in ever-increasing disorder." Left, a cine-camera, operating beside a Soviet sniper in Stalingrad, recorded this swift sequence of events as a German soldier emerges from cover and falls victim to accurate marksmanship. Top: Armed with a tommy-gun, a Russian girl helps guard German prisoners near Veliki Luki. Below, this Nazi gunner has fired his last round.

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official; British Newsreels, Associated Press

All Along the Line Victorious Russia Marches On



RUSSIAN GENERALSHIP AND RUSSIAN VALOUR have defeated the enemy, not only on the rapidly-crumbling Southern front, but also on the Northern and Central battlefields. Top, Russian troops, crossing a frozen stream, drag their machine-guns and equipment with them in boat-shaped sledges; this photograph was taken near Leningrad. Below, Soviet anti-tank guns, with their crews on caterpillar tractors, are moving up to reinforce the advancing Red Army on the Central front. *Photos, Planet News*

Gen. Giraud's Army Takes Shape in North Africa





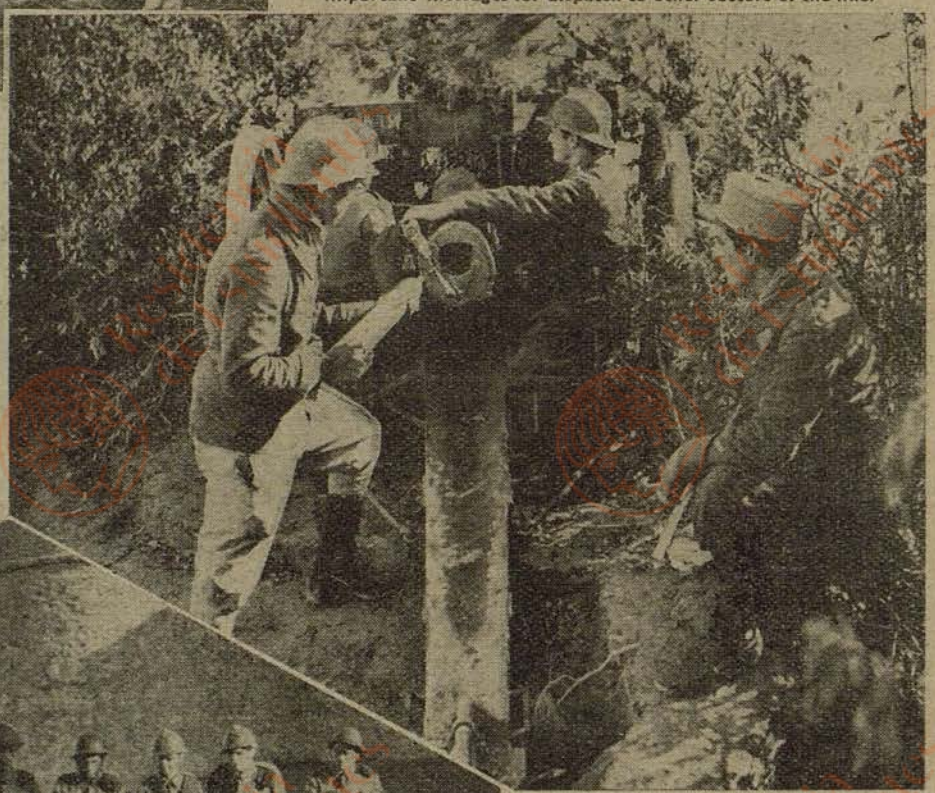
MESSAGES BY CARRIER PIGEON are still a feature of modern warfare. Grouped round a table these French officers are preparing important messages for dispatch to other sectors of the line.

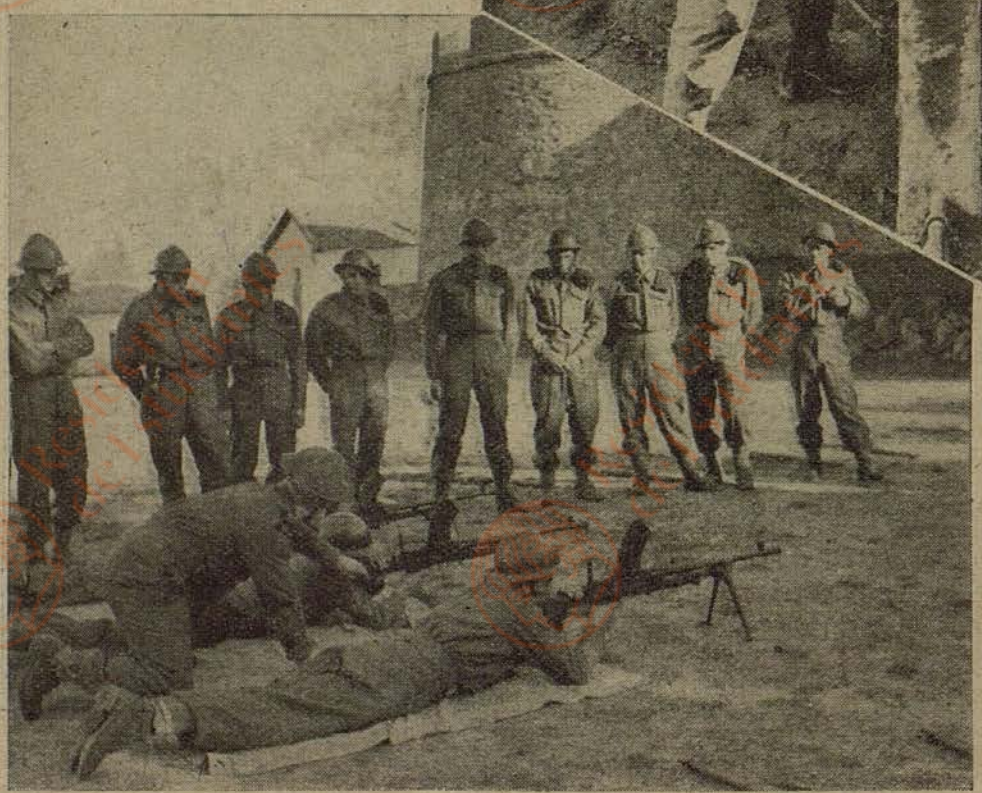
FRENCH TROOPS IN TUNISIA have shown their splendid fighting qualities in many actions against the enemy. Maj. Durix (above, with map), of the Tunisian Tirailleurs, gives instructions to his officers.

Fighting on the Bou Arada front presented considerable difficulties for both sides. The French fought with great determination and, despite intensive opposition, held on to their positions against superior enemy forces. Right, a French 75-mm. field-gun in action.

Below, a British sergeant instructs French recruits as they fire Bren guns on a range. These men wear British uniforms, but retain their casques and forage caps. On the latter they wear a red and blue flash for Britain.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press





IN an Order of the Day published on February 11, 1943, Gen. Juin, commanding French troops in Tunisia, announced that French forces in this vital theatre of war were to be re-equipped and rearmed. Ultra-modern weapons and equipment had already poured into Tunisia, and the arrival of fresh Allied troops at the front made it possible for certain French contingents to be relieved at the front line in order that they could go to areas in the rear to receive intensive training with these latest weapons.

In making this important announcement Gen. Juin declared with emphasis: "The French forces will finish the job that has been started so well.

The three upper photographs in this page show men of a French cavalry regiment who joined forces with a British unit on the Bou Arada front. Many of them were familiar with the country in which they were then fighting, having lived in Tunisia most of their lives.

In Tunisia the 'Gallant 50th' Rout the Italians







THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT recently distinguished itself in the Tunisian fighting. Men of a battalion of this famous English county regiment took up their positions at Siliana on the fiercely contested central front, and then moved east through Robaa to relieve a hard-pressed French unit. They advanced, "C" Company vigorously maintaining contact with retreating Italians. The latter were subjected to heavy shelling by our 25-pounders. Again the enemy retreated, and on Jan. 29, 1943, the Royal West Kents lost contact. The positions which had thus been regained were then handed over to another French unit. The photographs in this page show various phases during this operation. 1, New Vickers water-cooled heavy machine-gun in action. 2, A 3-in. mortar—one of the most effective modern weapons—in position on the bed of an almost dried up wadi. 3, Amid rocky surroundings a 25-pounder goes into action. Left, Badge of the Royal West Kent Regiment—the White Horse of Kent with motto Invicta (Unconquered). Among the nicknames applied to the Regiment or to individual battalions are Gallant 50th (the Regiment is a merger of 50th and 97th Foot), The Dirty Half-Hundred, The Celestials, and The Devil's Royals.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright



ATTACK ON A JAP MERCHANTMAN as seen through the periscope of the United States submarine which sank the enemy ship. The heavily-camouflaged 9,000-ton merchantman is seen lying in the unidentified harbour where she was sighted by the submarine. Three torpedoes found their mark. A small boat pulling away from the vessel is ringed in white. *Photo, Associated Press*

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

With news of fresh defeats leaking out daily, the German public is sorely in need of some comfort. One after the other its generals have been discredited, the fame even of Rommel having been extinguished by his summary expulsion from Egypt and Libya.

In these circumstances the Nazi propaganda department is trying to persuade the world that it still possesses a trump card in the U-boat offensive which has been prepared for the spring. Admiral of the Fleet Karl Doenitz, the newly appointed commander-in-chief of the German Navy, has announced that officers and men who are at present serving in surface vessels must now be prepared to undergo training for submarine duties.

It would be mere wishful thinking to draw from this the inference that the increased rate of destruction of U-boats, referred to by Mr. Churchill on February 11, is putting any serious strain on the available reserve of submarine personnel. It is safer to conclude that an unusually large number of new submarines will be commissioned during 1943, and that fresh crews are to be trained in advance in order to maintain that reserve at full strength.

At the same time it is useful to recall that early in 1918, when the institution of the convoy system and the provision of an ample supply of depth-charges had caused U-boat casualties to rise from two in the month of April 1917 to an average of about eight in the last four months of that year, a shortage of experienced engineers and petty officers was beginning to be experienced. To make good these deficiencies, some of the best ratings were taken from the High Seas Fleet to serve in submarines. It is quite possible that a similar course is now being followed, as Doenitz is less concerned than his predecessor to preserve the efficiency of his surface ships, whose record has been disappointing.

On the other side of the Atlantic there appears to be considerable apprehension concerning the likely effects of the coming U-boat offensive. That serious shipping losses will be sustained is highly probable. But it is unlikely that they will be as heavy as in the first half of last year, when the Germans found a fresh field for their depredations in the Western Atlantic. Memories of those disastrous days are still fresh in the minds of the American public. Fortunately, the United States Navy has gained greatly in experience and in the numbers and equipment of its anti-submarine vessels during the past year.

These were amongst the facts which Mr. Churchill had in mind when he expressed his confidence that the U-boat campaign would fail to avert the defeat of the Axis Powers. It may delay it, but that is all. He declared that any increase in the numbers of U-boats would be countered by a corresponding addition to the strength of the convoy escorts. For this reason greater emphasis is now being thrown upon the construction of escort vessels, equipped with "every new device of anti-U-boat warfare." What these devices are we have not been told, but the recent upward trend of U-boat destruction suggests that they are very effective.

How different is the present situation from that which confronted us twenty-six years ago! At that date we were so short of escorts that it was not until reinforcements were received from the United States Navy that the convoy system could be put in force. This was in May 1917. During the preceding month the total of shipping losses reached the appalling figure of 881,000 tons. For the whole of that critical year the losses due to enemy action, according to the records of Lloyd's Register, amounted to 2,734 ships, of 6,350,362 tons. Such figures in themselves convey little; but the position is made plainer when it is added that during the terrible month of April 1917 out of every 100 vessels leaving these shores, 25 never returned. Nothing so serious as that has been experienced in the present conflict; and in view of our infinitely improved anti-submarine organization today, there is good reason for the confidence expressed by the Prime Minister in the ultimate issue.

SCIENTISTS Have Their Part in Sea-War Developments

Science is playing an increasingly important part in the present war. It has already provided antidotes to various enemy devices, such as, for example, the magnetic mine, the acoustic mine, etc.

Radio-location, which had advanced beyond the experimental stage before the war, was employed at an early date for detecting the approach of enemy aircraft. It can also be used at sea, in the detection of aircraft by ships and of ships by aircraft; as well as in the detection of ships by other ships. So far it has not been possible to use radio-location under water, which wireless waves cannot penetrate. Very long wavelengths can be received through a foot or two of water, but no more. It is therefore impossible for U-boats while submerged to employ radio-location for the detection of vessels on the surface. Nor can submerged submarines be detected by this means from ships or aircraft.

As the result of six months' hard fighting by the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps, aided towards the close by the Army, Japanese forces have been expelled from the island of Guadalcanal. During the last few days of organized resistance enemy officers of the higher ranks appear to have abandoned their men, hastening to take the first available places in the boats which came in at night to evacuate as many as possible of the surviving troops. Two or three enemy destroyers were sunk in the course of the evacuation, which only brought away about 1,500 troops.

GUADALCANAL—a Severe Blow to Japanese Prestige

It is estimated that fully 20,000 Japanese lost their lives in Guadalcanal, while 30,000 more were drowned during attempts at reinforcement. Japan holds human life very cheap, so this means nothing to the military dictatorship in Tokyo. At the same time, the blow to enemy prestige is a severe one. Undoubtedly, some fresh move will soon be made in an endeavour to restore it. Already mobilization of the whole population of Japan, other than those engaged in war industry and other vital occupations, has been ordered. More than 70 per cent of the textile mills will close, so that the mill-hands may be transferred to work of greater importance to the war.

There are still numerous Japanese forces in the Solomon Islands area, with airfields wherever favourable sites exist. It will not be easy to drive them out, but the cleaning-up of the Guadalcanal situation is a big step forward.

Rabaul, in the island of New Britain, is the principal Japanese base. If it could be taken the minor positions would fall more easily, and the entire clearance of these islands would be in sight.

The United States Navy would then be faced with the task of seizing fresh bases nearer to Japan itself. Two of which the strategical value is outstanding are Truk, in the Caroline group, and Guam, in the Mariana Islands. The latter was in American possession until it was captured by the Japanese in December 1941. It has sometimes been called the key of the Western Pacific, and would be extremely useful as an advance base for an attack on Japan.

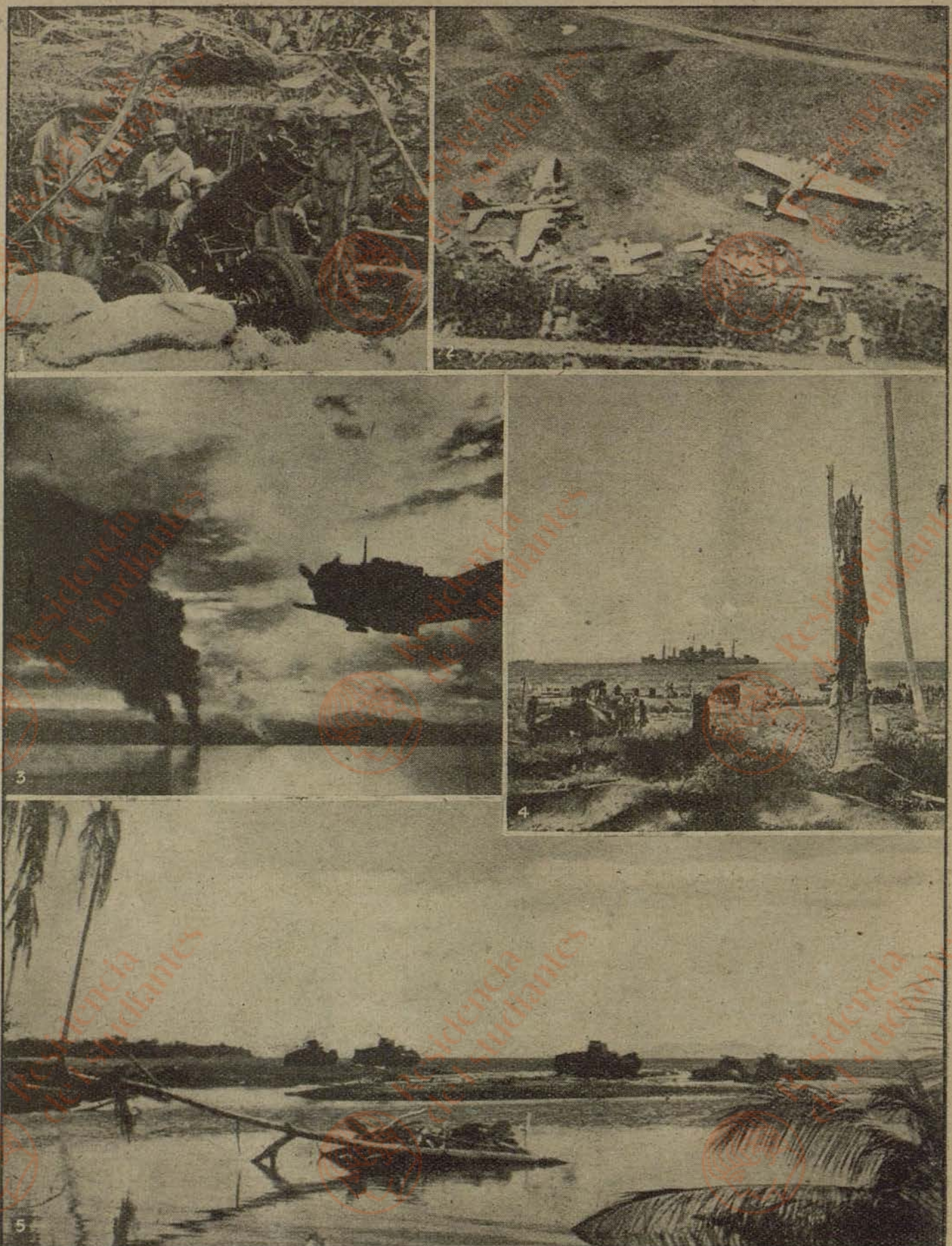
Bombs on the U-Boats in Their Concrete Lairs



LORIENT, great enemy submarine base on the N.W. coast of France, has been so heavily attacked by our home-based bombers that the Germans ordered the evacuation of the entire civilian population on Feb. 8, 1943. 1, R.A.F. bombs actually bursting on the base. 2, Inside a U-boat—an extract from a captured German news-reel. 3, U-boat returning to its concrete pen. 4, U.S. officer questions a member of a captured U-boat at Oran.

Photos, British Official; New York Times Photos, Associated Press, E.N.A.

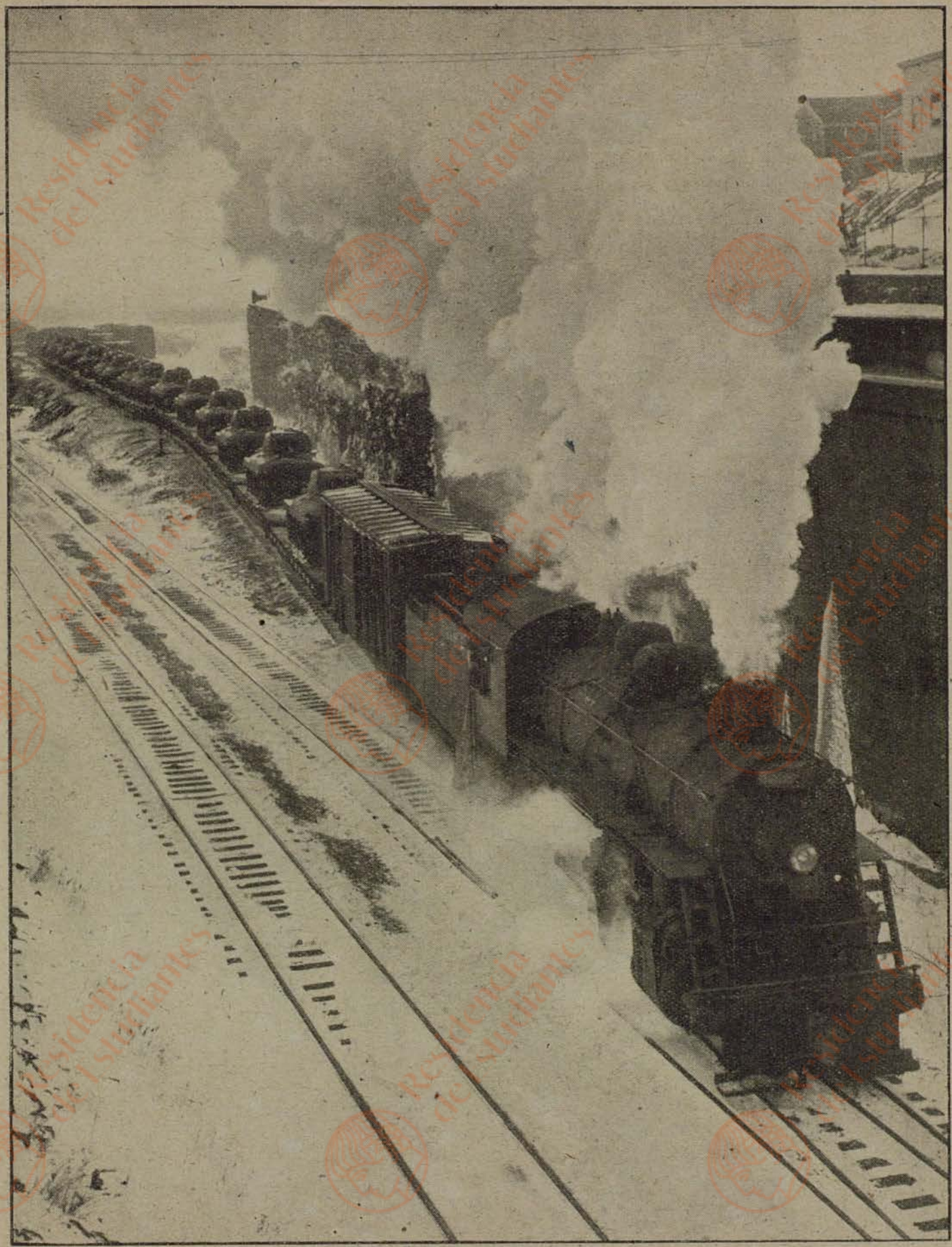
Smashing Defeat for the Japs in the Solomons



JAP WITHDRAWAL FROM GUADALCANAL was announced on Feb. 10, 1943. During the six months' fighting the enemy lost 50,000 men and 800 planes in addition to many ships. 1, U.S. Marines man a 75-mm. gun. 2, Flying Fortresses on Henderson Airfield amid the wreckage of enemy fighters. 3, Burning Jap transports—remnants of a destroyed invasion force. 4, Men and supplies being landed from a U.S. transport. 5, Enemy tanks abandoned at the mouth of the Matanikau River.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press, Planet News, Fox

More Tanks from the Canadian War Factories



CANADA'S WAR SUPPLIES are to be shared by the United Nations on the basis of strategic needs without financial consideration. In making this announcement on Feb. 8, 1943 Mr. Ilsley, the Canadian Finance Minister, stated that the Dominion Parliament would be asked to authorize a further £225,000,000 for that purpose. This photograph shows a trainload of tanks arriving at a Canadian port to be loaded aboard ships bound for Britain and the U.S.S.R.

Photo, Associated Press

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Airborne Troops In Modern Warfare

SEVEN years ago I went to a party at the Russian Embassy in London. A propaganda film was shown. Included in it was a sequence of soldiers dropping from aircraft by parachute. There were hundreds of them, coming down on a vast airfield. Some of the spectators at the Embassy were merely amused. "Very enterprising and ingenious," they commented, "but—not war!" Others went away thoughtful.

That same year there were Red Army manoeuvres attended by the military attachés of the Moscow embassies. They saw two battalions of troops with a number of light field guns dropped in eight minutes; their task was to occupy a small town. They occupied it.

This was in 1936. From that time on the Russians and the Germans both gave a great deal of attention to this new form of warfare. Our War Office and headquarters staff looked on. You won't blame them so much perhaps if you remember that Tom Wintringham in his book on Army Reform, published early in 1939, did not mention airborne troops. We did not take the new development seriously. It was new.

The first jolt we got was in April 1940, when the Nazis landed 3,000 men in an hour close to Oslo and took the Norwegian capital by surprise with little opposition. They lost heavily because they did not allow time enough between the arrivals of troop-carriers. Waves of five came at intervals of only three minutes. There was not room for them to land, so that a number were wrecked. But the operation succeeded, and the Germans profited by the lesson their losses had taught them. They allowed more time for the transport aircraft to be emptied.

THESE were not parachutists, and therefore the title of Capt. F. O. Miksche's new book, in which the incident is described, is not quite accurate. He calls it Paratroops (Faber, 10s. 6d.), but most of it is about troops taken to the field of battle in planes. It is as sound and stimulating as readers of the Czech captain's Blitzkrieg will expect. It both tells what use was made of airborne troops up to the Battle of Crete two years ago and discusses in a most interesting way their value, training, handling, and probable future.

If the troops carried through the air are needed to reinforce an army engaged in battle, no parachutists are required. But if the aim is to capture an airfield or a small town, parachute troops go first to make preparations for the landing of the large numbers who follow in transport planes. To land many parachutists at the same time is a hazardous operation. When 1,200 men of the German 3rd Parachute Regiment were dropped in Crete, we disposed of half their number. Nevertheless, the rest managed to do what they had been sent to do. Most of the land fighting on the island was done by the airborne battalions. Gliders towed by bombers were used to a large extent. This surprised the British commanders: "They had not taken the possibility of gliders into account."

From gliders the troops usually descend by parachute. They are too easy a mark if they come down to earth to land their passengers, and they do not land well; many were destroyed in Crete. But if they can be manoeuvred so as to discharge their crews on the ground, a great advantage is gained: the men "are under the immediate control of their section leader at the moment of landing—so that the platoons and companies will be assembled for combat in a shorter time." A glider that costs £500 can take a load of weapons and ammunition up to 2½ tons. Some larger ones the Germans have which carry as many as 140 men. With these it is possible "to launch whole companies at once in the enemy's rear."

BUT that is not a method which can often be followed. Admitting fully the effect on the nerve of a force which knows there are enemy troops behind it, it can be of small value unless there is full support from the air arm, and unless the units landed from the air act in close cooperation with the rest of the ground forces. As a rule, Capt. Miksche seems to think airborne troops will be used for the attainment of some particular purpose, such as the capture of an airfield, the silencing of enemy guns, or the destruction of some building, waterworks, power-station, or factory on which the enemy depends.

In May 1940 the Belgian fortress of Eben Emael was silenced by Germans deposited on the top of it by gliders. Its guns were preventing the invaders from crossing the Maas river by the only two bridges they could use for tanks. This had been foreseen. During the winter of 1939-40 a model of the fort had been made in Germany, and the attack rehearsed over and over again. So when the time had come for the real performance the performers were ready and knew their parts.

The men on top of the fort had plenty of explosives with them. They threw these into the gun cupolas, into the muzzles of the guns, into the ammunition hoists. The garrison could not go on firing. The road for the German tanks was now clear. What the party on the roof would have done if their comrades on the ground had not soon got into the fort is doubtful. They were in their risky position for some thirty hours till the attackers below relieved them.

WHERE an enemy is retreating through mountain passes or on narrow paths through a region of lakes and streams, troops dropped to contest these may do most valuable work. If the French had been in a position to use two or three airborne divisions against the 45,000 road vehicles, mostly lorries, that brought up the German army from Cologne, Bonn, and Coblenz in such overwhelming strength to the French frontier the advance might, suggests Capt. Miksche, have been dislocated. A year later, in the great battles on the Russian front in May 1942, the Germans stopped Marshal Timoshenko's move towards Kharkov in just this manner.

So numerous have been the transport planes destroyed lately by the Russians, by the Americans in the Pacific, and by us over the Mediterranean, that some readers may think Capt. Miksche goes too far in considering airborne troops and material an important factor in warfare today. If the transporters are not protected by aircraft, they certainly run serious risks. Their use must be most carefully regulated and staff work must be perfect; even then the danger will be great. But the risks will be taken, the danger defied.

The airborne land force has taken its place as an instrument of modern war. So the more we know about it the better.

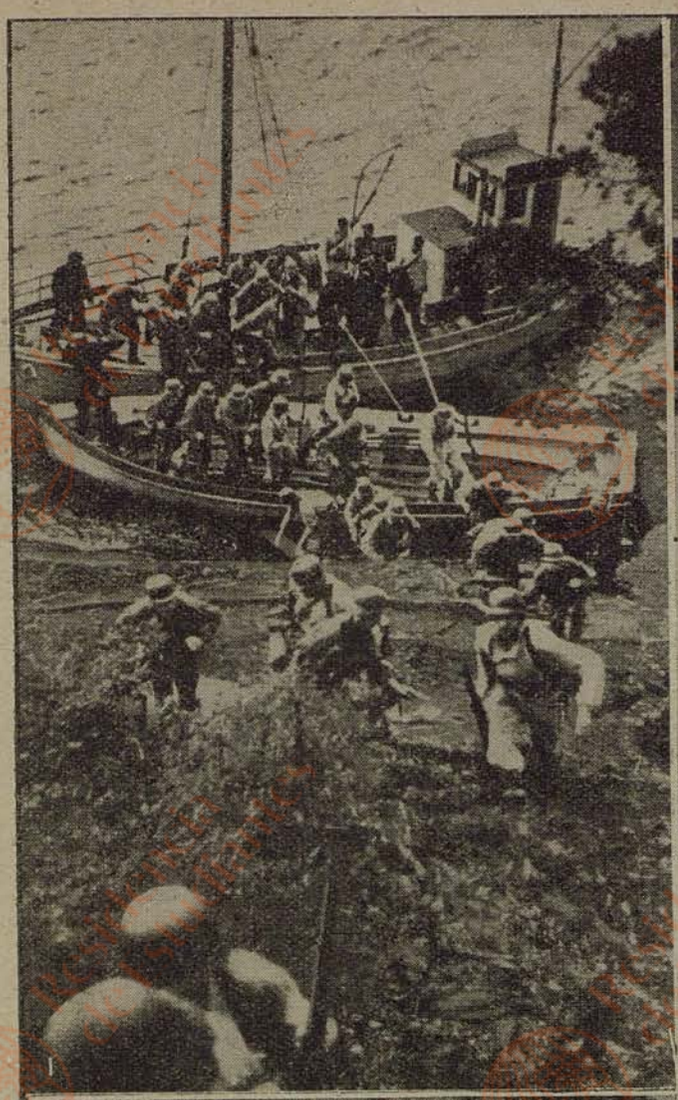


GERMAN PARACHUTISTS, whose exploits are referred to in this page, are here seen at their camp after the enemy invasion of Crete in May 1941. *Photo, Associated Press*



BRITAIN'S PARATROOPS were first mentioned as having been in action in a raid on Southern Italy in Feb. 1941 (see Vol. 4, p. 217); some were flown recently to N. Africa from Britain. This photo, showing paratroops collecting equipment from a parachute-dropped container, was taken at a demonstration by an Airborne Division. *Photo, British Official*

Invasion Fears Haunt the Nazis in Norway









NORWAY UNDER THE GERMAN HEEL. 1, German Marines acting as infantry during anti-invasion exercises near Narvik. 2, Furniture being removed from Oslo flats "commandeered" by Germany. 3, Yet another German officer has committed suicide in a Norwegian village. Above his body a Quisling poster reads (ironically enough): "Europe is Conquering Bolshevism." 4, A roll-call at an interment camp established by the enemy for Norwegian professional men.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Norwegian Official, Keystone

Stalingrad: Symbol of Unconquerable Russia

"The city is tired, the houses are tired, the stones are tired," said a Red Army man one night during the long and bitter battle for Stalingrad; "but we are not tired." And so it was that the great Russian city, which Hitler had boasted time and again was his, became in the end the graveyard of the flower of the Nazi Army.

"ACTING upon your order, the troops of the Don front at 16.00 o'clock, February 2, 1943, completed the defeat and annihilation of the surrounded enemy group at Stalingrad." So ran Operational Report No. 0079, addressed to Comrade Stalin, Supreme C.-in-C. of the Armed Forces of the U.S.S.R., and signed by Marshal of Artillery Voronov, delegate of the H.Q. of the Supreme Command, and Col.-Gen. K. K. Rokossovsky, Commander of the troops of the Don front.

It was a historic document, issued at a historic moment. Its few words, its laconic phrasing marked the close of the gigantic battle for Stalingrad, the greatest and most bloody battle of this war, one of the greatest and bloodiest battles of all wars.



GEN. F. M. VON PAULUS (extreme right), G.O.C. German 6th Army, whose surrender with the remnants of his force at Stalingrad on Jan. 31, 1943 was a major Russian triumph, is here shown during his interrogation by his captors. Left to right: Col.-Gen. Rokossovsky, Russian G.O.C. Don Front, Marshal of Artillery Voronov, and Maj. Dyatlenko, interpreter. *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

When after three weeks' bombardment the first Germans thrust their way into Stalingrad's streets on September 12 last year, the huge city, sprawling for miles along the Volga bank, must have seemed ripe for the plucking. Yet they were met by an intense fire, and had to fight their way from street to street, from house to house, floor to floor, even room to room.

IN Stalingrad was the Soviet 62nd Army, commanded by 42-year-old Lt.-Gen. Chuykov, part of Col.-Gen. A. I. Yeremenko's Stalingrad army. They were not fresh troops, yet with devoted, self-sacrificing enthusiasm they obeyed Chuykov's injunction, "Everyone must be a stone of the city." One by one their strongpoints were overwhelmed, foot by foot they were forced back, ever nearer to the Volga's bank; and at the end of September the Germans seized the Mamaev Kurgan, a ridge dominating the city and the river beyond. At this moment of extreme danger a fresh division of crack Soviet troops—Major-Gen. Alexander Rodimtsev's 13th Division of the Guards—arrived by a series of forced marches on the east bank of the Volga opposite Stalingrad and, crossing the river in small boats or on rafts—there was no bridge—flung itself into the city. They managed to retrieve what was threatening to prove a desperate situation. The front was re-established; yet in spite of all, by the end of October the Russians were separated by a wedge of German troops, occupying a five-mile front on the Volga itself. Practically the whole of the city and its outskirts was in enemy hands, so that Hitler was not too far from the truth when on November 8 he boasted that "we have got Stalingrad save for some very small parts."

"The bloodiest day of all was October 14," said General Chuykov, "when the Germans brought in five new or re-manned divisions, with two tank divisions, and hurled them into a front only three miles wide. They had an incredible number of guns, and their planes were making 2,500 flights a day. The noise was so tremendous that one could not hear the shells and bombs exploding, nor see more than five yards because of the smoke. The whole city shook as if in an earthquake. The vibration was so intense that if a glass were put down on the table in my dug-out it was smashed to atoms. The Germans put everything they had into their blows . . . The two armies were locked in a deadly grip: neither side could disentangle itself . . . Some big buildings changed hands twenty times between the beginning of October and the middle of November. On that bloody October 14, I had 61 officers of my staff of 83 killed or wounded . . ."

But Chuykov's and Rodimtsev's men justified Stalin's confidence, and held on while the great Russian offensive was being prepared. They could be given little air support, though gallant pilots of the Red Air Force lived through an ordeal even grimmer than that of the R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain. Neither long-range artillery nor the Luftwaffe were able to close the supply-line across the Volga, where creaking old ferry-boats, fishing-boats and improvised rafts, manned by old pensioners, peasant-women and fishermen, crossed under the protection of units of the Red Fleet.

Then, in the second week of November, the tide began to turn. Two Russian relief armies—Col.-Gen. N. F. Vatutin's army of the south-west and Col.-Gen. Rokossovsky's army of the Don—began to close in on the city from north and south, gradually encircling the German 6th Army under Paulus, comprising 21 divisions, about 300,000 men, so inextricably entangled with the troops of Yeremenko's army. On November 22 a special Russian communiqué stated that an offensive had been launched at the approaches to Stalingrad. In three days of heavy fighting the Russians had advanced nearly 40 miles, occupying Kalach and Abganerovo; at Kalach they joined hands, and Paulus's host was encircled. The besiegers were now the besieged; with the linking-up on November 25 of Chuykov's men in Stalingrad with Rokossovsky's attacking from the north the siege of Stalingrad was in effect over.

DRIVEN ever farther to the west, the Germans under von Manstein made a desperate attempt in mid-December in the area north of Kotelnikovo to break through to the rescue of beleaguered Paulus. The attempt failed. The gap between Paulus and his would-be deliverers widened daily; he and his 6th Army were in a bag whose neck was being inexorably drawn tighter. On January 8 the Soviet High Command presented him with an ultimatum with a view to avoiding unnecessary bloodshed.

"All hopes for the rescue of your troops by a German offensive from the south and south-west have fallen through (it read). The German troops which hastened to your assistance have been routed . . . The German transport-planes which supplied you with miserable quantities of food, ammunition, and fuel are frequently compelled to change their aerodromes, and cover long distances to reach the positions of your surrounded troops. They suffer tremendous losses in aircraft and crews. The position of your encircled troops is desperate. They are experiencing hunger, disease, and cold.

(*Continued in page* 595)



CAPTURED GENERALS AT STALINGRAD. Left to right: Gen. Dimitriu, 20th Rumanian Infantry Division; Lt.-Gen. von Daniel, 376th Infantry Division; Lt.-Gen. Schlemmer, 14th Armoured Corps; Maj.-Gen. M. von Drebber, 279th Infantry Division, and a lieut.-general. Twenty-four Axis generals in all were taken. *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*



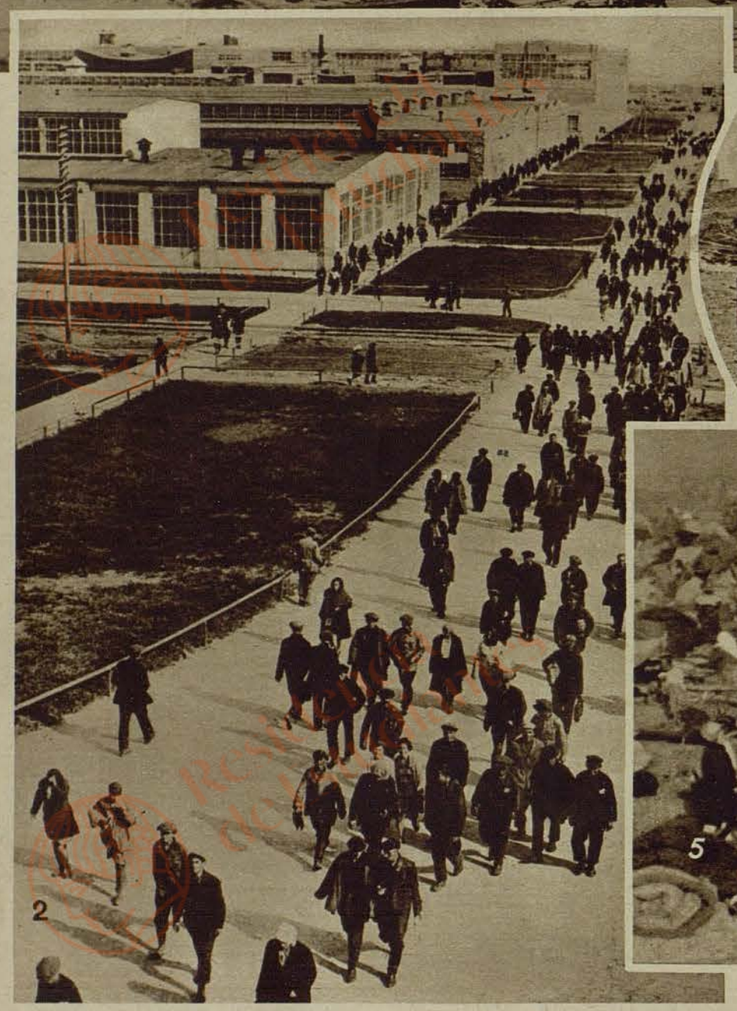


Photos, Planet News

To the Immortal Glory of Stalingrad!

In the city of gardens as well as of factories that the Russians built on the Volga's banks after the Revolution, the Square of Fallen Heroes (top) commemorated the siege of 1918, when, under Stalin's leadership, Tsaritsyn beat off the Whites. Tsaritsyn became Stalingrad, and now Stalin's City has seen another horde recoil from its walls. Gaunt and grim as are the ruins to which its people are returning (lower photo), they have a glory which will endure as long as Russia lives.

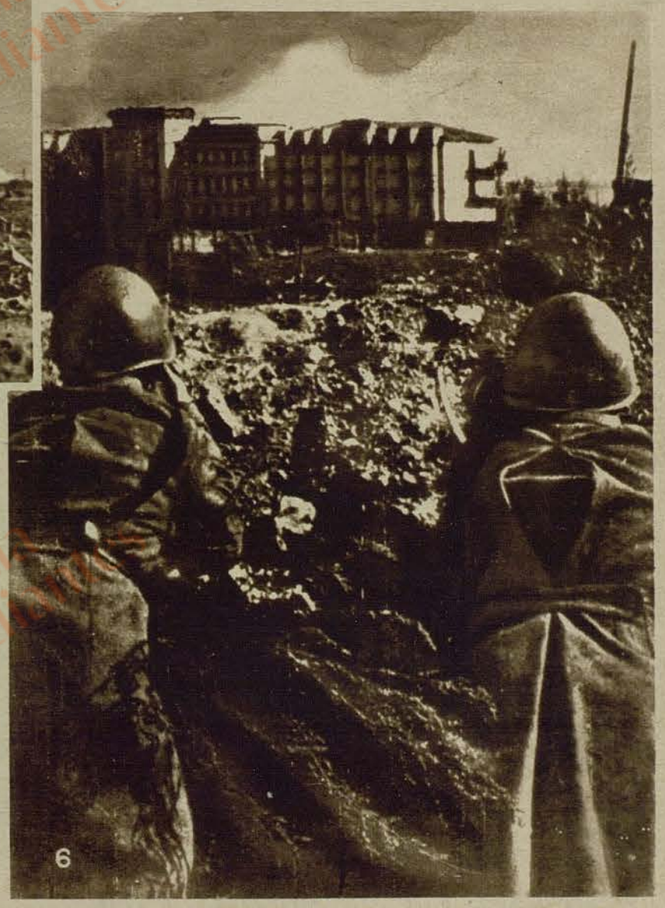












Yesterday: Triumph of Soviet Planning

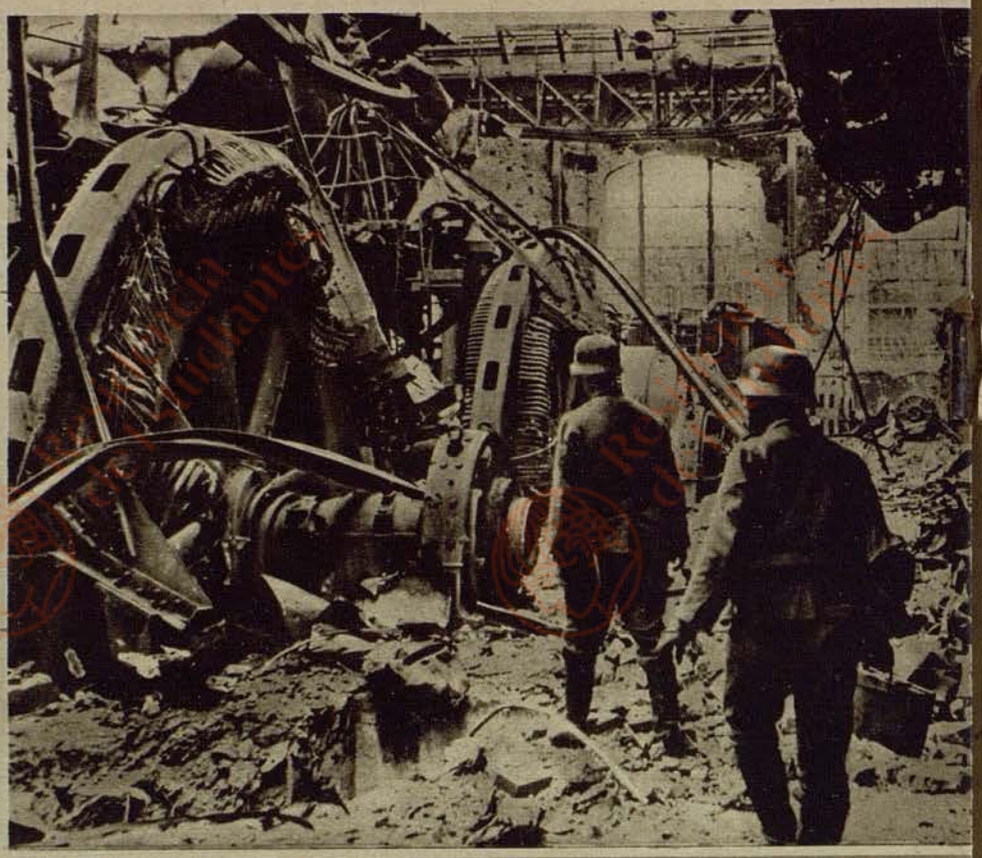
One of the supreme achievements of the First Five-Year Plan was the great tractor factory (1) at Stalingrad, opened in 1930. In peacetime its output was 60,000 tractors a year, and more than 10,000 workers—in (2) some of them are seen at a change-over of shifts—were employed there. Came the War; tractors gave place to tanks, and the factory itself became a battleground. Amongst the final gains of the Nazis in Stalingrad, it was their last stronghold.

Photos, Planet News, E.N.A., Associated Press, New York Times Photos, Keystone

Today: Graveyard of Hitler's Vaunted Might

For five months Stalingrad was bombed and bombarded by Hitler's guns and planes so that it blazed and smoked to heaven (4). "It will be taken," swore the Fuehrer on Sept. 30; and on Nov. 8 he boasted that it was his "except for some very small parts." It never was taken, however, thanks to the superb bravery of its defenders, some of whom are seen in (6). At the height of the fighting stray animals roamed the ruins (3), while their owners found safety across the Volga (5).







Friend and Foe in Stalin's City

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press, Planet News

All through the siege some of Stalingrad's 800,000 populace remained in the city to give what help they could to the armed defenders. For the most part they lived below ground, in cellars, dug-outs and caves. Sometimes they were unearthed by the Nazis (top left) as they mopped-up amid the shattered buildings (top right). Most of the people were evacuated across the Volga, however; and now they are returning, to " swop " their experiences with their gallant liberators.

The Battle of Stalingrad

(*Continued from page 590*)

The bitter frost, the cold biting winds, and the snowstorms have yet to come. Your men have not been supplied with winter uniforms, and live in appalling, unhygienic conditions. You as the commander realize full well that you have no real possibilities of breaking the ring of encirclement. Your situation is hopeless, and further resistance is useless."

Followed the terms for an honourable capitulation, which, however, the German general ignored. So on January 10 the work of systematic destruction of an entire German army was resumed.

As January wore on the plight of the encircled Germans grew worse and worse. No Junkers loaded with supplies reached them now. They were reduced to eating horse carcasses, and their bread ration was down to 4 oz. a day. Tens of thousands were killed, tens of thousands gave themselves up. By January 26 only two small scattered enemy groups totalling no more than 12,000 haggard, typhus-ridden, frost-bitten, half-starved and hopeless men, had so far escaped annihilation—one of them north of Stalingrad and the other nearer the centre of the city. Both were doomed; but as a salve to wounded German prestige they were ordered to hold on to the end. Broadcasting on January 29, the Berlin military spokesman Dietmar said:

"The last defenders of Stalingrad are resisting heroically the savage onslaughts of the enemy. Since November these men have been fighting to the last cartridge, and to the last drop of blood. Their accommodation is so bad as to be almost non-existent. Their clothing consists of rags; they have no more food, no ammunition—no hope at all. Although abandoned and knowing it, they fight." Then comparing the Germans with the Americans at Corregidor, Dietmar said: "But while MacArthur took a plane, General Paulus remains at his post;" and other messages from Berlin pictured him as a truly German hero, directing the battle from his dug-out with two revolvers and a bottle of poison at hand if things came to the worst . . .

On January 31 a special statement from Hitler's headquarters read over the radio announced that Paulus had been promoted General Field-Marshal. At 7.37 p.m. the same day Berlin gave out that he and his battle group had been overwhelmed.

Paulus's last stand was in the ruins of a big store in Stalingrad's central square. The Russians surrounded the building, and after fifteen minutes' blitz shelling Lieut. Fedor Yelchenko of Col. Burmakov's motorized sharpshooter brigade was about to rush the building with his men when out popped a German officer carrying a white flag and accompanied by an interpreter. The little 21-year old lieutenant presented himself. In his own words, reported by A. T. Cholerton, The Daily Telegraph's correspondent:

"They asked for a big chief to meet their big chief. I said, 'I am the nearest here. What do you want?' He said 'Surrender.' I said, 'Right-ho.'"

Impatient Russian sharpshooters trying to rush the iron-grilled gateway leading down to the inner yard were warned by German soldiers that the gateway was mined; so during the lull Yelchenko, with fifteen of his men, made for the basement by another entrance. They pushed their way past several hundred Germans who were packed tightly in the underground corridors. Into "that beast's lair" as he called it, Yelchenko made his way with a couple of his men. He was received by Lt.-Col. von Rasske, who asked for terms of surrender. Yelchenko replied that they were those contained in Col.-Gen. Rokossovsky's ultimatum.

"Rasske behaved like an officer (went on Yelchenko), without fear or special arrogance. He and Paulus's chief of staff, von Schmidt, kept going over to the bed where Paulus was lying. I didn't have to talk to him, but took a good look at him; he didn't look ill, but sort of unhappy. Rasske asked me if I had any questions to put to Paulus personally. I said No, because the position was clear enough to me. They had explained already that Rasske and not Paulus commanded that last German knot in central Stalingrad. Rasske asked me to prevent Paulus being manhandled, or treated like a tramp. In fact, we got him a good car with a good guard to take him to our H.Q. Only half an hour later we took away his little automatic pistol, leaving him his pocket-knife . . . No, we didn't search him for poison."

Only one little pocket of Germans now remained—that in the north of Stalingrad where the remains of the 11th Army Corps held out under Col.-Gen. Strecker. At dawn on February 2 the Soviet guns deluged the position with fifteen-minute barrages. Then the guns would be silent for five minutes as an invitation to the Germans to give up the fight. The invitation was readily understood, and during each pause groups of dazed and dirty German soldiers crawled out of the debris waving their shirts as flags of surrender. What may have been the final blow against the Germans in Stalingrad was delivered by one Sergeant Ozerov, who crept up to the last nest of resistance, a shattered house, and sprayed the windows with his tommy-gun, thus allowing his comrades to make the final assault.

So the Battle of Stalingrad came to an end. In Germany the news was made the occasion for a veritable orgy of patriotic mourning, extending by official order over three days. The 6th Army was hailed as "the bulwark of a historical European mission" which had sacrificed itself so as to give the German command time to take the counter-measures on which depended the fate of the whole Eastern Front. The truth came from Moscow:

"The Sixth Army," said the announcer, "did not fight to the last bullet. Some of its units did, but not all. And the German generals did not fight at all. Of the 330,000 German officers and men of the 6th Army, 90,000 soldiers, over 2,500 officers and 24 generals surrendered. For every surviving general 10,000 German soldiers had died . . . According to Goebbels the generals died heroes' deaths. In reality, however, they are all alive and prisoners of war."

After the battle Stalingrad was revealed as a city of desolation—a vast wilderness of masses of broken machinery, twisted rails, wrecks of giant planes, frozen bodies, and street after street of gaunt, wrecked houses. "Around me everywhere," cabled Harold King, Reuters special correspondent, "as far as eye could see, was a desolation I could never imagine, even in a hideous dream. For two days I walked and walked, covering about 30 miles from the north of the city to the south and then to the west. I saw the bombing of London, but the worst scenes in London, Coventry, and Plymouth are overshadowed by the almost fierce grimness of Stalingrad." Yet in the debris-covered streets there was a strange holiday feeling. Men and women were coming back to rebuild their shattered homes, while streaming along all the roads to the west moved the triumphant divisions of the Red Army. "Five days ago," said Lt.-Gen. Gurov, one of Stalingrad's defenders, on February 6, "the Germans were only three hundred yards away. Now they are nearly three hundred miles to the west."

"And what a devil of a way it is," commented a staff-officer as he lifted his eyes from the map spread out before him.



IN LIBERATED STALINGRAD. Grim and unforgettable reminders of the titanic struggle litter the devastated streets. This radioed photograph shows Stalingrad citizens walking through the snow. A dead horse lies in the foreground, and on the right stands a derelict tram-car.
Photo, Planet News

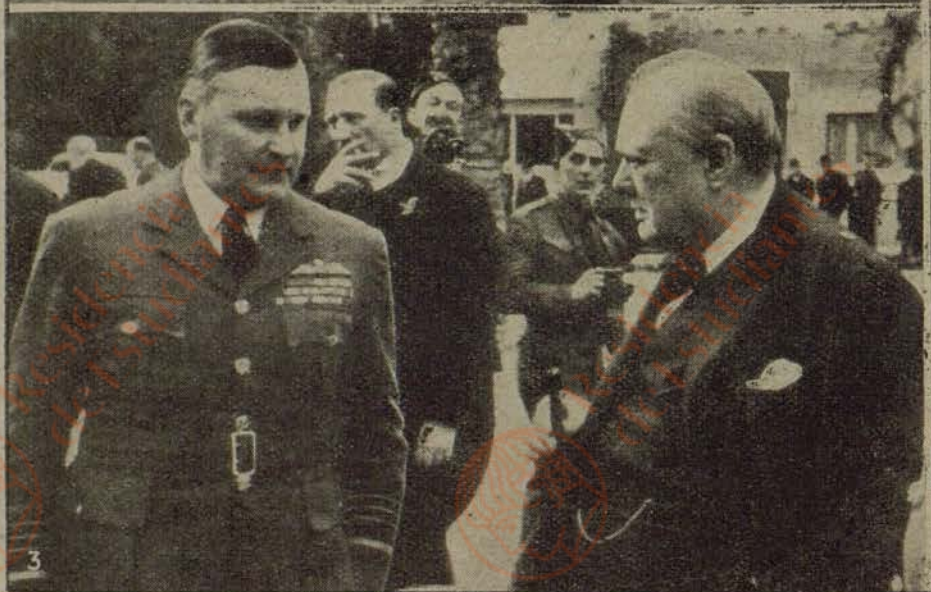


STALINGRAD MEDAL presented to the city's heroic defenders. Obverse (above), "For the Defence of Stalingrad"; reverse, "For our Soviet Land." Similar medals were struck for Leningrad, Sevastopol, and Odessa.
U.S.S.R. Official

Britain's Premier and Turkey's President Meet









THE PRIME MINISTER IN THE NEAR EAST: 1, Mr. Churchill and President Inonu of Turkey at Adana during their consultation on Jan. 30-31, 1943. 2, The Presidential train in which the momentous conference took place. A Turkish soldier keeps guard. 3, Cairo was a vital port of call for the Premier. He is here seen with Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East, on his arrival. 4, Mr. Churchill returned to England on Feb. 7 in a Liberator bomber named "Commando"—the same machine in which he flew to Russia last year. This photo shows his baggage being unloaded from the aircraft after his safe return.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

TURKEY IS OUR ALLY, OUR FRIEND

FROM the conference at Casablanca, with the full assent of President Roosevelt, I flew to Cairo and then to Turkey. I descended upon a Turkish airfield at Adana already well equipped with British Hurricane fighters manned by Turkish airmen; and out of the snow-capped Taurus Mountains there curled like an enamel caterpillar the Presidential train, bearing on board the head of the Turkish Republic and Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, Marshal Chakmak, and the party leader; in fact, the high executive of Turkey.

HITHERTO Turkey has maintained a solid barrier against aggression from any quarter, and by doing so even in the darkest days has rendered us invaluable service in preventing the spreading of the war through Turkey into Persia and Iraq, and in preventing the menace to the oil-fields at Abadan, which are of vital consequence to the whole Eastern war.

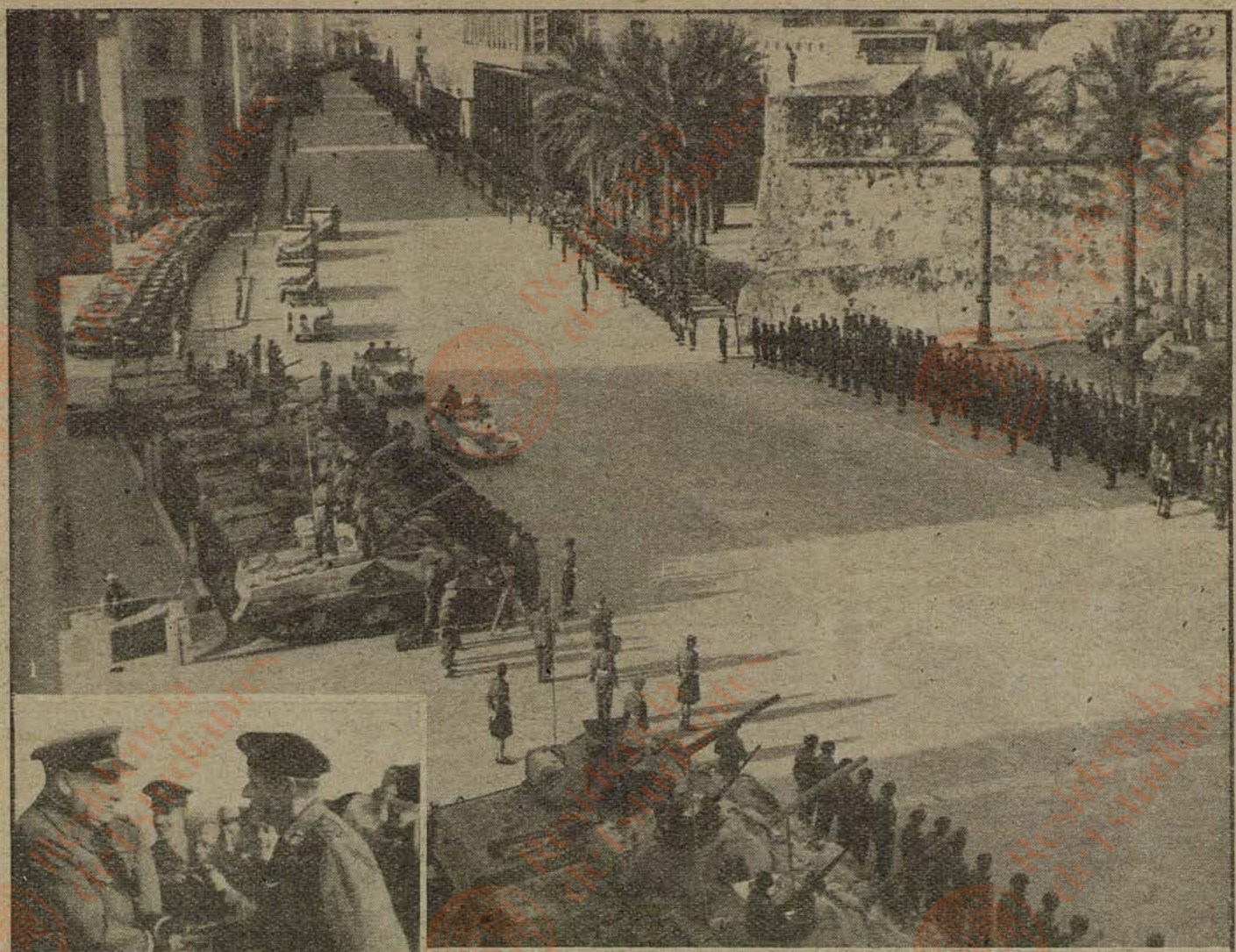
It is of important interest to the United Nations, and especially Great Britain, that Turkey should become well armed in all the apparatus of the modern army, and that her brave infantry shall not lack essential weapons which play a decisive part on the battlefield of today. These weapons we and the United States are now for the first time in a position to supply to the full capacity of the Turkish railways and other communications to receive.

We can give them as much as they are able to take, and we can give them these weapons as fast as or faster than the Turkish troops can be trained to use them.

AT our conference I made no request to Turkey except to get this rearmament business thoroughly well organized, and a joint military mission is now sitting in Angora, a British and Turkish mission, in order to press forward to the utmost the development of the general defensive strength of Turkey, improvement in communications, and by the reception of new weapons to bring its army up to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Turkey is our ally. Turkey is our friend. We shall well wish to see her territories, rights, and interests effectively preserved, and we wish to see in particular warm and friendly relations established between Turkey and our great Russian Ally to the northwards, to whom we are bound by the 20 years' Anglo-Russian Treaty.—*Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, Feb.* 11, 1943

Mr. Churchill Greets the 8th Army in Tripoli







PREMIER WITH DESERT VICTORS: 1, Having landed at Castel Benito aerodrome on Feb. 3, 1943 the Prime Minister drives through Tripoli to the saluting base. 2, Greeting Gen. Montgomery at Castel Benito. 3, Taking the salute as the pipe band of the 51st (Highland) Division marches past. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

TALK ABOUT SPIT AND POLISH !

FROM Cairo I proceeded on my magic carpet to Tripoli, which ten days before was in the possession of the enemy. Here I found Gen. Montgomery. I should like to say this : I have never seen troops march with the style and air of the Desert Army.

Talk about spit and polish ! The Highland and New Zealand Divisions paraded after their ordeal in the desert as though they had come out of Wellington Barracks, and there was an air on the face of every private and a look of that just and sober pride which come from victory and triumph after toil.

I saw the same sort of martial smartness and the same punctilio of saluting and discipline in the Russian guard of honour which received me in Moscow six months ago. The fighting men of democracy feel they are coming into their own.

Let me also pay my tribute to that vehement and formidable general, Gen. Montgomery—a Cromwellian figure, austere, severe, accomplished, tireless, his life given to the study of war, who has attracted to himself in an extraordinary measure the confidence and devotion of his army.—*Mr. Churchill in House of Commons, Feb, 11, 1943*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE outstanding recent events in the war were the defeat of the Japanese in Guadalcanal Island (announced on February 9) and the continued surge forward of the Russian armies out of the steppe country into the industrial area of the Ukraine. In both cases air activity played a considerable part in the pressure which forced the enemy withdrawal.

The effectiveness of the American air and naval blockade of the Japanese forces on Guadalcanal was a decisive factor. The alleged evacuation of the island (according to the Japanese) is a significant admission of defeat. But it must be remembered that this was a relatively small-scale operation. The numbers of combatants engaged on both sides in the island battles of the South-West Pacific have nowhere been large, because of the difficulties of supply over sea communications stretching for thousands of miles, and a final difficult porterage over tropical and, in some places, mountainous country, to the actual fighting areas.

The Pacific Ocean, dotted with islands, is provided by Nature with a great number of "fixed aircraft-carriers" which can be used by the United Nations in the war against Japan in much the same way as Malta was used in the Mediterranean against the Axis. And undisputed possession of Guadalcanal Island, with its aerodrome (*see* illus. p. 586), must be of great tactical value to the American air forces operating in the Solomons zone.

Under the conditions obtaining in the Pacific Ocean the mobility of the aeroplane reaches full significance. It can bring up urgent reinforcements of men and materials. Its inherent power as a fighting weapon against surface forces and against the submarine can be brought to bear upon an enemy fighting under conditions where the only alternatives are withdrawal or surrender. The success of the American air forces in the Solomons is a sure pointer to the ultimate defeat of Japan, whose communication line from factory to front is but one-half the length of the American air communication line from factories in South California, and one-third of that from factories on the Atlantic coast.

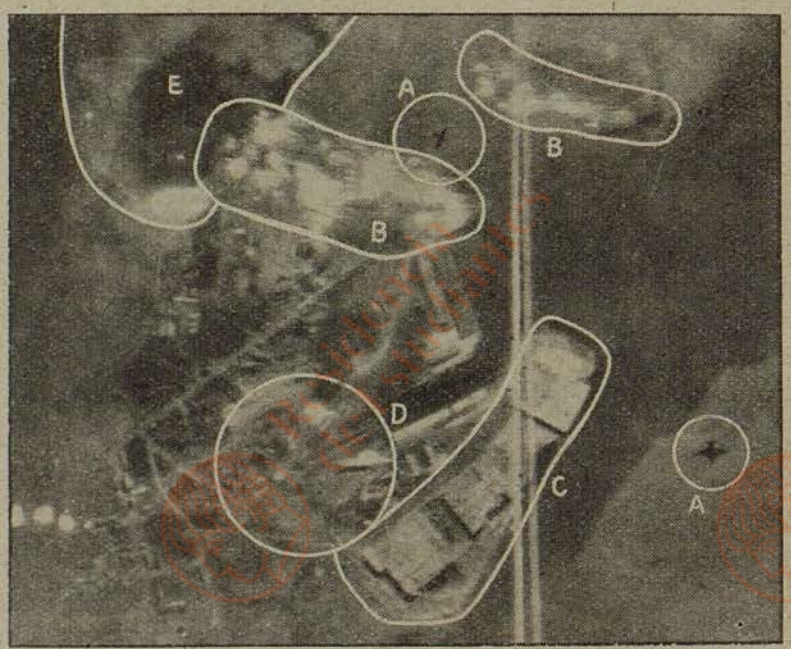
A REMARKABLE feature of the air fighting in the S.W. Pacific lies in the difference between the Japanese method and the American in attacking ships. The favourite Japanese method (as we found out in the case of the Prince of Wales and Repulse) was by airborne torpedo; the usual American method is by bomb. Under the conditions of anchorage found among tropical islands, the bomb attack may be easier to carry out than the torpedo attack, for the first can be made either from high-level flight or a steep dive, but the torpedo can be launched accurately only when the conditions are peculiarly favourable to this form of attack. It is, however, too soon to attempt an analysis of the relative value of the two forms of attack, but it is probable that this is already earnestly engaging the attention of the air and naval technical staffs.

The Russian Air Force achieved a technical surprise in the employment of the rocket-propelled bomb. The Stormovik has often been called a dive-bomber, but this is an erroneous description. It is really a low-level bomber, employing the rocket-propelled bomb, which, because of the velocity imparted by the rocket, travels in a straight line from aeroplane to target instead of following a curving trajectory. The impact force of this type of bomb is greater than that of the gravity-propelled bomb, and it is therefore a more useful projectile to employ against tanks, if the standard of aim can be raised to an accuracy sufficient to provide direct hits.

FLYING-TANKS and Anti-tank Aircraft Foreshadowed

It is therefore probable that the future will see more urgent development of anti-tank air attack, for if the aeroplane can be provided with the appropriate projectile it becomes the most mobile anti-tank weapon. For such attacks the aeroplane must fly low. It must therefore be heavily armoured. Two developments in air-land warfare are thus probable: the production of (1) transport aircraft able to carry large tanks to their field of action, and (2) flying-tanks to defeat the land-tanks. Only a reduction in the duration of the War, coupled with the difficulties of introducing new productions in wartime, will prevent such air transports and weapons from being employed in the course of the present war.

The achievements of the Red Air Force, which have been mainly responsible for stretching the Luftwaffe to its limit, have surprised those who did not before the War study closely the trend of Russian air technique. The Russians were designing and building extremely clean and aerodynamically efficient aircraft many years before the War began; while their special long-distance record-breaking aircraft were remarkable in possessing cantilever wings (these are wings with no external bracing) with a greater aspect ratio (that is relation in length of wing-span to fore-and-aft wing-chord) than had been believed to be possible.



LORIENT was one of the principal targets of Bomber Command in Feb. 1943. This photo shows the attack on Feb. 7-8: A, two bombers over target; B, sticks of incendiary bombs burning; C, concrete submarine pens; D, radial slips turntable; E, smoke from large fire. (See also illus. p. 585).

Photo, British Official

It was one of Hitler's serious blunders to underestimate the Red Air Force. But he was not alone in this. Many Britons did the same.

Bomber Command maintained its offensive against Germany, Italy, and occupied Europe, day bombing railway yards near Bruges on Feb. 2 and Abbeville on Feb. 2 and 3, St. Omer aerodrome on Feb. 3, railway yards at Caen on Feb. 10 and at Roosendaal (Holland) and Serqueux (N. France) on Feb. 11, and in N.W. Germany on Feb. 12. Night attacks were directed against Cologne (Feb. 2); Hamburg (Feb. 3); Turin, Spezia naval base, Lorient, and Ruhr (Feb. 4); mine-laying and Rhineland (Feb. 6); and Lorient and Ruhr (Feb. 7); Wilhelmshaven (Feb. 11); Lorient and W. Germany (Feb. 13); the Cologne, Hamburg, Turin, second and third Lorient raids were especially heavy; 48 bombers were lost in these day and night raids, 16 in the Hamburg raid. Germany has ordered the evacuation of all persons but essential workers from Brest and Lorient; it is probable that the reasons are scarcity of housing and desire for maximum dispersal of workers to give greater security from raids.

Coastal Command aircraft have continued to meet and fight Junkers 88 aircraft over the Bay of Biscay. One was shot down by a Halifax, and three by Beaufighters. These German patrol aircraft endeavour to protect the submarine lanes in and out of the Bay.

APPROACHING Battle for Supremacy in the North African Sky

Fighter and Army Cooperation Commands continue to make sweeps over Occupied France and the Low Countries, attacking aircraft, trains, locomotives, lorries, barges, and coastal shipping.

German fighter-bombers have continued to make scattered day raids on South and East Coast English towns and villages. One raid on Feb. 10 was made by Dornier 217 bombers. Objectives appear to be the larger buildings, which involve schools, hospitals, churches, stores, and restaurants.

THE war in N. Africa has been quieter. Consolidation of command under Gen. Eisenhower in preparation for the Battle of Tunisia sees Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder in strategic command of all British and American aircraft, with Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham in tactical command; these two are the successful Egypt-Libya battle team. The battle for Tunisia will be waged fiercely in the air. All the fighters the Luftwaffe can spare from Western Europe and Russia have been sent there. The first part of the struggle must be for mastery of the sky, just as it was in Egypt. Large-scale ground fighting must await the end of the rainy season, which terminates in March.

Award of ten decorations to crews who, day-bombing Berlin on January 30, upset the broadcasts of Goering and Goebbels, confirms that each of the two raids was made by three aircraft. The squadrons who made the raids were Nos. 105 and 139. Other notable awards include two D.F.C.s and three D.F.M.s to the surviving members of the crew of eight in No. 149 Squadron's Stirling bomber which attacked the Fiat works in Turin on November 28, 1942, under the captaincy of Flight Sergeant R. H. Middleton of the R.A.A.F., who lost his life at the end of the return flight and was posthumously awarded the V.C. (*see* photo, p. 535).

Lancasters over Hamburg: High Level of Daring



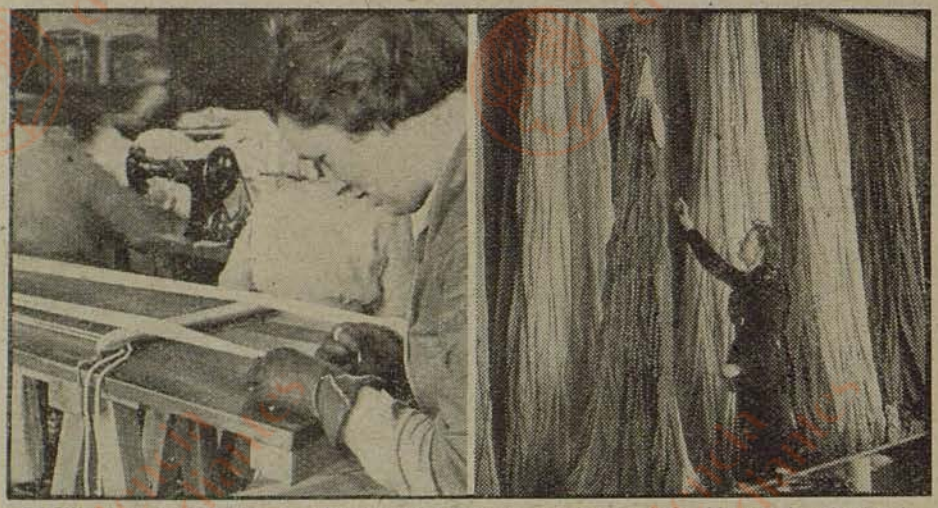
CROSSING THE NORTH SEA IN A GALE, one of the worst for many years, R.A.F. bombers on Jan. 30, 1943 raided Hamburg for the 94th time. In 30 minutes a great weight of 4,000 and 8,000 lb. H.E.s was "cascaded" on the dock and U-boat yards, which stretch for 9 miles along the Elbe, and huge fires were left raging. This photo gives a vivid impression of the raid as it appeared to the crew of a Lancaster. Another Lancaster is seen silhouetted against a background of fire and flak.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

On the Way It's Packed A Life May Depend

Sailing down through the air, the airman who has just escaped from his blazing plane, and the paratroops descending from the aerial troop-carrier, are sustained by their parachutes until they reach Mother Earth with never a broken bone, not even—most likely—a sprained ankle. In the article printed below, ROBERT DE WITT gives some interesting facts concerning this vital new appliance in the equipment of modern war.

THE parachute is no longer simply the "lifebuoy" of the air, saving the life of an airman in a crashing plane. It is used deliberately by hundreds, even thousands, of men every day in the airborne divisions. Paratroops nearly always jump from a low level; and for them, perhaps, even more than for airmen the instantaneous opening of the parachute without a hitch, is a matter of life and death. This opening depends upon the huge circle of silk, and hundreds of feet of fine cords being correctly packed. The thousands of men and women engaged in packing parachutes have, therefore, exceptionally responsible work, a life depending literally on every movement of their dexterous fingers.



PACKING PARACHUTES is a highly skilled and responsible job. Left, this parachute-maker is fastening cords to metal rings fitted to harness. She ties them with a special knot. Right, a member of the W.A.A.F. prepares parachutes ready for packing.

Photos, British Official; Pictorial Press

The layman presented with the billowing folds of a parachute and told to pack it in the canvas holder would probably wrestle for an hour or two with the cords and silk, and end up with a roll several times too big for the pack! But in the hands of the experienced W.A.A.F. silk and cords seem to fall almost naturally into place, and it is only ten minutes before the parachute has been folded into a long triangle of silk, the cords separated and placed in their retainers. The triangle is folded until it seems to fit neatly into the pack.

THIS skill comes only with intensive training. The student packer is shown how to hold the "peak" of the parachute in place on a hook at one end of the 40-foot-long table provided, and then separate the panels and cords. The standard parachute has 96 panels made of some sixty yards of silk, and 24 silk cords joining it to the harness. Little bags of shot help to keep the soft silk in position on the table as she works, her eye open for the slightest flaw in any part of the parachute as her fingers smooth the folds. The seams are numbered to facilitate getting an even number on each side. It will be seen that the packer has to start with number 13 on one side going up to 24, numbers 1 to 12 being on the other side. But skill matters in this task, not superstition.

All the time it is impressed upon the packer that the slightest carelessness may result in a serious accident or even a death. "Always think that it is your husband or your fiancé that is going to wear this parachute," one instructor says to his pupils. The fact that parachute accidents due to faulty packing are almost unknown shows that the girls are fully alive to their responsibilities. Indeed, more than one parachutist has remarked to a packer that he would rather make a dozen jumps than pack a parachute for someone else—much too responsible a job!

Before the student is "passed out" and licensed to pack parachutes, there is a severe test. A parachute must be packed in a given time—half an hour, but it is not so much the time that counts as absolute accuracy. Before the War a licence to pack parachutes was prized. Very few women were qualified, and the work was done by non-commissioned officers in the R.A.F. Today hundreds of W.A.A.F.s have qualified for the work. Anyone who makes a mistake may have the licence revoked. I have not heard of any instances in Britain, but not long ago the licence of a parachute "rigger" in the U.S. was revoked "for inspecting, repacking and certifying as airworthy a parachute when in fact it was unairworthy."

MAKING sure that the parachute and harness are in perfect condition is a not less important part of the packer's work than actually packing them. Every inch of the silk and cords is inspected, and the slightest fraying or weakness results in the parachute being put aside for repair—a new silk panel inserted or a new cord attached. Small repairs are done in the packing-room where sewing machines, etc., are installed.

Damp is the parachute's greatest enemy. The packing-rooms at large air stations are air-conditioned, the warmed and dried air circulating round the canopies hung from pulleys in the ceiling and looking like monstrous ghosts. Every time a parachute is packed it gets an air of from ten to forty-eight hours. The difficulty of drying is increased at some stations in notoriously damp parts of the British Isles. At aerodromes just behind the front it is not always possible to get these ideal conditions. Then either large buildings like barns are converted into packing-rooms, or the packing may be done in the open on gigantic waterproof sheets spread on the ground.

Whether it is used or not, the rule is that every parachute must be examined and repacked at least once a month. What a contrast with the old days when few airmen "believed" in parachutes and sometimes did not unpack them for a year or more. Incidentally, although such extreme care is rightly taken in correct packing, it is by no means certain that a badly-packed parachute would fail to open.

EVERY parachute when it comes from the manufacturer has been severely tested at every stage of its manufacture, and when passed it is given a number and a "log book." In this log is recorded its final test and then, week by week, every incident in its life. All repairs are noted. A diagram of the parachute facilitates instructions for major repairs without actual marking of the delicate silk of the parachute itself. A "live" jump is recorded in red, and if the parachute has been used in wet weather this is recorded. Every time it is packed the packer signs the log. This brings home and emphasizes the responsibility for another person's safety.

Between the men and women who pack the parachutes and the men who use them there is often a very real comradeship. Airmen who have jumped and saved their lives often come into the packing-room and thank the W.A.A.F. who packed the parachutes. After the Battle of Britain one packer whose parachutes had saved the lives of some dozen pilots in the course of two months was presented with a cigarette-case engraved with the autographs of all the grateful pilots.



CORPORAL 'JEAN,' 19-year-old W.A.A.F., receives Sergt.-Pilot J. R. McLeod's congratulations on the efficiency of her packing. He could speak with feeling, since it was to this that he owed his safety when he jumped by parachute from his blazing Spitfire. He is the fourth airman to thank this W.A.A.F. girl for saving his life. *Photo G.P.U.*

This Is What Our Heavy Bombers Did to Mainz



R.A.F. ATTACKS ON MAINZ, the Rhineland transport centre, on August 11-12 and 12-13, 1942, were among the heaviest blows delivered at that time by our bombers. The top photograph shows the area round the Municipal Theatre (large domed building) before these devastating raids. Below, the same area three months later. Clearance work has been done, and many buildings swept away. Seven out of every ten houses in Mainz were reported to have been wrecked.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

SPRING is the season of hope, and this year there's a dash of optimism in the air which makes us think that it is not altogether untimely to give a thought to the things to come when the War has been won and has passed into history. At about this stage in the First World War there was much talk of Reconstruction, with a capital R, and not a little planning and preparation. Those who were internationally minded were busy paving the way for the League of Nations, already taking shape in the brains of Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts, Lord Phillimore and President Wilson; while those whose fancy turned to things nearer home found abundant scope for their reforming zeal. Mr. Fisher was piloting his Education Bill through the Commons, and Dr. Addison was presiding over a special Ministry of Reconstruction. Plans, wonderful plans, were being drawn up for the building of a multitude of houses, those "homes for heroes" which, alas, became all too surely a synonym for broken promises. Women's suffrage was rapidly passing into law, and Arthur Henderson was overhauling the Labour Party machine in readiness for the coming battle of the polls.

LOOKING back on those days is no altogether pleasant occupation for those of us who belong to what may be called the disillusioned generation. Our hopes were great, our disappointment correspondingly great. There was a slump and then a boom, and then another and far greater slump. The fruits of the war had a bitter, bitter taste. Those were what Mr. H. G. Wells, with his customary pungency, has called the fatuous twenties and the frightened thirties. No, it is not pleasant to recall these things, those years so characterized by frustration, so filled to the brim with disappointed hopes, with schemes gone awry. And yet, if we have not become dry and wrinkled and completely cynical, we cannot fail to welcome the signs (and they are many) of another chance being given us, of another opportunity being afforded of doing what a generation ago we ought to have done, could have done, but in our stupidity failed to do.

ALTHOUGH little or nothing has been revealed as yet, it is understood that the Government are working on a number of projects which will soon be exposed to the parliamentary air. Mr. Butler has an Education Bill in preparation; Mr. Hudson is attempting nothing less than the putting of British agriculture on so firm a soil that it will never revert to that state of neglect that was one of the most disgraceful features of our pre-War economy; Mr. Brown is laying the foundations of a much healthier, and therefore happier, Britain; Sir William Jowitt, Lord Portal, Mr. W. S. Morrison—these and many another of their ministerial colleagues are deeply engaged in the fine art of political incubation. Then there is Mr. Bevin . . .

When, after much preliminary sparring, the Minister of Labour's Catering Wages Bill was introduced in the House of Commons, it gave rise to a debate marked by an outburst of opposition by a considerable section of M.P.s as remarkable as (in these days of national government) it is rare.

The Bill proposes to establish a Statutory Commission of seven members empowered to examine the arrangements for regulating the pay and conditions of work in the catering trades (generally alleged to be amongst the most unorganized in the country), to report where these are adequate or can be made adequate, and to make proposals for the setting up of Wages Boards where these are considered to be necessary. In moving the second reading on February 9, Mr. Bevin argued that the Bill was not controversial: it was simply the development of a policy that had been followed for more than fifty years—a reference in particular to the Trade Boards Act of 1909, when Mr. Churchill was at the Board of Trade. "I need the Bill for the War," declared the Minister of Labour; he could not order people to take up work in the catering industry under an essential work order if he were not satisfied that they would receive fair wages and would work under decent conditions. He needed it, too, for the peace; after the War "the first thing the people of Britain will want will be a holiday," and he wanted to ensure that it was a health-giving holiday. Then great numbers of visitors would be coming to this country, "to see battle-scarred Britain and the people who stood up to the blitz," and hotel-keeping might well become a major industry. Before the War about 500,000 people were employed in the catering trades; this figure might be doubled, if not trebled. But the industry must be organized. Drudgery ought to be wiped out; there ought to be a wage at the end of the week, and not just what the worker could get by way of tips. The industry must be made efficient so as to attract enterprise, opportunity and capital. "I am not socializing the industry . . . No one could make a better conservative speech than that . . ."



MR. AND MRS. BEVIN join in a vigorous chorus with these men of the Merchant Navy during the Minister of Labour's recent visit to a N.E. area. *Photo, Daily Mirror*

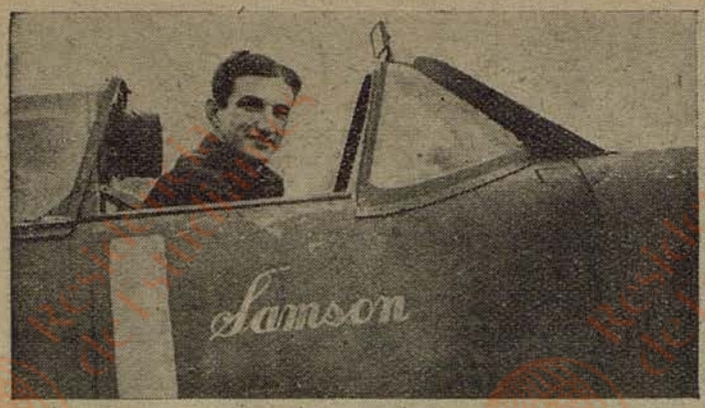
MOVING the rejection of the Bill, Sir Douglas Hacking denounced it as a "monster of bureaucratic autocracy," a distinct breach of the understanding not to introduce "controversial" matters in wartime. A hard-hitting debate ensued; deep feeling was displayed and given voice. On the one side were those who felt that the Bill was another step along the road to nationalization; on the other those who maintained that catering, at least in some of its branches, was a sweated industry. When the division was taken, 115 members (111 of whom were Conservatives) supported Sir Douglas Hacking; into the Government lobby there poured 285 (107 Conservatives, 138 Labour, and the rest Liberals, etc.). Mr. Bevin's opponents hailed the vote as a moral victory, and urged him to drop the Bill. But this he showed no intention of doing, although, of course, there would be opportunities for its amendment on the committee stage.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the debate was the marked division of opinion between those of whatever party who hanker after a policy of as little Government intervention as possible in the industrial sphere, and those who look on the State as the instrument of great social and economic change. This division gave rise, just a week later, to another battle when the Commons debated an all-party motion welcoming the Beveridge Report on Social Security. The motion was moved on February 16 by Mr. A. Greenwood who, when Minister without Portfolio responsible for the planning of post-war reconstruction, set Sir William Beveridge his task. No document within living memory had stirred such hopes, said Mr. Greenwood, or made such a powerful impression as the Beveridge Report. "The people of this country," he declared, "have made up their minds irrevocably to see the plan in its broad lines carried into operation." Sir John Anderson followed with the announcement that the Government accepted in principle the Beveridge Report, and promised that with as little delay as possible the scheme would be shaped and put into legislative form. But some of the younger Conservatives were not quite satisfied; they urged that a Minister of Social Security should be set up forthwith; and there was promise of considerable support for a Labour amendment urging "the reconsideration of the Government's policy with a view to the early implementation of the plan." However, Mr. Herbert Morrison, winding up for the Government, was able to convince many of the waverers that the Cabinet really did "mean business," and in the division the Government had a majority of 217—336 votes to 119.

ONE hundred thousand families are living in houses which were condemned as unsuitable for human habitation three years ago, revealed Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, in the House of Commons not long since. Practically no new houses have been built since the War; most of the builders have been called up, and materials have been urgently required for other jobs. Hundreds of thousands of houses have been destroyed or seriously damaged. In the country the housing shortage has become so acute that the Ministry of Health has launched what it describes as "a modest building programme." It is indeed modest, since it aims at providing 3,000 cottages this year. Of these Lincolnshire, which has the reputation of the blackest housing area in rural England, is to have 228, Yorkshire 218, Devonshire 116, and Norfolk 90. Not 3,000, but 30,000—some say as many as 250,000—rural cottages are required at once. And they must be at rents the farm-workers can afford to pay. Thirteen shillings a week, the rate proposed for the new cottages, is said to be too high; the rent should be nearer the 4s. or 5s. that is now the usual charge.

WHEN a few weeks ago some three dozen children in a London school were killed by a German bomb, the news was received with universal shock. And shocking indeed it was. But isn't it just as shocking that last year 1,315 children were killed on our roads? Perhaps even more shocking. We know that bombs are no respecters of persons, slaying the tottering patriarch and the baby in its cradle with a fine impartiality. Bombs are meant to kill; and now that war is a totalitarian business we are all in the front line. But those who die on the roads are the victims of human carelessness, of what is sometimes criminal negligence. Since the beginning of the blitz in September 1940 (notes The Economist) about 5,500 children have been killed in air raids; from the beginning of 1940 to the end of 1942 nearly 4,000 were killed on the roads. Of a truth we all need awakening to "the needless, senseless tragedy taking place on Britain's roads."

New Names on the R.A.F.'s Roll of Heroes



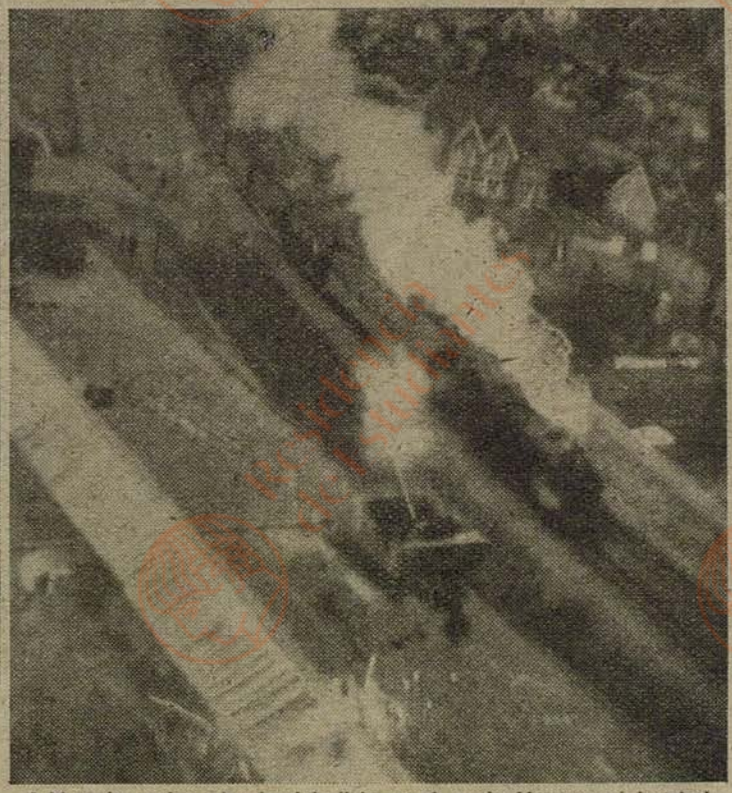
Actg. F/L. W. V. CRAWFORD-COMPTON, awarded a Bar to his D.F.C. for remarkable skill and daring. He has repeatedly led his flight on numerous operational sorties over enemy territory and, in addition to his brilliant leadership, he has destroyed 7 enemy aircraft.



Actg. S/L. H. J. L. HALLOWES, D.F.M. and Bar, awarded the D.F.C. for his unswerving devotion to duty. An outstanding and relentless fighter, he has brought down 19 enemy aircraft and has damaged many others. He represents the highest traditions of the R.A.F.



F/L. E. E. COATE, R.A.A.F., awarded the D.F.C. He has been engaged in operations both in the W. Desert and from Malta, and has destroyed many enemy machines. In Nov. 1942 he shot down a B.V. 222 in flames (see illus. p. 473.) and damaged a Dornier 24.



A Mosquito makes a low-level daylight attack on the Hazemeyer electrical plant at Hengelo, Holland. Enemy A.A. gun opens fire from a flak tower.



Actg. F/L. A. D. FRECKER, R.A.F.V.R., awarded the D.F.C. An exceptionally able pilot, he took part in many attacks on enemy shipping, and has destroyed 4 German aircraft. He was born in 1913, and joined the R.A.F.V.R. two years before War.



P/O. C. H. HARRIS-ST. JOHN, awarded the D.F.C. last Oct. for brilliant reconnaissance photography which proved invaluable to our daring combined operational raid on Dieppe on Aug. 19. 1942.



F/O. A. H. BURR, whose award of the D.F.C. was recently announced. He attacked 15 enemy bombers menacing a convoy bound for Russia and hit three of them. The rest of the enemy fled.



Actg. S/L. R. P. BEAMONT, whose award of a Bar to his D.F.C. was announced on Jan. 22, 1943. In five weeks he damaged 12 enemy locomotives. He won the D.F.C. in 1941.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Fox, G.P.U., Topical Press

Round the Country with Our Roving Camera

NATIONAL GALLERY ART TREASURES are stored in air-conditioned subterranean caves in which the temperature and humidity are scientifically controlled. Housed in six separate "buildings," they are immune from air attack inasmuch as the underground working in which they are stored has between 200 ft. and 300 ft. of rock cover. Machinery controls the temperature and the ¼-mile of miniature railway.

Right, packed in a special sealed container, pictures are seen on their way to the studio, hewn out of rock in the heart of the mountain. Below, canvases ready for inspection. To save space oblong paintings are plated on end.

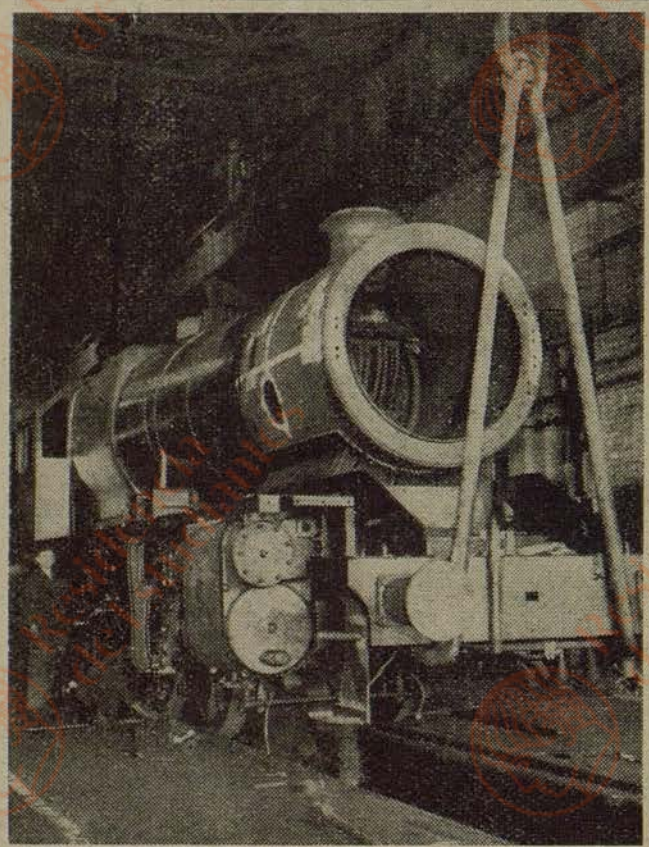






BRITAIN'S LARGEST VILLAGE GREEN—at Great Bentley, near Ipswich—has now been ploughed up so that potatoes may be planted on its 50 acres. Above, village children are watching their centuries-old green being ploughed by 18 year-old George Bennett, driving a tractor.

'SAFETY FIRST.' Police throughout the country are cooperating with education authorities in an effort to reduce the number of road accidents to children. Below, a police officer demonstrates the Safety Code on a blackboard, with the aid of charts and posters.



BRITISH ENGINES FOR RUSSIA. This L.M.S. 2-8-0 locomotive seen in course of construction was designed to haul heavy freight trains. Many of these engines have gone abroad, notably to the U.S.S.R., where they are contributing in no small measure to our Ally's magnificent war effort.



Photos, Keystone, Fox, Topical Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

My Escape from Germany—by General Giraud

Captured in 1940 during the Battle of France, and imprisoned in Castle Koenigstein, in Germany, Henri Honoré Giraud—now French Civil and Military Commander-in-Chief in Africa—tells G. Ward Price (War Correspondent of The Daily Mail, from which the astonishing story is reprinted) how he escaped from his cell and eventually reached North Africa to fight again. (See also page 486.)



GEN. GIRAUD (left) and Gen. Noguès, en route to a military parade in French N. Africa. Gen. Giraud's own story of his escape from Germany is told in this page.
Photo, Planet News

FOR eight months after I fell into German hands my old wounds kept me a cripple, walking on two sticks. But in January 1941 I began to plan my escape.

Like my fellow French prisoners I was allowed to take daily exercise in the castle garden. From its parapet one looked down a 150-ft. precipice on to rough ground covered with bush. I discovered a corner of the garden which was out of sight of the sentry on the watchtower. This was the point I chose for my escape.

I began to make systematic plans for it which took the whole year. For months I secretly collected every bit of cord and string I could lay my hands on, to make a rope. Working only at night, I twisted and spliced them into a rope of nine strands, about as thick as two fingers. I would make a piece about two yards long, and then hide it in the garden.

IT was soon evident that I couldn't make the rope strong enough to bear my weight, 13½ st. Fortunately I had an old friend in France with whom I had arranged a simple letter-writing code in case I should be taken prisoner again.

I used this to write and ask for lengths of rubber-insulated copper telephone wire to be sent to me hidden in tins of jam. As this gradually arrived I wrapped it round my rope to strengthen it and give it a better grip. And I requested my wife to send me large quantities of chocolate at frequent intervals. She had no suspicion that I wanted it to sell through another prisoner to Germans at half the market price. In this way I accumulated 600 marks as funds for my escape.

With some of this money I bought secretly an old pair of civilian trousers and a battered raincoat, which I hid in my cell. Meanwhile I used my code to arrange, months ahead, for a daring French agent to be sent to meet me at a rendezvous a few miles from Koenigstein on the day I planned to attempt escape.

I also managed to get hold of a blank German identity card. This I filled up with a description of myself as a commercial traveller in artificial silk. Meanwhile I saved up enough food from parcels to last me three days. I had biscuits, cheese, sugar, and a bottle of brandy.

At last the day came. I had to make the attempt in broad daylight as I couldn't reach the garden at night. Every quarter of an hour a German N.C.O. patrolled it, so at 9.45 that morning, when I was waiting near my buried rope, I made a joke with him as he passed.

The instant he was out of sight I dragged my rope from its hiding-place, fastened it to a convenient staple in the wall, climbed the parapet, and began to slide down. I had to go slowly for fear of losing my grip. It took me four minutes to descend 150 feet. Then I hid in a clump of bushes and looked up at the parapet. No sign of any excitement, so I shaved off my moustache, put on a pair of dark glasses, threw away my general's uniform, and dressed myself in the civilian trousers and raincoat I had brought down with me.

Then I walked quite openly along the road towards the rendezvous I had fixed for my friendly agent to meet me with complete civilian outfit. At the prearranged place a workman, carrying a small suitcase, met me. "Morgen, Heinrich," he said. It was my confederate.

In the nearest wood I changed into full civilian kit, complete with hat, and walking boldly to the next station I took the train for Breslau. I knew the Germans would expect me to make for France, so I deliberately headed east.

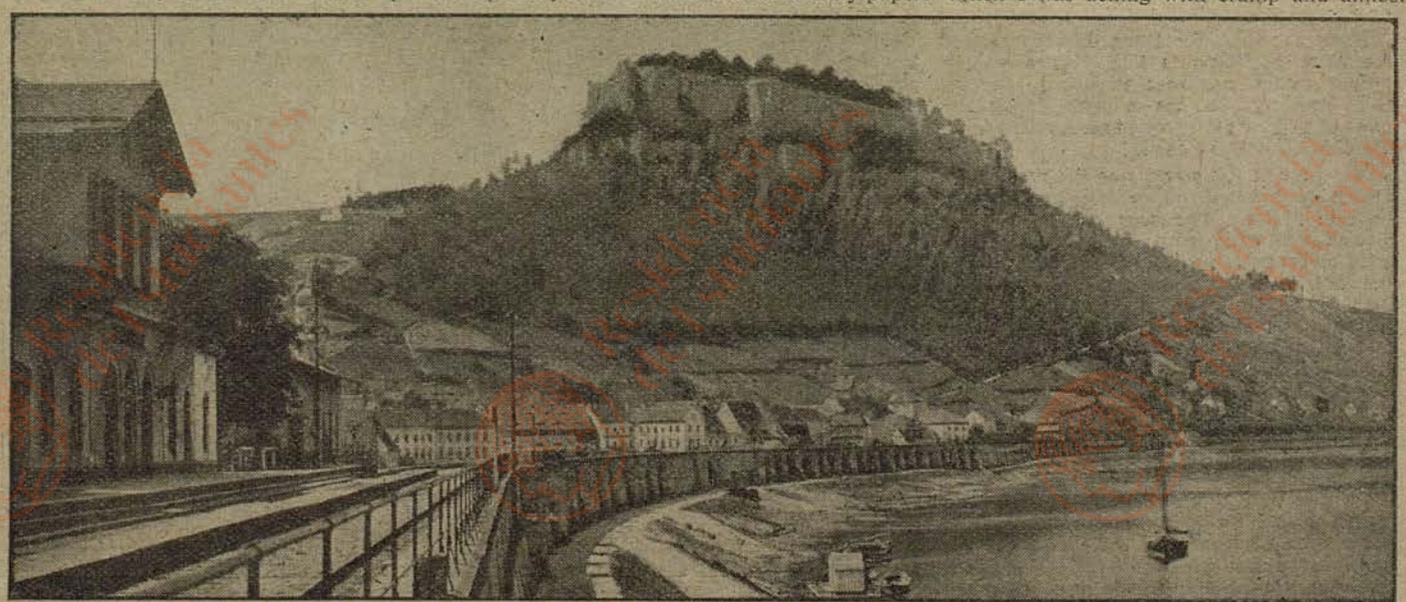
IN the course of a week I saw several newly posted placards on the walls offering a reward of 100,000 marks for my arrest. They contained a photograph of myself, which, fortunately, was a very bad one. Only once did I nearly get caught.

My train stopped for a long time at a wayside station, and it was evident that a specially strict examination of identity papers was going on. In the 2nd-class carriage in which I was travelling was an officer of one of Rommel's panzer divisions. He had the words "Afrika Korps" on his sleeve and wore the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross, so he was evidently a distinguished person. As the examiners approached, I engaged this officer in conversation. Though doubtless a good soldier he did not look particularly intelligent.

NEVER was Rommel so lauded to the skies as by me in that talk, which secured for me the indulgent attention of my fellow-passenger. The result was that when the Gestapo man arrived in my compartment he scrutinized everyone else's papers, but didn't venture to demand to inspect those of a civilian who was apparently on intimate terms with the highly-decorated German officer.

At last I reached a point near the Swiss frontier. I knew the ground well, having been there to shoot in peacetime. But the border was closely guarded. There was a sentry every 100 yards, with patrols constantly passing between.

By night I crept into the heart of thick bushes a few yards from the frontier and lay there from one o'clock in the morning till six. I was unable to stir a hand or a foot, as two of the sentries came and stood within a few yards of me. I could hear them talking. Improbable as it sounds, they were actually discussing my escape. I lay as still as a corpse. At last, nearing six in the morning, when I was aching with cramp and almost



KOENIGSTEIN CASTLE, Saxony, the scene of Gen. Giraud's imprisonment by the Germans, towers picturesquely over the little town of that name on the River Elbe. Gen. Giraud spent many months in this inaccessible fortress, and the dramatic details of his subsequent escape make fascinating reading. He arrived in Switzerland on April 21, 1942, and reached Algeria in a British submarine just before the North African campaign began in November last year.
Photo E.N.A.

exhausted, one said to the other: "Well, he hasn't come. Perhaps we shall have better luck this evening. It's time to get breakfast."

A quarter of an hour later I was in Switzerland. When I eventually got back to France the Gestapo shadowed me everywhere for six months. I lay low in various places, but all the time I was in touch with the Americans.

Finally, on November 2 last year, I got a secret communication telling me of the Anglo-American landing due to take place in N. Africa six days later. Would I come over by submarine to cooperate with the Allies?

Then started another series of adventures. With my son and three officers who were with me I rowed out over a rough sea by night to meet, a mile off shore, the submarine sent to fetch me.

We could just make out its dark shape lying on the surface. We exchanged prearranged recognition signals with flashlamps. As I was boarding the sloping hull I slipped, but didn't fall into the sea. I was seized and pulled on board when the water was up to my knees. Much more difficult was the transfer next morning from the submarine to a seaplane which met us out in the Mediterranean.

The only means of getting from one to the other was by a rubber dinghy paddled by two young Commandos whom the submarine had brought, specially chosen for their skill and strength. This light craft danced like a cork on the steep waves. The commander of the submarine thought I would never do it, but at 63 I am still pretty supple, and I just managed to scramble in.

When we got to the seaplane a burly young Canadian leaned out and called: "Stretch out your arms and I'll catch you by the wrists." I did so, and as the dinghy shot upwards on the crest of the wave he by sheer strength swung me on board.

In Malta We Went Nearly Mad with Joy

From a Malta "intoxicated with good news" comes this joyous letter to the Editor. Our young Maltese correspondent, John Mizzi, has sent us many vivid communications during the dark months of the George Cross island's travail. Here he records the excitement when news came that Tripoli had fallen, and Malta's long siege was raised. Mightily changed conditions are indicated by the fact that his letter was only 15 days in transit.

I HAVE many a time written about Malta under fire; now, at last, I can write about Malta as we knew it before the war, happy and proud! I am typing this by the light of a small paraffin lamp on the evening of January 23, from a Malta intoxicated with good news. Tripoli at last has fallen! We in Malta toiled, suffered, some of us died, but at last our struggle has borne fruit. We are nearly all mad with joy. For two long years have we waited for this day, two years of death, destruction and hunger.

> Say not the struggle naught availeth,
> The labour and the wounds are vain. . .

How far away seems June 1940! As I look back to the dark months through which we have passed, especially to those fierce days of 1942, how proud I feel! I can picture the German planes criss-crossing across the blue sky, weaving in and out of A.A. puffs, scattering bombs right and left. But they are only pictures now. We are top dogs at last. Those days of March, of April, and of May will go down in history and there they will remain. Those days, those moments of fears and havoc will never darken the pages of humanity again!

Hour by hour, for three days we waited for news of Tripoli's fall. As each day passed our hopes rose higher, higher till this morning . . . At midday today the news of Tripoli's fall flashed across the Island. The 8th Army had done it!

Nowhere in the world was the news more anxiously awaited, more heartily received than in Malta. The siege had been lifted, a siege in all its horrors: death, ruin. Malta cried as the news spread, not tears of sorrow, but hot tears of pride and uncontrollable joy. Even the ruins of buildings seemed majestic as they reminded us of the "days that have been," days that are no more. History will record the day in sparkling letters.

AT midday, whilst I was at the office, a friend of mine came running in, beaming and eyes wide open. "It's ours!" He forced the words through a radiant mouth. We all turned round as if by magic, for we all knew what he meant. I closed the book I was reading and ran out of the office into a coffee-shop near by, which was crammed full of people listening to the B.B.C. news. I chose a likely victim, disfigured my face with a broad smile, and blurted out "Ours?" "Yes, sir; at last," he replied, "it is ours. Tripoli! Tripoli is in our hands!"

His voice trailed away as I ran into a near-by club, where in solitude a man was sitting near a radio, smiling and rubbing his hands. I went and sat near him. He smiled at me, and I returned his smile. The B.B.C. reporter in Egypt in a steady voice was giving the latest news from the front. Tears of happiness sprang into my eyes as emotion got the better of me. The Maltese announcer on the local broadcasting station was shouting, "*Tripli taghna. Ifirhu!* I repeat, Tripoli is ours. Rejoice!"

As I hurriedly left the club I saw a flag scaling a flagpole to flutter to the rhythm of the breeze and happy Maltese hearts. The men around me, and those children playing at soldiers, oh, how they have suffered! But now they will suffer no more. Malta, we have not failed thee!

I HAVE just come from Valetta, where, amidst the ruins of the buildings, the flags of the United Nations present a striking contrast. The air vibrates with relief. The narrow streets are canopied with flags of Malta with a George Cross superimposed. Under these walk the commen men and women of Malta, mere actors in this world drama, but principal actors none the less. Navy, Army and Air Force uniforms flitter here and there, and on many a breast rests the ribbon of a medal. Planes flit across the sky on the way to or from Tripolitania and Tunisia. Yes, they are striking out in defiance, not hitting back in defence. Verily, "the pages of scrapbook turn."

By the time this letter is published perhaps the enthusiasm may have died out, but the effect of today's events will for ever be felt. Malta has been relieved, thank God! You in Britain may have given a thought to us in Malta as you heard the news. I thank you, and before I end this letter may I wish you all the best.



REJOICINGS IN MALTA over the Eighth Army's triumphal entry into Tripoli on Jan. 23, 1943 marked the lifting of a shadow which had loomed over the island for many a long and weary month. Now, however, Malta's nightmare was over at last. Maltese children, carrying the flags of a number of the United Nations, are shown in this photograph parading the streets of the sorely-blitzed Valetta. *Photo, British Official*

I'm One of the Dutchmen Lent to the British Navy

Serving with our Royal Navy, a young Dutch seaman tells here of his experiences in a cruiser escorting a convoy to North Russia—of how hell suddenly broke loose for the Nazis diving from the sky, and why he twice "shook hands with himself."

I WAS a landlubber; they made a sailor out of me. I'm proud of it. Now I have been lent to the British Navy to gain experience. I am pleased about that. The food is different from the food in our ships, but food is not so important; they could serve me stinging nettles, so long as I can see German aircraft drop into the water.

I have been to Russia with a convoy—you know, the kind that never arrives, according to the Germans! I was in a cruiser. Just before we joined the convoy the Commander discussed the whole thing with us, telling us what we were going to do, how long the voyage would take, what attacks we might expect, and other details. The first part of the voyage was rather quiet, except for U-boats and the noise of depth charges exploding day and night. There must have been a noise in those Huns' heads in their U-boats as well.

Whenever something important happened the first officer's quiet voice told us all about it through a loudspeaker. It was as exciting as a football match broadcast by Han Hollander at home. Only Han Hollander used to get excited when a goal was made, whereas these ice-cold English do these things in their own quiet way. You heard him say: "There are six planes coming along at low altitude on port, now there are only five, now there are four . . ."

We stood at our alarm-posts all the time. For many days there was no hot food—when the British fight they all fight, the cooks as well. But even then those chaps found time to bring everyone his food at his post. The broadcasting officer would say: "If So-and-so will go to the port anti-aircraft gun he will find his sausage, and if he is quick he will find it hot."

Then the real fun began—torpedo-bombers, high-level-bombers, dive-bombers. The first day with those Hun torpedo-bombers was worst for me—I had to get used to them. It is a weird experience to hear over the loudspeaker that 42 of those things are coming straight at you over the water. The first look at them was rather sickening. But then our own guns began to fire, and hell broke loose for the Huns.

The last torpedo-bomber had not gone before the high-altitude-bombers came along. Those rats had the advantage of low clouds, so that one seldom saw the planes. Suddenly we heard two terrific explosions, and the unmoved voice of the officer at his loudspeaker announced that two thousand-pound bombs had been dropped 15 metres to starboard. I swallowed, and shook hands with myself. I shook hands with myself again when I heard that the destroyer had sunk a U-boat, and that there was a lot of wreckage and oil and fresh vegetables floating about amid the ice. When the Commander asked if the destroyer was quite sure, she answered that the vegetables could not possibly come from her as she hadn't seen any for two weeks.

Finally we handed over the convoy to our Russian friends, who had come to meet us.



IN CONVOY TO RUSSIA. Some idea of the risks taken by our U.S.S.R.-bound ships may be had from the accompanying account. Our photo shows an A.A. rocket being loaded in anticipation of a dive-bomber attack (see p. 188). *Photo, Associated Press*

I am glad I went on the trip. We gave the Huns a beating, and I'm pleased to think I, as a Dutchman, had a hand in that. My comrades and I, we all work for the good cause, in Dutch submarines or destroyers or minesweepers, or flying Dutch planes, or serving with the Merchant Navy.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

FEB. 3, 1943, Wednesday *1,250th day*

Air.—R.A.F. and U.S. aircraft raided Abbeville and St. Omer. Heavy night raid on Hamburg.

North Africa.—British troops in Tunisia captured a ridge of Jebel Mansour.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops occupied Krasny-Liman, in Ukraine, and Kuschevka, S. of Rostov.

General.—German radio announced three-day mourning for 6th Army at Stalingrad.

FEB. 4, Thursday *1,251st day*

Air.—U.S. bombers made daylight raid on N.W. Germany; 25 German fighters destroyed at cost of five bombers. Night raids by R.A.F. on Turin, Spezia, Lorient and the Ruhr.

Russian Front.—Kupiansk in the Ukraine and Shchigry and Tim, E. of Kursk, captured by Soviet troops.

Burma.—R.A.F. Liberators made heavy raid on Rangoon docks.

Australasia.—U.S. Fortresses again bombed Rabaul; Lae, Gasmata and Buin also raided.

FEB. 5, Friday *1,252nd day*

North Africa.—Under enemy pressure our troops withdrew from Jebel Mansour in Tunisia.

Mediterranean.—Palermo harbour raided by Allied bombers.

Russian Front.—Stary Oskol, W. of Kursk, and Izyum in the Ukraine occupied by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—Japanese troops evacuating Guadalcanal under cover of air attacks.

General.—Mussolini became Italian Foreign Minister in place of Ciano appointed ambassador to Vatican.

FEB. 6, Saturday *1,253rd day*

Russian Front.—Lisichansk and Barvenkovo in Ukraine, Bataisk, S. of Rostov, and Yeisk on Sea of Azov occupied by Russians.

Australasia.—In air engagements over Wau, New Guinea, 41 Jap aircraft were destroyed or damaged.

U.S.A.—U.S. aircraft raided Kiska, Aleutians.

FEB. 7, Sunday *1,254th day*

Air.—Heaviest raid yet on U-boat base of Lorient.

Libya.—Eighth Army in contact with enemy W. of Pisida, on Tunisian frontier.

Mediterranean.—Large-scale daylight raids on Naples and Cagliari, Sardinia; night raids on other airfields in Sardinia.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured German base of Kursk, Kramatorskaya in the Ukraine and Azov, at mouth of Don.

Burma.—R.A.F. Liberators made heavy attack on Rangoon.

General.—Mr. Churchill arrived back in London.

FEB. 8, Monday *1,255th day*

Mediterranean.—Heavy daylight raid on Messina; Palermo bombed by night.

Russian Front.—Korocha, N.E. of Byelgorod, occupied by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—Dutch and Australian bombers raided Dobo in Aru Is.

FEB. 9, Tuesday *1,256th day*

Mediterranean.—U.S. bombers attacked aerodromes in Crete.

Russian Front.—Byelgorod, N. of Kharkov, captured by Soviet troops.

FEB. 10, Wednesday *1,257th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of submarine P 48.

North Africa.—Eighth Army in contact with enemy E. of Ben Gardane in Tunisia.

Mediterranean.—Allied air attacks on Palermo and railways in Sicily.

Russian Front.—Volchansk and Chuguyev in Ukraine captured by Red Army.

Australasia.—U.S. commander on Guadalcanal announced that the island was free of Japanese organized forces.

General.—Paris radio announced that Lorient and Brest were to be evacuated.

FEB. 11, Thursday *1,258th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made heavy night raid on Wilhelmshaven; arsenal blown up.

Russian Front.—Lozovaya rly. junction, S. of Kharkov, captured by Russians.

Australasia.—Japs continued to withdraw in Wau area of New Guinea.

General.—French warships, including battleship Richelieu, arrived in U.S. ports for refitting.

Announced that Gen. Alexander to be deputy C.-in-C. to Gen. Eisenhower in N. Africa.

FEB. 12, Friday *1,259th day*

Russian Front.—Krasnodar in the Kuban, Shakhty, N. of Rostov, and Krasnoarmeisk and Voroshilovsk in the Ukraine captured by Soviet troops.

Burma.—U.S. bombers again attacked Myitnge railway bridge and also raided Rangoon.

FEB. 13, Saturday *1,260th day*

Air.—Docks at Boulogne and St. Malo and iron works at Ymuiden, Holland, attacked by day; two night raids on Lorient.

North Africa.—Rommel's rearguard withdrawing towards Ben Gardane in S. Tunisia.

Mediterranean.—U.S. Liberators bombed Naples harbour by day; aerodromes in Crete raided by night.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Zolochev, on rly. between Kharkov and Briansk, Novocherkassk, N.E. of Rostov, and Likhaya, N. of Rostov.

Australasia.—U.S. aircraft attacked Jap shipping in Shortland Is. area of Solomons.

U.S.A.—Liberator and Mitchell bombers raided Kiska, Aleutians.

FEB. 14, Sunday *1,261st day*

Air.—Mosquitoes attacked railway workshops at Tours; heavy night raids on Cologne, Milan and Spezia.

North Africa.—In S. Tunisia Germans launched attack from Faid and Sened on U.S. positions round Gafsa and Sbeitla.

Russian Front.—Russians announced capture of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad.

FEB. 15, Monday *1,262nd day*

Air.—U.S. aircraft bombed docks at Dunkirk.

North Africa.—Eighth Army occupied Ben Gardane in S. Tunisia; Axis troops entered Gafsa, evacuated by Americans.

Mediterranean.—U.S. bombers again raided Naples.

Burma.—R.A.F. long-range bombers raided Heho airfield.

Australasia.—Allied aircraft attacked Rabaul, Amboina, Kolombangara, Munda, and Dilli, Portuguese Timor.

FEB. 16, Tuesday *1,263rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of trawler Stronsay.

Air.—U.S. bombers made day raid on U-boat base at St. Nazaire. R.A.F. bombed Lorient at night, while intruder fighters patrolled over German territory.

North Africa.—In S. Tunisia heavy fighting continued between Americans and Germans round Sbeitla.

Mediterranean.—Fortress bombers raided Palermo harbour by day; heavy bombers attacked Heraklion, Crete, at night.

Russian Front.—Kharkov captured by Red Army after fierce street fighting.

Home Front.—House of Commons began to discuss Beveridge Report on social security.

Flash-backs

1940

February 13. *Russians captured advanced positions of Finnish Mannerheim Line.*

February 16. *H.M.S. Cossack rescued British from Nazi prison-ship Altmark, in Norwegian fjord.*

1941

February 6. *Benghazi surrendered (1st time) to Australians and British under Gen. Wavell.*

February 7. *French forces from Chad captured Kufra.*

February 10. *British paratroops captured in Southern Italy.*

1942

February 9. *Japanese landed on N.W. coast of Singapore Island. In Burma, Japanese crossed Salween River. Japanese landed at Gasmata, New Britain.*

February 12. *Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen dashed from Brest through Straits of Dover to German ports.*

February 15. *Singapore fell to Japanese. Large-scale Japanese landing in Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.*

Editor's Postscript

WHY is it that when the great mass of the public, of every class and profession, creed, politics and economic circumstance, are working as never before to contribute all in their power to the national war effort, why is it that we should find apparently increasing evidence of the existence in our midst of persons who can be described by no other word than saboteur? I am not referring only to the "black marketeers"—those who never let an opportunity go by of turning a dishonest penny or of getting more than their fair share of a limited supply. Rather I have in mind those destructive maniacs who when nobody is looking damage and destroy public property, and those petty pilferers who seem to think that the railway companies (to take one of their particular victims) are fair game for the exercise of their thievish propensities.

WHEN the Nazis bombed south-east London the other day—it was the raid in which 39 little children and several of their devoted teachers perished—there was an immediate outcry because the public shelters in some districts were found to be shut. In fact, as Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, made clear in the House of Commons, keys were available at the nearest Wardens' posts, so that it was unlikely that there was any dangerous delay in opening the shelters. But *why* were they shut? Because of the difficulties arising from a "small but very active body of saboteurs." It is general knowledge that not in one or two places, but in many, the public shelters have been raided by thieves and deliberately damaged. Thousands of electric light bulbs have been stolen or broken, seats have been smashed, telephone and lighting wires wrenched away, locks forced, doors splintered; and the shelters have been used for other purposes that need not be described. In the light of such facts, who could blame the authorities for keeping these little buildings, designed and constructed solely for the public's own safety, under lock and key?

PILFERING on the railways has assumed proportions which would be almost incredible if the allegations were not supported by official statistics. I am informed that during 1942 on the trains—workmen's for the most part, but not by any means entirely—of the London, Midland and Scottish railway, 40,000 electric light bulbs were smashed, 8,600 windows broken, 10,000 electric light shades removed, 19,000 window and door straps removed or mutilated, 65 parcel racks damaged, and 100 ventilating frames broken. Prior to their withdrawal from the train-lavatories there was a tremendous loss of towels by all the railway companies, as I mentioned on the authority of a railway director two years ago. These figures constitute a simply appalling reflection on the morals—I use the word in its proper and not in its merely sexual sense—of the travelling public, which would seem to be much the same as the hooligan-minded public that abuses the A.R.P. shelters. One is inclined to ask where are the fruits of the tree of Popular Education that has been nurtured at such great expense for the past seventy years?

OF the many periodicals now issued in London by or with the help of Allied Governments, the latest to appear is The Norseman, published at 2s. 6d. every two months by Lindsay Drummond, Ltd. The first number lies before me, and it makes interesting and instructive reading. Most of the articles are, of course, by Norwegians or have a Norwegian subject. Mr. Nygaardsvold, who has been Prime Minister of Norway since 1935, opens with a contribution on Cultural Continuity; the famous Norwegian novelist Sigrid Undset describes some of her adventures during the first days of the war in Norway in April 1940; and Arne Ording writes on Norway and International Co-operation. Other contributors include the distinguished Soviet journalist, Ilya Ehrenburg; President Benes gives us some of his thoughts on the Peace, and Harold Nicolson a study of Winston Churchill. Then Dr. Wilhelm Keilhau, an Oslo professor, makes a plea for the adoption of English as the official language for the Commonwealth of Free Nations which we hope will be established after the War. If such an alliance is to be workable, he argues, it must possess a common language for the quick, practical and businesslike conduct of its affairs, and he favours English because of its tradition as the world's oldest democratic language.

RECENTLY the survivors of the Suffragette movement met in London to celebrate the silver jubilee of the Royal Assent to the first measure of women's suffrage—the 1918 Act which enfranchised women of 30 and over. (Votes for women on practically the same terms as men came ten years later.) So short a time ago; and it was seriously argued by men—and by women—in all parties and of every class, that because women were the "weaker sex" they were unfit to be entrusted with the Parliamentary franchise. It took a world war to give women the vote, as Lady Astor emphasized at the celebration at Friends' House. Because women showed what they could do at the munition benches, on bus platforms, and in many other jobs which hitherto had been male preserves, they were given the right to put a cross on a ballot paper. What shall they be given after this war, in which many of them have actually entered the firing-line? They have deserved much; and, no doubt, much will be given unto them. But I think Lady Astor is right when she says that it would take an earthquake to give women equal chances with the party machines, a tornado to put them on the Bishops' Bench, and a land-mine to blow them into the House of Lords!

SUCH is the way of things in Britain; but in Germany, as a Berlin radio commentator, one Hans Schwartz von Berg, put it the other night, "We don't talk about war and politics to German women if it can be avoided." But it cannot be avoided any longer, Herr Hans went on, "we are all in danger." So he had some quite nasty, harsh things to say to Frau and Fräulein. Apparently some German women are doing their best to dodge the call-up. The total mobilization recently decreed by Hitler (he said) "was certainly not meant to send some young lady looking for her long-forgotten sketching-pad and then to march to take an academy course, on the pretence that this is an important or at least sensible activity. Neither were the decrees imposed to remind hundreds of young girls that moulding busts or making vases or pretty figures for dear auntie's birthday is an interesting profession. Nor does it mean registering hastily for a course of gymnastics in the hope of being sent in six months' time to dance beautifully before the German troops in Paris, or rushing to take up the job of secretary to a good friend who has never had one before. Nor because five years ago you took a few lessons in Japanese will you now be given three years to perfect your knowledge with a view to becoming an interpreter."

MANY a German woman used the vote which the Weimar constitution gave her to put Adolf into power. He promised them, each one of them, a husband and a home; he ordered them out of industry, since that was no place for a woman. Gretchen and Maria used to scoff at the poor British and American women who had to go out to work. They don't scoff now. "Women in Germany are back where they were when Hitler asked them for power," said Rebecca West in a recent broadcast, "only far worse. Hitler cheated women, if only because he said: 'Every woman will have a husband for herself,' and did not add, 'but he will probably be a dead one.'"

FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE R.A.F



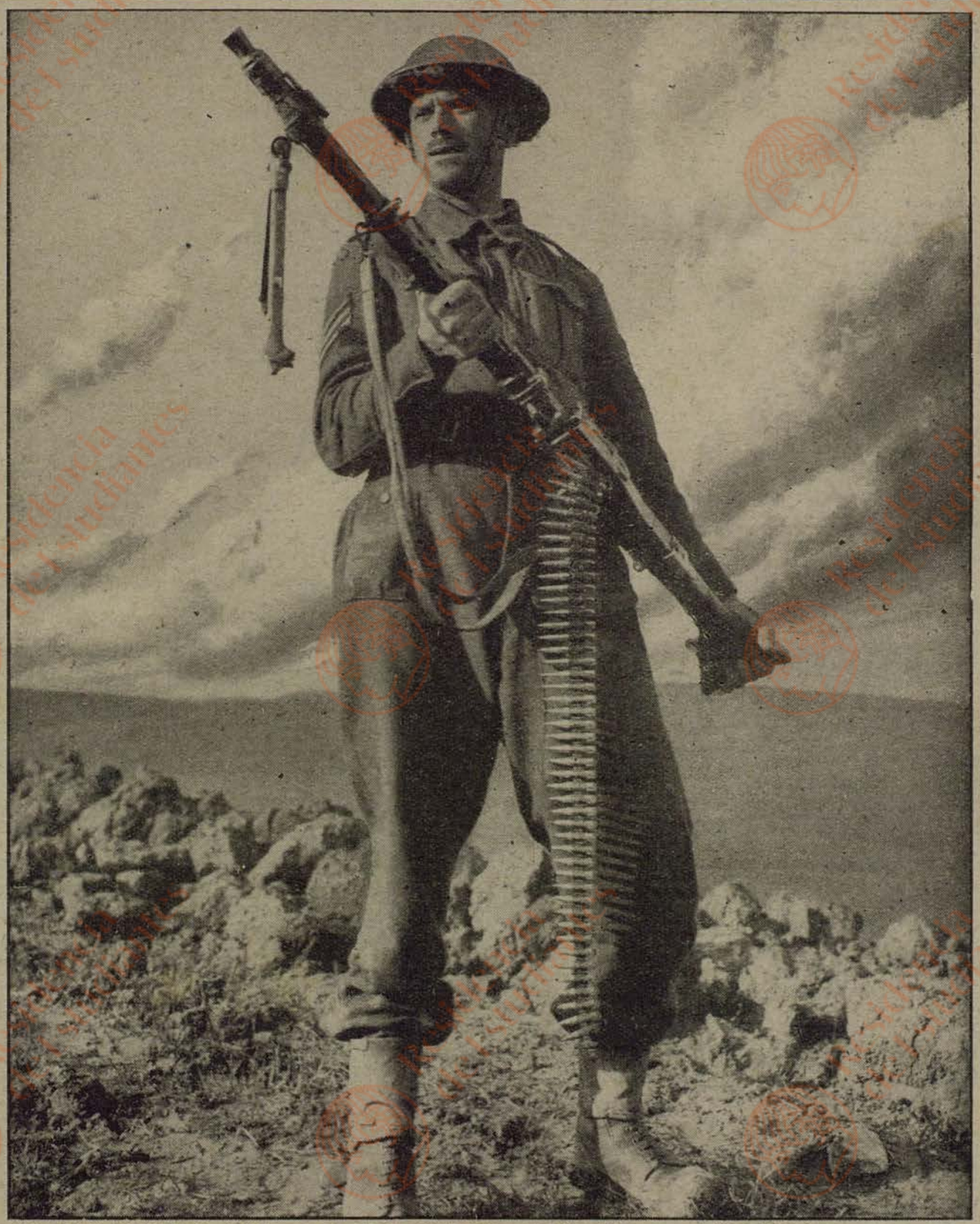
GROUP-CAPT. A. G. MALAN, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, who has destroyed 32 enemy aircraft in addition to many probables. A South African, he played a leading part in the Battle of Britain, and commanded one of London's Spitfire squadrons in 1941. *Drawn by Capt. Cuthbert Orde: Crown Copyright reserved*

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SIXPENCE FEBRUARY 5, 1943



ON TOP IN TUNISIA! Sergt. R. Sumner, a Londoner, recently distinguished himself in a remarkable exploit in the fierce fighting with Nehring's Nazis. During an attack on the enemy positions he charged a machine-gun nest single-handed, capturing two Germans with their light machine-gun and 3,000 rounds of ammunition. While he was using the gun later it jammed, but he persuaded one of the prisoners to adjust it, and held down enemy fire until his ammunition was spent. Sergt. Sumner is here seen with the captured gun.

Photo, Planet News

NO. 148 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

DURING the first half of January 1943, although there were no major developments in other theatres, the German situation in Russia continued to deteriorate rapidly. Zhukov's great southern offensive showed no sign of losing its momentum. It is true that on certain parts of its front the advance was slowed down or even temporarily brought to a standstill. That was only to be expected where, as on the Donetz and Lower Don front, the Germans had special facilities for bringing reserves into action and where it was vitally important for them to hold every foot of ground. Yet even on these comparatively static parts of the front the Germans are suffering heavily. They have been forced to counter-attack constantly, purely as a defensive expedient and not in the hope of initiating a counter-offensive on a scale which would retrieve the situation. The counter-attacks have been costly in men and material. They have contributed to the high rate of attrition of man-power resources which is giving Berlin much anxiety, and they have not removed the threat to vital centres. On the Caucasus front there is no question of the offensive losing momentum, and here undoubtedly the Germans have to face the possibility of disaster on a scale as great as that which threatens the 6th Army at Stalingrad.

In view of the situation in Russia, will the decision to send an army to Tunisia prove a disastrous embarrassment for the Axis coming on top of the necessity to retain strong forces in the occupied countries? The decision cannot be reversed; and Hitler may be compelled to treat an ulcer in Tunisia as serious as the Spanish ulcer was to Napoleon.

RUSSIA

By the middle of January the Russians had accomplished so much that it was less their day-to-day achievements that excited interest than the vista that was opened. What would be the fate of the defeated German armies, and what would be the strategic policy of the German High Command?

The army of the Middle Caucasus was in full retreat, having abandoned masses of material in what almost amounted to a rout; all pretence that it was an orderly withdrawal in order to shorten the front became absurd. Russian pursuit was too vigorous, and on too broad a front, to permit even a temporary stand on the Kuma river. The retreat continued, and sporadic rearguard actions did little to check pursuit, though in some localities they resulted in fierce encounters.

The immediate question, then, was whether the defeated army would be able to rally on a position covering the railway junction of Armavir? If it could not, the Maikop oilfield would have to be abandoned, and the forces operating against Tuapse would be forced to undertake a difficult retreat. The Upper Kuban and the important centre of Voroshilovsk seemed to indicate a possible rallying position; but the pursuit was hot and threatened to turn the position from the north before it could be firmly established.

Moreover, another threat was developing which would seal the fate of the retreating army if it attempted to stand. The Russian drive from Kotelnikovo down the Stalingrad-Novorossisk railway was making steady if not very rapid progress. It had reached the line of the Manych river, and on its right the lower reaches of the Sal. German resistance, though stiff, was being steadily overcome; and the important town of Salsk, with direct railway communication with Rostov, was closely threatened. Even more important: if the advance could not be stopped, Tikhoretsk, through which the communications of the Middle Caucasus army and the Maikop forces run, would be in danger. It seems probable, therefore, that the Germans may be forced to retreat to cover Tikhoretsk and to avoid the danger of becoming completely isolated. They would have long distances to cover; and an early decision whether to stand to cover Armavir or to retreat on Tikhoretsk must be taken. If Tikhoretsk were captured or closely threatened it might well lead to a withdrawal of all German forces in the Caucasus.

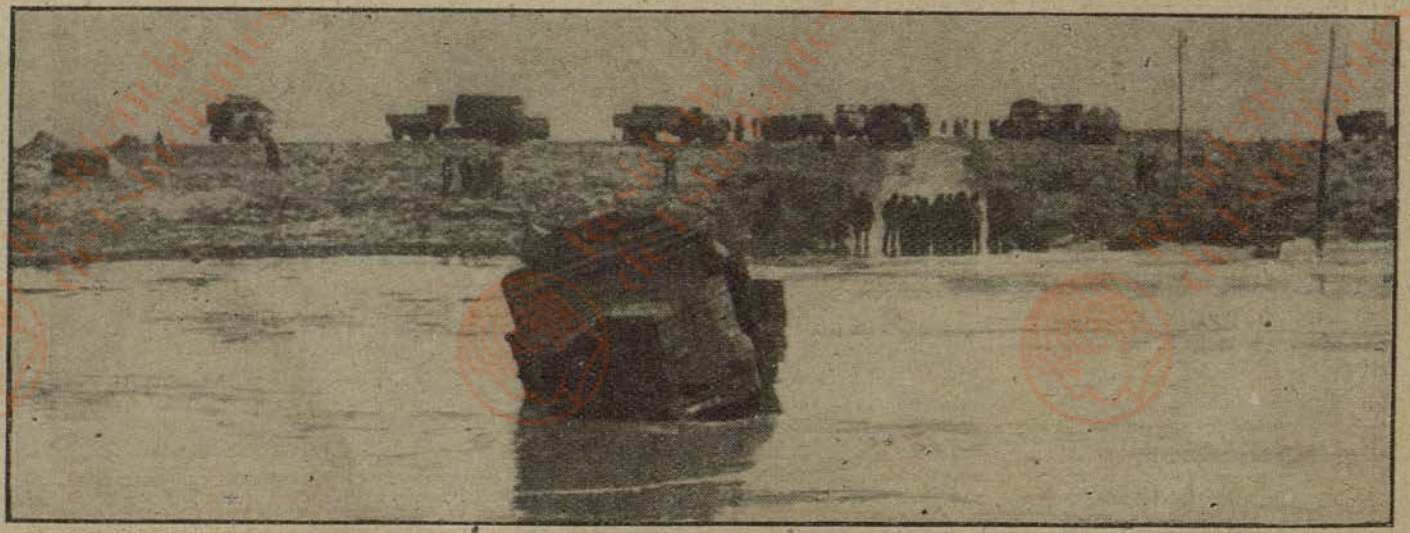
WHILE the Germans in the Caucasus were being hard pressed, the Russian advance north of the Don had been slowed down and in some places stopped by numerous counter-attacks. The Germans were evidently determined to hold the line of the Donetz at all costs in order to cover the approaches to Rostov and the important towns and railway system of the Donetz basin. But although the position gave them great facilities for bringing up reserves the counter-attacks failed to do more than bring temporary relief, and were very costly.

By the middle of the month the Russians began again to make progress and actually reached the eastern bank of the Donetz. It seems improbable that anything amounting to a break-through will be achieved; but, on the other hand, the attrition of German reserves is likely to be an important contribution to the general progress of the offensive. Now as I write (in the middle of January) has come the news of the new break-through south of Voronezh—an event of the first importance. Apart from the casualties inflicted and booty captured, it will clear the Voronezh-Rostov railway as far as Millerovo and open prospects of cutting communication between Kharkov and Rostov. The fall of Millerovo, announced by the Russians on Jan. 17, coupled with the capture of the railway farther north, must immensely improve the communications of the Russians on the Donetz front.

The news from Stalingrad is equally important. Although the Nazi General Paulus has refused to accept terms of surrender, it is clear that his troops are in no condition to resist the Russian exterminating attack and they will probably take the law into their own hands. Paulus was, of course, justified in refusing to surrender, however hopeless his position, because evidently it is of first importance to the Russians to open railway communication through Stalingrad and to secure the release of their investing



GERMAN TRANSPORT difficulties in Russia are acute. Here are Nazi soldiers dragging shells along in sledges improvised from ammunition containers. *Photo, Associated Press*



FLOODS IN TUNISIA held up military operations during the greater part of January this year. Roads were converted into running rivers and became impassable for transport. This photograph shows a German motorized column halted by a large expanse of flood-water. One lorry has already been marooned in a venturesome bid to make the passage, and the rest of the column waits upon the bank in the background, completely immobilized. *Photo, Associated Press*

army as soon as possible. Every day's delay may have important consequences.

The situation on the Moscow front has changed little since the capture of Veliki Luki. The Germans have been counter-attacking furiously in the hopes of retaking it, and their long refusal to admit its fall was due probably to the hope that success would make admission of such a reverse unnecessary. Russian progress in exploitation of the removal of this hedgehog has not been marked, but the rate of attrition of German reserves must have been greatly increased by fruitless counter-attacks.

Up to the time of writing, Moscow has been silent as regards operations which the Germans report the Russians have started for the relief of Leningrad, but these may obviously produce very important results.

ON the whole, the situation in Russia has improved beyond all expectation, and there is every reason to hope that it will improve still further.

The recovery by the Russian air force of the ascendancy it achieved last winter is likely to prove of great importance, for it will have more chances of exploiting its superiority than it had then.

The amazing results achieved by Russian war industries during the past year which, in spite of the necessity to make good heavy losses and expenditure, has enabled reserves to be built up for the offensive affords a heartening assurance that the summer will not find the Red Army with its material resources exhausted. How many tanks and aircraft supplied by the Allies are being employed in the present operations we have not been told; but there seems little doubt that the most effective weapons in winter warfare are of Russian manufacture. It has still to be proved whether the weapons are of an order which will enable the offensive to be maintained during the worst of the winter. So far, the season appears to have been exceptionally mild; and on the Caucasus front mud rather than snow has hampered rapid movement. In any case, the Russians retain their superiority in cavalry and ski troops, and their guerilla bands will probably have greater opportunities than ever of effective action as German reserves are drawn into the main battle area.



GEN. PAULUS, commander of the German 6th Army trapped in the Stalingrad area. On Jan. 8, 1943 he rejected a Russian ultimatum that he should capitulate.
Photo, New York Times Photos

It is too early yet to speculate on whether the disasters the Germans have suffered will compel them to attempt a drastic general withdrawal in order to shorten their communications and to establish a straighter front. Such a course was contemplated last year, but it was realized that it would be too desperate an undertaking to carry out in mid-winter. This year it would probably be even more difficult, but the alternative of holding on at all costs might be even more disastrous if the momentum of the Russian offensive is maintained.



STALINGRAD AND N. CAUCASUS FRONTS. Arrows show direction of main Russian thrusts at Jan. 19, 1943. The shaded areas are those recaptured by the Red Army in the course of the previous fortnight. Note the German 6th Army enveloped at Stalingrad, and Rostov menaced from north and east.
By courtesy of The Times

NORTH AFRICA

Operations in Tunisia no doubt appear to many disappointingly slow. We should realize, however, that we have been told nothing as to the actual progress of the deployment of the main Allied forces. We have had the frank admission of the failure of the original attempt to anticipate the Axis forces in the occupation of Tunis and Bizerta, and we have had some account of the encounters in which the advanced force which made the attempt have since been engaged. Difficulty of operations in wet weather, difficulties on the lines of communication, and difficulties in establishing aerodromes have also been described.

All this has suggested the idea that someone has blundered, and some criticism has been excited. It has been suggested, for instance, that it was a mistake to undertake the operation at all in the wet season, and that the conditions encountered should have been foreseen. Such criticism rather ignores the probability that the operations were designed to synchronize with a Russian winter offensive, and also with the 8th Army offensive which could not well be postponed indefinitely or till the heat of summer.

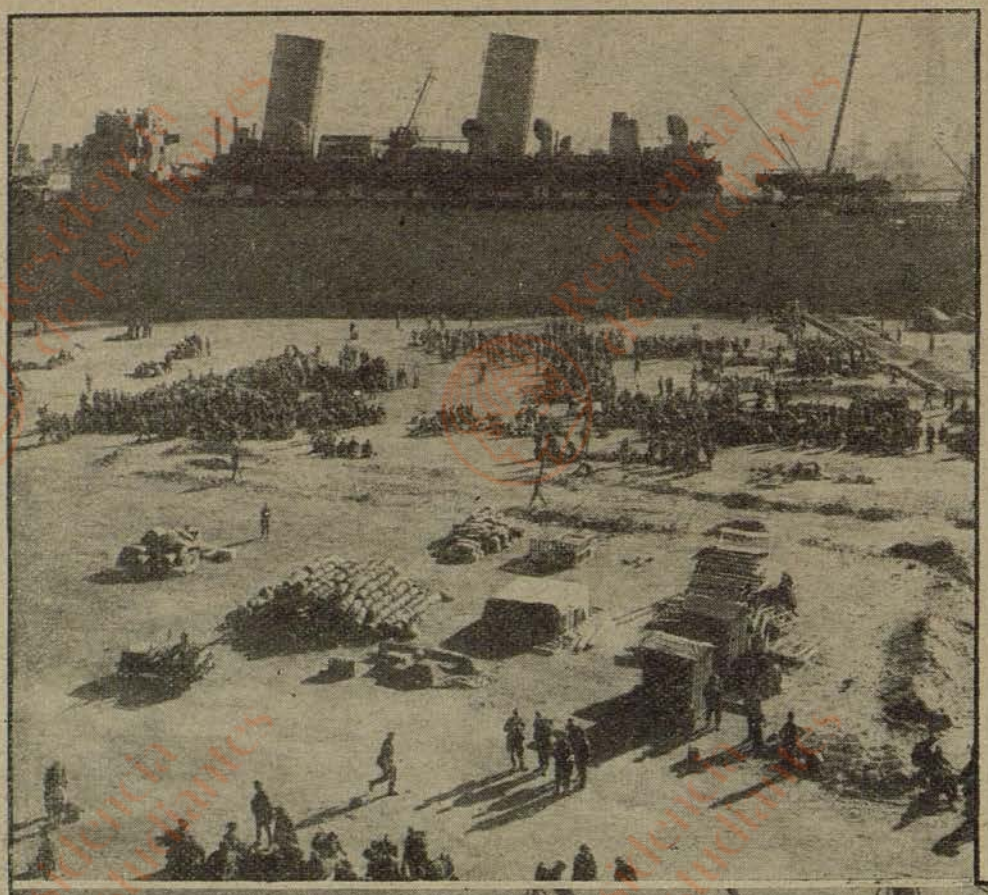
It would not be surprising, moreover, if the state of the roads in Algeria and Tunisia, or what the effect of rain would be on the ground, were not well known. We now know that the roads have been neglected since the collapse of France, and that rain produces mud conditions very hampering to military operations. But how could such information have been obtained? French North Africa has been closed to Allied agents for the last three years, and in pre-war years there was no reason for collecting detailed information about the territory of a friendly Power which did not even adjoin British possessions. I doubt whether even residents in the country would have appreciated the effects of rain on military operations, since none had ever taken place in the country—certainly not since the days of mechanization.

In Tripolitania, Montgomery as I write has again started to move, and apparently Rommel has not risked a decisive encounter. The main fact is that after its long pause the 8th Army should be in a good state to follow through and maintain pressure.

FAR EAST

The very difficult and expensive Papuan operation is practically ended. It is to be hoped that a valuable base for operations against Rabaul and Japanese footholds farther north in New Guinea has been secured to reward troops who have done so splendidly.

Pioneer Corps Handle Vital Supplies in N. Africa



MEN of the Pioneer Corps are doing a fine and vitally important job of work in North Africa. Many of them were rejected for Regular Army service on account of poor eyesight and other physical disabilities ; but in spite of such handicaps which precluded them from fighting in the first line, they are now unloading and reloading goods on trains and lorries in 12-hour shifts, night and day. Five tons of material per man are handled in each shift, and during an emergency as much as seven or eight tons per man is maintained.

The Pioneers also build camps and roads, and stack goods at ordnance and supply depots. Organized into pioneer aerodrome companies, they are hard at work on constructing badly-needed airfields for the R.A.F. They can finish an airfield and have it ready for use in thirty-six hours. A number of European refugees recently released from internment camps in Algeria, have offered their services to the Pioneers. One company, composed principally of Austrians and Germans—victims of Nazi oppression—has already been formed, and many North African natives are also enlisting to swell their ranks.

IN Algiers harbour (left) British and American troops are being disembarked from a large transport ; evidence of the Pioneers' activity is afforded by the stores piled in the foreground. The photograph below, taken at Bône, E. of Algiers along the Mediterranean coast, shows small-arms ammunition being transferred from ship to quay by means of rollers, an ingenious method that saves both time and labour.

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright



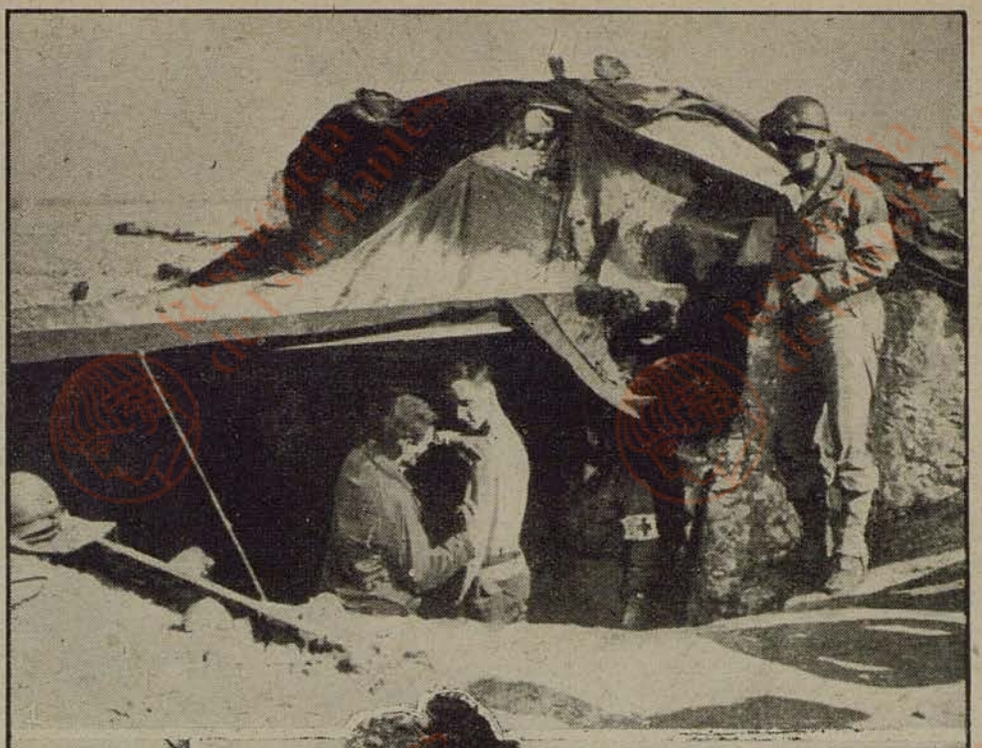
Skirmishing Activity Amid the Tunisian Hills

IN Tunisia both the Allies and the Germans were building up their forces at the beginning of January 1943. Except in the south, where French troops, with U.S. support, beat off enemy raids on their positions, the weather held up operations. On Jan. 8 it was disclosed that the Coldstream Guards, Grenadier Guards, Northamptonshire Regt., Hampshire Regt., Lancashire Fusiliers, and East Surrey Regt. were among British units in this theatre of war. As regards the contribution of French troops, numbers steadily increased. On Jan. 13 it was reported that an additional contingent of some 6,000 men had been placed in the firing line, bringing the number of French troops in the field to well over 50,000.

Meanwhile, the military situation remained obscure. It was reported that Axis reinforcements were reaching Tunis at the rate of 1,000 men a day, and that the garrison of Tunis itself had been greatly strengthened.

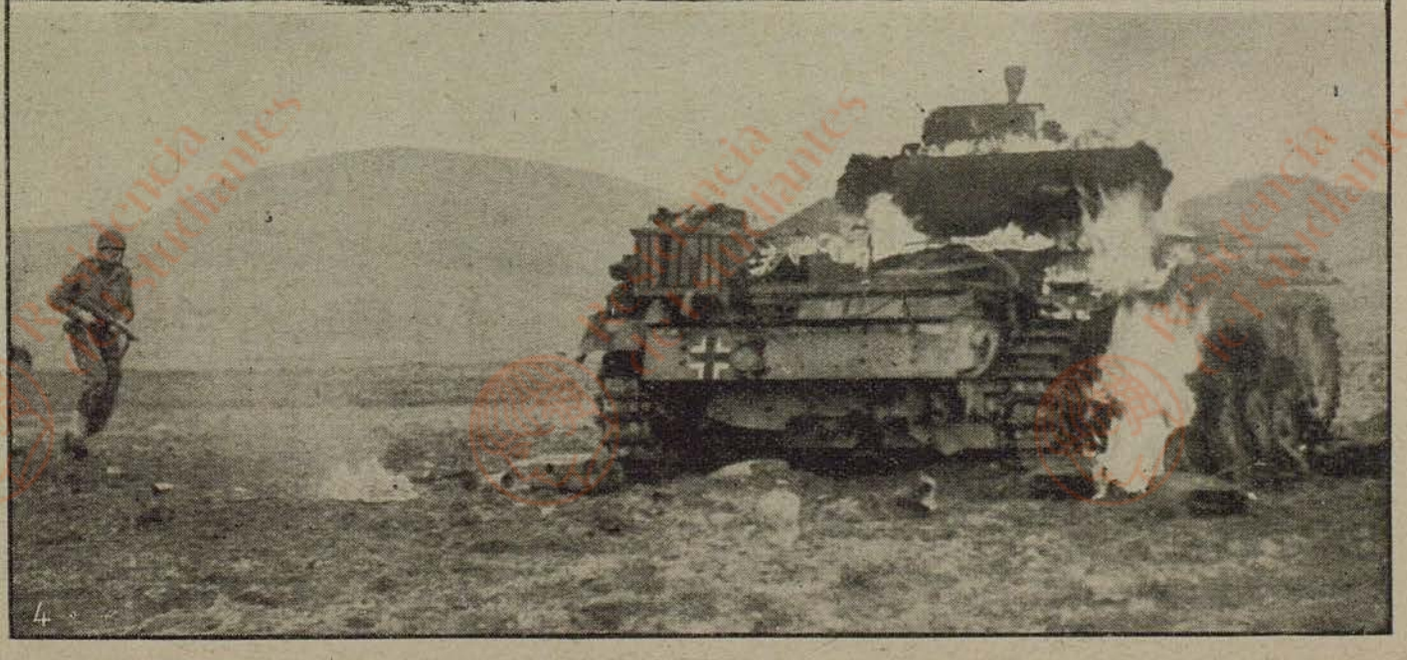
THE photographs in this page show men of the Allied armies in the Tunisian front line. 1, A medical outpost, effectively camouflaged among a pile of rocks. A U.S. soldier, wounded in the arm, is being attended by a doctor. 2, Men of a Guards Battalion holding a front-line slit trench. 3, British parachute troops set off on patrol duty in the Beja area. 4, German tank blazing as the result of a duel with U.S. and British anti-tank units in the Medjez-el-Bab region, 40 miles west of Tunis.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone, Planet News









Commanders Have to Keep Up With the War

In the First Great War the headquarters of the rival commands were often in palatial châteaux in some town conveniently situated behind the front, e.g. the Kaiser's H.Q. was at Spa in Belgium, while Haig's was for years at Montreuil. But, as ALEXANDER DILKE explains below, in the campaigns of today mobility is the key-word, and the generals, too, have to be "mobile."

It was recently revealed that when General Eisenhower was in Britain working out the strategy of the Allied invasion of North Africa, he used a "sleeper" which had been part of the Night Scotsman and Aberdonian expresses. Converted into a work-room by removing the berths, the sleeper became a hive of activity as it moved secretly round Britain, taking General Eisenhower to each of the many commands that had to be consulted. Probably no great campaign has been launched from such a small and modest headquarters. The mobile conference-room measured only 20 ft. by 6 ft., but in it were taken some of the biggest decisions of the war.

The speed and nature of modern warfare are forcing generals more and more to avoid the great country mansion or luxury hotel which was once the typical headquarters. Not only does the speed of war call now for mobility, but also the big houses form too easy a mark for bombers or even parachutists. A friend writing of our retreat in Malaya told how Japanese bombers always made the largest building in the town, the club or the racecourse buildings, their first mark, convinced that this was where the British would set up their headquarters. But the British had learned; and in their retreat the H.Q. of this unit found comparative peace by choosing very ordinary native houses in which to work.

Hitler's Armoured Train

"The Fuehrer's Headquarters" has become a familiar phrase. It is from this spot that the biggest German claims are made. It is probably purely a propaganda place, for from it flows with equal ease news of air, naval and military operations. The German High Command, of course, has headquarters, and Hitler has his specially-constructed armoured train which becomes his "headquarters" when he visits the front. In fact, the Russians, who have been at great pains to discover the sleeping-place of Hitler and have no inhibitions about bombing him, are convinced that the train has never been nearer than 400 miles from the front. The military could not guarantee immunity from attack by guerillas at a less distance.

Hitler's train is heavily armed and armoured. It is particularly well equipped with light A.A. guns—and not without good reason, for Russian airmen have bombed it at least twice, although it does not seem certain that they knew who was in it. According to reports, it does not move a great deal. Indeed, with its elaborate telephone system it would be difficult for it to do so.

The German G.H.Q. train consists of a number of specially-built coaches providing offices, conference-rooms, sleeping accommodation, wireless car and, in fact, everything required by a considerable staff. The wireless car is equipped with teleprinters, and both the world's news and private information flow in day and night. The accommodation is luxurious by active service standards. The kitchen cars, for instance, can provide not only meals for several hundred people, but dinners fit for the distinguished foreign visitors who are occasionally invited to the Fuehrer's headquarters—and the light pastries which are Hitler's weakness.

This mobile headquarters is something of a "stunt" to give the atmosphere of the front line to visitors and, for that matter, to Hitler himself. Big as is the accommodation, it is not sufficient to house anything like the organization required in controlling the huge German armies. The real work is done in extensive buildings converted for the purpose. They are believed to be in East Prussia, but their whereabouts is one of the most closely-guarded of German secrets.

Because of the menace of air or land raids, all armies must now keep the nature and position of their headquarters secret. Rommel learned his lesson in November 1941, when Commandos led by Lieut.-Col. Keyes attacked the villa he was using as headquarters at Sidi Raffa near Tobruk. This headquarters seemed far from the fighting-line, but submarines and the skill and courage of the raiders took them to it. Only the unlucky chance that Rommel was away at the time saved his life; several of the officers on his staff were killed.

Specially-equipped aircraft are used by generals as mobile headquarters, enabling them not only to cover considerable distances rapidly, but also to work while travelling. Britain has mobile offices with every required type of equipment, including miniature printing-presses to enable the administration to keep up with the army.



GEN. K. A. N. ANDERSON, Commander of the 1st Army in N. Africa, photographed in the armoured car in which he travels and directs operations in Tunisia.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

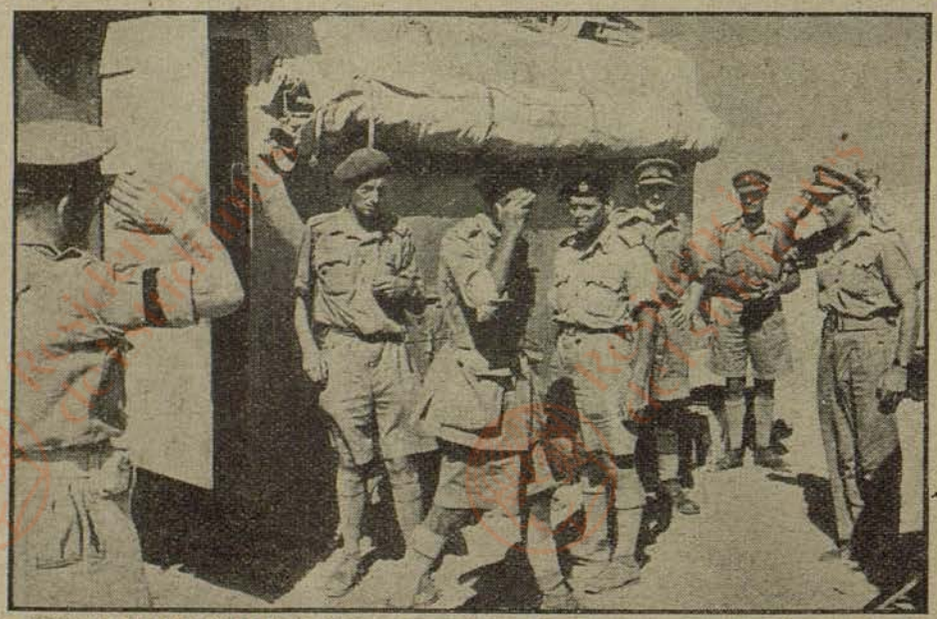
Curiously enough, Air Force H.Q. do not require quite the same mobility—an air force moves forward in jumps rather than continuously. In the Western Desert miniature underground "cities" were excavated for R.A.F. headquarters; there was one at Maaten Bagush, for instance, known as the "rabbit's warren," complete with operations-rooms, orderly-rooms, accounts sections, etc.

For working out a big operation, safety is more important, perhaps, than mobility. For this reason, when he went to Africa, General Eisenhower put the finishing touches to his plans in a tunnel specially hollowed out of the rock at Gibraltar. Visitors to Allied Forces headquarters had to walk a quarter of a mile underground before reaching it, and pass so many guards that there was little chance of a surprise attack even by exceptionally cunning or resolute men. The actual rooms used as headquarters were concreted to keep out the damp; and in them generals, admirals, and air marshals worked all day, coming up only to sleep.

Montgomery's Desert Caravan

General Montgomery has used a specially-fitted caravan as his mobile headquarters during his great advance in the Western Desert. It is austerely but efficiently furnished, and, of course, camouflaged. The caravan can keep pace with the fastest fighting vehicles, and in the unique conditions of the desert has the advantage of providing shelter and "office" at any convenient spot, quite independently of the "inhabited places," which are not only few and far between, but magnets for bombers. Gen. Montgomery does not travel in the caravan, but in a small car.

A "fitting" of the caravan which always calls forth comment from visitors is a large photograph of General Rommel. Probably this is the only headquarters in the world where a photograph of the enemy general is prominent. General Montgomery explains that he captured his life-size photograph and has ambitions to capture the "original."

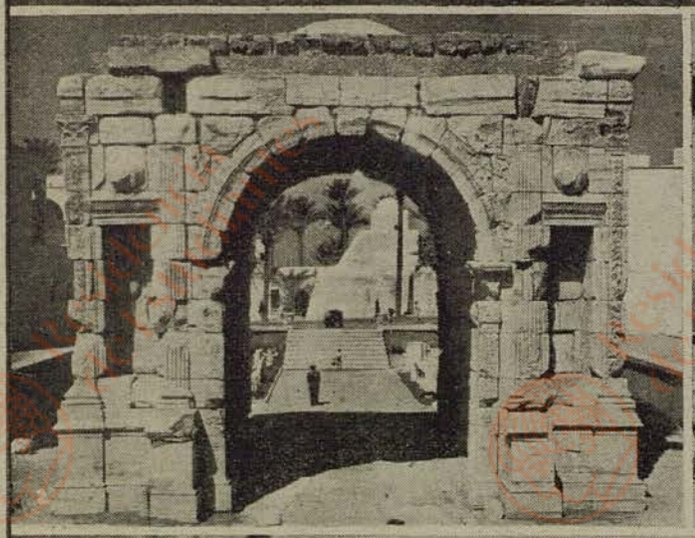


MOBILE NERVE CENTRE in the Western Desert. This Armoured Command Vehicle enables staff officers of the 2nd Armoured Brigade of the 8th Army to keep in touch by wireless and telephone with every phase of the swift-moving campaign. A Brigadier is seen leaving the A.C.V. during a halt in the desert.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Tripoli Added to the Eighth Army's Prizes



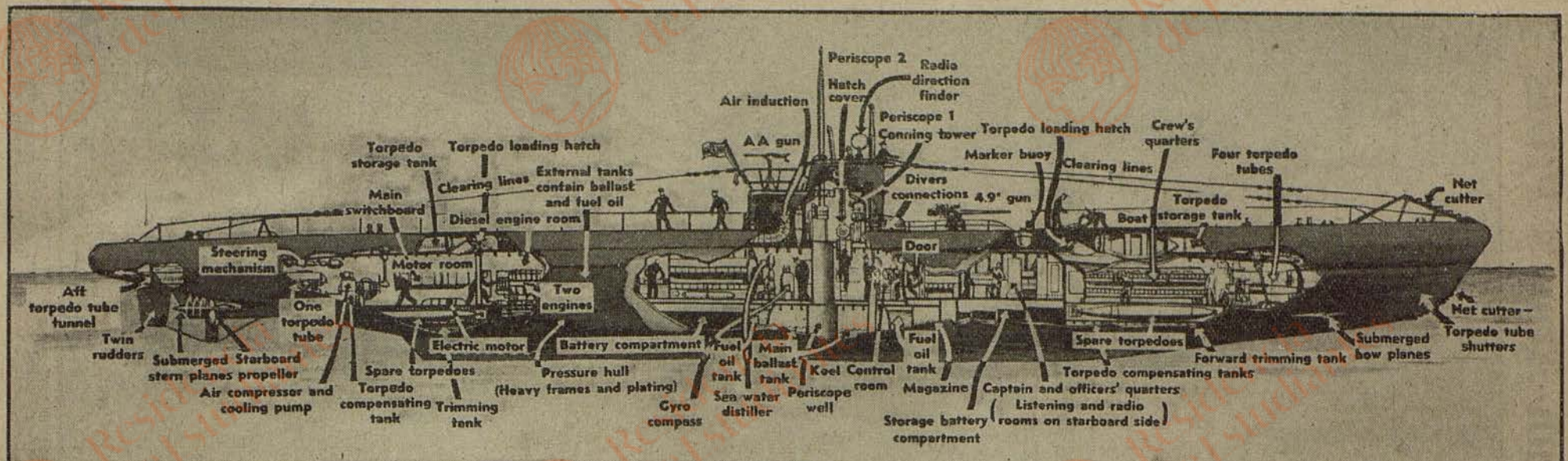


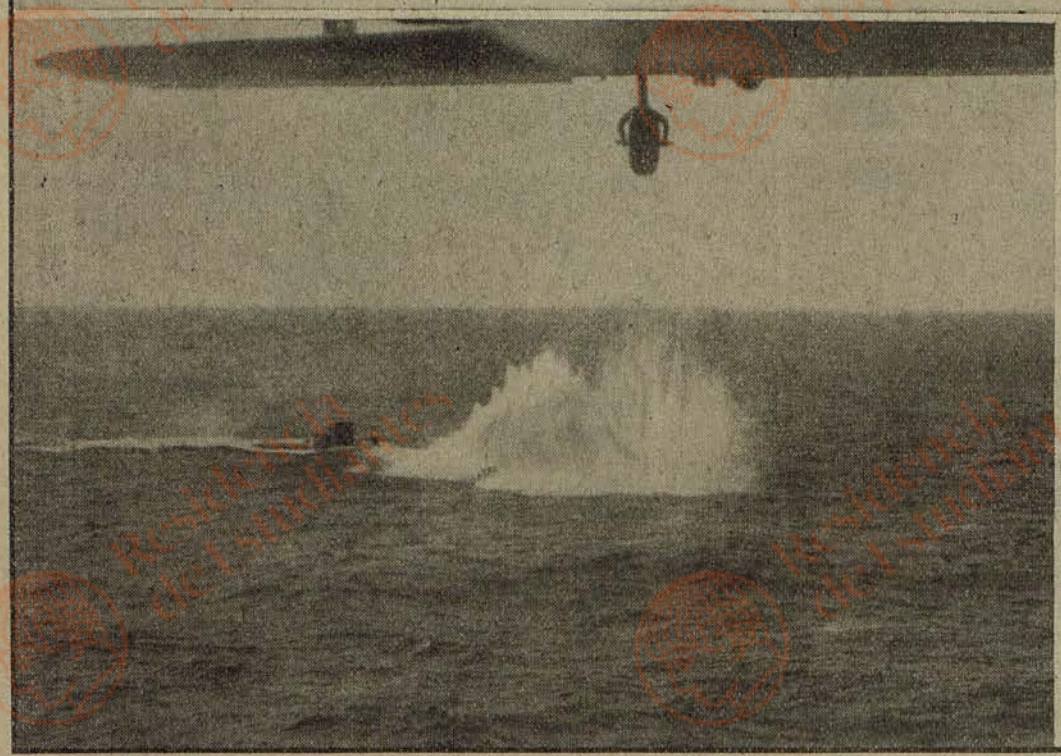


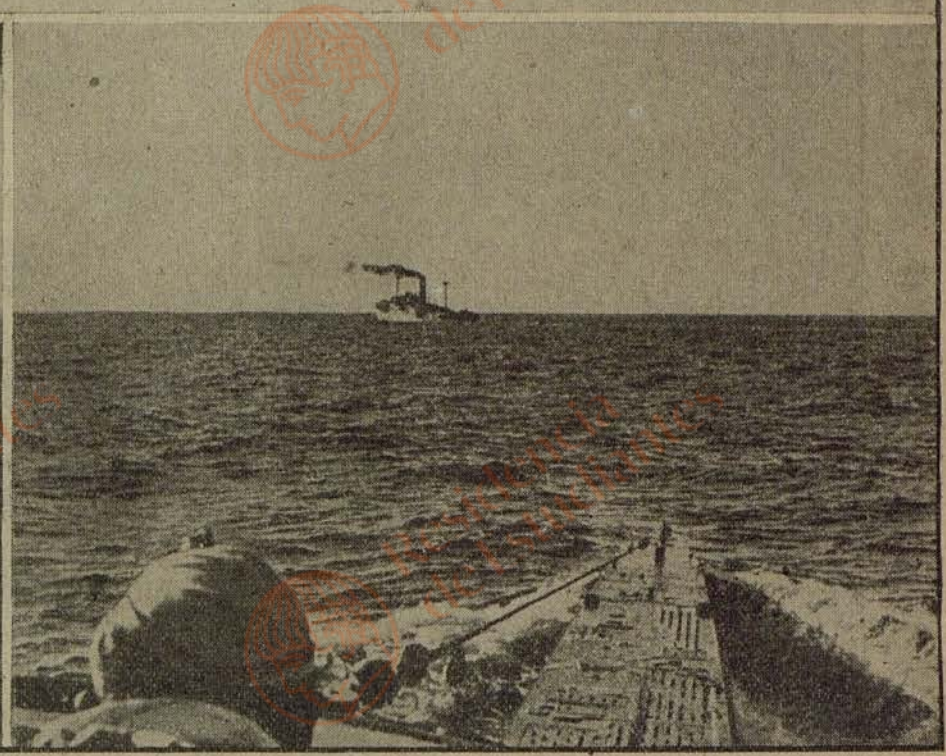


THE 8th ARMY ENTERED TRIPOLI on January 23, 1943; here are scenes in Mussolini's "jewel city." 1, The splendid bay and embankment. 2, Roman triumphal arch, built in A.D. 163, in honour of the Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus. An Arab mosque rises in the background. 3, Sixteenth-century Castle of Tripoli, overlooking the harbour. 4, The Corso Vittorio Emanuele, fashionable shopping centre. An Italian seaplane swoops low over the white buildings

Photos, Pictorial Press







U-BOATS are now more concentrated than before, said Mr. A. V. Alexander on Jan. 20, 1943; new U-boats are being used, with new tactics. It is computed that the enemy has now some 700 submarines which can be employed against our shipping. The enormous output of U.S. shipyards and the drive in British naval construction are the United Nations' answer. Top, diagram showing a standard ocean-going U-boat of 740 tons. Left, photo taken from a Coastal Command Whitley aircraft during a depth-charge attack on a U-boat. Right, British freighter being attacked by a U-boat—from which the photograph was taken—in the Caribbean Sea.

Diagram by courtesy of The Daily Express; photos British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

No excuse is needed for reverting to the U-boat menace. It is unquestionably the most dangerous weapon which Germany wields, a fact of which our enemies are only too well aware. Though our shipping losses from this cause may not be so serious as they were six months or more ago, they are still far too heavy to be regarded with equanimity; and there is unfortunately every prospect of their increasing in the spring, when our foes are bound to strain every nerve to interrupt our vital seaborne supplies.

We have been officially informed that the rate of construction of U-boats still exceeds the rate at which they are being destroyed. Until this position is reversed we cannot afford to abate our efforts one iota; indeed, we must augment them in every possible way.

To accelerate the speed of merchant shipbuilding in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic is not a solution of the problem. It is only a palliative, especially if the shipping is turned out faster than the warships and aircraft required for its protection. To provide additional targets for U-boats without a corresponding increase in the number of escorts would tend to play into the enemy's hands.

It is, in fact, the multiplication of the escorting warships which is the most important object to keep in view if we are to bring about a bigger slaughter of U-boats. As recent accounts of the defeat of attacks on Atlantic convoys make plain, these ships are doing magnificent work in guarding our supply routes across the ocean. But the scale of these attacks is clearly very heavy, as they are often renewed day after day, showing that the number of enemy submarines employed is considerable.

Though they cannot fly in all weathers, and are unable to afford succour to survivors of ships sunk, aircraft afford very valuable collaboration with convoy escorts. Indeed, one of the most useful types employed in convoy work today is the auxiliary aircraft-carrier, whose planes can scout around a convoy's track, in order to spot submarines on the surface and force them to submerge to avoid bombs or depth charges. This greatly reduces a U-boat's efficiency, as its speed on the surface may be anything from 16 to 20 knots, while under water this is reduced to 8 or 9 knots. Moreover, it is not possible to maintain this speed indefinitely while submerged without using up the stored electricity driving the motors.

Shortage of Naval Aircraft

Undoubtedly, an increase in the number of naval aircraft available for convoy work would be of material advantage. Both the First Lord of the Admiralty and Lord Hankey have recently expressed concern that the Royal Navy, which is charged with the task of keeping our life-line open, is still short of aircraft of up-to-date type for this work. If ever there was a case for priority being given, irrespective of other less vital needs, this is one.

Though bombing submarine bases such as Lorient may do something to hamper the regular routine of reliefs on which the U-boat war on commerce is dependent, it is hardly credible that any damage can be done to the vessels themselves, protected as they are by 15 feet or more of solid concrete above the shelters in which they lie when in port. Nor can it be hoped that the morale of the submarine crews—the weakest link in the U-boat chain—will be affected by occasional bombing raids on bases.

Neither is it likely that submarine building and assembling yards will be put out of action by such raids. Not only are there far too many of them, scattered all over Europe, but a shipyard is not a particularly vulnerable target, as our own experience in 1940-41 goes to show. If more aircraft could be directed to the actual location and attacking of U-boats at sea, it would be far more valuable than bombing bases and shipbuilding establishments.

It has been a subject of comment from time to time that, compared with the Royal Air Force, the Royal Navy achieves less publicity than is its due, having regard to the vital importance of its war operations.

An appointment announced on January 13, 1943 is designed to remedy this situation. Admiral Sir William James, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth from 1939 to 1942, and a former Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff, has been selected for the new post of Chief of Naval Information. He will be entrusted with the planning and co-ordination of all forms of naval publicity. For this task he is well fitted, as Press representatives who have had to approach him during his tenure of the Portsmouth command can testify. From another point of view his choice for the difficult task of explaining the Navy's work to the public would seem to be a very happy one. He is a talented naval historian, able to describe in vivid words the deeds of naval daring which saved our country in the past, as readers of his books The British Navy in Adversity and Blue Water and Green Fields will unhesitatingly agree.

No new machinery is being set up for the publication of naval announcements, which will continue to be issued through the Press Division of the Admiralty and its Naval Affairs section, located at the Ministry of Information.

Ships Lent to Our Allies

H.M.S. Dragon, a cruiser of 4,850 tons, launched in 1917, has been lent to the Polish Navy. She is by far the biggest warship so far turned over to any of our Allies.

It is not generally realized how many of H.M. ships have thus been made available to our Allies. Apart from certain corvettes and trawlers transferred to the United States Navy last year to aid them in stamping out the U-boat pest on their Atlantic coast, over 40 vessels have hoisted Allied flags.

Besides the Dragon, the Poles have taken over the destroyers Piorun, Slazak, Krakowiak, Kujawiak (since lost), and Garland, and the submarines Sokol and Dzik. The Norwegians have manned the destroyers Eskdale, Glaisdale, Bath (lost), Lincoln and St. Albans, and the corvettes Rose, Acanthus, Eglantine, Montbretia (lost), and Potentilla.

The Dutch recently acquired two large destroyers, the Jan van Galen and Tjerk Hiddes. The Greeks have obtained four destroyers, the Pindos, Adrias, Kanaris, and Miaoulis, and four corvettes, the Apostolis, Kriezis, Sachtouris and Tombazis; they will shortly add to these two more destroyers, the Nearchos and Themistocles. The Fighting French were last month given a destroyer, La Combattante, having previously been possessed of a number of corvettes, including the Commandant d'Estienne d'Orves, La Malouine, Roselys, Alysse, and Mimosa, the last two of which have been sunk. Even the Belgians, whose available personnel is not very numerous, are manning a corvette and an examination vessel. All these ships are operating in close and cordial conjunction with the Royal Navy.



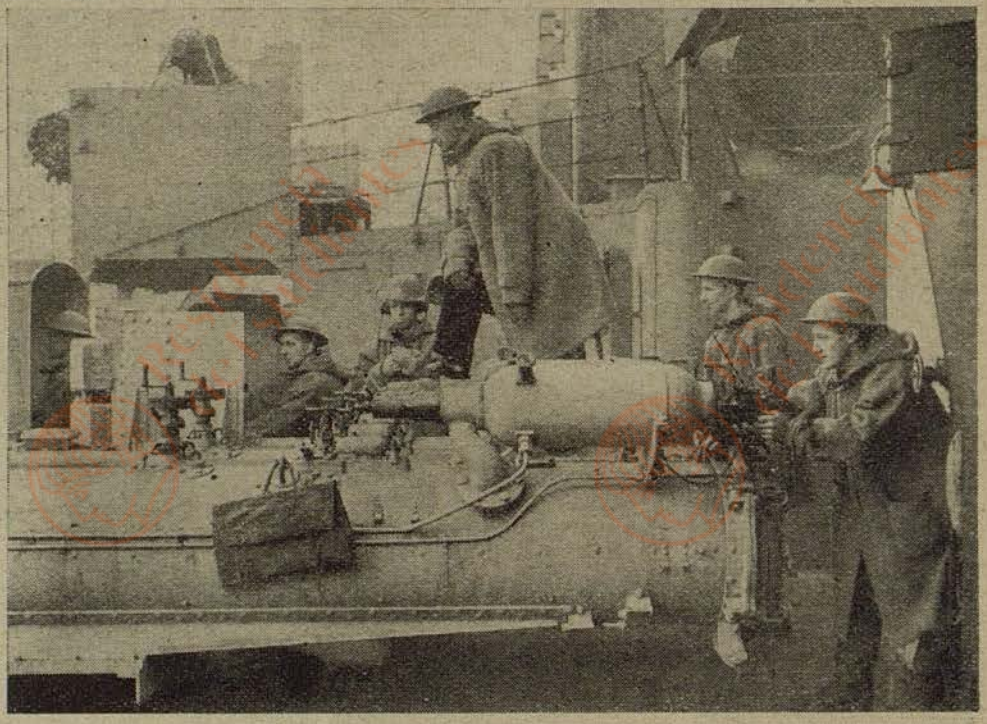
LA COMBATTANTE, recently-launched destroyer of the Fighting French Navy, was built in a British shipyard. Some of her crew are shown aboard their new vessel. Fighting with the Royal Navy are many units manned by our Allies (see accompanying text). Inset, a Polish bosun is seen with his pipe.

Photo, Fighting French Official, L.N.A.

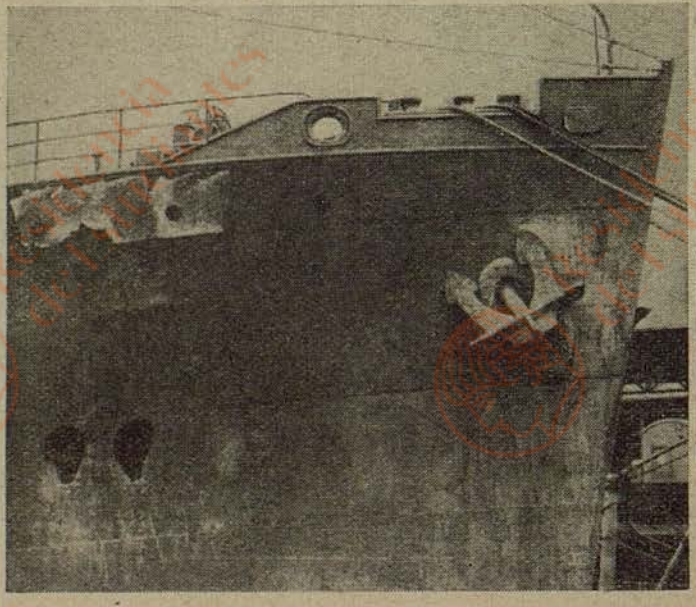
Scylla and Bengal Sink Two Enemy Ships







GERMAN BLOCKADE RUNNER, sighted in the Atlantic by an R.A.F. Coastal Command Wellington, was sunk in the Bay of Biscay by H.M.S. Scylla (5,450 tons), it was announced on Jan. 5, 1943. After a 200-mile pursuit the Scylla was within 20 miles of the enemy when a Sunderland aircraft reported the position of the German vessel. The latter fell to the Scylla's guns and torpedoes and subsequently sank. Top, she is seen going down. Above, Capt. MacIntyre, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., Scylla's commander. Right, the torpedo crew which sent the enemy ship to the bottom.





NAVAL ACTION IN INDIAN OCEAN. On Nov. 11, 1942 it was announced that H.M.I.S. Bengal, a minesweeper, and Ondina, a Dutch tanker, had engaged two Jap commerce raiders S.W. of Java, destroying the leading enemy ship. Left, two shells pierced the tanker's bow and exploded inside. Above, canvas sign attached to gun-barrel aboard the tanker shows victory record. (The aircraft were on the raider.)

Photos, British Official: Central Press, Sport & General

Through the Smoke of Battle Surge the Anzacs



NEW ZEALANDERS under the command of the famous V.C. General Freyberg, charge across broken, rocky ground, through dust and smoke, as they make a surprise attack on enemy positions at Nofilia, 90 miles W. of El Agheila, about ten days before Christmas. An outflanking movement carried out by the New Zealanders at Wadi Matratin accelerated the already speedy retreat of the Afrika Korps in the direction of Tripoli ; Nofilia was abandoned by the enemy by Dec. 19, 1942.

Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

Russia's Cruel Winter Grips Retreating Nazis





Left, German soldier, ill-clad against the cold, warms himself at an improvised stove. Above, enemy field-gun crew take a hasty meal amid the snow during their retreat.





RETREAT ACROSS THE STEPPES. Intense cold and heavy snowstorms made the "return journey" extremely hazardous for Hitler's poorly shod troops on the Don front. Loss of vital bases, severance of communications and supplies, rendered their plight an unenviable one. The Fuehrer's boast that the winter of 1942-43 would see his armies splendidly equipped against the elements proved to be as false as have so many of his announcements. Left, sheltering from the icy wind, German troops huddle behind a snowdrift. Above, terrible plight of a German prisoner brought in by Russian scouts. Ice has formed on his eyebrows, and the moisture from his breath has frozen into a thick coating of ice on the scarf, worn as protection against the cold.

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone, Planet News

Neither Cold Nor Nazis Stay the Red Army



COLD FEET are greatly troubling Hitler's troops in Russia. A captured pair of ersatz overboots are here much amusing Soviet tank personnel of whose own practical footwear they are a poor copy.





ARTILLERY OBSERVERS of the Red Army, armed with tommy-guns, are seen above climbing to their post in the mountains of the N. Caucasus. Russian successes assumed ever greater proportions on this front in January 1943, when their forces pushed on from Georgievsk towards Armavir. Left, Soviet mortar team drag their heavy weapon and ammunition on improvised sleighs as they go into action. They are well protected against the cold.

'AEROSLEIGHS' (right), used by the Soviet troops in the winter fighting are wingless planes, bristling with machine-guns, which hurtle over the vast snowfields of the Russian front at a speed of 70 m.p.h. Numbers of these terrifying machines have been employed with good effect in the Don and Donetz regions, the enemy being forced to fall back from many fiercely defended places. Soviet thrusts in the Donetz basin threatened to deprive the enemy of his direct lines of communication with Rostov and Kharkov military district, and on Jan. 16, 1943 it was reported that German forces trapped between the Don and the Volga had been reduced from 200,000 to 78,000.



Photos, U.S.S.R. Official; Planet News

Epic Exploit of the New France in Fezzan

The conquest of the Italian Fezzan by the Fighting French constitutes, said General de Gaulle in a broadcast on January 13, 1943, an exploit which will rank among the finest in French history. "Once more the enemy has seen the French flame of war surge forth, that flame which he believed extinguished by disaster and treason, but which has not for one day ceased to burn . . ."

THEIR advance timed (we may well believe) to coincide with General Montgomery's drive into Tripolitania from the east and with General Anderson's march into Tunisia from the west, Fighting French under General Leclerc moved out from Fort Lamy in the Chad Territory in French Equatorial Africa against the Italian positions lying more than a thousand miles to the north in the deserts of southern Libya.

This General Leclerc—the name is reported to be a *nom de guerre*—has made swift



IN S.W. LIBYA, Fighting French columns striking N. from Fort Lamy, far to the south in the Chad Territory, occupied Italian Fezzan in January 1943. At the same time French troops from Tunisia attacked outposts in the west of the Italian territory. Arrows show the French, Fighting French and British advances.
By courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

strides up the ladder of fame. A soldier of the French regular army, he is still under 40. In the Battle of France he fought as a captain, was wounded, and taken prisoner. Carried to a hospital which had been taken over by the Germans, he managed in spite of his wounds to escape to a neighbouring château owned by some relatives of his. The Germans were in possession, and in one of the salons they were making merry over the contents of the cellar. Leclerc, however, managed to avoid them, and changed from his French uniform into a suit of "civvies." Then he walked through the front door and found a German soldier riding his wife's bicycle, which he asked to be given back. The Nazi handed it over, and Leclerc made off for the coast. Eventually, after an adventurous journey he reached London, where he joined General de Gaulle's forces.

WHEN his wounds were barely healed he was sent—now a major—by General de Gaulle to the Cameroons to help organize the resistance to the Vichy authorities who were then still in control. Leclerc succeeded; and de Gaulle promoted him to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel and gave him command of the Fighting French forces in the Chad Territory. Ere long he captured the oasis of Kufra, and for this received the French Order of Liberation and the D.S.O. Vichy passed a sentence of death on him *in absentia*, whereupon General de Gaulle made him a colonel.

At the beginning of December 1942 General Leclerc's forces began their march. Writing from Fort Lamy to the Daily Express on Dec. 3, Colin Clair revealed that some of the garrison were already on their way to Tibesti in Libya; from Garoua and Fort Archambault and other military posts in the French Cameroons and Equatorial Africa long convoys were moving northwards. Though their ultimate destination was still an official secret, officers and men (he wrote) were heartened by the knowledge that they were advancing towards the vast North African battlefield, where they could justify their claim to the title of the Fighting French. Hitherto their life had been for the most part one of boredom in a lonely outpost; many of the men had been stationed in the Chad for several years, without news of their wives and families in France—lonely, and a prey to malaria, blackwater, and other fevers and diseases which life in the Saharan climate entails. In peacetime eighteen months was the longest that a soldier had to serve without leave, but many of General Leclerc's men had spent four years in the desert because no relief had been possible.

The Chad troops were the first to rally *en bloc* to General de Gaulle after the armistice in June 1940, and as the months passed they were joined by other officers and men of the French Army who felt they could not serve under Vichy. In the remote outposts they had not been idle. Although little war activity had come their way, save the brilliant long-distance raids against enemy outposts at Murzuk and Kufra (Jan. 11 and Feb. 7, 1941, respectively), the *Tchadiens* had trained large numbers of African troops in modern war.

NOW the contingents were pushing northwards across the desolate, burning desert in which there were no roads but only caravan tracks used from time immemorial by the Arab slave traders. For the first 300 miles north of Fort Lamy the march lay through a country of high plateaux and tall grass, country which affords good grazing for cattle and is reasonably well watered. But after passing through Sahel the columns entered the Tibesti area, a vast expanse of stony, sandy waste, in which the sand is so fine and soft that lorries often sink axle deep. Here their supplies had to be most carefully husbanded, since they were advancing ever farther into a desert where there was neither food nor water. The nearest oasis was at Murzuk, some five hundred miles across the frontier in Tripolitania.



GEN. LECLERC, who is in command of the Fighting French forces invading Libya from the Chad, is here seen decorating a French N.C.O. Murzuk, capital of the Fezzan, was reported on Jan. 12 to have been occupied by his troops. *Photo, Keystone*

ON the last day of 1942 General Leclerc reported that his motorized forces were advancing in the southern Fezzan, while the Bretagne squadron of bomber-reconnaissance planes had attacked the Italian aerodrome of Sebha, north-east of Murzuk, destroying a number of enemy planes; from this it was apparent that the invaders were outflanking Murzuk, with a view to cutting off stragglers. On the next day came the news that advanced elements of the Fighting French had encountered and put to flight an enemy motorized column; Fighting French bombers had again attacked the Italians in Murzuk and the neighbourhood. Then came the news that Oum-el-Araneb, main Axis outpost in Fezzan, 65 miles east of Murzuk, had been attacked by land and air by a column of *Tirailleurs Senegalais du Tchad* under the command of Colonel Ingold, and after a three days' struggle taken by storm, some 100 prisoners and much booty being captured.

Following these successes, a flying column of *Meharistes* (French Camel Corps, mounted not on camels but on motor-trucks) detached themselves from the main body of Leclerc's forces and swooped on the Axis outpost of El Gatrun, south-east of Murzuk. Covering a great distance at record speed, a Tibesti Mehariste detachment, under the command of Captain Sarazac, stormed the post, capturing 177 officers and much war material. In the same communiqué it was reported that the Bretagne squadron had razed to the ground the hangars and workshops at Sebha.

By Jan. 9, 1943 General Leclerc was able to report that the enemy's retreat was becoming a rout. Fighting French advanced elements had taken Brach, one of the most vital cross-roads in the Sahara, some 200 miles north of Murzuk, and Murzuk itself was reported to be encircled. Leclerc's supply problem was considerably eased by these captures, since Oum-el-Araneb and the rest afforded him advanced bases for his air arm, petrol dumps and water wells.

THE remaining enemy resistance was soon overcome. On Jan. 12 news was received from General Leclerc that Colonel Ingold's troops had occupied Murzuk and Sebha, in both cases capturing almost the entire garrison. A force of 110 attempted to escape to Ghadames, near Tunisia's southern tip, but they had gone only some 20 miles across the desert when, pursued by a single Glenn Martin aircraft, they vigorously waved a motley collection of white flags. A handful pressed on, but they too were herded up by the Glenn Martin and ushered back to where the Fighting French armoured cars were waiting to escort them back to Murzuk.

"The conquest of the Fezzan is now achieved," claimed General Leclerc. Thus within little more than six weeks the Fighting French had made their way from Fort Lamy in Chad to within two hundred miles or so from the Allies in North Africa, a distance altogether of about 2,000 miles. From three sides Rommel's sole remaining base was definitely threatened—by Montgomery, by Anderson and by Leclerc. By the middle of January the semicircle was closed; Leclerc was in touch with both flanks and Col. Ingold had reported to General Montgomery.



Photos, Planet News, Sport & General

Salute to the Animals in the War

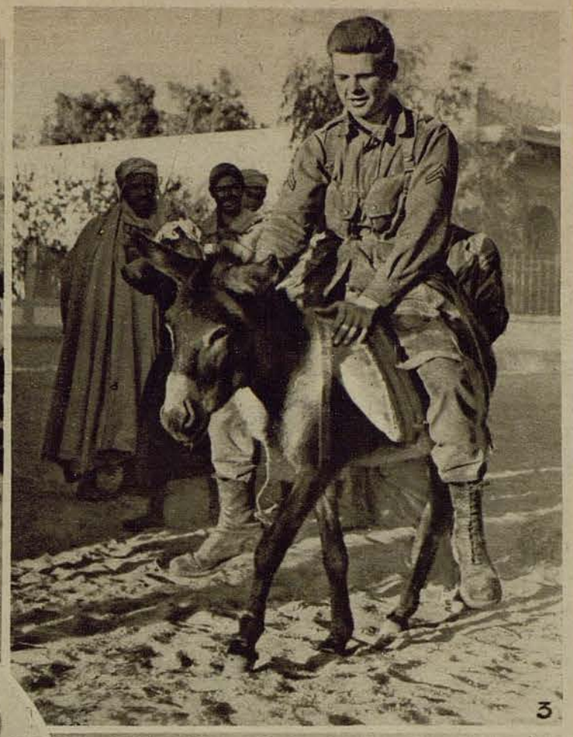
Although this war is the most mechanized that history recalls, it is only too true that a host of unoffending animals has become involved in Homo Sapiens' bloody quarrel. Chief amongst them, of course, is the horse, which in spite of armoured " cavalry " plays a great role on the battlefield and behind it. Top, Russian scouts on the Middle Don front. Below, Germans employing a horse team to drag one of their cars through the Russian mire.



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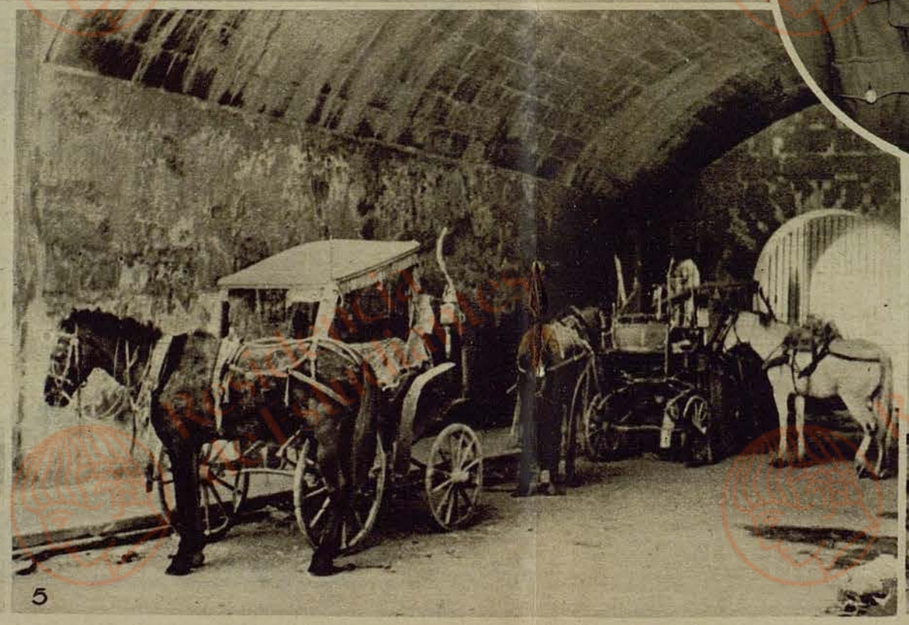
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6

Man and Bird and Beast Together . . .

From riding the whirlwind—and how it can blow in the Atlantic in mid-winter!—R.A.F. pilots in Iceland enjoy a "spot" of pony-riding (1). Another wintry scene (2) is of a Red Army patrol in their dog-drawn sleigh. Amusing indeed is this photograph (3) of an American Army corporal finishing well in front of the field in a donkey race in Tunisia. Then in (4) Russian scouts are setting out with the dogs which serve not only as faithful companions but as swift carriers of a message.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News, Associated Press, Central Press

. . . Share the Endless Toils of War

Malta's ponies, the beasts of burden of the George Cross island, have stood up to the persistent bombing with characteristic imperturbability: here are some (5) sheltering beneath the Porto Reale in Valetta during an air raid. A Russian A.A. battery on the Murmansk front has for its mascot a reindeer which makes a morning round of the guns (6). And here (7) is Beachcomber, one of two pigeons dispatched from Dieppe beach with the first message of the landing on August 19, 1942.





Still in the Martial Train!

In the days of old of which the Bible tells and whose life is sculptured on the walls of the Egyptian tombs, camels and asses were the means of transport most valued alike by the patriarchal chieftain and the all-conquering pharaoh. And all down the ages these humble, patiently-plodding beasts have continued in their career of usefulness. Thus today, as the photograph above shows, through the dry and dusty heart of Tunisia heavily-laden camels and donkeys take provisions and ammunition to the Allied troops about to attack down a mountain pass; while on the left we see camels harnessed to the supply-drays of American troops who have arrived in India. But what would Abraham or Rameses have made of the motor-trucks whose drivers, we may well imagine, are luridly critical of the slow-moving creatures taking up so much of the road?

Photos, Associated Press, Pictorial Press

UNDER THE SWASTIKA

Nazis Scour the Continent for Factory Slaves

In another of his studies in the social and economic aspects of the Hitler regime in Germany and the German-occupied countries, PAUL TABORI writes here of the efforts to obtain workers for the Nazi factories. Cannon-fodder or factory-fodder—these are the grim alternatives Hitler offers to Europe's unhappy millions.

NAZI Germany has evolved the most gigantic system of plunder ever known in history. She is systematically and rapidly depriving the countries under her sway of raw materials, food, and armaments. But her most strenuous efforts go towards the kidnapping of millions of men and women. It is the greatest and most fatal weakness of the Third Reich, her Achilles heel, and it may prove in the end her doom, that her industries cannot keep up with the demands of the armed forces.

Today, according to an official estimate, there are (including prisoners of war) six million foreign workers in Germany, and this means that every fourth worker in Hitler's Hell is a non-German. The other day it was pointed out that this represents the biggest "sixth column" on the side of freedom which we have ever known. Yet the six million men and women are still insufficient. The shortage is in skilled workers, and it is growing daily. This desperate situation explains why Hungarian factories are closing down, why Laval is involved in a sordid bargaining over French workmen and French prisoners of war, why Denmark has been presented with an economic ultimatum, why the Reich has adopted a more conciliatory attitude towards Polish, Czech, and Serbian skilled labour. The whole of Europe has been turned into one gigantic slave market in which Germany is the only buyer.

YET the foreign workers represent a constant danger and worry. In Graz, for instance, the Police President announced recently that all foreign women workers must be housed in camps instead of hotels, boarding-houses, and inns. New arrivals are allowed to stay in such places only forty-eight hours, and if someone does not register his or her foreign lodgers, the punishment is a large fine and three months' imprisonment. Germany is afraid that these foreign women will "contaminate" the "sturdy Germanic spirit" which her own workers seem to lack more and more.

Laval declared proudly some weeks ago that the so-called Sauckel decrees which conscripted skilled workers all over Europe would not apply to France at all. But a few days later the Vichy Government was forced to announce that this concession was only a temporary one. By Oct. 15, 1942 some 150,000 skilled French workers should have left for Germany or at least signed their enlistment, but by the middle of September only 12,000 "specialists" had gone. In October, however, "recruiting" was intensified, and just before Christmas the Nazis claimed that 115,000 French specialists had gone to Germany. France has taken stringent measures to keep her "specialists" easily available for forcible deportation to Germany—last September they were warned by a proclamation of the French Secretary of State for Labour that they may not change their place of work without "explicit and correct authority"—so that they can be seized and sent abroad whenever Laval has to offer a new sacrifice to the German Moloch.

Shortage of skilled workers is spreading everywhere. In Bulgaria, for instance, there is a great lack of well-trained technicians, and though four training schools have been opened at Sofia, Bitolj, Xanthi and Varna, it will be a long time before these produce sufficient graduates. Holland, though she is practically denuded of vital workers, must also contribute to Germany's immediate war effort. Dr. Boening, of the Social Management Department of the Reichskommissariat, made an announcement which was cynically frank: thirty thousand metal workers must be transferred to Germany within the next three months. "It is necessary for Germany to make use of the skilled workers from Dutch factories," Dr. Boening declared, "and of those who can be trained in Germany . . . It cannot be denied that for the most part Dutch workers have not yet reached the German level of efficiency and therefore we must make greater use of the so-called compulsory labour regulation." This regulation means, among other things, that all Dutchmen born after Sept. 30, 1924, can be transported to Germany or German-occupied countries and used as it pleases the conqueror.



FRENCH YOUTH FOR THE REICH. In July, 1942 5,000 out of 1,400,000 French prisoners of war in Germany were released in exchange for workers from France. These two young Frenchmen are here seen registering to work for Hitler's war machine. The poster declares: "Young men help to free your elders." *Photo, Associated Press*

NATURALLY, Germany is making use of skilled technicians within the occupied countries. And this use means a total disruption of social and labour legislation. Vichy, for instance, has tried to combat unemployment by a reduction of working hours; but the 48-hour week was suspended in the metal industry of Unoccupied France, as well as in the factories engaged in machine construction, the fine mechanical industry and the railway repair shops. Overtime is paid at ten per cent above the normal rate—a ridiculously low wage. A Swiss newspaper described a recent health inspection in French factories which showed that "a large proportion of the workers, owing to under-nourishment, are incapable or barely capable of supporting a slack rhythm of work, and any measures not taking account of this situation arouse serious doubts." Naturally, Germany is little concerned with the well-being of her slaves, and keeps them steadily at starvation level.

NO wonder that there are constant attempts to escape this slavery. A Ghent newspaper published recently a leading article describing a visit to the Labour Exchange. The quisling journalist expressed great indignation because the skilled workers recruited for Germany "cannot be found" when the time comes for their transfer to the Reich, "thereby endangering the good relations between the Fuehrer and Belgium." Many of these workers escape to France, where they manage to hide at least for some time from the Gestapo and Sauckel's recruiting minions. The Germans seem to have the same trouble in Norway, where they are openly complaining that Norwegian technicians employed on fortification works fail to return after their leave has expired. More than two hundred have recently been sent to a concentration camp for this offence, and "much sharper measures are threatened."

From Holland come reports of widespread sabotage in industry, in which foremen collaborate with skilled workers. The output of the Dutch mines has sunk to 40 per cent of the pre-war standard in consequence of this sabotage. Miners "have refused to do any Sunday work. They mix stones with the coal, and regard that as both sabotage and wage adjustment."

Italy is even worse off in the matter of skilled workers than Germany. Workers are being removed from one province to another to act as stop-gaps if production is threatened with a complete breakdown. Even soldiers on leave are pressed into industrial work; women and children are employed in ever-growing numbers.

Within Germany the lot of both foreign and native workers is not at all enviable. The German worker has to pay thirteen different kinds of taxes—including the "voluntary contributions." His wages are severely controlled; and while the purchasing power of money has been greatly lowered, there are fewer and fewer things to buy.

LONG hours, small wages, complete lack of freedom—these characterize the life of the German and foreign skilled worker in Hitler's Europe. Not even his private life is safe from strict regimentation. The other day the Wuppertal Labour Court sentenced a woman worker to three years in prison—because, while the Fuehrer's latest speech was being broadcast, she went on reading a love story! "This is such a serious crime," the court said, "that the worker could not be tolerated in our community. The decisive factor is not a breach of the 'peace of labour' but the lack of respect towards the Fuehrer. Considering that she is forty, she should have known how irreverent it was to read a cheap story on such an occasion."

Poor woman, she sought refuge from the Fuehrer's spate of eloquence in a love story. She was punished, and the Fuehrer goes on ranting while German workers toil like slaves.

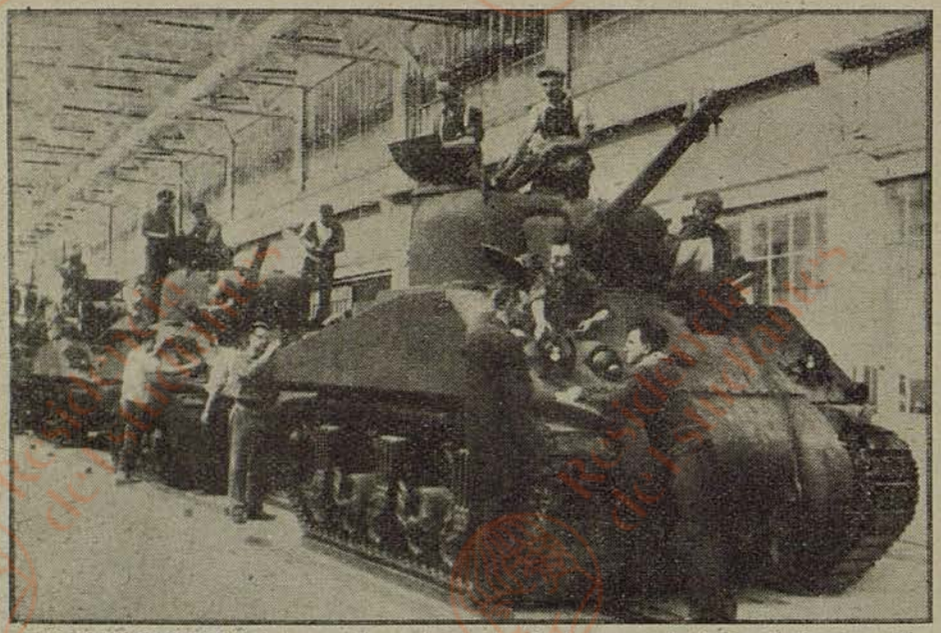
America's Hundred Billion Dollar Budget

In the U.S.A. the opening weeks of 1943 were marked by two presidential utterances which not only gave a vivid picture of the immense strides taken by the Republic along the road to Total War, but presaged even greater steps to be made in the immediate future. From these speeches of President Roosevelt it is clear that Uncle Sam is indeed taking off his coat.

No prophet of smooth things did President Roosevelt reveal himself in his Message on the State of the Union and his War Budget Message to the new Congress ; yet, as old Isaiah would have put it, the things he spoke of were the *right* things.

"This 78th Congress," he said in his Message of January 7, "assembles at one of the great moments in the history of this nation. The past year was perhaps the most crucial for modern civilization. The coming year will be filled with violent conflict—yet with high promise of better things." In brief sentences, closely packed paragraphs, he spoke of the great events of the year that had gone : of Russia's magnificent defence, of Japanese advances, of Britain's counter-attacks in Libya, of China's heroic contribution. America farmer had raised the greatest amount of food ever made available in a single year of the country's history.

Of course, there had been dislocation, inconvenience, even some hardship ; there had been mistakes, too many forms and questionnaires. But they would learn from their mistakes, improve by their experience. 1943 would not be an easy year for them on the home front : in many ways they would feel in their daily life the sharp pinch of total war. But—to quote one or two of the President's most forthright sayings—"We do not intend to leave things so lax that loopholes will be left for traitors or chiselers or for the manipulators of the black market," and "fortunately there are only a few



U.S. TANK OUTPUT is being greatly accelerated by Ford mass-production methods now used to produce 32-ton M4 medium tanks. This photo shows workmen putting finishing touches to tanks as the machines roll off the assembly lines.

pays tribute, he went on, to the fighting men of all the United Nations, to the fighting leaders of America's allies ; he revealed something of the magnitude and diversity of America's own military activities. "As I speak to you, approximately one and a half million soldiers, sailors, marines and flyers are in service outside continental limits all through the world."

WHERE will the next blow fall, when are the United Nations going to strike in Europe, and where ? The President refrained from prophecy, but this he could and did say : "We are going to strike, and strike hard . . . We believe that the Nazis and the Fascists have asked for it, and they're going to get it. . . ."

Progress in the field depends upon progress on the production front, and on the whole Mr. Roosevelt seemed to be satisfied with what had been achieved.

In 1942 they had produced 48,000 military planes—more than the production of Germany, Italy, and Japan put together ; in last December alone 5,500 military planes had been turned out, and the rate of production was still rising. In 1942 they had produced 56,000 combat vehicles, 670,000 machine-guns, 21,000 anti-tank guns, ten and a quarter billion rounds of small-arms ammunition, 181,000,000 rounds of artillery ammunition . . . "I think the arsenal of Democracy," commented the President, "is making good." And while this "miracle of production" was in process of achievement, the American armed forces had grown from two millions to over seven millions, and the American Americans who put appetite above patriotism."

For the rest, the President was concerned with the "State of the Union" *after* the war ; and here he took the wind out of the sails of those of his critics (particularly the Republicans in Congress who had recently won their seats and felt that they had a mandate to be independently critical) who had anticipated that we would "out-Beveridge Beveridge" in his plans for the post-war world. He submitted no detailed set of blueprints of the America that is to be when the war is won, but contented himself by repeating those broad generalizations drawn from his liberal philosophy which almost all Americans have approved as they have fallen from his lips, and which there is every reason to believe they still approve.

FOUR days later the President presented his war budget message to Congress, what he described as "a maximum programme for waging war." America was waging total war, he said, because her very existence is threatened. "Total war is a grim reality. It means the dedication of our lives and services with a single objective—victory . . . In total war we are all soldiers, whether in uniform, overalls, or shirt sleeves."

Just before Pearl Harbour America's monthly expenditure for war purposes amounted to $2,000,000,000, a figure which may be easier to grasp if we refer to it as two billions, since an American billion is a thousand millions. (An English billion, by the way, is a million million.) At the beginning of 1943 it exceeded six billions a month and during the coming fiscal year it will average more than eight billion dollars a month—say, a hundred billions a year (at $4 = £ ; £25 thousand million).

This enormous expenditure is bound to have the most serious effects on American ways of life. It involves the total mobilization of all America's men and women, all America's equipment and materials. During 1943 approximately 6,000,000 people will be needed above present requirements for the armed Services and war production.

Production of less-needed commodities must be reduced, while the production of commodities for war and essential civilian use must be increased. "That may hurt our taste, but not our health."

During the coming year American civilians may expect to be able to purchase about 500 dollars' (£125) worth of goods and services ; this represents an average of nearly 25 per cent below the record level of 1941.

"Total war demands the simplification of American life. By giving up what we do not need all of us will be better able to get what we do need. We must assure each citizen the necessities of life at prices he can pay. By concerted effort to stabilize prices, rents, and wages we have succeeded in keeping the rise in the cost of living within narrow bounds. We will continue those efforts and will succeed."

HOW is the vast programme to be financed ? In the first place, by the reduction of non-war expenditure from six and a half billions in 1939 to four billions in 1944. Henceforth 96 cents of every dollar expended by the U.S. Federal Government will be used to pay war costs and interest on the public debt, leaving only 4 cents for all the so-called non-war purposes. An extra sixteen billion dollars is to be collected by taxation or savings, thus enabling the State to meet approximately 50 per cent of the coming year's war expenditure.

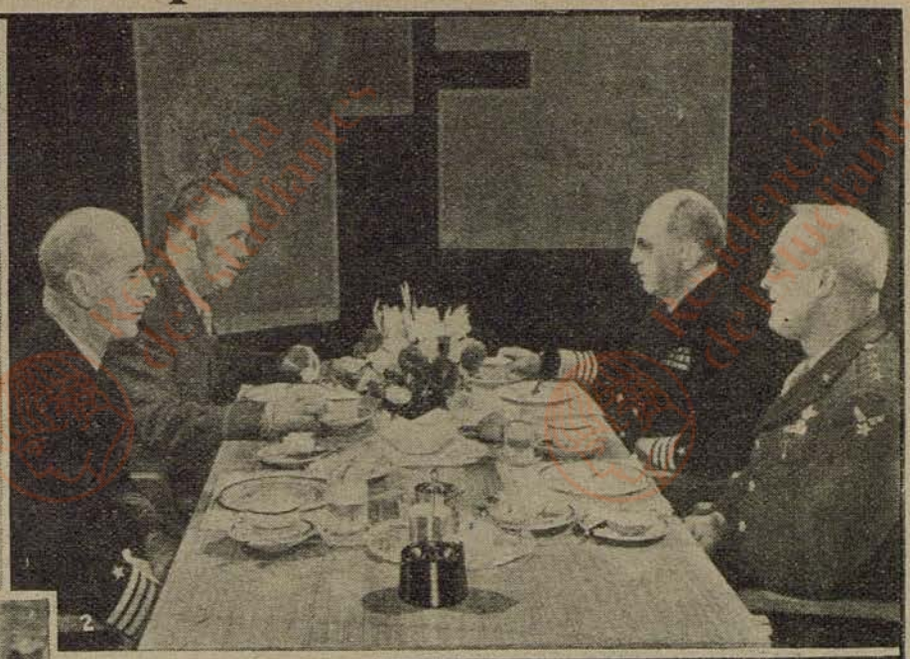
In brief, in the current twelve months to next June, United States war expenditure will be 77 billion dollars ; in the succeeding twelve months it will be around a hundred billion dollars. The figures are so huge as to seem, as Mr. Roosevelt says, fantastic. Yet it may be doubted whether with an expenditure of 100 billion dollars the United States will be devoting any larger proportion of its resources to the prosecution of the war than this country or Canada.

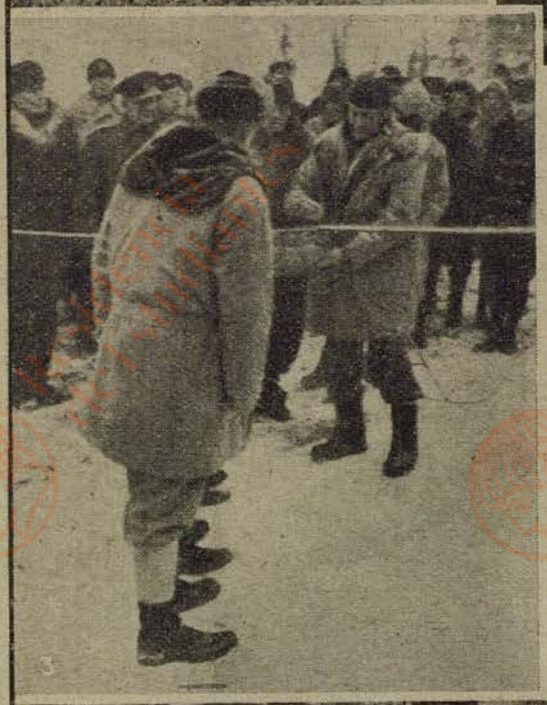
As Mr. Oscar Hobson has pointed out in The News Chronicle the cost of certain manufactured war products in America is in dollars much higher than four times their cost in pounds here. (It should be explained that for purposes of comparison the pound is now usually taken as four dollars). It is known that the ratio of wages of workers doing comparable work is nearer $8 = £ than $4 = £. Again, the American private soldier gets something over 8s. a day against the British Tommy's 3s., giving an equivalent rate of exchange of $10 or $11 = £.

Without attempting to minimize America's effort in the least, concludes Mr. Hobson, it would be a more accurate measure to take the dollar at about six to the pound, and to say that America's 1943-4 war expenditure will be not £25,000 millions, or five times ours, but £15,000 millions, or three times ours. The population of the U.S.A. it may be noted is about 132 millions, as compared with Great Britain's 48 millions.

Uncle Sam Rolls Up His Sleeves for War







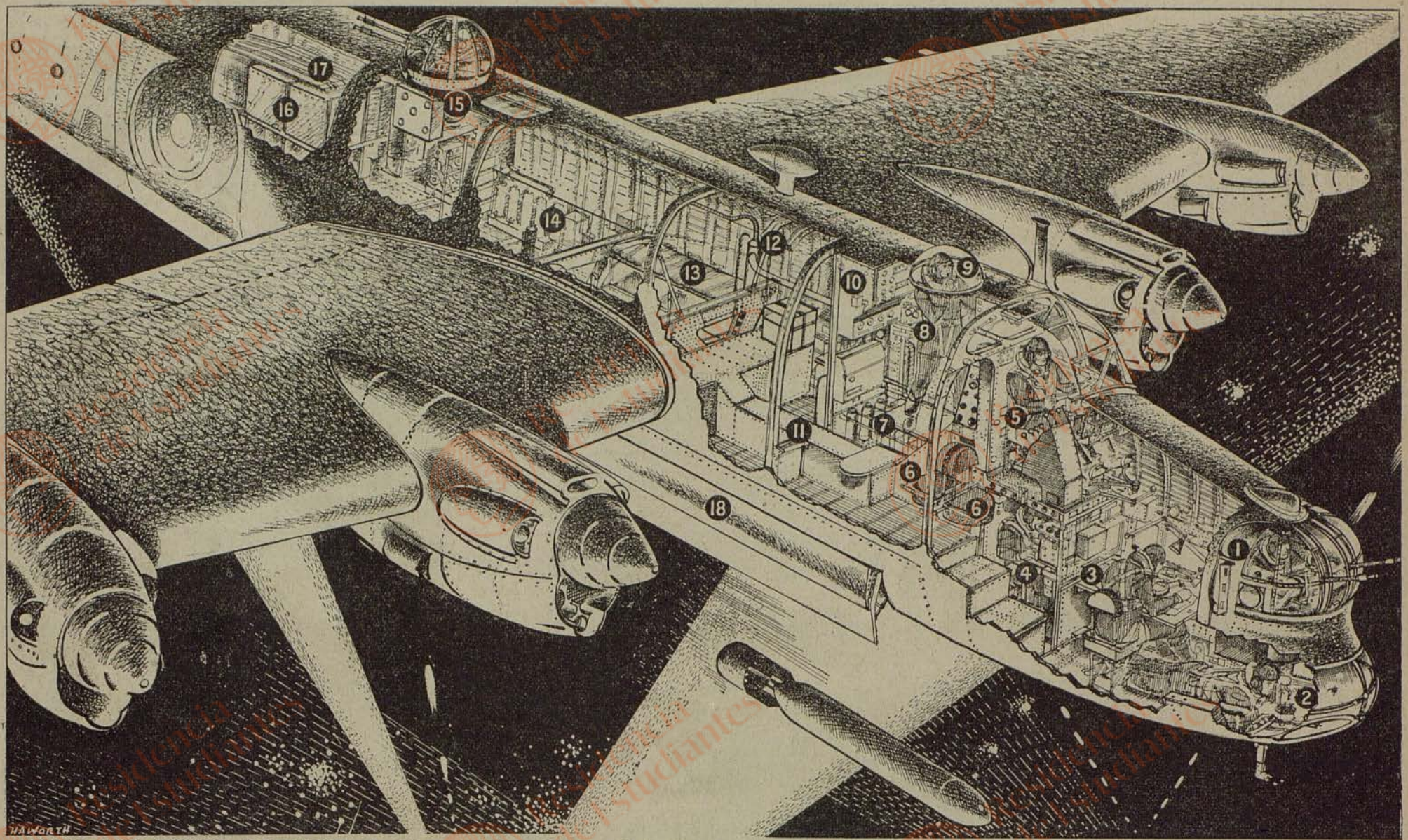
AMERICA'S TOTAL WAR. 1, Members of a Los Angeles unit of the Women's Ambulance Defence Corps replace men on a Californian ranch, where thousands of tomatoes have to be picked. 2, Luncheon in the Combined Chiefs of Staff building at Washington. Left to right: Adm. E. J. King, C.-in-C. U.S. Fleet; Gen. G. C. Marshall, C.-in-C. U.S. Army; Adm. W. D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to Pres. Roosevelt; Lt.-Gen. H. H. Arnold, commanding U.S. Army Air Force. 3, On Nov. 22, 1942, at Kluane Lake, Yukon, members of the Canadian Cabinet cut the tape on the Alcan Highway—the 1,671-mile-long road linking Alaska across Canada with the U.S.A. (see pp. 331-333 of this volume). 4, Synthetic rubber ready for shipment in paper drums. Each drum holds 200 pounds. 5, Troops demonstrate how to remove ice from a tank tread at the Arctic testing laboratory at a U.S. Army post. 6, Workers of a U.S. rubber company fasten bolts in a metal case designed to hold the self-sealing tank of a dive-bomber.

Photos, New York Times Photos, Associated Press, Keystone, Sport & General, Pictorial Press









HANDLEY-PAGE HALIFAX four-engined bombers have played an outstandingly successful part in our bomber offensive against the enemy. Here one of these powerful machines is shown making its attack. The great aircraft is flying straight and true on the "run-up" to the target; and, crouched on his padded cushion, the bomb-aimer (2) watches the target below come into his sights. Then he presses the switch in his right hand, thus releasing the huge bomb; which particular part of the enormous load of bombs to be released is first selected on a switch panel seen at his right hand. The large bomb doors (18) have already been opened.

Sitting tensely at the controls, the pilot and captain of the aircraft (5) has followed the bomb-aimer's directions until the bombs have been "got away." As the bomb crashes on to the target it is automatically photographed.

The navigator (3), whose daring skill has enabled the plane to reach the target area, is seated at his desk, preparing to give the pilot a bearing for the journey home. Near by is the wireless operator (4). The engineer (8) is using the astral-dome (9) to spot for night fighters. It is his job to control—at the direction of the pilot—the functions of the four 1,175 h.p. Merlin engines. This he does by means of his instrument panel (10), which actuates the covered-in controls to the engines (11).

The front twin-gun turret (1) and the mid-upper turret (15) are shown, as is the method of supplying ammunition from the magazines (16) to the rear four-gun turret by means of tracks (17), down which the ammunition is hydraulically fed. In this manner a greater weight can be carried because the balance of the aircraft is not upset. Fuel tanks are situated in the wings, while the heating system (12) is operated by hot air from the engines. Folding seats for the second pilot and engineer and bunks for the crew are seen at (6) and (13), while oxygen bottles (7) and a supply of flares (14) are also shown.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

IN most sectors of the global war areas attack is now the keynote of United Nations policy.

The Ruhr industrial district was bombed eight times by aircraft of Bomber Command during the nights following January 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, and 13, 1943. Bombs weighing up to 4,000 lb. were dropped during these raids. In the last raid more than 100 tons of high-explosive and incendiary bombs were dropped in 12 minutes by four-engined bombers which got through in spite of violent anti-aircraft gunfire. Seventeen bombers were lost in these raids.

Essen was the principal target—the main centre of Krupps armament firm, which produces more of Germany's heavy naval, coastal defence, and mobile railway guns than any other concern. With Germany known to be increasing her coastal defences as rapidly as possible in fear of a United Nations' assault upon Europe, Krupps is a desirable strategic target for R.A.F. bombers from the British point of view.

The Germans tried to defend Essen with night-fighters in addition to anti-aircraft gunfire. Shots were exchanged between British and German aircraft, but there were few serious encounters. One Lancaster captain reported after the fifth raid: "Our aircraft were still bombing when I left, and fires were springing up all over the target. I could still see the glare when I was a hundred miles away." During the sixth raid a pilot circling the target area made a steep bank. Suddenly he found his Lancaster upside down. "Apparently I had done a half roll," he reported; "I should hardly have thought it possible in a Lancaster. One engine cut out, but it picked up again once we were straight and level."

A JUNKERS 88 night-fighter attacked a British bomber during the eighth raid. The first warning to the crew of the bomber was the impact of bullets from dead astern. The rear gunner was wounded in the leg. Another burst tore a large hole in the port wing, and released the rubber dinghy, which shot into the air. The dinghy wrapped around the tail of the bomber. The aircraft became uncontrollable and fell 2,000 feet. During its fall the Junkers lost it. The pilot regained control, came home with the hydraulic system out of action, the rudder and elevator damaged, and holes in the fuselage and rear and mid-upper gun turrets.

After eight right punches at Germany's Ruhr in 11 days, Bomber Command suddenly landed a hard left, right on the heart, Berlin, which a strong force bombed on the night of Saturday, January 16. The 1,200 miles' journey was made through and over thick cloud. But there were clear patches over Berlin. High explosive bombs up to 3½-tons weight were dropped and many thousands of incendiaries fell on the city. Large fires were seen. Only one bomber was lost, despite the defence zones of searchlights and severe flak. This, the 54th raid on Berlin, was its heaviest. Indeed, many early raids on the German capital were made by a mere handful of bombers, of types unable to load up the weight or sizes of bombs now carried almost every night to some part of Germany.

The 53rd raid took place on November 7, 1941, when Mannheim and Cologne were also raided. Russian bombers raided Berlin during the subsequent interval.

BRITISH bombing policy changed greatly during this interval. The column of single machines, with wide time intervals between each bomber, gave place to the present method of concentrated bombing. The new method does more damage in a briefer time, and so makes it more difficult for A.R.P. personnel to reduce the extent of the damage. Indeed, it has been reported that German A.R.P. personnel keep under shelter during concentrated raids, and emerge to fight the fires when the bombers have gone: a policy adopted to cut down the casualties in trained personnel due to the rain of bombs. The number of bombers simultaneously over the target area confuses the locater crews, whether operating acoustically or by electrical apparatus, and gives additional protection against shellfire and night-fighters, for neither gunners nor fighter pilots can engage more than a few of the bombers.

Renewed Raids on London

The 54th raid on Berlin provoked the Luftwaffe into retaliation against south-east England and London on the following night; the Luftwaffe made two attacks with a considerable time interval between, indicating that the same aircraft may have been used. Ten German bombers were destroyed. During this night the R.A.F. were again over Berlin. Weather favoured defence during the long trip across Germany; there was bright moonlight all the way, no cover from cloud except over the target; 22 bombers were lost from a strong force.

On January 20 about 90 enemy fighters approached the south-east coast of England. Some 25 Me. 109 and FW. 190 fighter-bombers flew inland and fanned out over Kent and Sussex. About six reached the London area. Fifteen enemy aircraft were shot down that day by defending British aircraft of Fighter Command, five by the Hawker Typhoon 400 m.p.h.-plus fighter, which has been in operation since the Dieppe raid. The Typhoon is the world's most heavily armed and armoured fighter. Its Napier-Sabre engine develops about 2,400 h.p.



FLT.-SERGT. R. H. MIDDLETON, R.A.A.F. (No. 149 Sqdn.), was on Jan. 13, 1943 awarded the V.C. for "devotion to duty in the face of overwhelming odds unsurpassed in the annals of the Royal Air Force." He was captain and 1st pilot of a Stirling detailed to attack a Turin factory in Nov., 1942. His plane was hit and though badly wounded, he bravely carried on and brought his aircraft back to British waters, though he died in the attempt.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

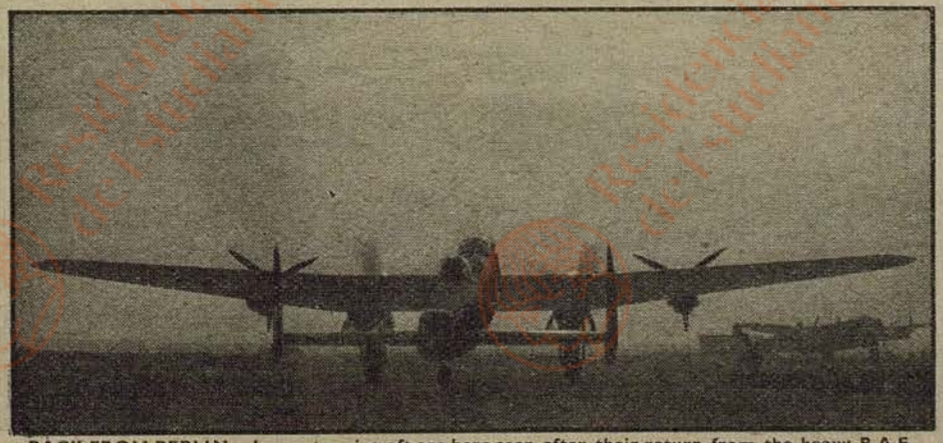
The Russian advance has continued. Presumably air bombardment assisted the capture of Millerovo, important rail town between Rostov and Voronezh. German air losses continue at a high rate. Russia reports latest German aircraft losses as 255 in one week against 133 Russian. The Russians have stormed the aerodrome used by the Germans to supply troops cut off in the Stalingrad area. Its capture will force the Luftwaffe to supply the remainder of the garrison by parachute, a less efficient method than landing air transports.

In the Mediterranean strategic bombing was applied against targets in Sicily, Lampedusa, and Tunisia, and Allied aircraft have been pasting Rommel's fleeing columns. The air arm tore the German supply system to shreds by the bombing of Tripoli, Bizerta, Tunis, and every North African port open to the use of enemy shipping, and ports on the European side of the Mediterranean, too.

STEADY pressure has been maintained against the Japanese in Burma and the Far East. In Burma, British and American fighters and bombers attacked land, sea and river targets everywhere; U.S. bombers sank one ship in a Japanese-escorted convoy far to the south of Rangoon.

Japanese bases throughout New Guinea were subjected to air attack. U.S. forces are securing their Solomon Islands aerodrome by advancing slowly in Guadalcanal.

The Air Ministry has released photographs of the R.A.F. 2,000-lb. parachute blast bomb, which is dropped by medium and heavy bombers on industrial area targets to secure maximum effect by blast. It should not be confused with the parachute-check bomb which I referred to in page 502 as in use by the Americans in Papua; the latter is an anti-personnel bomb used to attack troops and similar front-line targets, against which our fighter-bombers employ delay-action bombs.



BACK FROM BERLIN. Lancaster aircraft are here seen after their return from the heavy R.A.F. attack on the German capital on Jan. 17, 1943. The previous night also saw a devastating raid on Berlin, and on both occasions a great load of bombs, including 8,000 pounders, was dropped.

Photo, G.P.U.

Allies Reach Last Stage in New Guinea Battle

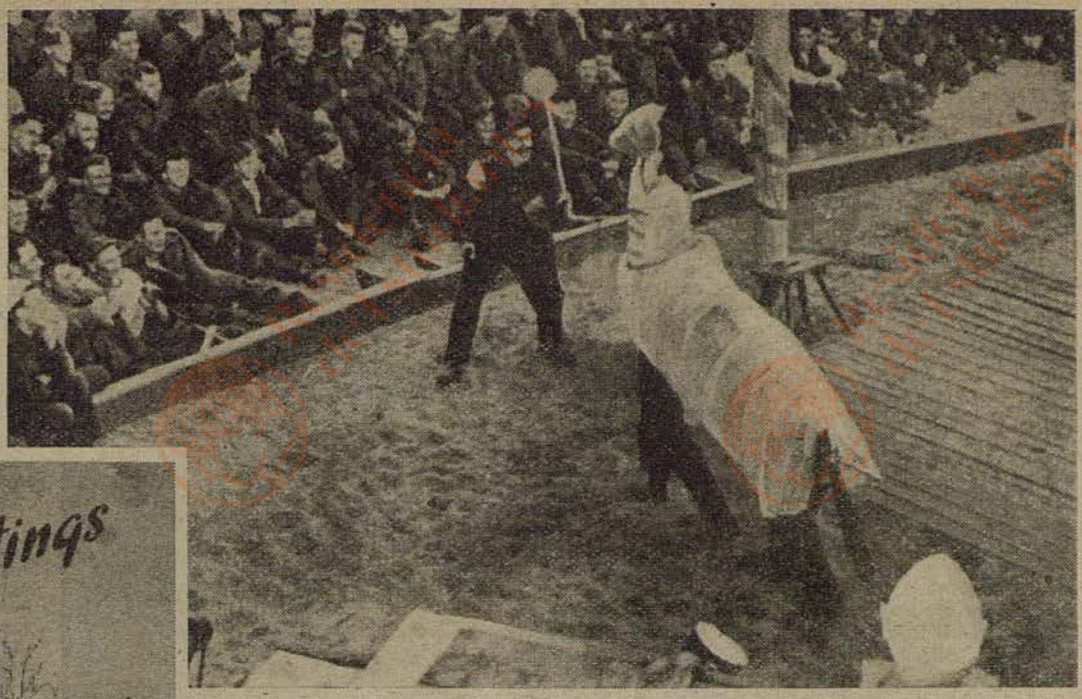


JAPS' LAST STAND IN NEW GUINEA in the Sanananda region was extremely tenacious after the Allied occupation of Buna and Gona during the closing weeks of 1942. 1, Australian machine-gunner, whose post is effectively hidden amid foliage, goes into action. 2, Papuans bringing in a wounded American. 3, U.S. soldiers building an operating-table at a medical post in the Buna area. 4, Australians crossing the Kanusi river by means of "flying foxes."

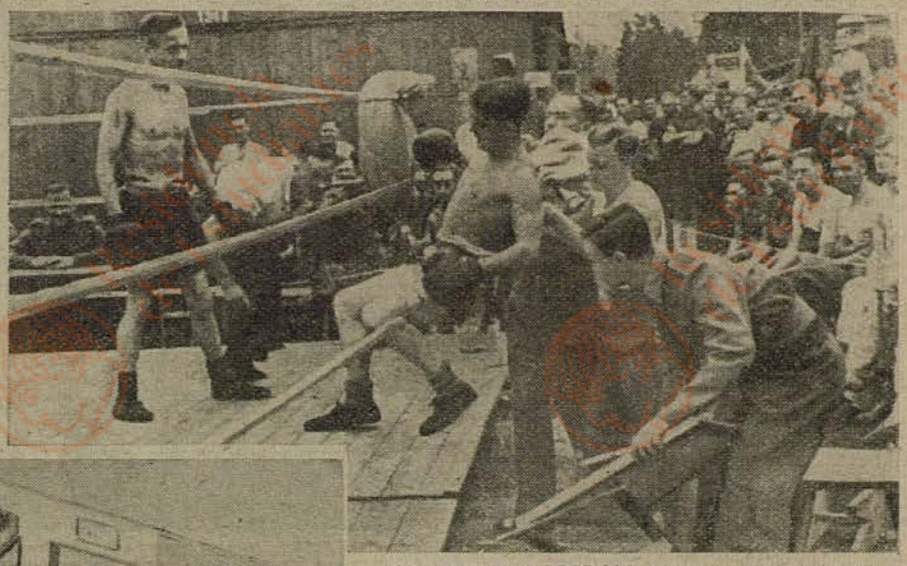
Photos, News Chronicle, British Newsreels, New York Times, Sport & General

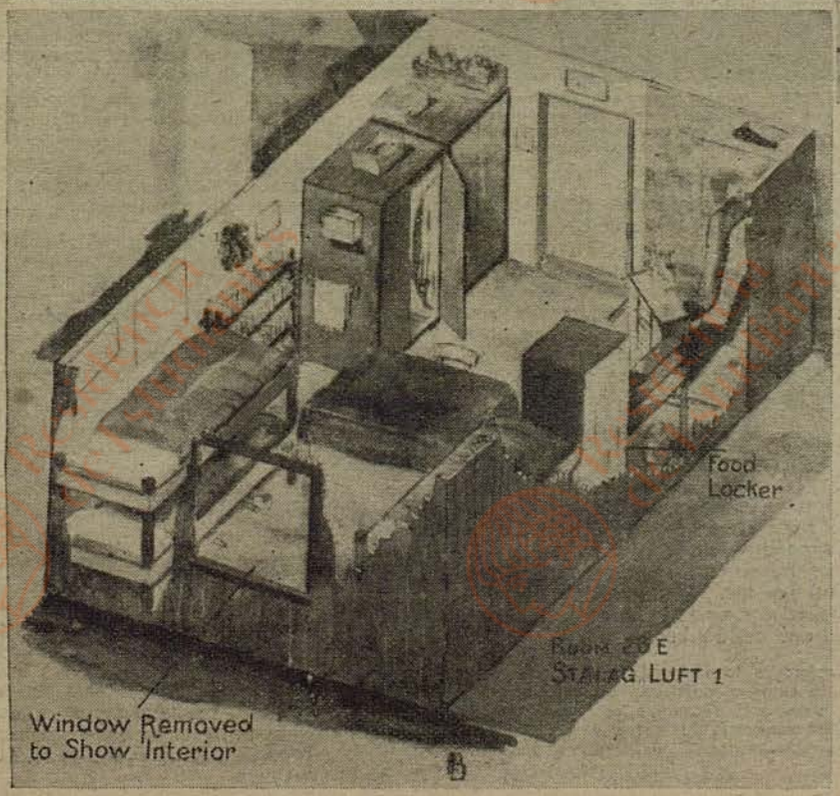
How Our Men Pass the Time in Captivity

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR in Germany are housed in camps (see map, Vol. IV, p. 101) which are divided into various categories: Oflags (officer camps), Stalags (for other ranks), Dulags (temporary camps), Luftlags (for airmen), Marlags and Milags (for naval ratings). By international convention prisoners have certain rights which are safeguarded by the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva. The chief of these rights are: food on the same scale as the captor country's backline troops; clothing, underwear and footwear; medical attention; correspondence, parcels of food and reading matter. Right, photo from an enemy source showing British soldiers captured at Dunkirk in 1940 enjoying a circus which they have built at their camp. Below, Xmas card received from an officer camp in 1942.









TO DEFEAT BOREDOM, our men organize exhibitions and games. Above, a boxing contest. Below left, model built from drawings and descriptions contained in letters sent home by British captives, of their living quarters at a camp for airmen prisoners.

"IT is amazing how clever some of the fellows are with such limited resources," wrote a British prisoner of war from Stalag Luft III. In his letter, which was recently received by the British Prisoners of War Relatives' Association, the writer was referring to an arts and crafts exhibition organized by some of his comrades at a camp in Germany. "About ten barracks have been converted into exhibition halls and the general effect is astonishing," wrote another prisoner. "For four hours I wandered round this exhibition, forgetting that I was in a Stalag."

THIS is indeed a bright side to the picture, and it shows that our men are turning their captivity to good account, for prison-life in Germany would be unbearably monotonous without some such organization among the prisoners themselves, deprived as they are of most of the things that make life worth living. Therefore, every effort is made to supply lacking material wants. Parcels containing clothing, reading matter and games of all kinds provide a few of the prisoners' pressing needs. How greatly these are appreciated is shown by thousands of letters and messages from the innumerable camps throughout Germany. Food parcels, which are dispatched at the rate of one per week per man through the Red Cross, are, of course, extremely welcome. Prisoners who are ill are the special care of an Invalid Comforts Section of the Red Cross and receive invalid food and other necessities.

Photos, Planet News, Keystone, Daily Mirror

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

KNOCKERS-UP—or rather the lack of them—caused a strike in the L.M.S. railway yards at Nottingham on January 11. For the benefit of those not acquainted with this species of human fauna, a knocker-up is a man whose job it is to rouse (whether by a fierce rat-a-tat on the front door or by a handful of gravel thrown at the bedroom window) those workers who have to report for duty long before it is light. Before last winter there were eight knockers-up in Nottingham who used to call the locomen detailed for duty between midnight and 7.30 a.m. But on November 2 they were withdrawn owing to labour shortage, and the locomen were left to their own devices. Some of them had alarm clocks; others would like to have had them, but found that you cannot get one now for love or money. Still others relied on their wives to wake them . . . But sometimes she "fell down" on the job, and a loco-man, arriving late at the depot, found that his train had gone. He was sent home and lost a day's pay in consequence.

EARLY in January the locomen held a meeting and resolved to strike at midnight on the following Sunday unless knockers-up were provided; and when that midnight came 600 drivers, firemen and guards stopped away from work, and 17 local passenger trains and a number of goods trains did not run . . . During the day negotiations with the L.M.S. and the local Ministry of Labour officials were resumed, and in a few hours a settlement was reached. The knockers-up were put back, men who had lost time through not having been called were to have their payment made up, and there was to be no victimization. The men agreed to provide their own knockers-up for the present, but it was left to the Ministry of Labour to find them permanently.

Alarm clocks would have prevented the locomen from oversleeping, but of alarm clocks the shops are bare. Before the War they used to come in large quantities from the U.S.A. and Switzerland. Now these channels of supplies have been cut off, and English clock-makers are busy making munitions. In London it was reported from one of the big stores that they had a waiting-list for alarm clocks at 55s. each; even at that price a hundred a day could be sold—if they could obtain them.

ANOTHER and more vital necessity of war-time life is the electric torch, and from all parts of the country complaints have come in of the scarcity of batteries. The battery for the convenient pocket-torch is in very short supply, because the Board of Trade has decided that no more cases of this size are to be manufactured (although a limited number of batteries will continue to be made for those torches already in use). But scarcer far are the batteries for cycle lamps. I do not know how many millions of cyclists there are on British roads at the present time (how pleasant it is cycling nowadays even on the great arterial roads which once were death-traps for the humble cyclist!), but to ride a bike after dark without a light is to court trouble.

From various districts there come reports of large-scale prosecutions by the police of workers who have been found going to work or home in the black-out minus a light. To take a case in point, the Swadlincote magistrates were non-plussed when they had brought before them a number of miners from the South Derbyshire coalfields, summoned for cycling to work in the early morning without rear lights. In defence it was urged that it was impossible to buy batteries, and this the police admitted. Coal production would be gravely affected if the men had to walk four miles from their homes to the pits and then another two to the coalface. Neither oil nor acetylene lamps were available, and public transport there was none. All the cases where it was proved a battery was unobtainable were dismissed on payment of costs, and it was stated that Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel and Power, was trying to speed up the delivery of more batteries.



UTILITY FURNITURE, free of purchase tax, may be bought only by bombed-out citizens and newly-wed or engaged couples. Permits have to be obtained, and these incorporate a "points" system. Here is shown a well-designed Utility kitchen cabinet of stained beech. *Photo, Topical Press*

AT the beginning of January the Board of Trade announced that the Utility Furniture scheme was in operation. The furniture, it was explained, could be supplied only to those obtaining an official permit, and those permits will be issued to: (1) people who are about to set up a home for the first time, provided they have married since the beginning of 1941 or intend to marry within two months of applying for the permit; (2) people who wish to set up a home because they are going to have a child; (3) people who have lost their home through enemy action. Only in special circumstances will exceptions be made, e.g. for the purchase of a bed for a child growing too big for his cot, or for the purchase by a newly-married couple of furniture for a bedroom in the house of parents. Permits, however, are not required for nursery furniture (i.e. cot, play-pen and child's chair).

That reference to engaged couples gave rise at once to some speculation. A Daily Express reporter who made inquiries at the Board of Trade discovered that there is to be an elaborate system of checking and confirmation. Are the couple really engaged? When is the wedding date, and where is the marriage to take place? Have either of the young couple any furniture of their own already, or are they living with their parents? These are some of the preliminary questions which have to be satisfied before the permit is issued. Then, in due time, inquiries are to be made as to whether the wedding took place; if it did not, why not? If the engagement has been broken, then the permit is cancelled and any furniture bought must be returned.

NONE of the furniture is as yet available for inspection. It must be ordered from a furniture dealer from a catalogue, copies of which can be obtained (price 9d.) from any bookseller or newsagent or direct from H.M. Stationery Office. No purchase tax is levied, and the maximum retail prices which have been fixed cover free delivery within a radius of 15 miles. Hire purchase terms are to be made available. The maximum number of units is 60 in the case of a married couple setting up a home, and up to 15 more will be allowed for each child. Specimen charges, with the "cost in points" given in brackets, are:

Dining table, £4 13s. 6d. and £5 15s. 3d. (6 points); dining chair, £1 3s. to £1 10s. (1); easy chair, £3 12s. and £6 10s. (6); sideboard, £7 6s. 6d. and £10 7s. (6); double bed, £3 10s. 9d. (oak) to £4 11s. (mahogany) (5); wardrobes, £13 2s. 9d. to £17 4s. 9d. (12 or for 3 ft. size, 10); 3 ft. dressing chest (with mirror), £8 11s. to £10 10s. (8); kitchen table, £2 14s. and £3 8s. 6d. (6, or for smaller one 4); kitchen chair, 12s. 6d. and 14s. 3d. (1).

RECENTLY the Select Committee on National Expenditure issued their report (H.M. Stationery Office, 4d.) on The Health and Welfare of Women in War Factories. In the three years since mid-1939 rather more than one-and-a-half million women have taken up fresh jobs in industry. The Committee comment unfavourably on the fact that, except in the case of Royal Ordnance Factories and certain private undertakings, there has been no selective medical examination before the intake of women into industry, with the result that many women sent from a considerable distance to work at a factory have been found on arrival to be suffering from an illness or mental disability which made it impossible for them to be accepted for employment. It is urged, therefore, that the Government should give close attention to the problem of securing a satisfactory industrial medical service, and that greater use should be made of women doctors.

Physical amenities are also criticized. In some factories, it is stated, an inadequate time is allowed for meals, and if service in the canteen is not too good, girls have to bolt their food; in others, workers still eat a snack at their machines or work-tables. Insufficient attention is devoted in some factories to personal cleanliness and the prevention of industrial dermatitis. Washing-rooms are generally unattractive, and often badly lighted. Then many factories, particularly the medium-sized and smaller establishments, leave much to be desired in the way of lighting and ventilation.

HOURS of work, too, are the subject of unfavourable comment. Although the Ministry of Labour advised employers two years ago that the number of hours worked by women should vary only between 48 and 56 per week, cases were reported of women who are working 12 hours a day, spending two or three hours travelling, and on top of this undertaking household duties. Small wonder is it that in these circumstances sickness and absence from work are reported to be more frequent among women workers than among the men.

London's Little Streets Have Kept Their Courage



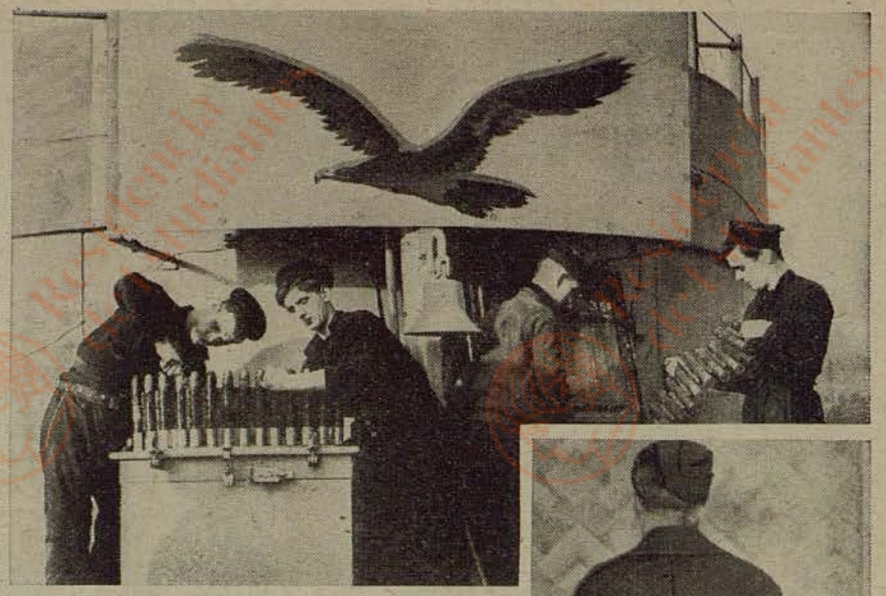
LONDONERS IN THE BLITZ (1940-41) behaved with proverbial courage. The retaliatory night raid on Jan. 17, 1943, launched by a few German aircraft in reply to our heavy bombing of Berlin the previous night, was the Metropolis's first big raid since May 1941; two days later the capital was attacked in daylight. This photograph shows a woman warden minding a baby whose parents are salvaging their furniture from their bombed-out home.

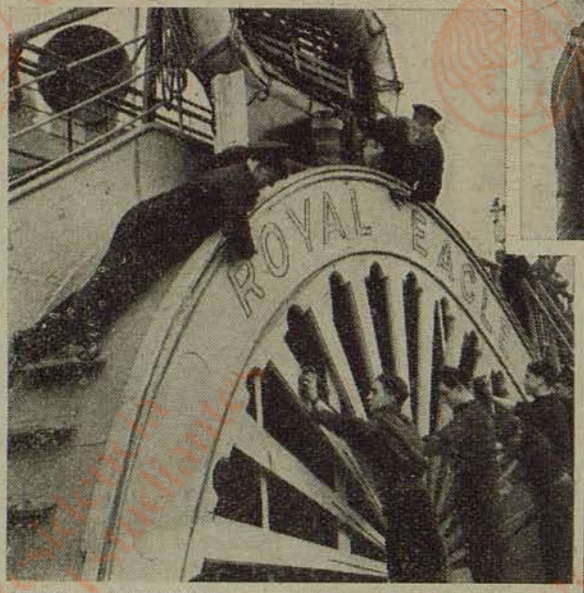
Photo, Topical Press

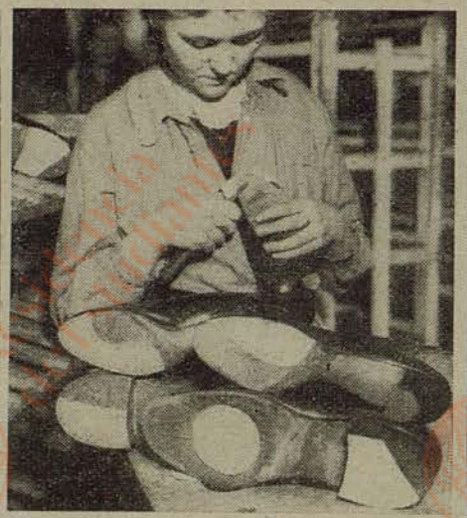
At Home and Abroad With Our Roving Camera

H.M.S. ROYAL EAGLE in peacetime carried thousands of Londoners to N. Kentish resorts. Two years ago she was commissioned as a warship of the Royal Navy. During this period she has spent 520 nights and 132 days at sea, covering a mileage of 25,000. She has been in action 52 times against enemy aircraft, and has destroyed two for certain and many probables. Among the honours awarded to her crew are two D.S.C.s, four D.S.M.s, and 13 mentions in dispatches.

This record is apart from her fine achievement at Dunkirk, when the Royal Eagle (not yet on the Navy's strength), brought home nearly 3,000 men, one of her most distinguished passengers on that historic occasion being Gen. Pownall. Each man of the ship's company who was on board at that time carries a silver penknife inscribed "Royal Eagle, Dunkirk 1940," presented by men of the Cheshire Regt. whom she brought safely back. Below, polishing the ship's paddle-wheel. Right, ratings fill pom-pom ammunition belts aboard their redoubtable vessel.



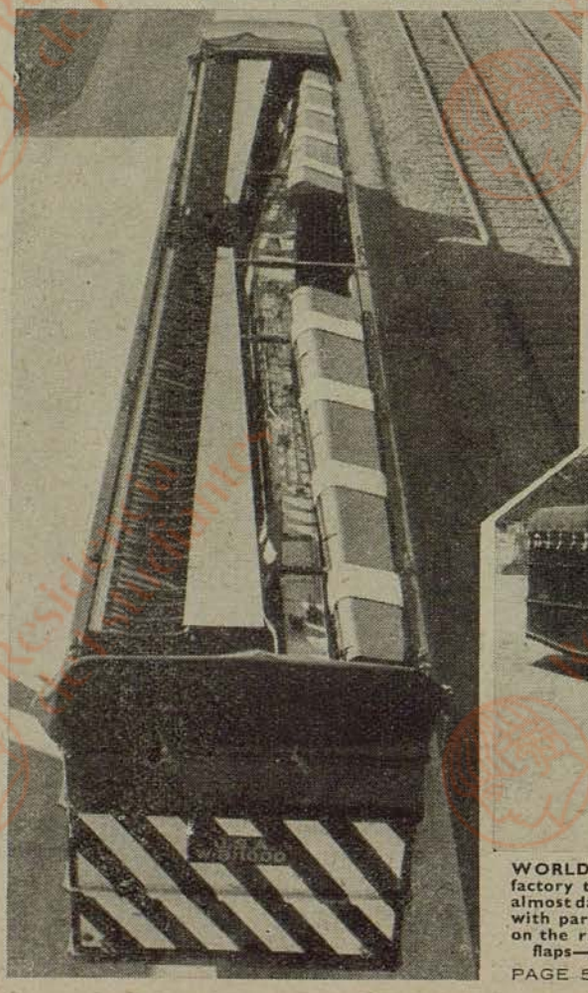


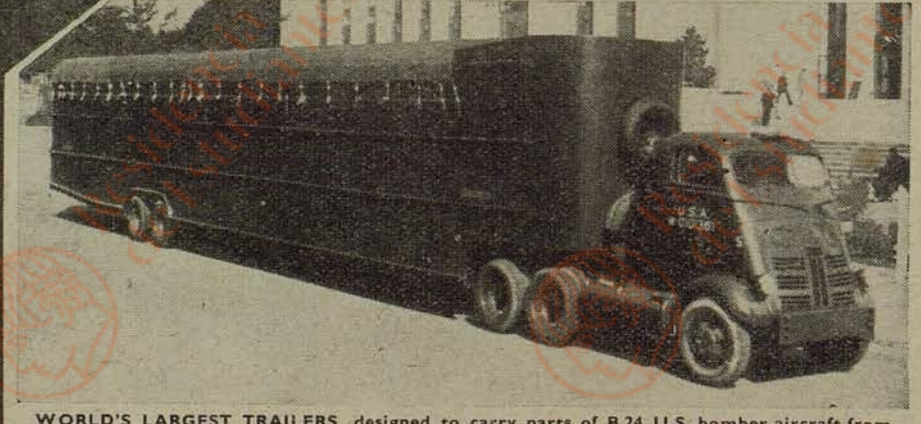




AUSTERITY COBBLING has been brought about owing to shortage of leather. On Jan. 1, 1943, patchwork repairs for shoes, with two-piece repair for heels over 1¾ in. in width or length, and heel reinforcement at the point of wear in rubber or iron, became compulsory. Repairs will henceforth be rough-finished, but adequate. A wartime code for treatment of footwear has been given by the Board of Trade. Important points are: examine your shoes each evening; have them repaired as soon as the top layer of leather has worn through; clean them regularly. This photograph shows how the new repair work will be carried out.

NEW ARMY OVERCOAT. The Regular Army and the Home Guard are being issued with winter overcoats of utility cut. Instead of brass, these coats have khaki-coloured plastic buttons, and are of a slightly thinner material than hitherto. A pleat runs from the top to the bottom at the back, thus giving greater freedom for the arms. In previous issues the pleat ran only from the belt to the bottom of the coat. Such changes in Army uniform designs are under frequent review.





WORLD'S LARGEST TRAILERS, designed to carry parts of B.24 U.S. bomber aircraft from factory to assembly plant, leave the Ford Motor Company's Willow Run Works in America almost daily, bearing their all-important cargoes. Left, one of these 60-ft. tractor-trailers loaded with parts; the load comprises the great centre wing section of the bomber, with ailerons on the right and leading edges on the left. Below and out of sight are outer wing panels and flaps—all snugly secured so as to travel without a jar. Above, ready to begin the journey.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; L.N.A., R. W. Hammond, Keystone

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Got the Convoy Through the U-Boats

Attacked 35 times by U-boats in the Atlantic, an armada of merchantmen recently reached this country. The part that a Liberator of the Coastal Command played in this battle lasting four days and nights is told below: the story is reprinted from The Daily Telegraph.

"WE had been over the convoy only about half an hour," said Sqdn.-Ldr. Bulloch, "when we sighted the first submarine. There was a hailstorm at the time and in the early morning light visibility was bad.

"But this U-boat was on the surface about 11 miles behind the convoy. It was travelling fast to catch up with the ships. I circled to attack. It sighted us and started to crash-dive, but I got it just as it was disappearing, and the depth charges went down on top of it."

Flyg.-Off. Michael S. Layton, Bulloch's Canadian navigator, had a "grandstand" view of what happened then.

"I looked back from the astrodome," he said, "and saw about 40 feet of the submarine sticking out of the water at an angle of 30 degrees. The depth charges exploded right along the track of the U-boat and the spray completely smothered the stern."

A patch of oil nearly 800 yards long spread on the surface of the sea and was followed seconds later by debris. The Liberator signalled a corvette to the scene. When it arrived it disturbed a flock of seagulls which were hovering over the debris. The corvette signalled Sqdn.-Ldr. Bulloch, "You certainly got him." Another signal read, "You killed him." And a third, "Dead bodies seen."

Three hours later the squadron-leader sighted two U-boats 300 yards apart going like mad for the convoy.

"There was oil coming from one of them," he said. So they attacked it and the depth charges were well placed. A couple of seconds after the explosions had died away a terrific spout of water shot us into the air.

The Liberator had now no more depth charges, but it continued its patrol. The crew settled down to the routine jobs and one of the gunners cooked a lunch of steak and potatoes on a paraffin stove.

"I was sitting in the cockpit with a plate on my knee, with 'George'—the automatic pilot—in charge," Sqdn.-Ldr. Bulloch said. "I was going to enjoy that steak, but another U-boat popped up.

"The plate, with its steak and potatoes, went spinning off my knee as I grabbed the controls and sounded the alarm. There was a clatter of plates back in the aircraft as the rest of the crew jumped to it, forgetting how hungry they were."

"We dived on the submarine and opened up on it with cannon and machine-gun fire. We couldn't do anything else. But the U-boat didn't know that, and as soon as it saw us coming it got under quickly. Our lunch was ruined, but that U-boat didn't get within torpedo range of the convoy."

Twenty minutes later another one was sighted, and Sqdr.-Ldr. Bulloch began to wonder if the whole German U-boat fleet had congregated in that part of the Atlantic. They attacked again with their cannons, and again the U-boat dived in a hurry.

Another half-hour and the squadron-leader sighted a sixth submarine; 50 minutes later a seventh; and in another 25 minutes the eighth. All three were attacked with cannon fire and forced to crash-dive.



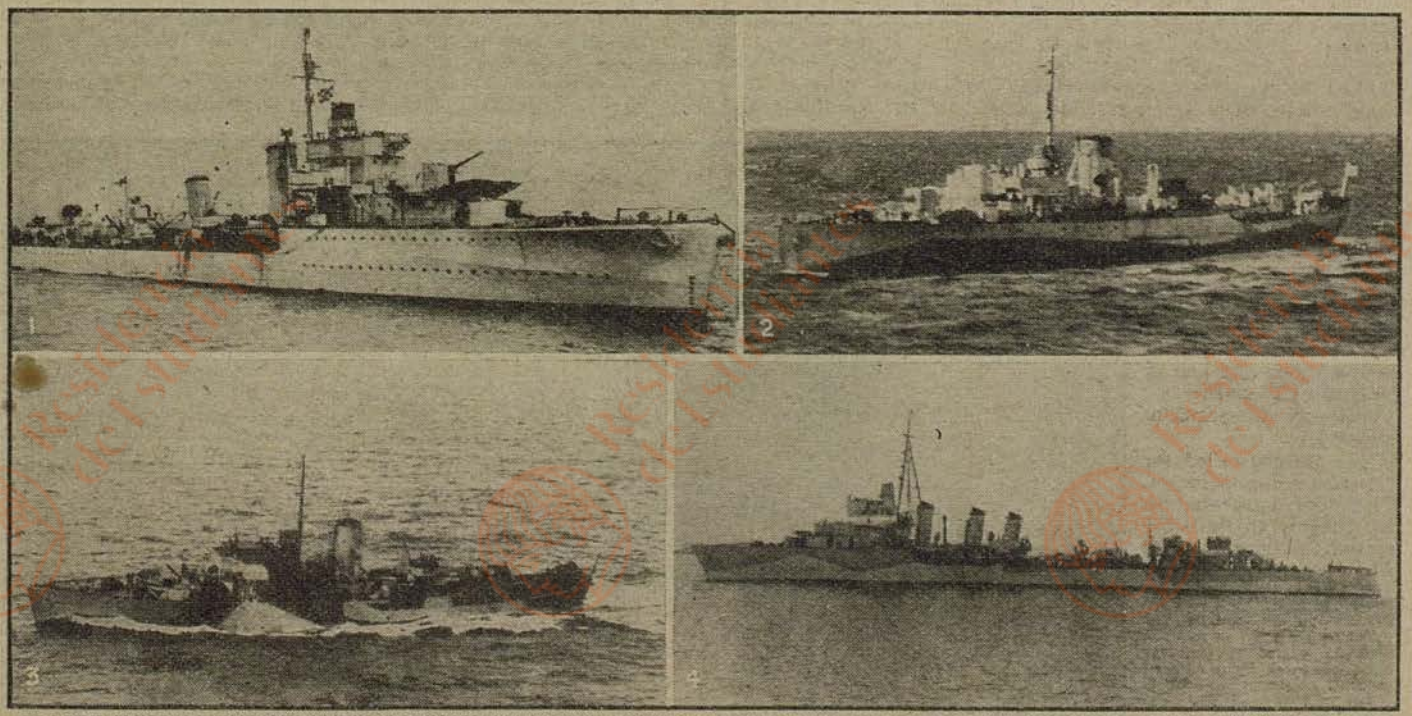
SQDN.-LDR. BULLOCH, D.S.O., D.F.C. (left), whose story is told in this page, has received a bar to his D.S.O., and Sergt. McColl (right) the D.F.M. The awards were announced on Jan. 10, 1943. *Photo, British Official*

It was only when darkness was beginning to fall that the Liberator headed back to base. It landed safely after a patrol of nearly 17 hours and after attacking U-boats from dawn to dusk.

We Were the Cat Among Rommel's Pigeons

Armoured cars of the Royal Dragoons executed one of the 8th Army's most spectacular manoeuvres when they broke through Rommel's lines on Nov. 2, 1942, and in four days destroyed 200 vehicles, captured and destroyed at least 30 guns, and cut many phone lines. The story is told here by a leader of one of the armoured squadrons.

WE attribute the luck which attended our initial break-through to the splendid work of the infantry and the artillery, which paved the way. We left our location and passed through the minefields in single file. No shot was fired at us. The only impediment to our progress occurred when the first car ran into an 88 mm. gunpit filled with dead Germans. One or two more cars, including three petrol replenishment



ESCORT SHIPS OF THE ATLANTIC CONVOY that battled against enemy submarines in early Dec. 1942 (see accompanying text) included those of the British, Polish and Norwegian navies. 1, H.M.S. Fame, British destroyer, and 2, Norwegian corvette Rose, which sighted and engaged two U-boats. 3, Norwegian corvette Eglantine, which successfully attacked three of the German submarines in two successive actions. 4, Polish destroyer Burza chased a U-boat and attacked it with depth charges.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

lorries, got stuck in slit trenches, but most of them pulled out when dawn broke and fought their way up to us.

The enemy was too astounded to do anything as we came through, or else the Italian section thought we were Germans and the German section thought we were Italians. They waved Swastika flags at us with vigour, and we replied with "Achtung!" and anything else we could think of which, with a wave and answering wave, would get us through their lines.

As it grew lighter they stared and blinked at us. Although a warning artillery barrage had been going on all night they couldn't believe their eyes. They would goggle at us from short range, see our berets, bolt away a few yards, pause as if they didn't think it was true, and come back to take another look. We passed within ten yards of the muzzles of an entire battery of field artillery. Right down the column we went with Germans standing by their guns and fortunately failing to let them off. One of them would suddenly see we were British, and run a few yards to tell somebody else. Then both of them would stare unbelievingly.

We Woke the Quartermaster!

As the dawn broke we passed a man in bed. From the mass of vehicles and equipment surrounding him he was obviously an Italian quartermaster. We woke him up by tossing a Verey light into his blankets. He broke the record for the sitting high jump! Into one of his lorries we heaved a hand grenade. The results on the lorry were most satisfactory, but they scared the second-in-command who, following in his armoured car, had failed to see us toss the grenade.

Picking our way through trenches and gun positions we came upon what was evidently a "permanent" headquarters. Lorries were dug in, men were asleep everywhere They were surprised to wake up and see their lorries go up in smoke one by one. We were now some miles behind their lines, and their astonishment had been so colossal that we hadn't had one shot fired at us. It was full daylight, and getting amongst the "soft" transport our work of destruction began.

In the first quarter of an hour the two squadrons destroyed forty lorries by simply putting a bullet through the petrol tanks and setting a match to the leak. The crews of lorries which had got bogged in the break-through transferred themselves to German vehicles holding petrol. Spare men climbed aboard Italian vehicles mounted with Breda guns, and on we pushed across the desert.

Germans panicked from their lorries into slit trenches. We had no time to take prisoners. We just took their weapons and told them to commence walking east. Only those who refused were shot. Few refused. The majority were most anxious to oblige us in every way, and readily assisted in draining vehicles we thought fit to immobilize.

The Italians asked for far greater consideration. They wanted to come with us, clinging to the sides of our armoured cars as they fought each other to come aboard. To stop these poignant scenes a troop-leader asked for one of their officers. Half a dozen men stepped forward. We explained we couldn't take them all and, skimming off the cream, pushed on with a colonel and two majors clinging for dear life round the muzzles of our two-pounders.

'Bumped' by Bombs from the Air

Up till now we had had no casualties, except three petrol lorries and one armoured car jammed way back in the minefields. The commander of the armoured car surprised our headquarters by returning to our own lines the following morning unarmed and driving thirty Italians before him. The columns of smoke climbing up from the lorries we burned attracted the attention of tanks and aircraft. We managed to dodge the tanks, but the aircraft pestered us throughout the next four days.

The German pilot adopted a novel form of bombing. He had probably grown tired of aiming at the small target offered by an armoured car and, attaching a bomb on a piece of rope suspended from his Me.109, flew over us hoping to bump the bomb into our turrets. After 24 unsuccessful attempts the bomb hit the ground and exploded, causing irreparable damage to his piece of rope. The armour of our cars was excellent, and the only casualties inflicted on us from the air were on the German lorries we shanghaied to come along with us. We had one personal casualty—one of the Italian majors swinging round a turret was shot off by one of his own planes. After that we allowed the other two Italians to walk it.

Then the two squadrons parted, one continuing due west, the other going south-west. In the south we cut the Axis telephone lines connecting the left and right flanks of their Alamein line, and added a little more to the general confusion. For the remainder of the first day we sat astride their lines of supply, holding up and destroying lorries as they arrived to supply front-line troops. This highway robbery continued for another three days without variation, except that instead of burning vehicles and so attracting aircraft, we merely rendered them useless.

Ever since we raided the headquarters we had had reprisals sent out after us. Slow-flying reconnaissance Torches came after us. We shot one down. We also came upon some aircraft, a marvellous target for our bombers, and sent back the information that they were waiting on the airfield to be destroyed. In an astonishingly short time our bombers were over—and so were their aircraft. There was an amusing incident when we came across a South African pilot who had been ground strafing. He was shot down practically under the wheels of one of our armoured cars. Expecting to be man-handled so far behind the enemy lines he couldn't believe his eyes when he realized we were British.

And so we stayed fifteen miles behind Rommel's lines. The only real battle we had was on November 2, when our break-through took place. We heard later, when told that the British tanks had broken through, that Rommel's reply had been, "Oh, yes. I know about that," in reference to our armoured cars. At the time our tanks really had broken through.

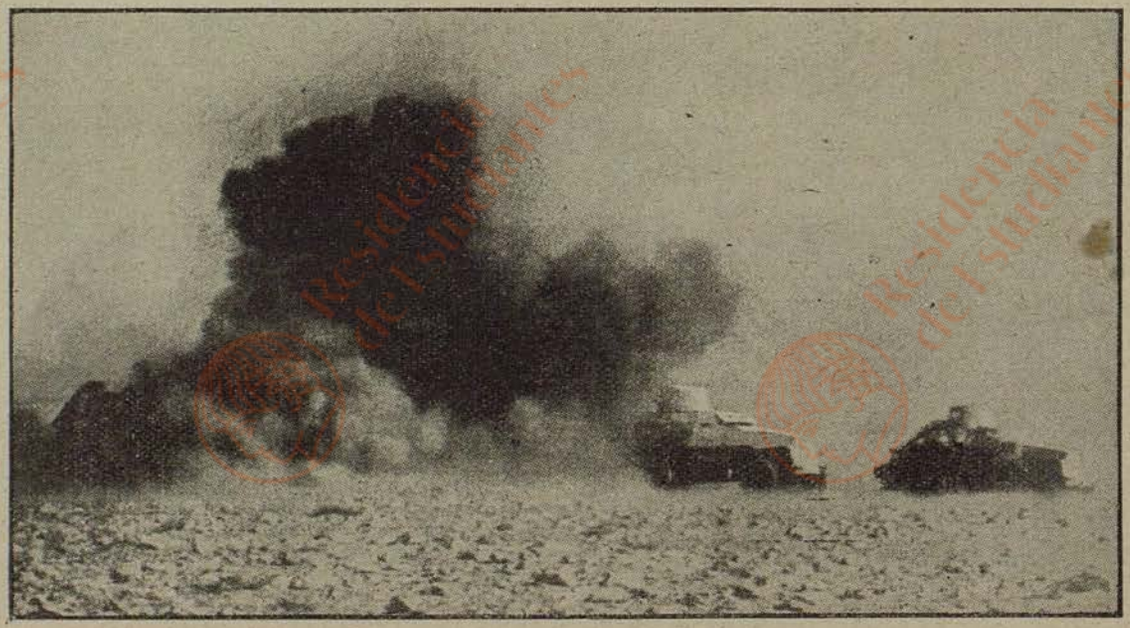
Having waylaid a number of vehicles containing retreating German troops, we met up with several 50 mm. anti-tank guns. Things looked black for us when we met the Fighting French coming west. Fortunately for us mutual recognition came quickly, and together we compelled the enemy to leave behind many anti-tank guns and some field guns which he had in tow. With this our job was over. There was no need to return. The Eighth Army had come out to meet us.

My Night of Tense Expectancy in the Russian Lines

Written by Boris Yampolsky, well-known Soviet war correspondent, this account of preparations in the Russian lines for the great November offensive is reprinted from Soviet War News.

From a desolate height in the front line, battle-orders ring through the night air. The gun crews jump from their trenches. Soon columns of black smoke and earth mark the explosions of Soviet shells in the German lines.

A few seconds after the first salvo, searchlights stab up in all directions. Soon they have grasped their prey—a Focke-Wulf. The machine-guns spit into action to supplement the A.A. guns. A dispatch rider jumps from his horse, trying to help bring down the enemy plane with his rifle. Drivers, too, stop their lorries and let the German have it. A sapper and a signaller, the sentry at headquarters and a team of road-menders join in. Even the cook grabs a rifle and blazes away. But the F.W. disappears and is followed by Heinkel bombers which drop their screaming loads around our



BRITISH ARMOURED CAR reconnaissance patrol advancing in Libya. An account of a spectacular break-through by a raiding column of these vehicles is given in this and the preceding pages.
Photo, British Official

positions. Uprooted trees blaze like rocket flares. Meanwhile, the artillery pounds away more heavily than ever. The Germans reply with heavy but poorly directed fire.

Trench digging under fire is difficult. Fortunately, the earth hereabouts is generously equipped with craters made by German land-torpedoes. These make excellent premises for headquarters, observation posts, radio stations, munition dumps and gun crews. It is a kind of underground city, stretching back many miles through forests and swamps. There are underground repair shops and garages. A printing-press is installed in what was once a bear's den. The post office still works in the open. Every now and again a shell fragment cuts a hole in the stack of letters. There is an underground bath-house to which the Red Army men come direct from the firing-line. Seldom have I seen a barber work so quickly and dexterously.

No one sleeps at night. Traffic pours along the roads leading to the front line. A kitchen squad makes its way along a dark path, carrying flasks of hot cocoa for the tankmen. The regimental postman hunts out addresses in a maze of trenches and barbed wire entanglements. Lorries unload cases of cartridges and hand-grenades, which are immediately rushed forward to the front line.

There is a sinister quiet in the direction of the German trenches; but suddenly a mortar shell hisses through the still night, followed by a storm of German artillery fire. The munition-carriers move about noiselessly. They never stop for a moment. They can tell by the sound of the shells where the danger lies. Red-hot shell fragments stream like fireworks through the dark. The men lie low, protecting the cases of bullets with their bodies. These dangerous nights are a commonplace to them. They know exactly when to leap into a crater for shelter. The mortars shift their fire to new sectors, and the men leave the craters to advance from tree-stump to tree-stump, now crawling, now making a wild dash for it. A tall fir burns like a candle and illumines the entire forest. Some distance away trees are crashing to earth, burying men beneath them. We can hear faint groans.

Meanwhile, the munition-carriers move deeper into the night, through raging fire and burning brushwood, until they reach the battle-line, which is brilliantly lit by German flares. They crawl from trench to trench, sometimes up to their necks in water.

Everywhere men are on the alert. Even those who are off duty sleep with a rifle or grenade clutched in one hand. The munition convoy creeps ahead in a dazzling glare which dies down momentarily, leaving a dull, dark landscape. Snipers' bullets rip through the air around them. Some fall; others pause to find out whether they are dead or only wounded. The wounded are quickly bandaged and hidden in craters. Men on their way back from the front line will carry them to the nearest dressing station.



GREAT SOVIET DRIVE on the S. Russian front continued with unabated speed in Jan. 1943. This photo shows Russian infantry attacking enemy positions in the Don area. Preparations for the Soviet offensive are described by an eye-witness in the accompanying text.
Photo, Planet News

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JAN. 6, 1943, Wednesday *1,222nd day*

North Africa.—Enemy counter-attacks dislodged our troops from hills W. of Mateur.

Libya.—Gen. Leclerc's Chad forces captured outpost of Oum-el-Araneb in the Fezzan.

Mediterranean.—Aircraft from Malta bombed La Goulette and Tunis.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers attacked Jap positions near Akyab.

Australasia.—U.S. bombers raided airfield at Munda.

U.S.A.—Liberators bombed Kiska.

JAN. 7, Thursday *1,223rd day*

Air.—R.A.F. raided the Ruhr.

Libya.—Fighting French flying column captured El Gatrun in the Fezzan.

Mediterranean.—U.S. heavy bombers raided Palermo in daylight.

Australasia.—U.S. aircraft bombed Bougainville and Rekata Bay in Solomons.

U.S.A.—Liberators again raided Kiska.

JAN. 8, Friday *1,224th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that in sea battle off North Cape on Dec. 31, destroyer Achates was sunk and Onslow damaged; convoy reached Russian ports without loss.

Air.—R.A.F. again raided the Ruhr.

North Africa.—U.S. aircraft attacked Axis concentrations at Kairouan.

Russian Front.—German Sixth Army trapped before Stalingrad rejected Russian ultimatum demanding surrender. Soviet troops occupied Zimovniki.

Australasia.—Three Jap transports in convoy bound for Lae sunk by bombers.

JAN. 9, Saturday *1,225th day*

Air.—Essen and the Ruhr bombed by R.A.F.

Libya.—Gen. Leclerc's Chad troops captured outpost of Brach in the Fezzan.

Russian Front.—Heavy German counter-attacks repelled at Velikie Luki.

Australasia.—In attempt to land reinforcements at Lae 130 Jap aircraft were destroyed or damaged.

JAN. 10, Sunday *1,226th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of submarine Utmost.

Libya.—Bombing and machine-gun attacks on Axis troops between Tripoli and Misurata.

North Africa.—Daylight raid on La Goulette by Allied bombers.

Burma.—R.A.F. made day and night attacks on Akyab; U.S. aircraft wrecked Myitnge bridge over Irrawaddy.

JAN. 11, Monday *1,227th day*

Air.—R.A.F. heavy bombers again attacked the Ruhr.

North Africa.—German attacks on French troops in Tunisia were repulsed.

Mediterranean.—Daylight raid on Naples.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops occupied Georgievsk, Mineralniye Vody, Pyatigorsk and Kislovodsk in the Caucasus.

Australasia.—During night Jan. 10-11 U.S. torpedo-boats torpedoed two Jap destroyers and drove off others attempting to reinforce Guadalcanal.

JAN. 12, Tuesday *1,228th day*

Air.—Another R.A.F. raid on the Ruhr.

North Africa.—U.S. Flying Fortresses attacking Castel Benito air base, Tripoli, destroyed 16 enemy aircraft in the air and 20 on the ground.

Libya.—Murzuk, capital of Fezzan, and Sebha, military base, occupied by Gen. Leclerc's Chad forces.

Mediterranean.—Targets in Crete, Sicily, and Lampedusa Is. attacked by Allied aircraft.

JAN. 13, Wednesday *1,229th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of corvette Marigold.

Air.—British and American bombers made daylight raids on Lille, St. Omer, and Abbeville; Essen and the Ruhr had concentrated night raid.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops in Stalingrad broke through to the western suburbs and consolidated their positions.

Australasia.—Allied bombers and fighters made heavy raids on Lae and Salamaua, New Guinea, and Gasmata, New Britain.

JAN. 14, Thursday *1,230th day*

Air.—Heavy night raid on U-boat base at Lorient.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued to advance in Caucasus and on Lower Don.

Burma.—R.A.F. raided Akyab area by day and night.

Australasia.—Allied troops broke through Jap positions at Sanananda in Papua.

JAN. 15, Friday *1,231st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of destroyer Partridge.

Air.—R.A.F. raided Cherbourg by day and Lorient by night.

Libya.—Eighth Army started offensive at Buerat.

Mediterranean.—Our submarines sank three enemy supply ships and damaged three more.

India.—Three Jap aircraft shot down by one fighter pilot in Calcutta district.

Australasia.—Widespread raids by U.S. aircraft on Jap bases in Solomons.

JAN. 16, Saturday *1,232nd day*

Air.—Strong force of R.A.F. bombers raided Berlin; one aircraft lost.

Libya.—Announced that Gen. Leclerc's forces had made contact with Eighth Army.

Russia.—Soviet H.Q. announced opening of new offensive south of Voronezh; town and rly. centre of Rossosh captured.

Australasia.—Five Jap ships sunk or damaged by Allied bombers at Rabaul.

General.—Iraq Govt. announced itself at war with Germany, Italy and Japan.

JAN. 17, Sunday *1,233rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of trawlers Horatio and Jura.

Air.—R.A.F. again raided Berlin in strength; 22 bombers missing.

Libya.—Castel Benito, air-base of Tripoli, heavily raided by Allied bombers.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Millerovo, on Voronezh-Rostov rly.

India.—Enemy aircraft raided airfield in Chittagong area.

Australasia.—Jap bombers and fighters raided Milne Bay, Papua.

Home Front.—In two night raids on London and S.E. England ten enemy bombers were destroyed.

JAN. 18, Monday *1,234th day*

North Africa.—In Tunisia Germans gained some ground S.W. of Pont du Fahs.

Libya.—Eighth Army advancing on Tripoli passed through Misurata and reached Zliten; Castel Benito air-base again heavily bombed.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops occupied Sinyavino and Schlüsselburg and raised the siege of Leningrad.

Australasia.—Sanananda village in Papua captured by Allied troops.

JAN. 19, Tuesday *1,235th day*

Libya.—Our forces advancing towards Tripoli closed in on Homs and Tarhuna; Axis airfield at Castel Benito again bombed.

Mediterranean.—In night operations on Jan. 17, 18 and 19 our destroyers sank 13 enemy vessels.

Russian Front.—South of Voronezh, Soviet troops captured Kamensk and rly. junction of Valuiki.

India.—Small-scale enemy air raid on Calcutta area; two bombers destroyed.

General.—Announced that M. Marcel Peyrouton was appointed Governor-General of Algeria.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

January 8. *Russian 44th Division routed by Finns at Suomussalmi.*

January 13. *R.A.F., in longest reconnaissance raid to date, dropped leaflets at Vienna and Prague.*

1941

January 10. *Cruiser Southampton lost, aircraft-carrier Illustrious damaged by Axis air attack in Sicilian Channel. Klisura in Albania taken by the Greeks.*

January 19. *Kassala, Sudan, re-occupied by British troops.*

1942

January 10. *Japanese invaded Celebes, Dutch East Indies.*

January 11. *Japanese entered Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.*

January 12. *South Africans captured Sollum.*

January 13. *In Libya, British troops occupied Jedabia, on Gulf of Sirte.*

January 19. *Russians recaptured Mojaisk, on Moscow front.*

Editor's Postscript

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Fairplay!" sends me a postcard from Harrow saying: "Why is it that you are always boosting Scotch, Australian, Canadian, Indian, South African and other over-sea and foreign soldiers, sailors and airmen to the detriment of Englishmen who are doing the bulk of the fighting by sea, land, and in the air?" I can assure him that we of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED are conscious of no offence in this respect, nor can I regard his complaint as a fair one. We are all with him in agreeing that Englishmen are doing the bulk of the fighting. He might have some cause for complaint if he had access to the American newspapers, but he doesn't accuse us, it will be noticed, of giving undue prominence to the Americans! The fact is that we attempt no discrimination—which too readily leads to recrimination—in recording the news of the fighting as that reaches us from official and other sources. It stands to reason that as Scotland has a population of some 5,000,000 and England has some 41,000,000 there must be more Englishmen than Scotsmen in arms. Of all races the English have ever been the least given to national self-assertion and the readiest to give, without any trace of jealousy, honour where it is due. Clearly the major part of the British fighting by land, sea, and air must be done by Englishmen and perhaps that's why too often "it goes without saying." Personally I deprecate all "boosting" of fragmentary elements in the grand total of united British effort, which is the rigid, unbending backbone of this fight for freedom.

THE things they say! I was reminded of the feature I run with this title in World Digest by the glossary of American terms given in a leaflet issued by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes—N.A.A.F.I. for short—for the guidance of those members of its staff who may be called upon to serve American soldiers, sailors and airmen, whether in canteens, messing stores or offices. In When You Meet the Americans, Miss N.A.A.F.I. is warned that she must be prepared for surprises. "The first time that an American soldier approaches the counter and says, 'How'ya, baby?' you will probably think he is being impudent. By the time several dozen men have said it you may have come to the conclusion that all Americans are 'fresh.' Yet to them it will be merely the normal conversational opening, just as you might say, 'Lovely day, isn't it?'"

THIS understood, she is conjured to "try not to appear shocked at some of their expressions. Many of these may sound remarkably like swearing to you, but in fact they are words in everyday use in America. It will not occur to the lad from Ohio that you are not accustomed to hearing them used in front of girls." What those words are is (tantalizingly) left unstated. N.A.A.F.I.'s young ladies are told, however, that Hot Dogs are fried sausages in split rolls, and Hamburgers are savoury rissoles in split rolls or between slices of bread. They are informed that Americans call a biscuit a cracker, while to them biscuits are scones or tea-cakes. When they want grilled meat they ask for it broiled. Chocolate and sweets are candy; chipped potatoes are french fried (to them chips are potato crisps); porridge is known as oatmeal; a kipper is a smoked herring, and vegetable marrow is known as squash. What we call beer or bitter, they call ale; beer to them means lager, while if they ask for their change in bills they will expect it in notes. Braces are suspenders, sock suspenders are garters. And if the young lady behind the counter is informed by a solicitous customer that she has got a "run" she will know that it refers to a ladder in her stocking.



CAPT. R. ST. V. SHERBROOKE, D.S.O., R.N., of H.M.S. Onslow, who won the V.C. for valour in defence of an important convoy bound for N. Russia on Dec. 31, 1942. "Never was there anything finer in Royal Naval annals," declared Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty. *Photo, Janet Jevons*

AT the end of the leaflet are some Do's and Don'ts. "Don't make fun of the American accent or vocabulary," Miss N.A.A.F.I. is told. "Your own accent and words probably seem just as odd to them." "Don't snub an American unless he has really deserved it." "Be a little more friendly than you normally would." "Don't talk about Chicago gangsters as if they represented 90 per cent of the population of America." And "Most important of all, remember that every time you lose your temper with an American, or refuse to understand his point of view, you are fighting Hitler's battles for him. Germany's propaganda at the moment is directed mainly to the task of separating Britain from America. *Don't help Hitler!*"

"THE picture that sank a battleship" is one of the 130 photographs contained in Coastal Command, prepared for the Air Ministry by the Ministry of Information and recently published by H.M. Stationery Office at 2s. You may have guessed that the battleship in question was the Bismarck, and the photograph that sealed her fate was taken by an aircraft of Coastal Command on May 21, 1941. In the course of a reconnaissance of the Norwegian coast the aircraft had flown as far north as Bergen, and there, reconnoitring the approaches to the port, the pilot discovered two warships, one of large size, at anchor in a small fjord. On his return to his base he made a cautious report of what he had seen to one of the station intelligence officers. They soon were sure where he had surmised. The Bismarck and the Prinz Eugen were out.

YOU know the rest of the story. We devoted about a dozen pages to it in Volume 4 (see pp. 580–583, and later). But you will not be averse to reading it again. Moreover, certain details are now published which could not be revealed two years ago. Then, of course, there are many other thrilling stories in Coastal Command. How could it be otherwise, when we are told that in fulfilment of their duties aircraft of Coastal Command between Sept. 3, 1939 and Sept. 30, 1942 escorted 4,947 merchant convoys, attacked 587 U-boats, and flew some fifty-five million miles? Much of the Command's work is unspectacular; most of it is carried out hundreds of miles from land, beyond sight of witnesses, and leaves no record of stirring adventure, of thrilling escape. One has to take the somewhat stereotyped and colourless reports of the men who fly the aircraft—unassuming heroes every one of them—and read between the lines. Sometimes (we are reminded) there is no report. A plane flying on its solitary reconnaissance has not returned . . .

NO author's name appears on the title page of Coastal Command, but I understand that it is by Mr. St. George Saunders, who was also responsible for those previous best-sellers The Battle of Britain and Bomber Command. Some 3,750,000 copies of the first were sold, and 1,250,000 of the second. The first impression of Coastal Command ran to 400,000, heavily over-subscribed before publication, and a second is in course of preparation. Even before the War such figures would make the mouth water. But now, when our paper ration is but a fraction of what it was three years ago, well . . .

WITH your appetite whetted by the official story, you may like to turn to Coastal Command at War, a well-illustrated book which takes us behind the scenes—into the H.Q. Operations Room, the Group Headquarters, the stations, the aircraft themselves. Published by Jarrolds at 7s. 6d., it is by "Squadron Leader Tom Dudley Gordon"; according to the Evening Standard's Londoner, "Tom" is Squadron Leader Guthrie, "Dudley" is Squadron Leader Barker, and "Gordon" is Wing Commander Gordon Campbell. Vividly written, the book contains a mass of information concerning not only the Coastal Command's operations, but its principal personalities and those details of everyday life which must be of particular interest to those who have to stay at home and wait. It carries the story a year later than the point reached in Coastal Command.

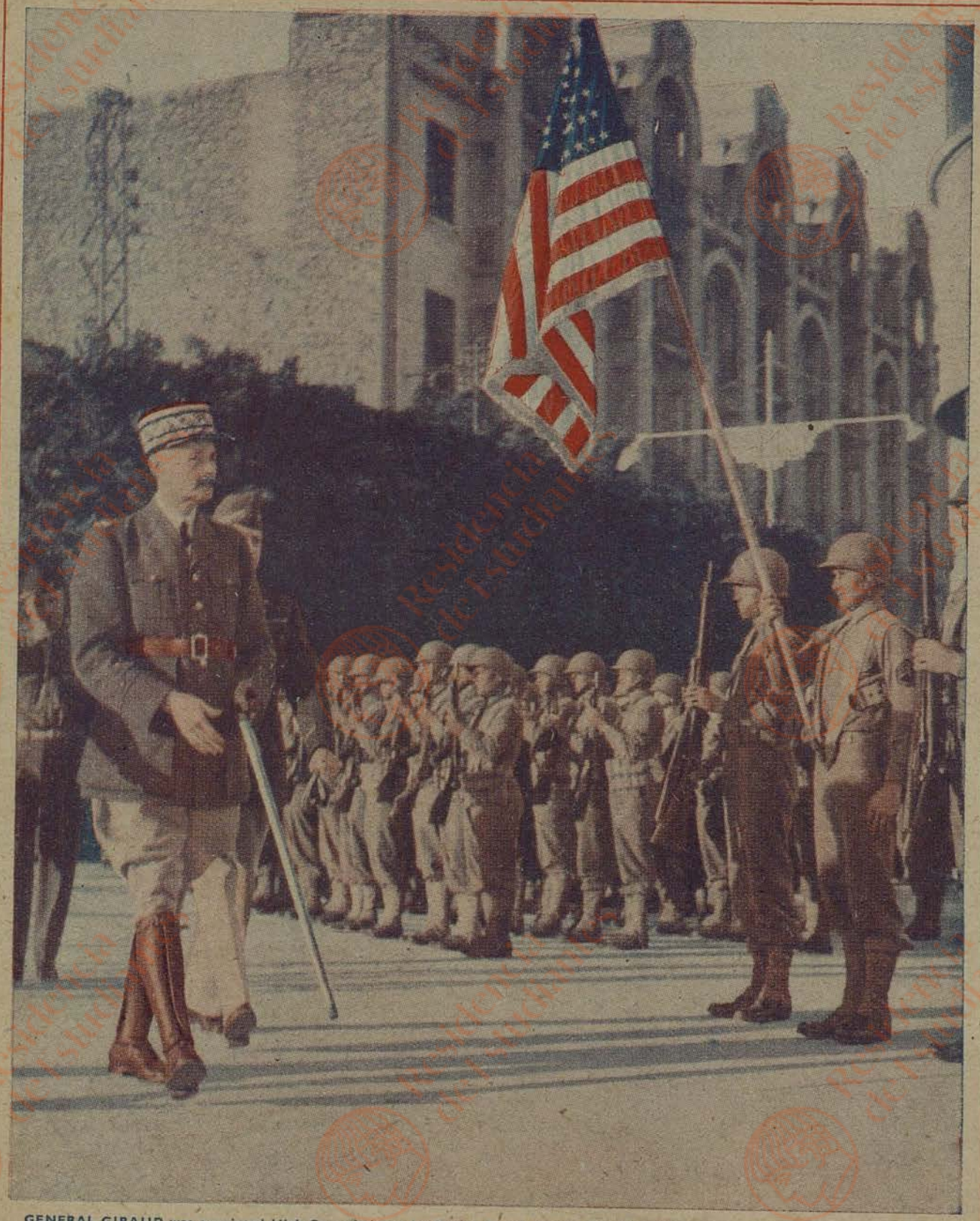
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SIXPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

JANUARY 22, 1943



GENERAL GIRAUD was appointed High Commissioner for French North Africa after the assassination of Adm. Darlan on Christmas Eve, 1942. A renowned French military leader, he would have become generalissimo in the Battle of France, in succession to General Gamelin, had he not been taken prisoner in May 1940. This recent photograph shows him reviewing U.S. troops in N. Africa. An account of his dramatic career is given in page 486.

Photo, Planet News

NO. 147 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.



GENERAL GOLIKOV, brilliant Soviet commander, who played a great part in the Russian offensive of a year ago, now commands forces based on Voronezh on the Central front. He is 42. *Photo, Daily Express*

At the beginning of 1942 it was generally expected that the year would see the major crisis of the war; but during the first nine months there was little to show that the crisis would be successfully passed. For the Empire the months had been marked by failure of hopes and by disasters the most shattering in its history. Russia, too, had received a terrible buffeting, and if still unbeaten it was difficult to believe that she possessed a reserve of offensive power. Anyone who had in September forecast that the end of the year would see the initiative passing to the Allies and both Germany and Japan on the defensive would have been scoffed at as an absurd optimist.

The defeat of Rommel in what he deemed to be an impregnable position brought relief and hope, but few could have expected that in a few weeks Russia would have won even more remarkable victories. It is true that last winter Russia had made a wonderful recovery, but that was because Hitler's rash challenge to the Russian winter presented Stalin with a fleeting opportunity which he was ready to seize. But the blow he struck was with light forces against an exhausted army already in retreat, and not a prearranged offensive delivered at a selected time and place. When it met strong, organized defences the blow had not sufficient weight behind it to overcome them. This winter, on the other hand, the offensive was fully prepared and admirably planned, and because it had of necessity to be delivered against fully organized positions, its achievements have been beyond all comparison greater than those of last year, and admit of further exploitation.

RUSSIA In my last article (see page 450) I wrote that there was no expectation of immediate sensational results on the Russian front. The Russians appeared to be engaged in strengthening and deepening their ring encircling the German 6th Army at Stalingrad, and in maintaining pressure on the Rzhev–Veliki Luki front in order to prevent transfer of German reserves to the Lower Don, where it seemed probable that the Germans might assemble at Kotelnikovo a force for the relief of the 6th Army. The Germans were aware that there was a Russian force east of the Middle Don below Voronezh, and it seemed probable that they had reserves disposed to meet the threat.

That picture did not allow for the full scope of the masterly plans Zhukov (who we now know is in direct control of the Russian operations) had laid, nor did it anticipate German mistakes. Sensational results have most certainly been achieved, which, moreover, have revealed that, despite its losses in the past year, the Red Army retains offensive power far exceeding all expectations. To underrate it was the fundamental German mistake.

ZHUKOV'S plans have been described officially by Moscow in the stages of their development.

There was first the November two-pronged attack north-west and south-west of Stalingrad which encircled the 6th Army. Measures were then taken to consolidate the positions of the encircling ring against attacks from outside, involving especially an advance towards Kotelnikovo from which relief attacks were expected.

It was at this stage the Germans seem to have made two fatal mistakes, possibly unavoidable. They made a rescue attempt before they had assembled an adequate force, and they delayed dispatch of reinforcements to the Middle Don front.

When by early December they had assembled at Kotelnikovo a striking force of three Panzer and three motorized infantry divisions, they launched an attempt on December 12 to break through to the 6th Army. The force constituted, of course, a very powerful spearhead, and it drove deeply into the Russian positions. But the spearhead lacked a shaft—an infantry force to hold the sides of the corridor which the spearhead was attempting to form. The Russians counter-attacked, enveloping the flanks of the thrust; and after some days of hard and critical fighting the Germans were in full retreat, having suffered great losses. In three days they lost all the ground they had gained in twelve; and with the Russians in pursuit they were unable even to retain their hold on Kotelnikovo. Kotelnikovo was captured on Dec. 29 with great quantities of booty, and not till they were well west of the town could the retreating enemy make a stand.

Meanwhile, the Germans had made their other fatal mistake. They had seen the threat on the Middle Don growing, and had set in motion formations to strengthen the line, held there mainly by Italian troops. But before the reinforcements arrived the storm broke. Possibly it was thought the ice was not yet solid enough to carry heavy traffic across the Don, or the weight and speed of the assault were unexpected.

UNDER a terrific artillery bombardment the Russian infantry carried the meticulously-prepared defences, and mechanized columns penetrated rear positions, leaving isolated centres of resistance to be mopped up in turn. The speed of the Russian advance in spite of snow was amazingly well maintained, and the break-through was complete over a wide front. The Voronezh–Rostov railway—the supply line for the whole Middle Don front—was overrun, and depots of supplies of all sorts, well-stocked for the winter, were captured.

The Nazi retreat became a rout, which the reinforcing divisions coming up could not check. Some of the towns on the railway, prepared as centres of resistance, were rushed at once, others held out for some days; but it was not until the important railway junction of Millerovo was reached that the Russian progress was checked and German resistance was stiffened by the arrival of further reserves. Millerovo, though almost surrounded, could not be rushed; but farther south the Russian Middle Don army joined hands with the army north-west of Stalingrad, mopping up the enemy still holding positions in the Don loop and on the railway leading to Stalingrad.

IT was an amazing feat in a snow-covered country and without railway communications for the Russians to maintain the impetus of their offensive for over one hundred miles, but the pace was bound to slacken and a pause was necessary to bring up supplies and to deal with centres of resistance which had been by-passed. Moreover, the network of railways within the Donetz basin enabled the



RUSSIAN ADVANCE. At the end of Dec. 1942 the plight of the isolated German forces before Stalingrad became desperate. The Red Army continued to advance in the mid-Don area, and in N. Caucasus the recapture of Mozdok on Jan. 3, 1943, and of Nalchik on Jan. 4 were major victories. Shaded portions of this map show Russian-held territory at the beginning of January.
By courtesy of The Evening Standard



RUSSIAN TANKS, supported by artillery, are shown rolling forward to victory on the Central front. This photograph was taken shortly before the Soviet forces succeeded in dislodging an important enemy-held position in the Veliki Luki area, and subsequently wiped out an entire German infantry battalion. It was announced on Jan. 1, 1943 that Veliki Luki itself had been recaptured by the Soviet troops as a result of this decisive attack.
Photo, U.S.S.R. Official

Germans to rush up reserves. Millerovo, as I write, is holding out, and German resistance east of Donetz is stiffening.

The immediate German aim must obviously be to hold the line of the Donetz covering the approaches to Rostov and to the centres in the Donetz basin such as Voroshilovgrad and the important railway junction at Likhaya. Four railways cross the Donetz on a front of one hundred miles, which may enable the Nazis to maintain strong forces east of the river; and if Millerovo holds out it will tend to break up the continuity of the advancing Russian wave. It would be premature, therefore, to assume that the Russians have immediate prospects of reaching Rostov or the Donetz basin.

But Zhukov had still further plans. Following the example of Foch in 1918, when a thrust in one direction seemed temporarily to have exhausted its impetus, he struck at a new point. By an astonishingly swift advance southwards and westwards he overran the comparatively weak German forces in the Ergeni hills and Kalmuck Steppes bypassing the town of Elista, which the Germans were compelled to evacuate hurriedly. This movement, still in progress, seriously threatens the communications of the Germans in the Terek valley, who, at the same time, are being counter-attacked by the Russians who have for so long successfully opposed them. It is not surprising that under this double threat the Germans have withdrawn from Mozdok and Nalchik, abandoning their winter shelter and all hopes of capturing the Grosny oilfields.

The net results of these offensives have been disastrous to the Germans. They have lost over 300,000 effectives killed or prisoners, and immense quantities of material. Their 6th Army in front of Stalingrad is in a desperate position, and the fact that it made no attempt at a sortie to join hands with the relief force from Kotelnikovo proves how completely it is immobilized and without hope of cutting its way out of the net. The steady and increasing pressure which is being applied to it seems to indicate moves preparatory to dealing it a death-blow.

What can the Germans do to retrieve the situation? A merely defensive attitude would almost certainly mean the acceptance of the inevitability of further disasters. Yet they have already learnt that a premature and inadequate counter-stroke only adds to their losses. If they have reserves available their position on the Donetz does, however, appear to afford an opportunity of concentrating a powerful offensive force; and the Russians opposing them, without railway communications, may have difficulties when snow deepens. I feel sure that the Germans would wish to postpone counter-offensive operations to the spring, trusting to the ability of isolated hedgehog centres to survive attack; but the fall of Veliki Luki (claimed by the Russians on Jan. 1, 1943) may have shown them that hedgehog centres are not invulnerable to the forces and weapons Russia can now bring against them. They may feel compelled, therefore, to attempt a counter-offensive unprepared as they probably are for mobile winter operations.

The capture of Veliki Luki, apart from the evidence it gives of the vulnerability of hedgehog centres, is of great importance. It exposes the Leningrad - Kiev railway, the chief German line of lateral communications, to immediate attack at Sokolniki, where it is joined by the line from Riga; and it of course liberates strong Russian forces and heavy weapons for further action.

Warned by the fate of Veliki Luki, the Germans, it seems possible, may attempt to withdraw their garrison from Rzhev even though that would open railway communication from Moscow to Veliki Luki and give the Russians a much needed supply line. If it can maintain its supplies during the winter the Russian central offensive may yet achieve successes comparable to those in the south.

NORTH AFRICA In Tunis operations are still confined to the activities of covering troops and to air attacks on the enemy's bases and communications. Weather conditions have delayed the development of major operations.

In Tripoli the 8th Army has advanced steadily and has passed the Wadi el Kebir, encountering only mines and light rearguard opposition. The enemy, however, seems to intend to hold the Wadi Zemzem strongly, and General Montgomery is not likely to attack the position seriously until his army is closed up and his communications are well established.

Rommel has been reinforced, but it is still uncertain whether he means to fight a decisive action or merely to delay the advance of the 8th Army as long as possible. It is a situation in which Montgomery is bound to exercise caution.

FAR EAST Attrition of Japanese air power and shipping resources proceeds steadily, and the isolated detachments in Guadalcanal and at Buna are fighting fanatically in a hopeless situation. There is no indication, however, that, either in Burma or elsewhere, the Allies are ready to undertake major offensive operations.

The advance towards Akyab in Burma is probably intended merely to deprive the Japanese of a base conveniently situated for harassing air attacks on India, and to secure an advanced air base for ourselves.





ON THE N. AFRICAN FRONT. Axis forces evacuated Nofilia, halfway to Sirte, on Dec. 18, 1942. A British 8th Army vehicle is seen (upper photo) approaching a signboard in the centre of the town. Below, First Army guardsmen seen during fierce fighting last December on Long Stop Hill, N.N.E. of Mejez-el-Bab. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyrigh*

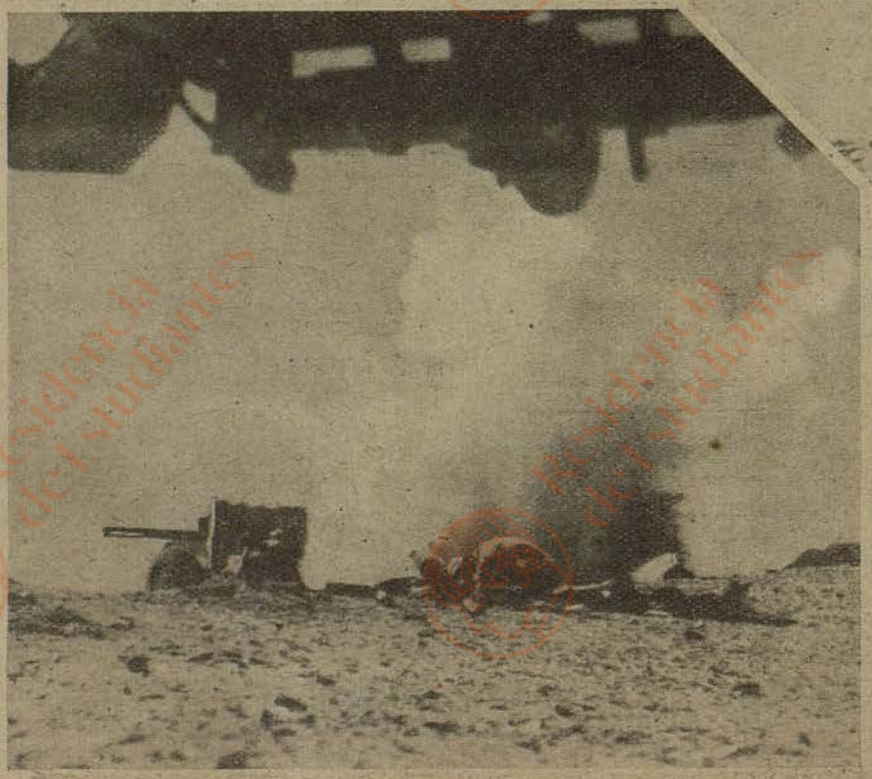
Through Tripolitania the Enemy's Flight Continues

"MARBLE ARCH" (below), through which a convoy of 8th Army transport units is seen advancing, is situated on the coastal road about halfway between El Agheila and Nofilia. It was built by the Italians in the days when they dreamed of emulating the ancient empire of Rome. Right, the shadow of an Allied sentry with fixed bayonet falls across these exhausted Axis prisoners in the Western Desert.





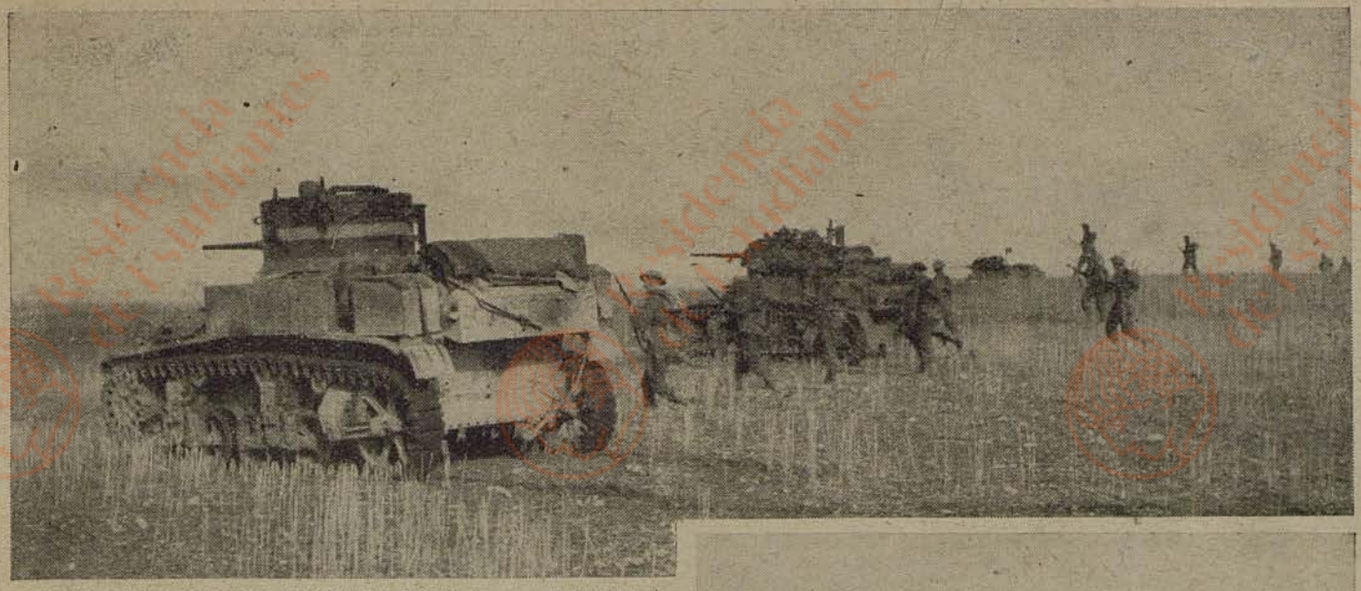




ENEMY REARGUARD STANDS in Libya, devised to facilitate the escape of Rommel's main forces, were swiftly dealt with by the Allied troops. Left, the British crew of a 6-pounder anti-tank gun flatten themselves upon the sand during enemy counter-fire. Above, an Eighth Army observation-post under shellfire near El Agheila.

 British Official Photos by Middle East Radio.

Battle Is Joined Between Anderson & Nehring



ADVANCING ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT, men of the First Army, supported by American light tanks of M3 type, move across the countryside in open order to attack enemy forward positions.

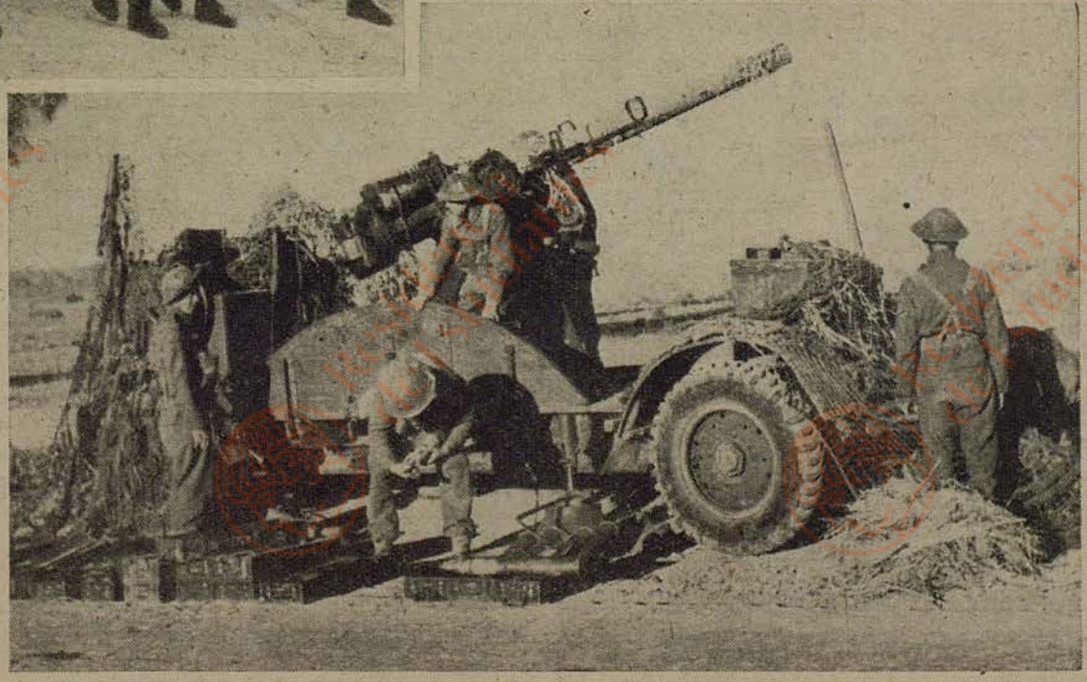




AT AN R.A.F. STATION in Northern Tunisia, a canteen has been improvised out of a dump of petrol tins. We may imagine that the men needed no urging to "kew upp" for "English Beer." R.A.F. ground staff on the right are examining Sten guns.

IN TUNISIA fighting was mainly concentrated in the Jedeida, Tebourba and Mejez-el-Bab areas during the closing weeks of 1942. By Jan. 1, 1943 our most advanced forces were reported to be some 60 miles from Tunis. The rainy season, which continues until February, rendered the ground unsuitable for tank operations in the north, and during November French troops made considerable progress against immobilized Axis forces. Above, Axis prisoners, captured during the First Army's offensive, are being marched through the docks at Algiers, preparatory to embarkation. Right, gunners of the First Army guard the approaches to Mejez-el-Bab. They have converted their A.A. gun for use as a field gun.

Photos, British Official; Keystone



General Giraud Writes Another Page of History

Of all the great personalities thrown up by the War there is none perhaps who has had a more dramatic career than the 63-year-old French general who succeeded Admiral Darlan in his present authority in North Africa. Below we give the high-lights of a story that is still far from told.

CHRISTMAS EVE in Algiers. A few minutes after 3 p.m. Admiral Darlan, High Commissioner of French North Africa, drove up to his office in the Summer Palace, passed between the Spahis guarding the entrance, and began to walk along the corridor to his room. Then a door opened. A young man stepped out—a young man with a pistol. There were shots, and in a few seconds the Admiral lay mortally wounded. He died half an hour later as the car to which he had been carried entered the hospital gates.

Saved with difficulty from the Spahis' swords, the assassin was rushed away for interrogation. The next day he was tried by a French court-martial and condemned to be shot; at dawn on December 26, 1942 the sentence was carried out. A few hours later Admiral Darlan's body was borne with stately ceremony to the grave. Before the day was out the Imperial Council, appointed by the Admiral a few weeks earlier to exercise authority in French North Africa, elected General Giraud as Darlan's successor. The choice was well received. Particularly significant was General de Gaulle's reference to Giraud as "the renowned French military leader" who, had he not been taken prisoner by the Germans during the Battle of France, would have been appointed Generalissimo in Gamelin's place.



GENERAL GIRAUD, appointed French High Commissioner in N. Africa on Dec. 26, 1942, in succession to Adm. Darlan, was captured by the Germans in France in May 1940. This photo, reproduced from the Nazi-controlled paper La Semaine, shows him as a prisoner (left) at Koenigstein Castle, in Saxony, before his dramatic escape to Switzerland in April last year.

WHO is this Giraud? Certainly he is no newcomer to the headlines. All the world knows him as the man whom no German prison has been able to hold. First, however, let us note some of the details of his long and brilliant career in the French army.

Henri Honoré Giraud comes of old bourgeois stock. Born in Paris in 1879, he entered the French military college of St. Cyr when he was nineteen, and in 1900 received his commission as a Sous-Lieutenant in the 4th regiment of Zouaves. So began his connexion with North Africa. He saw garrison duty at Bizerta and Tunis, but after seven years he returned to France and graduated as a Staff officer at the Ecole de Guerre. But in 1913 he was back in Africa as a captain of Zouaves, and soon after the outbreak of war in 1914 he was in action on the Belgian frontier.

At the battle of Charleroi Giraud was wounded as he led his men in a bayonet charge and was left on the field as dead. But during the night he was picked up by a German ambulance and taken away to hospital behind the enemy lines. As soon as he could get about, he and Captain Schmitt, a fellow prisoner, made an attempt to escape. They were captured, but on November 15, 1914, they escaped again and reached St. Quentin, where they were harboured by the mayor and by a pork butcher who kept an hotel. Giraud was for some time a stable lad and after that employed by a coal merchant, while Schmitt was a washer-up in a restaurant and then a butcher's assistant. But things got too hot for them at St. Quentin, and the two, aided again by many friends at the risk of their lives, got a job in a travelling circus which took them as far as Brussels. Giraud was the conjurer.

One day a man addressed him: "Should I say mon Lieutenant or mon Capitaine?" "I know you—you are a deserter from the Legion," Giraud flashed back. "You will not leave my side or I'll blow your brains out." "Yes," the man confessed, "I am a Legionary, but at the moment I am helping Englishmen and Frenchmen to escape. First of all let me take you to a doctor." Giraud, whose wounds had not properly healed, was for a week under the care of a practitioner who introduced him to Nurse Edith Cavell. She confided him to the care of the Jaunart family, who arranged his passage and that of Schmitt into Holland. All went well for Giraud, but his companion was hit by a rifle shot and torn on the barbed wire. Giraud picked him up and carried him. Eventually they arrived at Flushing, whence they were sent to England.

February 1915 found Giraud once more in France; he was decorated by Joffre, and placed on the staff of the 5th Army. But in 1917 he rejoined his 4th Zouaves, and again distinguished himself in action; then until the end of the War he was Chief of Staff to General Daugan of the Moroccan Division. After the armistice he saw service in Constantinople and the Rhineland, but in 1922 Marshal Lyautey called him to Morocco, where he joined the great empire-builder's staff. During the terrible Riff campaign he was Lieut.-Colonel of the 14th Regiment of Tirailleurs. He fought in six battles and, according to his seventh mention in dispatches, "gave repeated proofs of his energy, his ardour in action, and a personal bravery beyond all praise." In 1936 General Giraud was appointed Governor of Metz, and in 1939 he was given a seat on the French Supreme War Council.

AT the outbreak of war in 1939 he received the command of the French 7th Army; but when General Corap's 9th Army was swept away at Sedan in May 1940 General Georges chose Giraud to replace Corap. To quote from the citation of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour that Pétain gave him, he "galvanized the troops by his presence among them, utterly ignoring the constant bombardments. He drove through the enemy lines, personally organizing the creation of strong points. He imparted to all his fiery energy and succeeded in stemming for several days the German armoured advance, inflicting severe losses. He was taken prisoner while still commanding the last centre of his army's resistance."

For two years he was a captive. Then on April 25, 1942 the German radio announced that General Henri Giraud had escaped from the fortress at Koenigstein in Saxony; a reward of a hundred thousand marks was offered for his capture. Three days later it was reported from Switzerland that the General had entered that country under an assumed name on April 21 and left on April 25. On May 4 Vichy made the surprising announcement that Giraud was in Unoccupied France, that he had attended Franco-German talks at Moulins, on the frontier of the Occupied and Unoccupied zones, on May 2, and had since returned to Vichy from Lyons. It was made clear that he was wholly free, and had not been confined or handed over to the Germans. Giraud apparently remained in Unoccupied France until November. He was not inactive, however, and must soon have been in touch with the Allies. How otherwise can we account for the next chapter in his story?

For several nights in early November (says Reuter) a British submarine, under the command of Lieut. L. A. Jewell, with whom was an American officer, Captain Jerauld Wright, lay off the French Riviera coast, coming to the surface only at night.

On November 4 orders were received to proceed, submerged at 60 ft., into a certain harbour. As the periscope broke surface a lamp on the shore was observed signalling "Wait one hour." After a second message had been received a rowing-boat was seen approaching, and the watchers in the submarine were able to identify General Giraud, his son, and other officers. General Giraud was about to step on to the slippery deck of the submarine when a wave caught the small boat. He lost his balance and fell into the water, but almost immediately was rescued by members of the submarine crew. The submarine then submerged and made for the open Mediterranean.

Next morning it made contact with a flying-boat according to plan. General Giraud and his companions then transferred to the waiting aircraft, and a few hours before the Allied expeditionary force landed he was with General Eisenhower, the Allied Commander-in-Chief.

On November 8 the Anglo-Americans landed in North Africa, and during the morning General Giraud, describing himself as Commander-in-Chief of the French Forces in North Africa, broadcast from Radio Algiers an appeal for cooperation with the Allies.

Six weeks later fate gave another twist to his fortunes when his colleagues of the Imperial Council in Algiers elected him to the place made vacant by an assassin's bullet.

French Troops Fight Beside the Allies in Tunisia



SOLDIERS OF GEN. GIRAUD'S ARMY have been fighting side by side with the Anglo-American forces from the opening of the campaign in November 1942. Top, in the foreground, French soldiers are manning a machine-gun while their British allies are ready for action at their Bofors. Centre right, a British lorry crosses a bridge which is guarded by the French. Below, a train of pack-mules loaded with equipment passes through the ruins of a Tunisian village en route for the front line.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone



FIERCE BATTLE OFF GUADALCANAL. On Nov. 12, 1942 U.S. naval forces bombarded Japanese shore positions on this important island of the Solomons, and during these operations the enemy lost 30 out of 31 aircraft sent to attack the American ships. This photo shows a Jap plane plunging to destruction after it had dropped a bomb near the U.S. cruiser San Francisco (centre) and had been shot down by intensive A.A. fire. It was shortly after this engagement that the San Francisco was slightly damaged and 30 men killed, as the result of a disabled enemy plane crashing on her. It was later announced that among those killed were Rear-Adm. D. J. Callaghan (flying his flag in this ship) and Capt. C. Young, the San Francisco's commander. (See illus. p. 393.) In the foreground is a U.S. cargo transport. *Photo, Associated Press*

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

EVEN on the basis of their own communiqué, the German attack on a convoy bound for North Russia on the last day of the old year seems clearly to have been a failure. In view of the present military situation on the Eastern Front, the enemy must be desperately anxious to stop further supplies reaching the Soviet forces, but their efforts were evidently abortive.

The Admiralty announcement on the subject stated that a German destroyer was sunk and a cruiser damaged. The enemy admit the loss of the former ship, and on the other hand claim to have accounted for a British destroyer, which sounds like a mere counter-blast for propaganda purposes. Otherwise, the only claims made are of damage by gunfire to our escorting cruisers and destroyers, and torpedo hits by a U-boat on four ships of the convoy. As it is added that weather conditions precluded observation of results, these claims amount to very little.

AT this time of year the hours of daylight in the region of Bear Island, where the encounter took place, are very few; and in addition the weather seems to have been so bad that visibility during those hours must have been intermittent. Aircraft were prevented from operating, which must have handicapped the enemy attack considerably.

Although the Germans have for months past maintained a strong naval force in Norwegian waters, comprising all their available heavy ships, our convoys have continued to get through to Russia in spite of efforts to intercept them. Losses have sometimes been incurred, but the average deliveries of war material have been important, and must have contributed not a little to recent Soviet successes.

Battleships in the Pacific

As the result of the completion of the remaining four ships of the 35,000-ton Washington class, the United States Navy is now much stronger than it was before the Pearl Harbour disaster. Of the five battleships sunk or put out of action on December 7, 1941, three have been refitted and are again in service. Only in aircraft-carriers is there a temporary shortage, but as Japan has suffered still more severe losses in this category, here also the balance remains on the right side. It is true that six cruisers have been sunk, yet Japan has lost a greater number; and several new American cruisers have been commissioned, and more are due for delivery shortly.

REPORTS of Japanese battleships of 40,000 to 45,000 tons being on the point of completion continue to appear with suspicious regularity. Up to now there has been no evidence that any such ships have been put into service, and it is likely that their construction has been delayed. On the other hand, two or three vessels of an improved "pocket battleship" type are believed to have been added to the Japanese fleet. Their names are somewhat uncertain, but may include Takamatu and Titibu, previously assigned by rumour to two of the big new battleships mentioned above.

As time goes on, Japanese losses in cruisers and destroyers must have a serious effect on the balance of types composing the fleet, since it is hardly possible for battleships to operate successfully without a due proportion of cruisers and destroyers.

The Italian Navy is likely soon to be in a similar position. This all goes to show the futility of treating capital ships as a sort of hidden reserve, not to be risked until the last. Had we been as cautious with our battleships, we might not have lost the Barham, Prince of Wales, or Repulse—but we might very well have ended by losing the war.

German Raider Sunk

For reasons which are not entirely clear, the German propaganda department have issued a somewhat highly-coloured account of the sinking of the armed raider Atlantis by H.M.S. Devonshire in the South Atlantic on November 22, 1941. In announcing the destruction of this ocean pest, the Admiralty described how, when first sighted, the Atlantis was stopped, with a boat lying off containing oil drums. There is no doubt she was engaged in re-fuelling a U-boat, the presence of which was later established.

After the Atlantis had been set on fire, the crew took to their boats. Later her magazine blew up, and she sank. In view of the nearness of an enemy submarine, no attempt was made to pick up survivors. According to the German account, the boats were taken in tow by the submarine and those in them were transferred by degrees to other U-boats, so that most of them got back to Germany.

Several Nazi ocean raiders have been intercepted from time to time. As a rule, their victims have been few, as they cannot afford to remain on a trade route for any length of time without grave risk of being caught. They are not to be confused with blockade runners, endeavouring to get through to Germany with selected cargoes of rubber and other products of which the enemy is in great need. Three such cargoes have been stopped by the Royal Navy in recent weeks, one in the Indian Ocean and two in the Atlantic.

Though very little is heard of its activities, the presence in the Indian Ocean of a strong Eastern Fleet under the command of Admiral Sir James Somerville has had a deterrent effect on the enterprise of the Japanese Navy. Since April last Japanese warships have scarcely been heard of in the area outside the Strait of Malacca, though there is believed to be a fleet of some size based on Singapore.

Royal Navy in the East

It seems probable that the port of Sabang, at the northern extremity of the island of Sumatra, is being used by the enemy as a minor naval base. On the night of December 20-21, a British naval force operating in the Bay of Bengal carried out a heavy air attack on this place, causing damage to various objects of military importance. Large explosions, followed by fires, were observed.

As a matter of historical interest, it may be observed that during the hard-fought struggle for command of the Indian seas in 1782-83 the French Admiral Suffren made use of this same locality—the northern end of Sumatra—as a winter base before renewing his battles with Admiral Sir Edward Hughes.

Undoubtedly the greatest task which confronts the United Nations in 1943 is the defeat of the U-boat menace. Though shipping losses are less than they were, the leeway in merchant tonnage has not yet been made up, and the numbers of the enemy submarines continue to increase. It is true that it is hardly possible for trained crews to be provided in equal degree, but even so the danger of our operations in North Africa being hampered by U-boat depredations is too serious to neglect.

IT is essential therefore that no pains should be spared to hunt to death every enemy submarine that is detected. For this purpose it is understood that priority is now being given to all the material which the Royal Navy requires to amplify its anti-submarine measures. This presumably is one of the results at which Field-Marshal Smuts was aiming in his warning words on the U-boat menace last year.



BRITAIN'S EASTERN FLEET. A warship is seen steaming through a heavy smoke-screen during manoeuvres. Such practices are of vital importance for the successful prosecution of naval actions, such as that of Dec. 20, 1942, when aircraft-carriers comprising part of a British force made an intensive attack on the Japanese at Sabang, on Sumatra.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Wounded from Libya Are Her Passengers Now

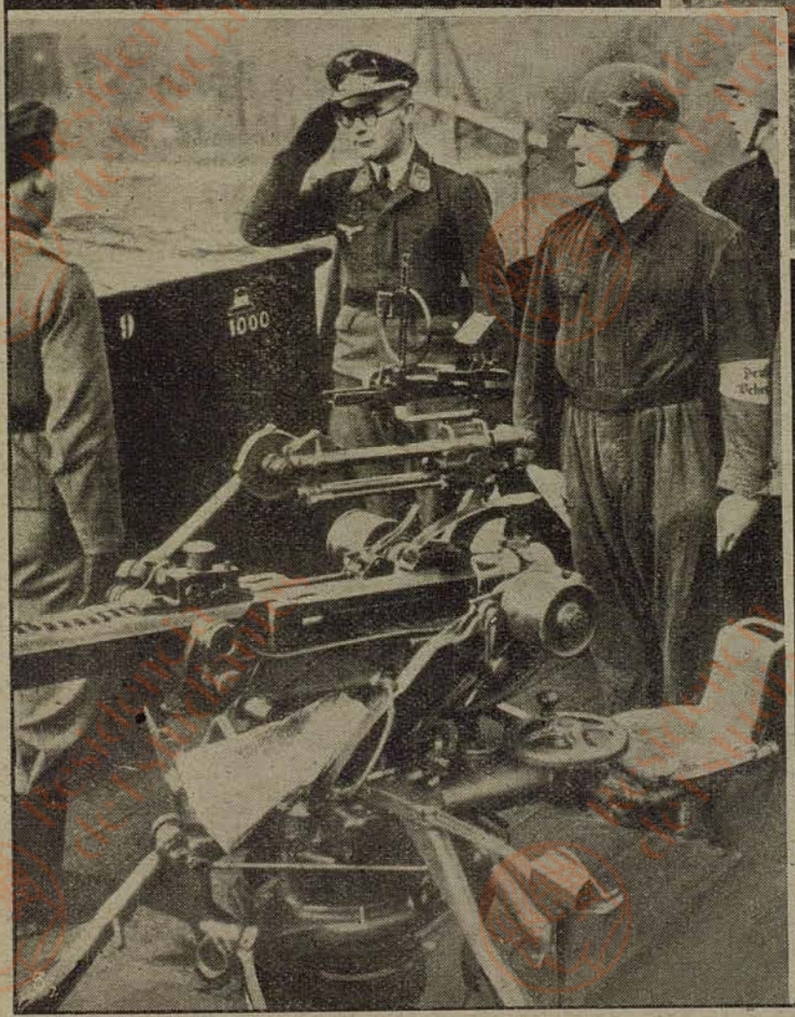


BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP ATLANTIS—formerly a luxury liner—recently returned home from the Middle East with sick and wounded men from the 8th and other armies. 1, Sister Christina Hobbs in the life-saving jacket and steel helmet provided for use in case of emergency. 2, The Atlantis homeward bound. 3, A corner of a surgical ward aboard the ship. 4, U.S. ambulance men help to disembark casualties. 5, Miss M. F. Northrope, R.R.C., the ship's matron, says good-bye to some of her charges. *Photos, Central Press*

Inside Germany in the War's Fourth Year





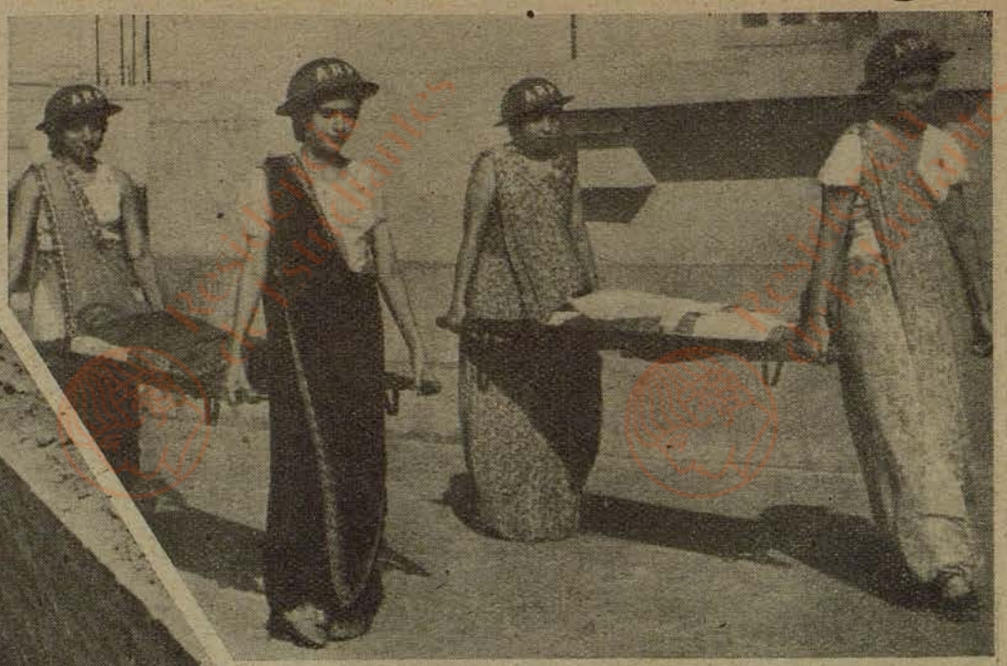




OUTSIDE A BERLIN FACTORY (1) offers of employment to girls and women witness to Germany's increasing labour shortage. 2, Ploughing a lawn in the Gendarmenmarkt, the centre of Berlin. 3, According to the German caption, these men are armament workers training with an A.A. gun. 4, "I work my fingers to the bone to save my nation:" Hitler addresses his old party members in Munich on Nov. 8, 1942. Pudgy and dishevelled, this is a very different Fuehrer from the sleek boaster of years gone by. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Pictorial Press, Keystone, Associated Press*

Calcutta's Civil Defence Meets the Challenge

INDIAN A.R.P. WORKERS in India's large cities are fully organized and ready to meet any emergency. Right, Parsee women stretcher-bearers take part in a demonstration at the Cusrow Baug Training School at Bombay. Their steel helmets strike a stern if somewhat incongruous note in contrast to their picturesque dresses. Industrial workers are being taught to adopt air-raid technique. Crouching in a trench they stuff pieces of cloth into their mouths and plug their ears to minimize the shock of explosions. India's great commercial centre—Calcutta—had its first raid on Dec. 20, 1942, and the A.R.P. organization in that city then had a taste of the "real thing."









JAPANESE AIR RAIDS ON INDIA date from the attack on Vizagapatam in April and on Chittagong in May of last year. Throughout the greater part of 1942, however, the enemy confined their bombing to other theatres of war. All the same, India's preparations to meet savage raids were steadily organized in the most vulnerable parts of the country.

With the destruction of Chinese cities as a warning, Indians took intensive courses of A.R.P. training, and prepared to defend their own cities from bombing attacks with the utmost speed. Centre right, a rescue worker demonstrates how to remove a casualty from a blazing building during a realistic test at an A.R.P. training-centre. Right, sirens are set in action from the control-room. A test siren has just been sounded and this official is seen sending out urgent messages. *Photos, India Official*

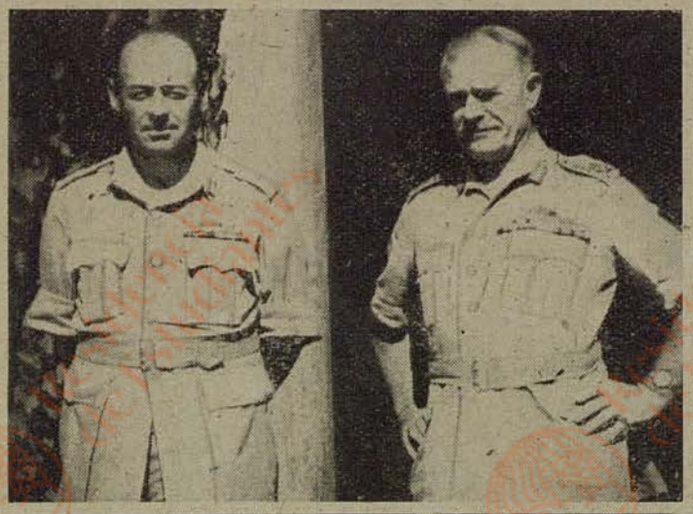
Wavell Assumes the Offensive in Burma

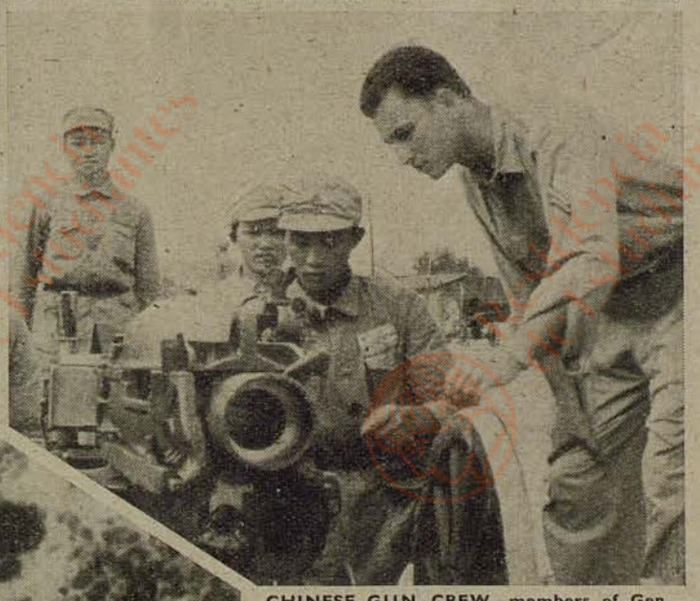
ADVANCING INTO BURMA from Assam, Allied forces, it was announced on Dec. 19, 1942, were pushing steadily forward into the interior. By Dec. 29 a British force had penetrated into the Chindwin valley, about 50 miles N.E. of Arakan—scene of the memorable fighting withdrawal by our troops in May last year. This advance had been preceded by heavy bombing raids on Japanese bases in Burma.

Lt.-Gen. J. W. Stilwell (right), U.S. Commander of Chinese forces in Burma, addresses part of the Chinese army he has helped to build up in India. Known as "Uncle Joe," Gen. Stilwell, who was former Chief of Staff to Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, speaks Chinese fluently.

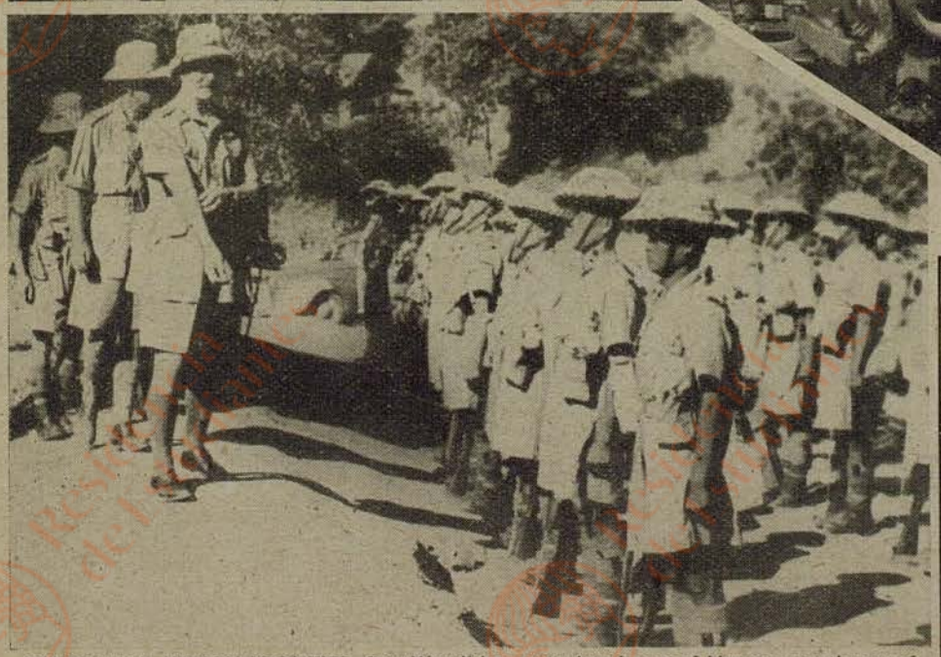
Gen. Wavell, C.-in-C. India (promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal in the New Year Honours, 1943), is seen below with Lt.-Gen. N. M. S. Irwin, Commander of India's Eastern Army. This photograph was taken during Gen. Wavell's visit to our forward positions on the Indian N.E. frontier, before he crossed into Burma.







CHINESE GUN CREW—members of Gen. Stilwell's highly efficient and reorganized army—being instructed by a U.S. artillery corporal in the operation of a 155-mm. howitzer, one of America's most modern weapons.



ON THE N.E. INDIAN FRONTIER, Gen. Wavell inspects a detachment of his troops on the eve of the Allied advance into Burma from Assam. Heavy arrow on the map (right) shows direction of our main thrust towards the Chindwin river. Smaller arrow above indicates positions in the Kabaw valley also occupied by our troops. The first clash with the Japanese in Western Burma occurred on Dec. 27, 1942 in the neighbourhood of Rathedaung. After an exchange of fire the enemy broke off contact and it was reported that the bulk of his forces had fallen back against the port of Akyab. Rangoon, Mandalay, Monywa, Magwe, and other important Jap bases were repeatedly bombed by the R.A.F. All communiqués emphasized the encouraging effect which these attacks had on our troops. Enemy aircraft which raided eastern Bengal in December encountered a spearhead of British fighter defence at Chittagong.



Photos, Indian Official; Copyright reserved; Keystone

It's the Same War All the World Over

Opening the newspaper of a morning, listening to the news bulletins of the B.B.C., one has an impression of a great number of different fronts, widely separated in space and varying greatly in importance. Yet as the famous writer, BOYD CABLE, explains in the article printed below, the War is one, a Total War indeed.

OUTSIDE the few trained specialists and experts in strategy there are few today who realize how closely related are the numerous fronts in this Total War, or how the results of a battle fought by a few thousand men or a score of warships may have reactions which affect a front half the world away and a battle between millions of men.

While the Battle of Britain raged in the skies over England the whole world looked, listened, heard the broadcasts or read the newspapers in much the same way as we used to listen to the round-by-round commentary on a heavy-weight contest, or read from edition to special edition the reports of a Test Match. The experts knew then how much hung on that battle; but in America, in our own Dominions, throughout the world, not one in a thousand had the faintest understanding that the fate of all mankind for generations to come hung on the issue of the battle.



MALTESE CHILDREN, undaunted by savage and prolonged Axis air attacks, are here seen recounting their experiences to a group of sailors on a quayside. Large supplies of bombs for the valiant island's counter-offensive were unloaded shortly before Christmas from a convoy that ran the gauntlet of the Mediterranean front line. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

It is only since that we have learned from Crete what can be done with airborne troops after the destruction of a defending air force and the completion of the occupation of its aerodromes. Now we do begin to understand how airborne Germans might have seized a bridgehead on our shores and rushed tanks and guns across the Channel, even as is now being done from Italy into Tunisia.

The Battle of Britain was an outstanding and exceptional example of how every battle-front on land and sea depended on a single front and the outcome of one battle. But an understanding of this has not been enough to bring full realization of how closely interlocked are all the world war fronts of today, and of how success or failure of far distant and at the moment apparently unimportant battles may affect many or all other fronts.

In New Guinea and the Solomons men who can be numbered in tens compared with the thousands on the Russian front have been fighting for months to take and hold an airfield and circle of surrounding jungle or a few strips of beach no longer than the Brighton promenade. There were sea battles fought at Midway and the Coral Sea which seemed isolated from all the other fronts. Yet if the Allies had not succeeded in checking and holding the Japs in those distant Pacific seas the Germans might today have been in Stalingrad and the Caucasian oil-fields, or we might have been suffering in England worse bombing raids than ever we have known.

We know that there is a neutrality pact between Japan and Russia; and we also know well that Japan would (or will) break that pact the moment it pays her to. Japan wanted that pact until she could at least establish full control of all the islands down to Australia, if not go to the length of an Australian invasion. If Australia could have been blocked off, and the islands north of it built into a strong wall of sea and air bases against possible Australian-American attack, Japan would have deemed it safe to play her usual stab-in-the-back act against Russia. Russia, knowing this, had to keep a tremendous force along her Far Eastern front.

Japan on the Defensive

But Japan has failed to secure her island chain of protection, and indeed must now face the possibility of a leap-frog series of assaults from island to island under land-based air fighter protection. Consequently, Russia was reasonably free to bring reinforcements from the Far East to launch those shattering blows from which the Germans are now reeling. The Luftwaffe has needed all its strength in Russia, and has had nothing to spare for the bombing of Britain, as it might have had last autumn and this winter if the Germans had been able to dig themselves into "hedgehog" positions in Russia.

The Aleutian Islands have not had much of the limelight up to now, and the completion of the Alaskan Highway (*see* page 332) is vaguely regarded as a great engineering feat which may some day and in some way prove of value in the war. But the fact that America has firmly gripped her Aleutian base and denied to Japan more than the merest toe-hold on the tip of the island chain, has played an important part in that same need for Japan to abstain from any attack on Russia. The bringing into use of the Alaskan Highway well ahead of programme has also helped.

Progress in North Africa

The Allies' occupation of French North Africa had an immediately helpful result for Russia, because the Germans were forced to bring a mass of aircraft from Russia to attack our African convoys and to ferry troops across to Tunisia. Now against the danger of an Allied attack from Africa on "the soft under-belly of the Axis" Germany has had to stretch and strain her military strength to garrison and fortify the whole length of the North Mediterranean shores. This could only be done by weakening the Russian front, or by using reserves required for it.

The fighting now going on to take Bizerta and Tunis will have repercussions which will vibrate through Russia, India, Burma and China. When we have taken those two bases and established airfields round the coast of Tunis, the Allies will have a short convoy route under the umbrella of air fighter protection along the Mediterranean to Egypt and Syria. This means the ability to transport men and munitions rapidly to Russia and India and Persia, so blocking any attempt at junction between German and Japanese forces and building up strength to attack Burma, free the Burma Road, and thus bring into action millions of Chinese troops now almost immobilized by lack of equipment.

Even if such a happy result cannot be accomplished for months or years, the mere threat of it should hold Japan back from that attack on Russia, and in time may easily lead to the Chinese sweeping clear enough of their coast to establish fleets of bombers to strike at the heart of Japan itself.

Malta's Magnificent Defence

The gallant and unswerving years-long defence of Malta has excited the admiration of the world; we have all thrilled to the stories of the convoys fighting a way through with vitally necessary oil and supplies. But it is quite wrong to suppose the Battle of Malta is only a stirring episode, little (or not at all) likely to affect the broad results of the war. The "unsinkable aircraft-carrier" has been of the highest importance in its interference with Axis transport across the Mediterranean during the fighting in Libya and Egypt. Its importance will continue, or even increase, when we begin to move our convoys through the Mediterranean.

Fortunately for us, all these apparently separate and disconnected actions on far-apart fronts have been deliberately planned and carried out as a strategic whole. The collapse of France and the first overwhelming success of the Japs must have thrown all previously conceived strategy of the Allies in the fire. But ever since we touched bottom in our losses—as I believe we did touch bottom when America lost a fleet at Pearl Harbour, her Pacific bases and the Philippines; we lost Malaya and Burma; the Dutch lost Java and the East Indies; and the Russians were hurled back hundreds of miles—it is now becoming evident that new and bold strategic plans were drawn up. Now they are being carried into effect, and the scattered jigsaw puzzle pieces are being collected and fitted together in an interlocking world-wide front.





Photos, Planet News

Dread Winter Reigns in Russia

With January's coming the Russian winter approaches its bitter climax, so that mobility is reduced to a minimum. But to this problem, as to so many another, the Red Army has found the solution. "Every infantryman must be a skier," is now the slogan. Top, a patrol of Russian ski-troopers on the Leningrad front. Below, a number of Nazi tanks captured on the same front have been repaired, and are here seen moving into action against their former owners.











Ghostly Warriors in a World of White

Although the weather has been indescribably cruel, the Russian armies have continued their gigantic offensives. In these actions a big part is played by specially-trained ski-soldiers, a detachment of whom—parachute troops, camouflaged in white and armed with tommy-guns—is seen in (1). Tremendous losses have been inflicted on Hitler's armies, both in men and material: 2, a Nazi tank photographed at the moment of touching off a mine in the Voronezh area.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; U.S.S.R. Official, Planet News, Keystone

Arctic Conditions on the Eastern Front

Over snowbound ground, in and out of the icicle-festooned trees of the gloomy Russian forest, German troops (3) plod wearily and warily along, garbed in overalls which once were white so as to make them invisible to the snipers of the Red Army. In (4), a photo taken on the Stalingrad front, Red Army sappers are clearing a road of mines. As the Germans retreat they leave behind them vast quantities of war material; here (5) are some of a batch of 150 Nazi motor-cycles.





War in Russia's Gloomy Forests

Photos, Associated Press, Planet News

But for the "dzots" Hitler's invasion of Russia would have ended ere now in disaster. What, then, is a dzot? The word is formed from the initials of the Russian words for "wood earth firing point." That the name is apt will be apparent from our photo (top) of one of them in a forest. Below, a Russian casualty clearing station just behind the line; a wounded soldier of the Red Army is receiving attention from a medical orderly and one of that brave regiment of women, the Soviet nurses.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

WHEN you read now and then about the guerilla war that is being carried on against the Nazis in the mountains of Serbia, and about the leader of the brave men who are fighting for their country's independence and freedom, how do you picture this General Mihailovich to yourself?

With some knowledge of Balkan *comitadjis*, as the bands of turbulent mountaineers who have disturbed the region called Macedonia for so many years are called, I supposed him to be a man of tough, even ruffianly appearance—not young by any means, full of courage, but not very brainy. I was surprised to discover from the photograph of him in George Sava's new book, The Chetniks of Yugoslavia (Faber, 10s.), that he has a face in which intellect as well as character are plainly discernible. This is how the London doctor (born Russian, now British) who calls himself for literary purposes Sava, describes the General:

A man in the late forties, of medium height and with striking eyes of a bright mountain-flower blue, and fairish curly hair. But his physical details were dominated by his presence. It was that of the born natural leader. Here was a man, one said at once, in whom one could place one's entire faith, a man to die for. Yet there was nothing aloof about him . . . He put no gulf between himself and us, such as an officer puts between himself and his men and even more so between himself and irregul ars.

"Irregulars" though they are, these Yugoslavs know more about the sort of warfare that is going on in the region between their country and Montenegro, Albania and Greece, than any of the scientifically-trained German staff officers. Mihailovich had a training of that kind himself. He was in the army, served as a lieutenant in 1914-15, then as military attaché in Sofia and Prague. He had a command in 1941, but found it impossible to stand up against the enemy's tanks and artillery with the poor equipment he was given. When the order to capitulate reached him, he had only a few battalions of Chetniks left. With them he moved into the mountains, ignoring the instruction to surrender, resolved to "carry on the war to the victorious conclusion and show that Serbia still lives."

THE Chetniks of Yugoslavia

Now, who are the Chetniks? They do not seem to be a race or a tribe. The term is used apparently to describe people who live in a certain part of the wild country on the Yugoslav border. Anyway, they are showing the Germans what the spirit of Yugoslavia is.

Their task was to collect together the scattered fragments of the army which refused to surrender, so that they might reform to make a new fighting force in the heart of the land . . . From all parts peasants came to the centres of resistance, bringing with them old guns and hunting-rifles, some of them muzzle-loaders complete with ramrod and powder-horn. Trains of mules dragged small century-old cannon, for which no ammunition could be procured. And against these weapons the Germans used all the resources of a modern army. They bombed and machine-gunned from the air. Their heavy tanks lumbered about.

But it must have seemed to them that for every one Yugoslav they crushed, two more made their appearance. During one month the Chetniks killed 12,000 Nazis, blew up 200 bridges, set fire to between three and four hundred petrol, ammunition, and store dumps, wrecked seventeen trains. They made the Germans jumpy, never knowing where they would strike next or what they would do.

Their methods were ingenious. One was to make thermometers with a very powerful explosive in them, and put them up in railway stations, public buildings or hotels frequented by German officers. No one took much notice of them until they went off. The Italians were particularly scared. It was said they would not for months let thermometers be put into their mouths in hospital for fear they might be blown up!

When an Alpine regiment, trained in the highlands of Bavaria, was sent against them, the Chetniks showed them they were up against men who knew every crag and cranny on the barren heights. They were decoyed up to a mountain from which there were only two ways down—one the road they used, which was promptly closed behind them, and a sheer abyss of 2,000 feet. None of that regiment escaped.

THERE is a rough humour about the Chetniks. They captured eighty Germans by derailing a train loaded with ammunition. What should be done with them? Mihailovich asked. "We won't hang them for the crimes they have committed on our people. We must teach them a lesson. We've got to frighten these bullies. We'll pull their trousers down and write on their backsides, 'Show yourselves to the garrison of Belgrade. The next we capture we shoot.'"

They actually did that, tattooing the message with an indelible vegetable dye, putting the prisoners into coffins, loading the coffins on wagons, and driving the wagons into the heart of the capital. They were taken to the doors of the German headquarters; there the drivers decamped. In a few minutes the men in the coffins began to wriggle, then to put their heads up. Their comrades came out and released them. "Fear struck deep into their hearts. Many of these soldiers, no more than boys, turned pale and began to cast hurried glances about them, while they fingered their triggers nervously."

With the Chetniks are a number of British soldiers who made their way into the mountains after the disastrous end of the campaign in Greece in the spring of 1941. They taught their hosts how to use anti-tank rifles and other modern weapons; and they repaired tanks captured from the enemy, which the Serbians had not been able to do anything with. Their chief difficulty was getting accustomed to the food and to the small amount of it. But in villages where there were pigs and poultry they managed to "initiate the Serbs into their favourite breakfast dish, eggs and bacon."

THAT the Germans would like very much to keep their grip, which is growing weaker, on Yugoslavia is obvious. It is a country of vast potential riches. It has, for instance, the largest deposits in Europe of bauxite, which is necessary to the making of aluminium for aircraft construction. It has zinc and iron ore, lead, silver and marble; immense forests, enormous numbers of pigs and sheep.

Little has been done to develop these possible sources of wealth. The great mass of the people are without any kind of formal education. Their rulers have been more anxious to make themselves prosperous than to bring prosperity to the nation. Large districts are inhabited by people who have scarcely advanced in the arts and ideas of civilization during the last two thousand years. The Nazis do not allow that they have "any value as human beings;" they are "so much cattle, ripe for exploitation."

After the War some federation of the Balkans must be formed for mutual protection. So far the system there has been "all against all." I remember being one autumn in a little town near which are the frontiers of Bulgaria, Rumania and Yugoslavia. I made friends with a Russian who had been an admiral in the Tsar's Navy and was now by an odd turn of fortune commanding a gang of desperadoes who carried hand grenades in their pockets and lived on the country like bandits—though they didn't like being called bandits. They called themselves patriots.

I have many amusing recollections of them. One is of a supper-party the admiral gave, at which performed an orchestra of three musicians looking, I thought, rather nervous. When after supper the *comitadjis* began firing their revolvers at the ceiling and the pictures on the walls, I understood why. I got my feet up on the seat of my chair when the man next to me fired into the floor, and I left soon afterwards. But I was glad of the experience, for it showed me what sort of people prevented the Balkans from becoming civilized. Subjected to the discipline of an ordered, peaceful society, these desperadoes would have been fine fellows. Perhaps if Gen. Draza Mihailovich comes through and leads his countrymen in peace as boldly and cleverly as he is leading them in war, we may see such a society.



YUGOSLAV PATRIOTS have done much to frustrate Axis plans for the subjection of their country and its incorporation in the Hitlerite system. This photo shows members of a guerilla band being marched away after having been captured. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

Meet Some of Norway's Young Fighter Pilots

From time to time HENRY BAERLEIN has contributed to these pages articles descriptive of the Allied contingents who have found in Britain a home from home and a base from which they may sally forth to do battle with the common foe. In this article we are told something of the Norwegian airmen who have arrived from across the North Sea to fight side by side with the R.A.F.

RECENTLY I have visited Norwegian fighter pilots at a camp in this country. They are under the famous Riiser-Larsen, the first man to sail in a dirigible over the North Pole, after having tried with Amundsen to reach it by plane. Riiser-Larsen is one of the world's most renowned airmen, who received his flying training in England during the last war; he has the physical frame which the Nazis call "Nordic," and as a rule is a huge, silent Norseman. But he can on occasion talk, as when he alludes to "Little Norway," the camp in Canada which he helped to establish. "It took us barely three months to get going down there. The air-field with its pea-green huts was soon finished with the help of local labour. It is the most up-to-date thing anyone can imagine, right down to the camp kitchen. Training machines were available just as soon as we needed them, for our Government had ordered them a long time beforehand. And everything for the Norwegian armed forces is paid for by Norwegian money." That is a matter of which all the Norwegians are rightly proud.

'Neither Quislings nor Spongers'

It may be thought that this has nothing to do with the Norwegian Air Force. But one cannot be for long with these happy-go-lucky, broad-shouldered Norse airmen and be unaware of the psychological effect produced by the knowledge that they are paying their way. "We are neither a race of Quislings nor a race of spongers," said one of them.

They had various adventures in their travels from stricken Norway to "Little Norway." For instance, one to whom I talked had been an airman in his country's small pre-War force. At that time they had at their disposal Glosters from England and Focke-Wulfs which were built under licence in Norway. When the Germans suddenly invaded Norway there was as much resistance as was humanly possible. Some of the pilots developed, as one of them told me, a new technique of doing without bomb-sights—for the very good reason that they had to. After the capitulation of the country they obeyed the voice of King Haakon on the radio and made their way to Sweden, where they were interned, as a matter of form, for a few days. Subsequently they obtained visas and departed for Moscow, where they were splendidly treated, and then they went via Japan to America. There they were joined by many young Norwegians who had managed to get away in fishing-boats to Britain and thence to Canada

ONE sturdy fellow said that people looked down their noses at him because he had never liked to kill birds, but he had no objection at all to killing Germans. And now this young man has had his heart's desire, for he takes part in hedge-hopping expeditions over France, Belgium and Holland.

"It made me laugh a lot," he said, "when I came out of a cloud in Belgium the other day and shot up a number of German soldiers who were on the roof of a barrack building."

"Oh, well," said a friend of his, "there's room for some laughter even in Norway nowadays. I was at home for fifteen months after the Germans had arrived, and they told us they were only resting on the way to England. They used to say that Britain would fall to them like a piece of cake. We have the same expression in our language, *et stykke kake*. At first they didn't listen much to the B.B.C., but when I left—like many others, in a fishing-boat—they not only were listening but were believing what the B.B.C. told them."

To bring the conversation back to matters of the air I mentioned Dieppe, where (I had been told by others) the Norwegians did particularly well. The two fighter squadrons of the Royal Norwegian Air Force which took part in the raid accounted for 14 machines definitely destroyed, four probably destroyed and 13 damaged, while the Norwegians lost two airmen. Their most successful pilot was one, aged 19, from Oslo, who destroyed two German aircraft and probably a third.

"I was luckily among the first (he said) to meet the Germans in the air. I saw a Focke-Wulf 190 tailing a Spitfire. I warned the pilot by radio, but the German was too quick and he shot the Spitfire down. His victory was short-lived, as a few moments later I sent him spinning through the air to crash 200 yards from where the Spitfire had fallen. Then I saw three more Focke-Wulfs which were coming in to attack me, so I turned on them, damaging one, which was later credited to me as a 'probable.' As my ammunition was now exhausted I returned home." The moment his machine was refuelled he went back into the battle zone. This time he took part in a fight with eight Dornier 217s, accounting for one of the six which were shot down.



NORWEGIAN 'WRENS' attached to a Norwegian naval squadron are learning to handle and fire rifles as part of their training at a naval depot in England. *Photo, I.N.A.*

One of the Norwegian pilots told me that he had been a mechanic for six months. He had gone with his parents to the United States as a small boy, and before the States were officially in the War he had gone across the frontier to Canada and been accepted in "Little Norway." His special task has been to attack shipping; and according to him it is not too difficult to hit a ship even when you are going at some 350 miles an hour.

"To be in those sweeps over France, Belgium and Holland (he said) is very exciting and great fun. It is more like a sport than anything else. The other day when I was escorting Flying Fortresses some ack-ack exploded not far underneath me and my machine bumped 25 to 50 feet. But one gets used to that kind of thing. When I said that our job is sport I should have added that, like real sportsmen, we have rules that we keep. For instance, when we make for a train we are careful to hit the engine only, if there is any fear that civilians are in the compartments."

Some of these airmen have had a trying time in getting across to Britain in small ships of every kind.

"I could stand it no longer in Norway (said one of them, a corporal), so I left my wife to look after my garage, where I had been obliged to repair German cars. They told us at first that they had come to protect us from the terrible British onslaught. We didn't answer that sort of thing, but merely looked at them, and it works very well. It was some time before five of us could get hold of a little boat, and as we put to sea it was fairly rough, but there were no German planes about and we were picked up by a patrol-boat with Scottish people on board. How nice they were to us, and how white was the bread they gave us!"

One husky young man told me that he and some friends of his found a lifeboat, rigged a sail, and made for the open sea, with hardly any provisions, a meagre supply of water, and always the anxiety that they would be spotted by German patrols and shot at sight.

"One morning (he said) we saw a tiny speck on the horizon. It turned out to be a British destroyer. Never shall I forget how we danced with joy in our cockle-shell of a boat; it nearly turned over. This meant England, liberty and—what we hoped for most and were now likely to get—revenge."

Two of the company had to thank the skill of a cook, for when some German airmen left their plane at a certain place in the south-west of Norway and sat for a longish time enjoying an excellent meal, these two young men seized the opportunity and the plane, in which they reached Britain without any incident. There probably was some incident when the Germans had to report to their superiors, but that is a matter of surmise.

ANOTHER man I met was at the time of the German invasion of his Motherland a truck-driver in western Canada, at a place where all the people were of Norwegian origin. Even the storekeeper, he mentioned, was Norwegian; but the children were learning English at school and the older folk could talk it pretty well. Among themselves they used Norwegian, but if other people were around they spoke English. "We didn't want to offend a fellow," said the ex-truck-driver, "if we could help it, and it is kind of nasty hearing a language you can't understand. I had applied for naturalization, but when the War broke out I went to the Norwegian consul, and that was the first step to my getting to the camp of 'Little Norway.'"

"When you go back to Canada after the War," I said, "back to your truck . . ."

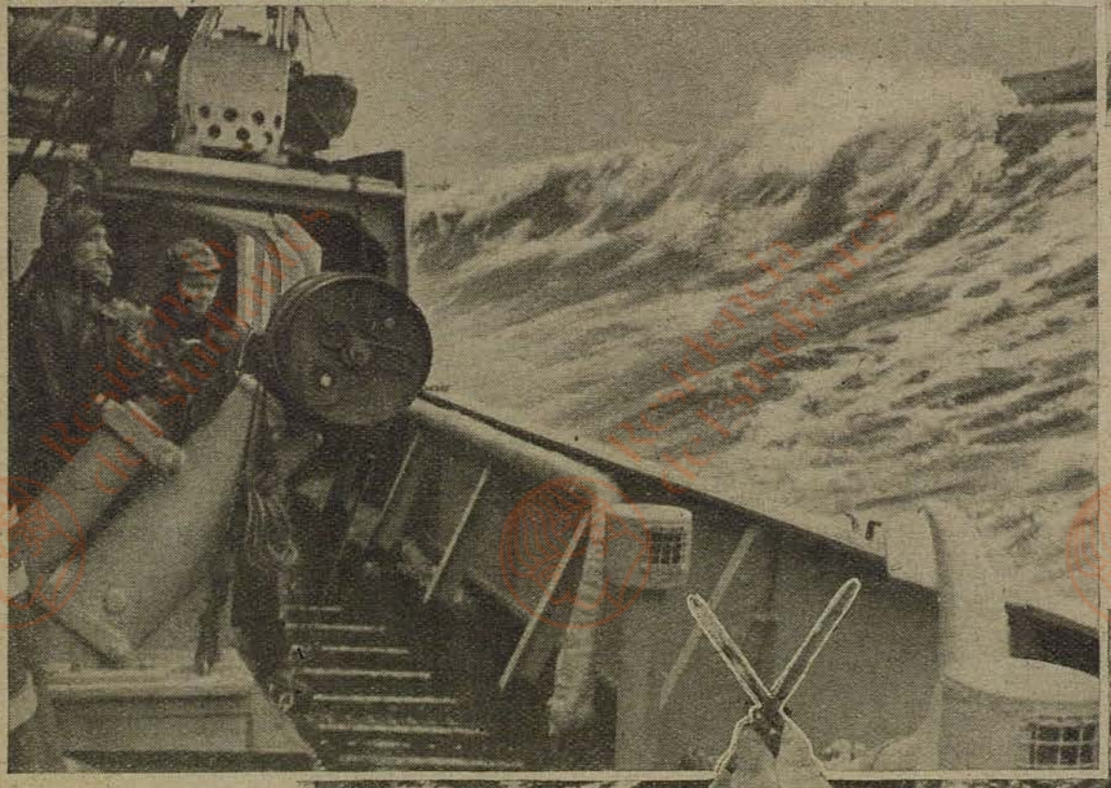
Hedge-hopping over Europe

His rather stern face dissolved into smiles. "I shall be able to tell them," he said, "about a different sort of driving a machine. For example, hedge-hopping over in France and Belgium. One day I was told to look for some shipping near Ostend, but there was none, so I went on into a cloud and then came down; and while I was hedge-hopping I came on to a canal and got some German barges, and ten minutes after that there was a town where they started shooting at me, but my friend—we were in sections of twos—was a little hit in the tail, not much, and I not at all. So it goes on day by day, and I don't just know whether I'd like it to go on for ever. But I dare say I'll get used to my truck again when we've won this war and peace returns to the world."

Norway's Sons Never, Never Will Be Slaves







FREE NORWEGIAN FORCES in the British Isles are greatly contributing to the cause of the United Nations. Ever since June 7, 1940—the day that King Haakon and his Government sailed to England, there to continue the struggle against the Germans—the ranks of the Norwegian Army, Navy and Air Force serving with the Allies have been steadily increasing. In the air, redoubtable squadrons are ceaselessly on the offensive. Top left, members of the ground staff serving with a Norwegian fighter squadron in the North of England. Above, amid scenes that recall the snowclad hillsides of his native country, this Norwegian soldier practises musketry against the day when he will help to throw out the enemy from his homeland.



THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN NAVY is now the fourth largest of the Allied fleets. The majority of Norway's warships and other vessels were sunk in resisting the German invasion of 1940, but since that date rebuilding has been going on apace, and today this new fleet comprises some 5 destroyers, 4 corvettes, submarines, 36 minesweepers, 10 smaller fighting ships and 2 harbour service vessels. Many thousands of Norwegians (numbers of whom escaped after the German occupation of their country) are serving in the R.N.N., which has its own training centres in Britain and Canada. The photograph above was taken aboard a Norwegian corvette escorting an Atlantic convoy. An enemy submarine has been located, and preparations are being made for depth charging. Right, a Norwegian ski-ing patrol is shown putting up a tent at one of the training camps established in Scotland.

Photos, Norwegian Official

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THREE pointers to United Nations' supremacy in 1943 are: (1) Britain now has numerical superiority in aircraft over Germany and Italy combined; (2) Russia has numerical superiority in aircraft on the eastern front; (3) the United States built 48,000 warplanes in 1942, thereby exceeding the combined production of Germany, Italy and Japan.

Supplies have reached China by air since the Japanese closed the Burma Road, but the British southward move into Burma from India was the first sign of territorial redressment of Chinese isolation from the increasing supplies coming off the production lines in Britain and America. British and American aircraft execute combined operations against the Japanese in Burma, some of the latter from Chinese territory.

Now is the time to press forward in that area, for as summer approaches the heat becomes oppressive; and when the monsoon breaks the humidity becomes a torment, and minor ailments, such as prickly heat and dobi's rash, torture one's skin. To aircrews, subjected to differing temperatures and pressures when flying at varying altitudes, any skin irritation becomes doubly noticeable, especially after alighting from a flight. Heat on the ground feels more oppressive after the relative coolness of the upper air. And although airframes, engines and airscrews are vastly superior to those we used in the days when I was the first pilot to cross India in the monsoon, crews still have to fight their way through storms of wind and rain, and thick, dense clouds that come down sometimes to ground level. But the monsoon does not break until May or June (the date varies from year to year); until then air forces have the most favourable weather for operations.

WELLINGTONS and Blenheims concentrated largely on attacking Japanese air-fields in Burma. Many are reclaimed from rice-fields; their construction and maintenance demand heavy and constant coolie labour for draining, levelling, road-making, and the construction of shelters. R.A.F. bombs churn up parts of the surface to the consistency of paddy-fields and hamper the operations of the Japanese army air force. Bombers have been escorted by Hurricanes. Sometimes fighters have made the attacks.

Calcutta was raided by Japanese bombers for the first time on December 20, 1942. Other raids were made on December 22, during the night of December 22–23, and on Christmas Eve. About nine tons of bombs were dropped in the four raids—a light weight judged by British standards. The raiders were met by anti-aircraft gunfire and night fighters; one bomber was shot down by night fighters on Christmas Eve. In the first three raids 25 persons were killed and fewer than 100 injured. There were only three Japanese aircraft in the third raid; two were damaged by night fighters.

ALLIED air pressure has been exerted against the Japanese on their southern perimeter in the Solomons (Guadalcanal and New Georgia) and in Papua where the yellow-skinned soldiers were driven back to a small beach-head; Japanese attempts to land reinforcements by sea transport and parachute were defeated, largely by air power.

Bombs by Parachute

When bombing this restricted beach-head American bombers have used parachute bombs to ensure accuracy. These bombs must not be confused with land-mines dropped by the Luftwaffe on British cities. The land-mine, a special bomb containing a high explosive content, is dropped by parachute so that it will explode on or, slightly above the surface to secure the maximum blast effect. The parachute bombs used by the Americans are ordinary bombs dropped from a very low height. The parachute checks the forward speed of the bomb, thus causing it to fall upon the object over which the bomber flew at the instant of release; during the bomb's fall the aeroplane flies on and is out of the danger area when the bomb explodes. The R.A.F. use the delayed-action bomb to achieve similar safety. Advantages of the parachute bomb are that it makes sighting easy—release when over the objective—and prevents the bomb from bouncing, as often happens when a delayed-action bomb is released from a low level; some of the latter have bounced over three rows of houses before exploding. I have known one bounce off a field and explode at about 50 feet, almost destroying the Messerschmitt 109E that dropped it.

IT is rather surprising that the American parachute bomb was not used earlier in this war. The American Armament Corporation tried to interest London in it about 1937–8. I was privileged to see a very hush-hush film of the bomb in action on a bombing range at that time. The R.A.F. did not take it up. Now the Americans are using it, apparently with success, in Papua.

On the northern horn of the Japanese perimeter American bombers have again attacked Japanese ships. On December 30 two cargo boats were bombed in Kiska Harbour with uncertain results. The American bombers and escort of twin-boom Lightning fighters were intercepted by Zero floatplane fighters; one bomber, two Lightnings and one Zero were shot down in the resulting fight. Next day American medium bombers scored three hits on one ship and two on another and lost no aircraft. Weather plays a large part in the results of air operations in the Aleutians.

On Christmas Eve 1942 the largest mass heavy-bomber raid yet made in the Pacific zone was delivered by U.S. Army A.F. four-engined aircraft (probably Fortresses and/or Liberators) against Japanese-occupied Wake Island (and adjacent Peale Island), former American possession and part of the air route island chain from San Francisco to Hong Kong. This was the third air assault on Wake Island. More than 75,000 lb. of bombs were dropped. All the bombers returned, presumably to Midway Island 1,200 miles distant, or to Honolulu 2,000 miles away.

IN their full-scale counter-offensive the Russians have employed aircraft extensively, both with the Red Army and the Black Sea Fleet air arm. Parachute troops dropped from transport planes on a German-occupied airfield in the dark and threw the enemy into confusion, after a bomb attack by heavy bombers and Stormoviks. Russian air superiority makes it impossible for the Luftwaffe to withdraw many aircraft for other fronts. German aircraft losses in Russia, apart from accidents, are at the rate of between 5,000 and 10,000 a year.

Activity in the Mediterranean

Following Axis evacuation of Nofilia on December 18, 1942, Allied air pressure in Libya was directed around Sultan on December 20, and against Hon airfield next day. Sirte fell to the 8th Army on Christmas Day.

Meanwhile, Malta, supplied by convoys, increased its value as an air base. December 1942 saw Malta's heaviest air offensive, bombing Tunis port with 4,000-lb. bombs (Wellingtons), sinking two ships in a convoy of four off Sicily with "tin-fish" (Albacores), and bombing Sicilian aerodromes.

In North Africa from November 8 to December 27 the Allies destroyed 277 enemy aircraft for a loss of 114.

On December 20, 1942, Fortresses and Liberators attacked the German-occupied base at Romilly-sur-Seine, and shot down 46 German fighters for a loss of six bombers. On December 30 they attacked the submarine pens in Lorient.

Bomber Command raided North-West Germany on December 17, Duisburg on December 20, and Munich on December 21, losing 18, 11, and 12 aircraft on the three raids.



NORTH AFRICAN AIRFIELDS, taken over by the Anglo-American forces in Morocco and Algéria, have provided the Allied airmen with excellent bases from which to launch intensive air war against the Axis. Nevertheless, new ones have to be constructed, and this photograph shows men of the Royal Engineers laying a portable metal runway.

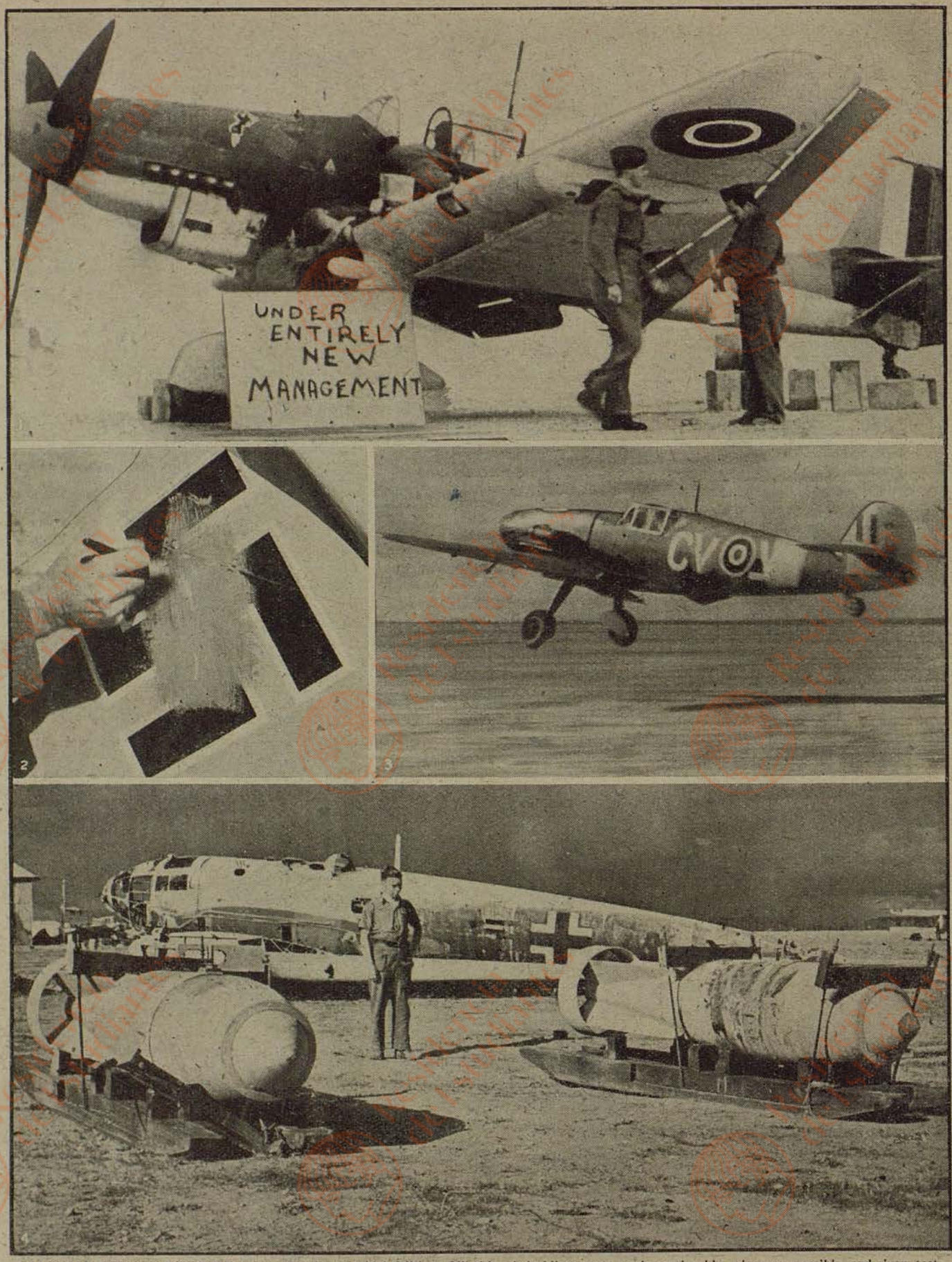
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

America Guards the Sky Above Midway



AMERICA'S NAVAL BASE IN MID-PACIFIC, the little island of Midway, was first raided by the Japanese on Dec. 8, 1941. The U.S. garrison put up a determined resistance and held out successfully. On June 4, 1942 the enemy launched a full-scale attack and suffered crippling air and naval losses. This photo shows U.S. Douglas Dauntless dive-bombers maintaining a vigilant watch around Midway's shores. From Pearl Harbour in Hawaii to Midway is about 1200 miles. *Photo, Keystone*

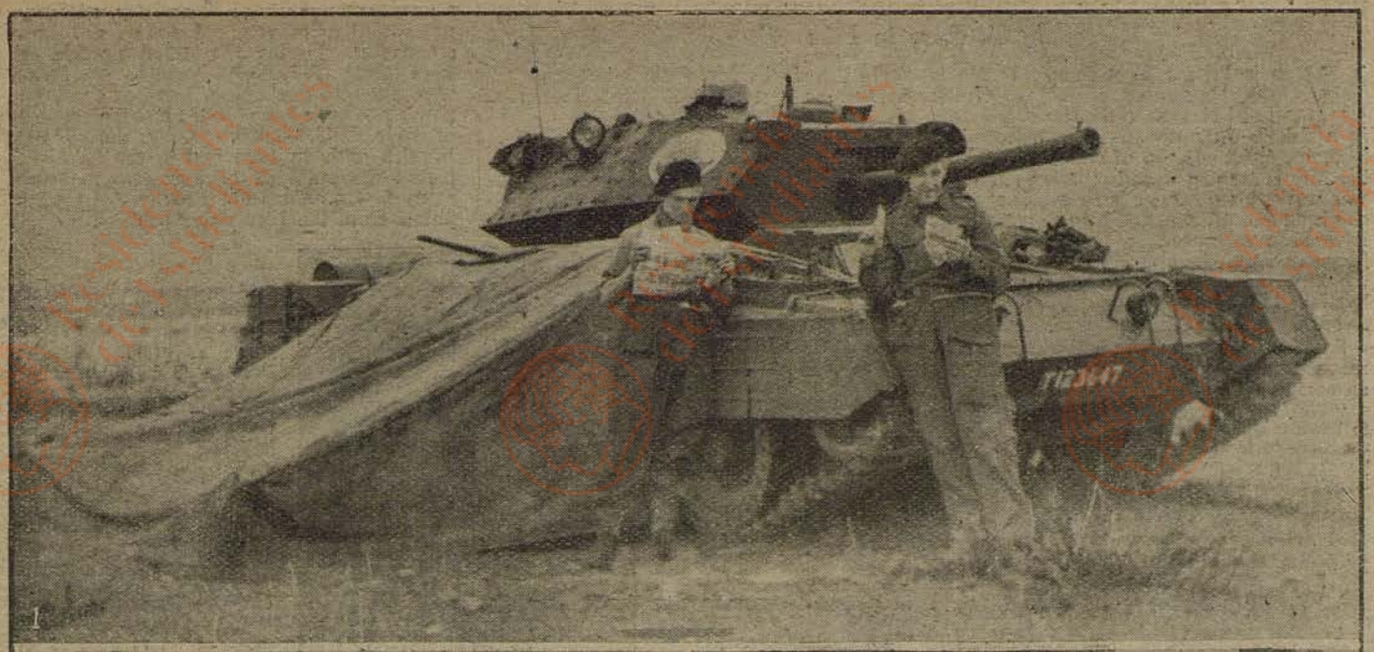
Nazi Planes 'Under New Management' in Libya



CAPTURED GERMAN AIRCRAFT, a large number of which fell into Allied hands in Libya, were made serviceable, whenever possible, and given test flights. 1, This signboard, propped against a re-painted JU 87D, aptly sums up the situation. 2, "Writing-off" a swastika to be replaced by R.A.F. markings. 3, Bearing R.A.F. roundels, this repaired ME 109 takes off on its test flight. 4. Heavy bombs on sleds abandoned by the enemy at Benina airfield, near Benghazi.

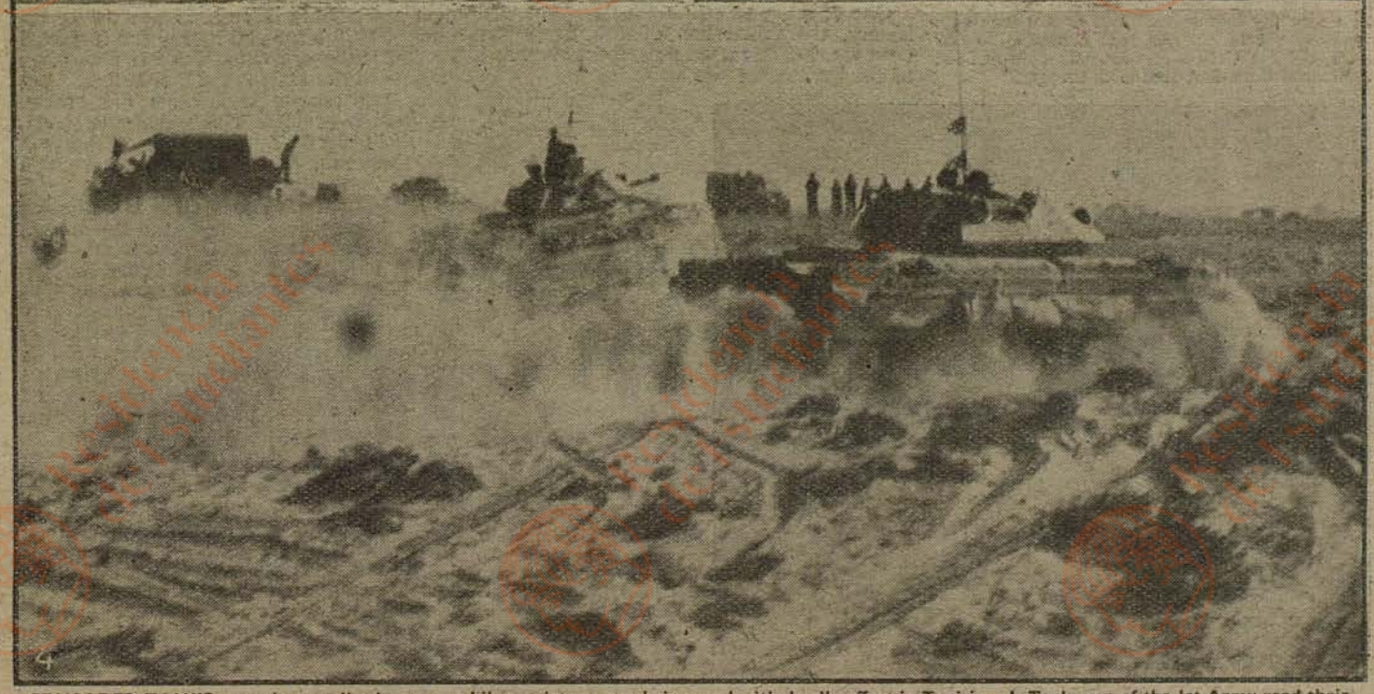
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Britain's 'Crusaders' in Action in North Africa









CRUSADER TANKS, greatly contributing to our Libyan victory, are being used with deadly effect in Tunisia. 1, Tank men of the 1st Army read their mail during a lull in operations. 2, The Fighting French have formed an armoured unit known as Fighting French Flying Column No. 1, which works with a British Armoured Brigade; men of this column are here shown boarding a Crusader. 3, British workers who helped to build Crusaders discuss technical details over a model with a major of the 8th Army. The Crusader is a 15-ton tank, now armed with a 6-pounder gun, and has a speed of 30 m.p.h. 4, Crusaders go into action in Libya.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

WHO is Private Tom Snooks? He is the "ordinary man," explained Lord Nathan to the House of Lords in a debate on post-war reconstruction on Dec. 16, 1942. He is, of course, a soldier; his wife is evacuated and is doing part-time war work, his daughter is in munitions, his son is an aircraftman, and his two youngsters have been evacuated to Devonshire. The house in which he and his family lived and the little shop which provided them with a livelihood have been bombed. And Tom Snooks, like Rosa Dartle, "wants to know."

Some of the airy generalizations about reconstruction, said Lord Nathan, are like an escapist's paradise.

"What the ordinary man—Tom Snooks—wants to know is what is going to happen to him after the war—to him, his family, and his job. Tom Snooks is a private just now, but he wants to get back to lead an ordinary family life. The first aim of reconstruction is to give Snooks independence for himself and security for his family. That is all the aim of Democracy. We must have a housing policy to give Snooks a home; a full-time employment policy to keep all the Snookses employed practically all the time; an education policy for his children; and a policy to bring Snooks and his scattered family all back together again. Snooks has fought for this: he expects this, and if he does not get it there will be trouble. For myself, I affirm a passionate faith in the Snookses of this country. It is Snooks's wants and needs which are the real war aim."

Revolution in Finance

ON the same day there was a debate in the House of Commons on war finance. It was opened by Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, one of Labour's financial experts, with a review of the financial revolution of the last two or three decades.

This revolution he attributed to (1) the fact that the gold standard is not only dead but damned; (2) the State has regained supremacy over currency; (3) the volume of credit, though nominally controlled by the banks, is, as Mr. McKenna recently pointed out, decided by Government policy; (4) the price of credit, both long and short, although apparently arrived at by mutual bargaining, is in reality dictated by the Government; (5) the general level of prices, including the cost of living, is today regulated by the Government; and (6) it has been discovered that that which was economically possible cannot be financially impossible. "It is still true that we have got to cut our coat according to our cloth, but the cloth is an economic cloth and not a financial cloth as it used to be thought."

On the whole, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence was optimistic: "I am not despondent about the position after the War."

If we can avoid the extremes of inflation and deflation, then, with the power of production freed from the restricting bed of Procrustes imposed upon it by the gold standard, and with a wise national policy in foreign, imperial, and domestic affairs, we should be able to have full employment and use to the utmost the knowledge and technique acquired during the twentieth century. If, coupled with this, we had a more equitable distribution of wealth, he saw no reason why, a few years after the War, we should not be able to double our pre-war output and reach a national income of £10,000,000,000 instead of the £5,000,000,000 before the War. On that basis, with the banishment of want and idleness and with a reducing burden of taxation, we could build up a community of free and healthy men and women in a prosperity hitherto unknown.

REPLYING to the debate, Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, revealed that in the first three years of the War 42 per cent of the total expenditure was met out of revenue, and for the current financial year 50 per cent would be met in this way. This war is being fought on a much more economical basis than the last; loans, exclusive of the floating debt, have cost only 2½ per cent as compared with 5 per cent in 1914 to 1917. The gross cost to the taxpayer of borrowing a given sum has been one-third of what it was in the last war. The "heavy and painful" demands which have been imposed have a double purpose of keeping borrowing to a minimum and reducing the increase in purchasing power which, if given free play, would produce serious inflation.

One of the most striking facts of financial history, the Chancellor of the Exchequer went on, has been the universal acceptance of the burdens of war taxation.

"We find that some 9,500,000 black-coat workers and others with small incomes have made a contribution of some £270,000,000 per annum in order that we may achieve victory." The result of the National Savings campaign in the last three years has also been most remarkable. "It has yielded £4,600,000,000 in all, an average of £30,000,000 a week since the beginning of the War. The total is made up of £2,900,000,000 from large market securities and £1,700,000,000 from small savings." Sir Kingsley Wood described this as a monumental corporate effort which would have tremendous social consequences in the future. "It is a striking fact that one-third of the population of the country now hold Savings Certificates."

But it may be doubted whether the Chancellor was altogether pleased with the spectacle of Christmas week, when the people's spending was reported to be breaking all records. This was evidenced by the tremendous number of £1 and 10s. currency notes that were required to be put into circulation. During the last five weeks of 1942 over £53,000,000 worth of notes were put into circulation, bringing the total number of notes issued to the new high record of over £923,000,000. Only during the Munich crisis in 1938 and in the fortnight before the outbreak of war were there so many new currency notes demanded by the public from the banks and post offices.



'SAFETY HAT' for women factory workers—the winning design in a £50 competition organized by Rootes of Piccadilly, to find a hat which women workers would wear. Of brown linen and netting, it protects the hair from machinery, while the peak obviates glare. Last year there were 179 scalping accidents in British factories. *Photo, G.P.U.*

AT the end of 1939 there were £555,000,000 in circulation; three years later, in Dec. 1942, the figure had grown by nearly £400 millions. In large measure this huge increase has been made necessary by the tremendous increase in employment. There are more people "gainfully employed" in this country than ever before in our history. Quite apart from the men and women in the Services, there are at least 18,000,000 men and women, youths and girls, working in civilian jobs. Unemployment has dropped to a mere fraction of what it was in the years between the Wars. From 1919 to 1939 there was never a year when there were fewer than a million registered unemployed, but the latest return of the Ministry of Labour showed that there were fewer than 95,000 persons wholly unemployed in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Thus for every worker receiving unemployment benefit there are 182 in employment. And what with wage increases and overtime their pay envelopes usually contain more money than three years ago.

Millions of New Coins

NOT only notes but coins are in big demand at the present time, affording yet further evidence of bumper employment among those classes of the community who receive their pay weekly in cash. Since the beginning of 1939 our metal money has increased by £20 millions, so that there is now more coinage in circulation than ever before. Yet there are reports that coins are scarce, particularly pennies. This is understandable, since in order to save 800 tons of copper a year for munitions, no new pennies have been struck since June 1940. True, many millions of pennies formerly locked up in automatic machines are now in constant circulation; but, on the other hand, millions more are immobilized in slot meters (since the gas and electricity companies are short of collectors to empty them as often as they used) or are kept in the tills of Service and civilian canteens. But the Royal Mint is not concerned overmuch. There are some 3,000,000,000 bronze coins in circulation, and 60 coppers a head of the total population *should* be enough!

THEN there is the new threepenny-bit, of which over 60 million were minted in 1941; this is now a very popular coin, doubtless because of the dwindling purchasing-power of the penny. The War is responsible for the increased number of halfpennies and farthings that have been struck: think of the 1½d. minimum fare on London's transport and the odd farthings that appear in so many prices as a result of the Purchase Tax and the various rationing schemes. And another coin that owes much of its popularity to wartime needs is the two-shilling piece or florin: 24 million were issued in 1941.



TWO OF THE 18 MILLION. Never have there been so many people at work in Britain as now. Thousands of men and women have been drafted from less essential work into the armament factories. Above, Eileen Justice, aged 17, formerly a clerk, learns while she works beside her father at a London training centre for munition workers. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Guns & More Guns for Britain's Armies Overseas



IN A ROYAL ORDNANCE DEPOT, one of many now functioning in Britain, weapons of all calibres are being turned out for shipment overseas. These photographs were taken in the armaments section of one R.O. factory. Top left, welder at work in the machine-shop. All types of equipment are examined, stripped down, tested, built up again and crated for dispatch. Top right, A.T.S. girls getting ready 3·7 A.A. guns for breaking down. Below, some of these guns being prepared for dispatch.

Photos, Central Press

On the Record by Our Roving Camera



COMBINED OPERATIONS COMMAND has a new shoulder badge (above) incorporating an eagle (to symbolize the part played by the Americans), tommy-gun and anchor. Red on a blue ground, it is worn by sailors attached to Combined Operations, naval beach commando men, Royal Marines serving with the Command, R.A.F. officers and men trained for Combined Operations duties, and all soldiers working with the Command.



MR. H. MACMILLAN, M.P., Under-Secretary for the Colonies, whose appointment to the freshly-created post of Minister Resident at Allied Headquarters in N.W. Africa was announced on Dec. 30, 1942.



MR. W. S. MORRISON, M.C., K.C., M.P., new Minister-Designate for Town and Country Planning, had been Postmaster-General from 1940. He was Minister of Agriculture from 1936 to 1939.



MR. H. G. STRAUSS, M.P., who, also on Dec. 30, 1942, was appointed Parliamentary Secretary - Designate for Town and Country Planning. He is Chairman of Scapa and a member of the National Trust Executive.



A.T.S. GO OVERSEAS. Britain's armies abroad are making increasing demands on the mother country, and at home the ranks of the A.T.S. are experiencing changes as the result of many members of this efficient corps having been posted overseas. Above, A.T.S. girls with their equipment are shown during an inspection parade before they leave Britain. They are part of the largest A.T.S. contingent ever sent to "an Allied theatre of war."



COASTGUARDS on Britain's shores are doing splendid work. In addition to their ordinary duties they watch for enemy planes, surface ships and submarines approaching the coast. Here are two stalwart members photographed in front of their post.



'POTATO PETE'S XMAS FAIR, organized by the Ministry of Food, attracted thousands of children (and parents) to Oxford Street, London, during Christmas 1942. Opened on Dec. 15, on the bombed site of Messrs. John Lewis, the fair covered 15,000 sq. ft., and was held under a huge marquee which protected it from the weather. The Fair, which included special features such as the "Tunnel of Surprises," the "Hall of Distorting Mirrors," a cinema, "Cookery Nook," and a "Sink-a-U-boat" shy, was completed within 14 days. Right, Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, photographed with "Potato Pete" himself.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright; Planet News, Howard Coster, Elliott & Fry, L.N.A., Topical Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Our 80,000 Miles in the Triumphant Truant

Recently arrived at a base in Britain after an 80,000-mile cruise, lasting two and a half years, in the Mediterranean, Indian Ocean, and Java Sea, H.M. Submarine Truant has to her credit the sinking or damaging of more than 20 Axis ships. Something of her sensational story is told below by two of her officers.

As she came slowly alongside the depot ship she was displaying the skull-and-crossbones success flag of the submarine service. On the flag were four stars to indicate successful gun actions, and sixteen white bars—one for each ship torpedoed. Her exploits included : going into an enemy harbour on the surface, because it was too shallow to enter submerged ; getting stuck on the bottom and unable to move, while enemy destroyers steamed overhead searching for her ; running the gauntlet of Japanese destroyers when the Dutch East Indies fell ; sinking two out of three ships in a Japanese convoy. The Commanding Officer of H.M.S. Truant during all these exploits was Lt.-Commander H. A. V. Haggard, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., son of Admiral Sir Vernon Haggard, and a nephew of Rider Haggard, the novelist. He is 6 ft. 5 in. tall, being one of the tallest officers in the submarine service.

One of her early successes was a daylight gun action against an enemy ammunition ship which she blew to pieces. She carried out this action under fire from enemy coastal batteries on the North African coast less than half a mile away.

When the Truant was patrolling in the Adriatic she sighted an Italian convoy, crawling, as usual, up the coast within half a mile of the shore. The Truant went in to attack, and torpedoed a tanker. But she was so close inshore that, when she turned round to come out again, she grounded with only a few feet of water above her. The escorting destroyers, roused by the torpedoing, were thrashing up and down overhead.

"We sat with all our machinery shut off, keeping as quiet as we could," said Lieutenant K. S. Renshaw, D.S.O., R.N.R., torpedo officer of the submarine. "Each time a destroyer passed over us it sounded like an express train going through a station. Then, as the sounds died away, the Captain went ahead and astern to try to dislodge us. We felt our position very much.

"If a depth charge had been dropped anywhere near us it would have finished us for certain, and we must have been clearly visible from the air. After an hour the Captain managed to get the boat away and we cleared off."

British submarines have to work close inshore in enemy waters, but the Truant actually entered an enemy harbour on the surface—on the coast of Cyrenaica, which the Germans were using to supply Rommel's Army. It was too shallow for the submarine to enter submerged, so, at dusk one evening, she surfaced just outside the entrance and steamed in. Because of the tricky entrance due to sandbanks it was impossible to make the attempt in the dark.

When she got inside she fired two torpedoes at a ship alongside the quay. Although they passed under the ship they damaged the quay. To get out again Truant had to back and reverse. The harbour was so small she could not get round in one turn. While manoeuvring, she came within a few yards of the ship she had tried to torpedo, but she had so surprised the enemy that she was able to get away without a shot being fired. One man appeared on deck and shouted at her. Lt.-Commander Haggard shouted back, waved and disappeared into the growing darkness.

In May 1941, after nearly a year patrolling in the Mediterranean, the Truant went to the United States for refit, but she was back again on her old hunting grounds in October. Then in January 1942 she was ordered to Singapore. Before she arrived Singapore fell, and she was diverted to the Dutch East Indies. She operated from Sourabaya with Dutch submarines until the Japanese invasion. Just before the port was captured she sailed for Colombo. She had to pass through the Sunda Straits, which were heavily patrolled by Japanese destroyers. She made the passage by night and was attacked constantly. There were over half-a-dozen separate depth charge attacks, but she got through all right. From March to September she operated in the region of the Malacca Straits. One night the Japanese thought they had got her.

"The night was pitch black," said Lieutenant C. A. J. Nicoll, R.N., the First Lieutenant, "and we suddenly saw a dark object very close. A searchlight flicked on and caught us right in its glare. It completely blinded us and we did a crash dive. Depth charges started to explode round us. I counted twenty. Some of them were pretty close.

"We switched off all machinery and lay as quietly as we could. There was dead silence in the boat. After half an hour things calmed down and we were able to creep away. When we got back to port we read in the papers a Tokyo communiqué claiming to have sunk two submarines. It must have been us—both times ! "

Actually, Truant lived to sink two out of three supply ships in a Japanese convoy. She torpedoed them on a moonlight night.

Gona Beach Was Strewn With Japanese Dead

Gona, one of the Japanese strongholds in Papua, was stormed by the Australians on December 9, 1942. When the victors entered the village a horrible scene met their eyes. This grim account was cabled from New Guinea by The Times Special Correspondent the same day.

I ARRIVED at Gona in the early afternoon. There were fantastic scenes in the village. It was littered with Japanese dead in every stage of decomposition, some newly killed, others already skeletons in uniforms and helmets. The Japanese had made no effort to bury their dead, and the stench was nauseating.

I noticed the corpse of a Japanese soldier who had pointed a rifle at his head and had then pulled the trigger with his toe. Other bodies were washed by waves on the beach. Many Japanese last night took to the water and tried to swim out to a wreck off the shore. They were betrayed by phosphorescence in the water and were picked off by our riflemen.

The western part of the village was a scene of complete devastation. There were craters made by bombs, by 25-pounder shells and mortar shells. Some Japanese trucks and Australian bicycles captured by the Japanese and one ammunition carrier were burnt out and fretted by bullets.

The buildings of the Gona mission had been razed to the ground. Japanese dead lay in craters. The tops of coconut palms had been lopped off by shells. Their bark was pitted, and the fibre was beginning to break out like horsehair from an old sofa. Only the white cross of the Gona mission remained unscathed, as if to underline this desolate scene. And behind the trunks of palms there stretched the peaceful vista of this beautiful Papuan coastline.

The Japanese had strong dug-in positions on the beach at Bast and among the roots of some huge, gnarled trees which overhang the shore. Two hundred and fifty yards from the beach there was a perimeter of outposts well dug in and roofed, with excellent fields of fire. Communication trenches joined the various posts. It was a system of defence based on mutual support. Whenever our men attacked one post they came under fire from others. Snipers used to hide in the tops of trees. Before making an attack we would



H.M.S. TRUANT, as recounted in this page, flew the skull-and-crossbones as she came alongside her depot ship on her return home after 2½ years' absence. This photo shows a group of her officers and men proudly displaying their "victory" flag. The white bars indicate ships sunk, the stars successful fights. *Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright*

always comb the trees with Bren-guns and fire several hundred rounds into them.

What prompted the Japanese to make this desperate suicidal bid for freedom? They had masses of rice in straw bales, plenty of ammunition, and an abundance of medical supplies and they could easily obtain water by sinking a well. Undoubtedly conditions were becoming so bad that even the Japanese could not endure them. Small wonder that they had been seen wearing gas masks.

Moreover, our encircling ring had been gradually closing in on them. Two days ago they were dive-bombed again. Yesterday 25-pounders pumped 300 shells into them and our infantry made further important gains; our troops attacked from the east along the beach, and gained about 50 yards. Last night the Japanese garrison attempted to break through to the east. This morning in front of every post there was a pile of Japanese dead. Others lay in the long grass and scrub, armed with hand grenades. They were mopped up during the morning, and our troops secured the entire length of beach.

Even so Japanese resistance continued. A small group of wounded Japanese fought from a patch of timber 200 yards from the beach. They rejected an invitation to surrender and were killed to the last man. Only at 5 o'clock were the Australian troops on the beach joined by their fellows who had advanced through wooded country from the south, combing the undergrowth for Japanese.

Among the interesting trophies which have fallen into our hands were Samurai swords of Japanese officers and a small package containing many envelopes, each holding nail clippings, a piece of hair, and the name and address of a dead Japanese soldier. The Japanese were carrying paper notes, printed by the Japanese army, in rupees, Straits dollars, guilders, pounds, pesetas, and other currencies. Rarely has a victory been more hardly fought for. Every foot of Gona and its surroundings has been fiercely contested. Small cemeteries of Australian dead along the beach testify to the cost of victory.



SIGNPOST AT KOKODA, pointing in the direction of Oivi and Buna, was a welcome sight to the Allied forces when they entered Kokoda on Nov. 2, 1942. A description of the fighting round Gona, one of the last enemy strongholds in New Guinea, is given in this and the preceding page.
Photo, Sport & General

I Found Both Gaiety and Gloom in Chungking

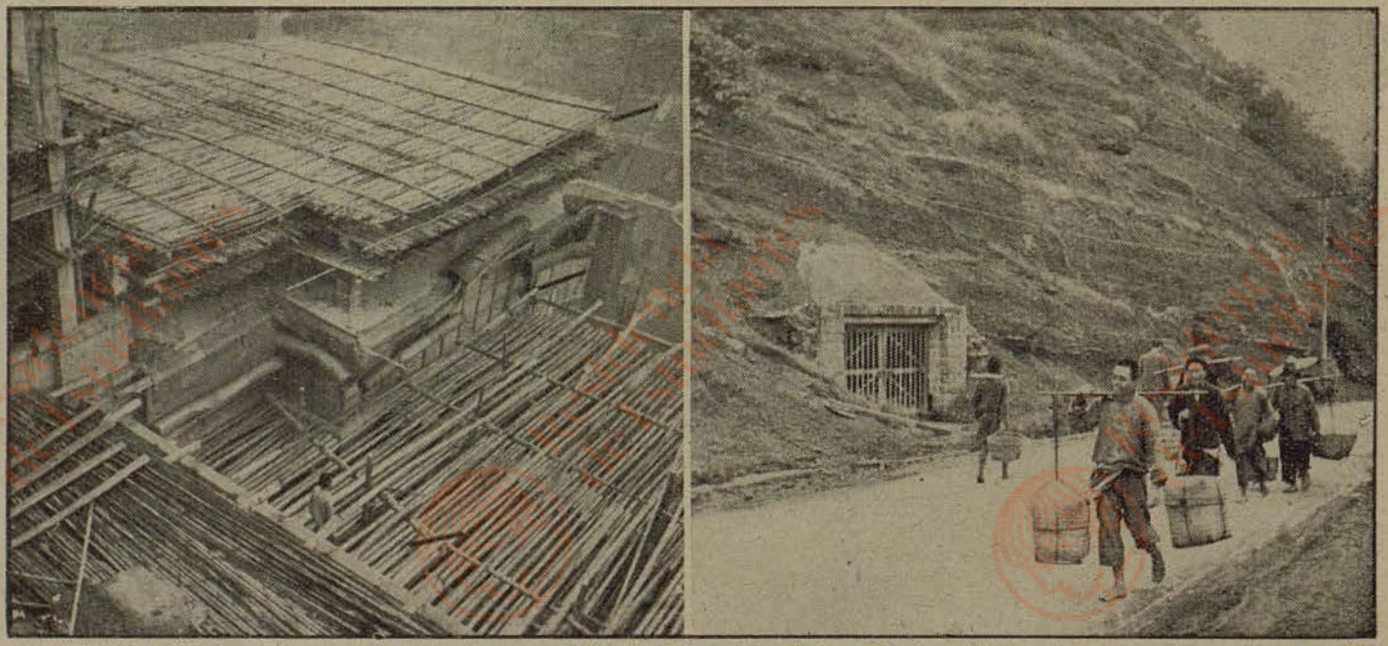
No city has suffered such continuous bombing as Chungking, yet its people can still smile. The following description is condensed from two articles contributed to The Daily Telegraph by Martin Moore, its Special Correspondent in the capital of Free China.

CHUNGKING is the gayest and gloomiest place I have ever visited. Gaiety is in the faces and bearing of the people. Gloom is in the grim, grey, shattered city, a ruined slum rising on steep cliffs above the confluence of two muddy rivers. Over Chungking hangs a leaden sky. Only twice in the past three weeks has the sun shone.

Europe can show no devastation to compare with that to be seen in Chungking. Coventry and Rotterdam have had more shattering raids, but no city has suffered such continuous punishment as China's wartime capital. It has been destroyed piecemeal, not once but several times. One of its raid alarms lasted day and night for two weeks, during which the "All Clear" was never sounded.

Some of its buildings have been destroyed and rebuilt four and five times. Because of the likelihood that there will have to be a sixth and seventh reconstruction they have not been re-erected with any idea of permanence. Such brick buildings as remained repairable have almost all been taken over by military and Government bodies. The better dwelling houses are of mud and bamboo, roofed with thatch. Tens of thousands of people are living in homes that are a patchwork of salvaged timber and matting.

The streets were shattered with the houses, and though main thoroughfares have been repaved many are only tracks of trodden earth which turns to ankle-deep mud after a shower. The infrequent motor-buses, running on vegetable oil, are yet frequent enough to keep the windless air constantly heavy with the sickly odour of their exhaust. There are no trams and no taxis. The few cars to be



CHUNGKING, China's wartime capital and headquarters of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, has suffered terribly from Japanese bombers. As recounted in the accompanying article, some of the city's buildings have been repeatedly rebuilt. Left, the roof of an office-block being covered with layers of bamboo. This ingenious construction lessens the impact of bombs. Right, an entrance to one of the fine air-raid shelters on the city's outskirts. These tunnels have been drilled into the solid rock of Chungking's cliffs.

Photos, Planet News



BUILT UPON ROCK, and standing at the junction of the Kia-ling-ho with the Yang-tse-Kiang, Chungking had a pre-war population of about 425,000. As told in this page, even the most savage raids by the Japanese were unable to crush Chungking's heroic spirit. Here is shown a general view of the steeply-built city. *Photo, Planet News*

seen belong to Government officials or foreign diplomats.

Most people walk. The alternative is some aged rickshaw, its parts tied together with bits of string and wire. Rickshaws are expensive, and a few fares a day enable a coolie to earn as much as a university professor. Many of Chungking's roads are too steep for a rickshaw, and the conveyance is a litter, carried by two coolies.

The most remarkable feature of the Chinese capital is its famous system of air-raid shelters. The hillsides are honeycombed with tunnels, which can accommodate the entire population. The 39-year-old Mayor, Mr. K. C. Wu, who is head of the A.R.P. organization, showed me round one of the largest of these dugouts, where 6,000 people sit in perfect safety, with 100 ft. of solid rock between them and the Japanese bombs. The cave has three entrances as well as a ventilating shaft, through which electric fans draw fresh air. Every resident in the locality has his appointed place in the tunnel, and there is a special section for passers-by or strangers. A long-range warning system gives people several hours' notice of impending attack, so there is no excuse for anyone not to go to his proper place in his own shelter.

Mr. Wu told me that while there are half-a-dozen of these huge shelters, the later policy has been to dig smaller caves accommodating 500 people. Even the smallest has two entrances, because in the early raids on Chungking debris often blocked the doors and people were imprisoned until a way could be dug through. Apart from these public shelters, most offices and Government departments have their own dugouts. Altogether there are about 700 tunnelled into the hillside.

LIKE London, Chungking has had a long respite. It is more than a year since it had its last air raid. But, though danger is not imminent, and may never come again, the A.R.P. organization with its 20,000 volunteers is kept in a state of constant readiness. At an hour's notice bakeries can be turned on to produce millions of special "iron ration" cakes in case the city's population should be confined for days on end in the shelters.

In the main street of Chungking one day I saw a man riding a bicycle—a rare treasure he was lucky to possess. He ran over a brick and the bicycle frame snapped in two. In a country where a second-hand bicycle costs the equivalent of £50 to £100 this was more than a misfortune. It was a tragedy. Yet the gathering crowd laughed—and no one laughed more heartily than the victim as he picked himself up out of the mud.

That scene seemed to typify the new China. Devastation and want and war hang over her like Chungking's unlifting cloud, but underneath she is smiling.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

DEC. 21, 1942, Monday *1,206th day*

Air.—R.A.F. heavy bombers raided Munich by night.

Libya.—Axis bombers raided Benghazi.

Australasia.—U.S. tanks in action against strong-points at Buna.

DEC. 22, Tuesday *1,207th day*

Air.—R.A.F. fighters made night attacks on railway targets in N. France.

India.—Enemy raids in Calcutta area by day and night.

Burma.—R.A.F. and U.S. bombers raided Akyab and Rangoon.

DEC. 23, Wednesday *1,208th day*

Mediterranean.—Announced that large convoy had reached Malta safely.

Pacific.—Heavy U.S. raid on Japanese-occupied Wake Island.

DEC. 24, Thursday *1,209th day*

Russian Front.—New Soviet offensive launched in Central Caucasus.

India.—Another Jap raid on Calcutta.

Burma.—Two enemy attempts to retake positions in Arakan were repelled.

Australasia.—Announced that minesweeper H.M.A.S. Armidale sunk near Timor by enemy air action.

General.—Admiral Darlan fatally shot at Algiers.

DEC. 25, Friday *1,210th day*

N. Africa.—Heavy fighting, involving units of the Guards, for hill N.E. of Medjez-el-Bab.

Libya.—Eighth Army occupied Sirte.

Australasia.—U.S. Fortresses from Guadalcanal bombed shipping at Rabaul.

DEC. 26, Saturday *1,211th day*

Sea.—Announced that destroyers Fame and Viscount, Norwegian ship Acanthus and other escort ships sank two U-boats and damaged several others in four-day attack on Atlantic convoy.

N. Africa.—French forces repulsed enemy attack at Pichon, Tunisia.

Libya.—Fighting French forces from Chad in contact with enemy in the Fezzan.

Russian Front.—In Middle Don Russians occupied Tarasovka and penetrated into the Ukraine.

Burma.—R.A.F. long-range bombers attacked Jap aerodrome at Heho.

U.S.A.—Lightning fighters raided Kiska.

General.—Gen. Giraud succeeded Adm. Darlan as High Commissioner in French N. Africa.

DEC. 27, Sunday *1,212th day*

Russian Front.—S.W. of Stalingrad Soviet troops captured rly. stns. of Zhutovo and Chilekov.

Siam.—U.S. bombers raided Bangkok.

Australasia.—Flying Fortresses and Liberators bombed Rabaul, wrecking four large Jap ships. Lightning fighters in action over Papua for first time.

DEC. 28, Monday *1,213th day*

N. Africa.—Tunis and Susa bombed by Allied aircraft from Libya.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops occupied Chertkovo on Middle Don front.

Australasia.—Jap warships off New Guinea bombarded Buna village.

General.—French Somaliland adhered to United Nations as part of Fighting France.

DEC. 29, Tuesday *1,214th day*

N. Africa.—Announced that our troops had withdrawn from hills N.E. of Medjez-el-Bab.

Russian Front.—Kotelnikovo, on Stalingrad-Novorossisk railway, captured by Russians.

DEC. 30, Wednesday *1,215th day*

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers made daylight raid on submarine base at Lorient.

Mediterranean.—Heavy allied raid on aerodrome at Heraklion, Crete.

Australasia.—Allied raids on Munda and Rekata Bay in Solomons and Lae in New Guinea.

U.S.A.—American bombers again raided Kiska.

DEC. 31, Thursday *1,216th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that in naval engagement in northern waters, enemy cruiser and destroyer were damaged.

Air.—R.A.F. raided W. Germany.

N. Africa.—Allied aircraft bombed Sfax, Susa and Gabès; enemy bombers raided Casablanca.

Libya.—Fighting French from Chad routed enemy motorized column in the Fezzan. French planes bombed enemy aerodrome near Murzuk.

Burma.—R.A.F. raided aerodrome at Shwebo and port of Akyab.

JAN. 1, 1943, Friday *1,217th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of destroyer Blean.

N. Africa.—Tunis raided by Allied aircraft; enemy raid on Bône.

Mediterranean.—Large-scale Allied air attack on Crete by night; Palermo also bombed.

Russian Front.—Veliki Luki on the Central front and Elista, S. of Stalingrad, occupied by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—U.S. dive-bombers raid Jap H.Q. on Guadalcanal.

JAN. 2, Saturday *1,218th day*

Sea.—Enemy blockade runner in Atlantic intercepted and scuttled.

N. Africa.—Heavy Allied air attacks on La Goulette, Susa and Sfax; enemy bombers twice raided Bône.

Mediterranean.—British and U.S. aircraft made first daylight raid on Crete.

Australasia.—Allied troops occupied Buna mission. Heavy bombers attacked Jap armada at Rabaul.

JAN. 3, Sunday *1,219th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of corvette Snapdragon.

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked St. Nazaire. R.A.F. bombed Ruhr by night.

N. Africa.—Enemy attack on French troops in Tunisia repulsed.

Russian Front.—Mozdok and Malgobek in Caucasus captured by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—Flying Fortresses raided Jap shipping at Rabaul and new Jap airfield at Munda.

Home Front.—Raid on Isle of Wight caused fatal casualties.

JAN. 4, Monday *1,220th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of destroyer Firedrake.

Air.—R.A.F. again raided the Ruhr.

Russian Front.—Nalchik, in the Caucasus, and Chernyshkovsky, S.W. of Stalingrad, captured by Russians.

Burma.—R.A.F. and U.S. aircraft bombed railway yards at Mandalay.

Australasia.—Allied air attacks on Lae and Gasmata.

JAN. 5, Tuesday *1,221st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced sinking of another blockade-runner in Atlantic.

N. Africa.—British units drove enemy from high ground W. of Mateur. Announced that Canadian troops had arrrived in N. Africa.

Libya.—Eighth Army at Buerat, 60 m. W. of Sirte.

Russian Front.—Prokhladnaya, rly. junction W. of Mozdok, and Tsimlyanskaya on Don front occupied by Russians.

Australasia.—Nine Jap ships sunk at Rabaul by Allied bombers. U.S. warships bombarded Jap airfield at Munda, New Georgia.

Flash-backs

1940

December 23. *Greeks announced capture of Chimara.*

December 29. *Night fire raid on City of London: Guildhall and other famous buildings destroyed.*

1941

December 22. *Japanese launched major attack on Philippines.*

December 24. *Japanese captured Wake Island in the Pacific.*

December 25. *Hong Kong garrison surrendered to Japanese.*

December 27. *Commando raid on Norwegian island of Vaagso.*

December 30. *Kaluga, on Moscow front, recaptured by Russians.*

1942

January 2. *Eighth Army took Bardia. Manila and Cavite, in Philippines, occupied by Japanese.*

Editor's Postscript

On the whole, although recently there has been a renewal of censorious criticism of the British censorship, my own feeling is that for the last three years or so it has worked very efficiently. It is notorious that the abuse of censorship by the French military authorities contributed substantially to the collapse of France in the lowering of public morale; and so far as I can gather, the American censorship is not being handled so efficiently as the British. Naturally, there are occasions when one might well be irritated by official decisions for which no sound reason can be discerned. Only a week or two back a very instructive broadcast on the European News Service, which I greatly wished to print in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, was vetoed by the Naval censorship, although the B.B.C. most courteously put it at our service. I am still unable to determine why some information that was officially supplied to and broadcast by the B.B.C. to some millions of listeners, could not be reprinted in our pages without danger to the State. Equally I cannot see that the reproduction of a number of significant quotations from Continental journals, copies of which are certainly filed in Dr. Goebbels' Berlin bureau, could prove a source of danger to the Allies' war effort; but although I have had my attention drawn to this officially under a certain regulation I am still uncomplaining, realizing as I do that there may be some hidden danger which an alert censorship might detect that would be less obvious to those of us who are guided by nothing better than common sense.

Talking of common sense, I bought at a bookstall the other day a copy of Irish Freedom, a monthly publication printed in Derbyshire and published in London, although so far as I could gather from a glance through this 8-page newspaper, it is devoted to the cause of a "united Ireland"—in other words, a separate or completely non-British Ireland—and a cartoon on its front page would seem to suggest that the means of achieving the union lies with the Irish workers; that is to say, the friendly industrial north is to shake hands with the unfriendly agricultural south and bring the whole distressful island under the benign rule of—Mr. de Valera! This newspaper performs at least one good office, so far as I can judge, in proving that at a time when Great Britain and Northern Ireland are fighting for their way of life against an implacable enemy, and Eire is the one scrap of the British Commonwealth not actively assisting in that fight, British toleration allows this propaganda sheet to appear regularly, placing British transport at its service for paper supply and distribution. Meanwhile, there is a strict censorship of all war news. Even news reels illustrating the achievements of British forces in the world fight for freedom—Irish freedom as well as British and American, Russian and Chinese—are subject to censorship and suppression in the freedom-loving south of Ireland!

The recent festive season (if such a phrase may still be used) raised afresh the question of tipping. A friend of mine who never, never tips "on principle," for he alleges it is a degrading habit—unlike mercy, it degradeth him that gives and him that takes!—was holding forth against it at a Christmas dinner. With far more experience of the practice, I demurred. Even paying 15 per cent for service on hotel bills does not solve the matter, as out of the total accruing for division, some of it goes to members of the staff who have never done you any service. So I take the risk of degrading those whom I have found especially helpful by tipping them individually despite the 15 per cent impost. Why not? When I hand a specialist £3 3s. for examining my eyes and telling me there's really nothing wrong with them, or give a porter a shilling for carrying my suitcase from the train to the taxi, I am giving something for service rendered, and I am sure the ophthalmist is no more conscious of being degraded in the act than is the porter.

But tipping should be reasonable—neither too much nor too little. In a "luxury" restaurant the other night I took note of the couples dining on each side of me. The gentleman on the left, a "regular," left two sixpences on his plate—"sixpence a head," the meanest conceivable tip; and he on my right, a "casual," left two half-crowns; far too much. Half-a-crown is adequate where the total bill, drinks included, is somewhere about a pound and less than thirty shillings. In these days of grossly inflated prices for drinks there is no occasion to step up tips in accord with the total bill; the viands have not gone up excessively, and a waiter does no heavier work in serving a bottle of wine at 25s. (pre-War 8s. 6d.) than a bottle of lemonade at 1s. 6d. But those who grouse about tipping "on principle" always leave me with the feeling that they want to give the least possible reward for a service they are the readiest to command.

Here is one of those innumerable little incidents that find no record in the newspapers, yet speak eloquently for the British temperament that has made this little island of ours the real bulwark of liberty in withstanding the aggression of power-mad tyrants and their dupes. In a certain town where an air raid took considerable toll of life and did some material damage recently, while the rescue parties were still at work among the dusty ruins a queue was forming for the cinema within sight of the bomb craters! The urge of life is strong enough in most European peoples to produce a measure of stoicism in face of danger and death; with the Japanese their willingness to die for their god-emperor would probably minimize the celerity of their collapse under bombing; but on the other hand their populous cities are so largely made of inflammable material that their destruction, when once the Allies set about it, will be so complete that in that fine Bismarckian phrase the inhabitants will be left only their eyes to weep with! No other race among our enemies more richly deserves that fate, and no race would more wholeheartedly approve it than Bismarck's countrymen, who for the moment are profiting from their unnatural alliance with non-Aryans—always provided, of course, that the Hun was no longer able to use the Jap to his own ends.

Among the latest gems from the brain-box of the B.B.C. which I have accidentally picked up or heard about are Chile, pronounced to rhyme with guile, Ek-you-aye-dor for Ecuador (properly pronounced Ekwadór) and Tok-eye-o for a well-known city in far Japan, which five minutes later was given its familiar pronunciation by Mr. John Morris in a brilliant description of the Japanese. Mr. Morris's broadcast was one of the best I have listened to: he ought to be able to write an extremely valuable book on Japan from the intimate knowledge he gained during his years as a professor at the Bunrika University, Tokyo. I have had so much and such rarely broken disappointment as a listener-in through 1942 that I have practically given up switching on anything but the nine o'clock news, and limit myself to the more important broadcasts.

I am often surprised at the omissions in quite pretentious atlases and know only too well how easily these occur; but I happened to turn to an atlas produced since the start of the War and issued by a certain "national daily" in which the total space devoted to the northern part of Tunisia is less than a half-inch square; neither the name nor the "town stamp" of Bizerta is given. The compilers were evidently lacking in vision, as the work contains only a few scraps of the Mediterranean area from which it is impossible to gather any idea of the extent or shore lines of the region in which the Second Front of 1942 had to be opened.

FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE R.A.F.



WING CMDR. B. ('PADDY') FINUCANE, D.S.O., D.F.C., 21-year-old fighter ace and victor of 32 air combats, whose death was announced on July 17, 1942, was one of Britain's most daring airmen. A brief account of his career is given in p. 104 of this volume.

Drawn by Captain Cuthbert Orde; Crown Copyright reserved

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6d FORTNIGHTLY APRIL 17, 1942



FAMOUS AMERICAN GENERALS, MacArthur (right) and Wainwright, photographed together in the Philippines, where the heroic resistance of American and Filipino troops has been a source of inspiration to the United Nations. On Feb. 22 President Roosevelt asked Gen. MacArthur to transfer his H.Q. from the Philippines to Australia. When the General arrived there on March 17, after an adventurous journey, he was appointed Supreme Commander of all the United Nations Forces in the South-West Pacific. Gen. Wainwrght was left to carry on MacArthur's great fight in the Philippines. *Photo, Keystone*

NO. 127 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MAY 1

The Way of the War

THE THIRD SPRING OFFENSIVE

BY THE EDITOR

WHEN our thoughts should be joyously turning with those of the poet to the hounds of spring "on winter's traces" clearing the way for "a summer-to-be," they must turn rather to the Hounds of Hell which now, for the third springtide of the War, are being unleashed upon us. Herein lies the most horrid of the transformations which Hitlerism has produced. The spring offensive has become a regular feature of the War, whose makers had planned that it would need no second spring.

Not with equanimity can we recall the spring of 1940 when, with the Scandinavian campaign, came "the first real crunch of the War" (as Mr. Churchill phrased it). The British Navy did great work then, up to its best traditions, inflicting on the Nazi sea-power losses which, proportionate to its pre-war strength, equalled, if they did not exceed, any that the British Navy has sustained, even in the recent dire disasters of the Pacific. But the Allies lost the fight for a hold on the Scandinavian main. And in that abortive campaign were sown the first seeds that blossomed into a veritable *fleur de mal* when France fell from us in the tragic days of June.

NOT with greater pride, but with less mortification, can we recall Hitler's next spring offensive. The signal fact that Britain, despite the criminal treachery of Nazi-ruled France (which in Indo-China was already preparing the way for Japan's cunning attack of the following winter), despite the loss of our self-sacrificing Allies of Greece and Yugoslavia, the supreme fact that Britain was still battling almost alone in shining disproof of the melancholy axiom that "the broken heart it kens nae second spring," provided the greatest cause for courageous hope. And had not we the historic battle of Cape Matapan to the credit of our Navy, were we not wiping out the Italians in North-East Africa, re-conquering Abyssinia, advancing through Libya and making prisoners of an immense proportion of the Duce's army, albeit unable to save the territories of our gallant Balkan allies? Furthermore, we had but recently won the greatest of all our battles—the Battle of Britain—by virtue of which we survive and fight today. And though our head was bloody in the Battle of London which raged into this second spring, most assuredly it was unbowed.

Let's think on these things as the third spring offensive is upon us, and especially let us remember that the Nazi plans for the second of the series were frustrated, thanks to our timely occupation of Syria, our firmness in Iraq and Persia, and in some measure to the delaying action of our friends of Yugoslavia. Thus, although Hitler's fancy turns in springtime to thoughts of hate and war, hate has its disappointments no less profound than love.

IN the third spring we are actually better placed than before, even allowing for the dreadful things that have happened in the Pacific. In closest cooperation with Soviet Russia, America and China, the greatest potential of fighting strength and armaments production in the history of the world has come into being. As Mr. Churchill has said: "It now seems that we and our Allies cannot lose this war except through failure to use our combined overwhelming strength and multiplying opportunities."

General Smuts, whose voice carries imperial authority, has said that the pressure of this third spring offensive will be felt at its strongest in the Middle East, on India, and in the Indian Ocean. Certainly all the indications point in these directions, and it is hardly possible that Turkey will be able to ride the coming storm without being drawn in. But along her eastern flank Germany has vast Soviet forces opposing her, armies whose fighting power has been the grand surprise of the War, while the Japanese, with all their cheap and showy victories to consolidate, have the swiftly-growing might of the world's most powerful republic soon and relentlessly to press upon them in recapturing from them the fruits of their felony.

And if, as a gambler's last throw, Hitler decrees the invasion of Britain, there is every reason for believing we are ready. M. Maisky has adjured us to think in terms of 1942, not 1943. Events are compelling us so to think, but long views have sometimes more merit than short. At all events it will not be long before we all know vastly more than any man alive knows today.

* * *

TO all of us who endured the four years of the last war the hateful calamity of the present World War is bearable only by contemplating our experiences in 1914-18. The perils that confront us may be more fearsome than those we survived four and twenty years ago, but in the mere fact of that survival abide encouragement and hope. It is this, I think, that lends a certain serenity to those of the older generation in facing up to the trials and tribulations of the present hour; this, that in some measure, sustains our Prime Minister in his tremendous task. And it is a crowning mercy that in this dire time of spiritual trial the leadership of the British race has fallen to one whose unquestioned genius, whose unrivalled qualities of mind and heart were nurtured to their finest issues in high responsibility of statesmanship and in courageous public criticism throughout the forty-two years of this eventful century. This should always be our first thought in discussing the problems and perplexities, foreseen and unforeseen, with which each new day now presents us.

THE recent parliamentary pother about a newspaper incident, which need not be more definitely specified, reflected no great credit on either side, but a careful and impartial examination of the evidence forces one to a verdict for Mr. Morrison. The role of Smart Alec, which so many journalists of the lusty younger breed find easy to discharge, has really less to do with the freedom of the press than with the vapourings of the irresponsible. Nothing could be more mischievous in moments of national peril than to allow the accumulated wisdom of the nation to be brushed aside by presumptuous and exhibitionist youth, splendidly daring in its inexperience, because, forsooth, things unforeseen have brought disaster upon the best-laid plans of the most experienced.

HAD one the space which the paper famine forbids it would be a simple matter to show how hopelessly wrong some of our most trusty military experts have been, not only in this war, but in every war that has been fought in the modern era. Advice on high politics, military strategy, and tactics is so plentiful just now that if one went across to the "local" tonight one would be certain to find three or four of the "regulars," with as many pints in them, ready and willing to put their counsel at the service of the War Cabinet. This is at once the weakness and the strength of Democracy. Yet, with all its absurdities, I prefer it to any New Order in Europe or Asia.

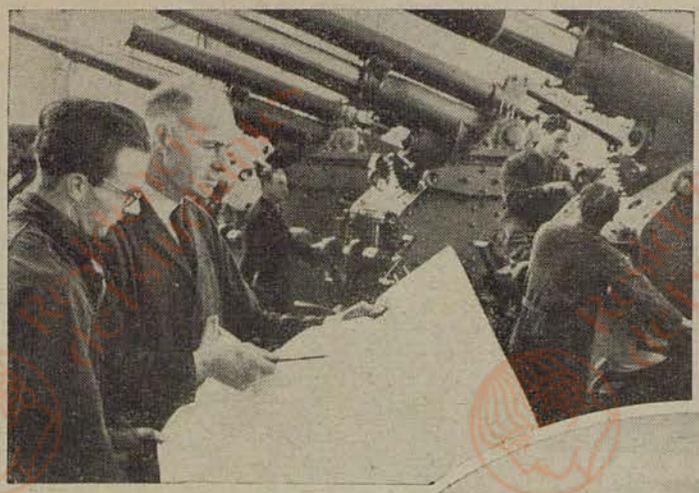
HARDLY any detail of criticism that is being advanced against the British High Command today is new. It has all been stated in similar language whenever arms have been in action throughout the eventful story of the upbuilding of the British Empire. And in its partial eclipse it is worth remembering that the worn-out cliché that Britain loses every battle except the last one seems nowise short of truth. It is merely another way of saying that, although the British are not a warlike or aggressive race, they have unique powers of endurance, fortitude, recovery, which show best only when their assailants have stirred them to righteous anger. Well, there's cause enough for that anger now, and it is rising rapidly, but its best expression should take the form of furious energy in war production rather than in carping criticism of the Government, or the hunting for scapegoats when things go wrong, as they are apt to do at times.

J. A. HAMMERTON



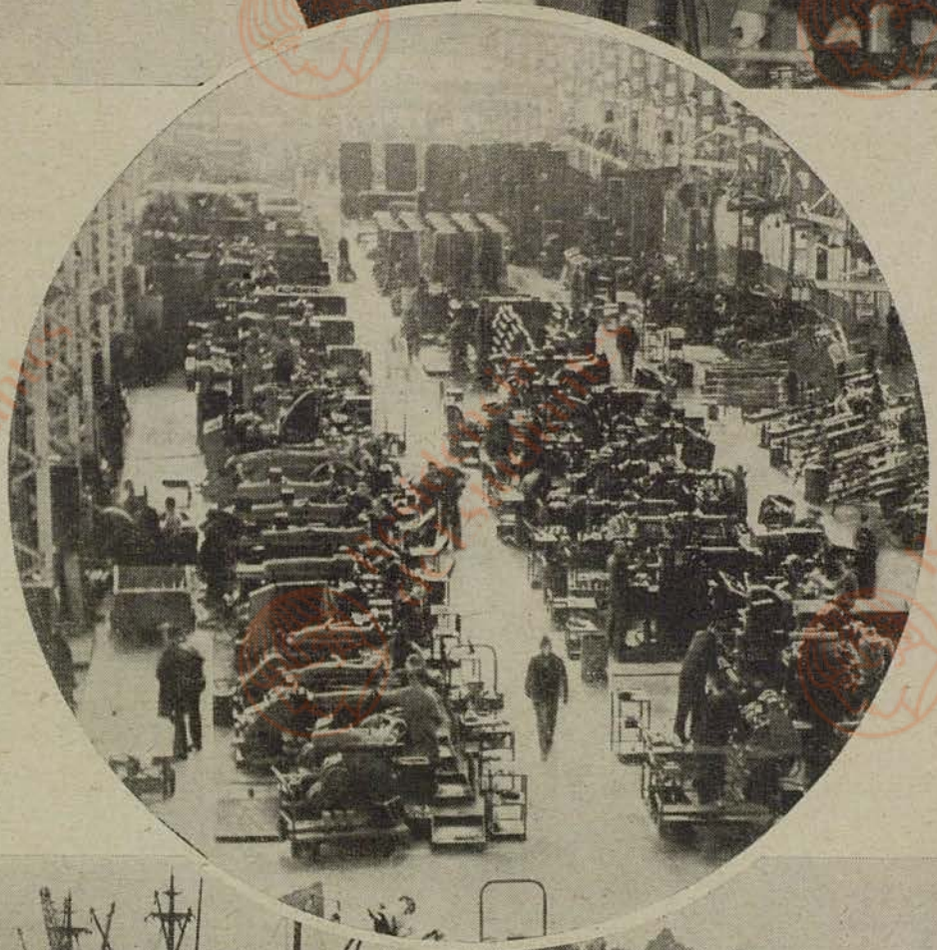
Lt.-Gen. SIR W. DOBBIE, indomitable Governor of the indomitable little island of Malta. "We have been sorely tried," he said in a recent broadcast, "but are not crushed . . . We shall persevere until, by God's help, we shall win through." *Photo. G.P.U.*

Soon 'Attack' Will Be the Anzacs' Watchword





Above, gun examiner (with pencil) and draughtsman examining plans of a 3·7-in. anti-aircraft gun in an Australian army inspection depot where the guns are checked before and after proof. Circle, general view of the machine-shop in an Australian factory producing anti-tank guns.



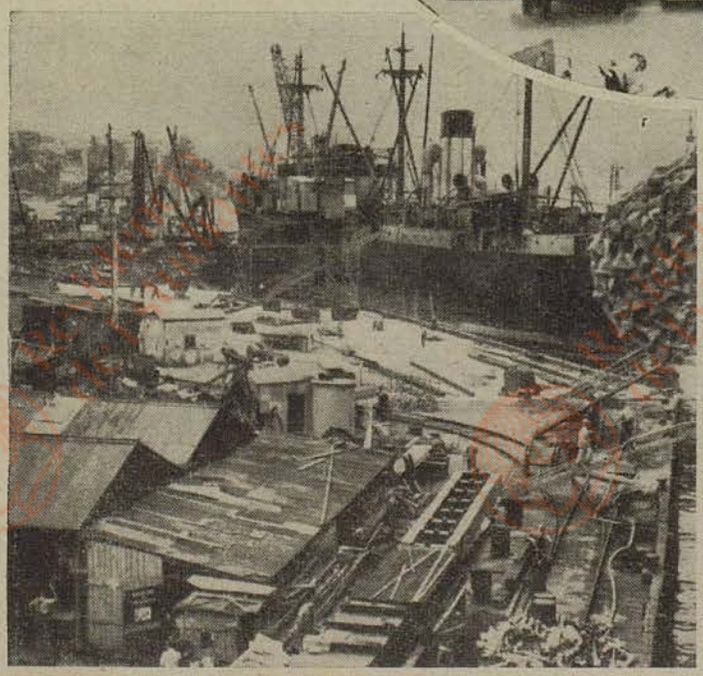
Above, Bren guns made in Australia are being examined by (left to right) Brigadier Milford, Mr. J. K. J. Jensen, Controller-General of Munitions Administration, Maj.-Gen. Northcott and Maj.-Gen. Stantke. Australia's production of war material is rapidly increasing.

Many new shipyards have been opened in Australia as part of an extensive shipbuilding programme, and below are some of the new wharves and stages being laid down at an Australian port, while in the background a cargo ship is being converted for war purposes.

Photos, Australian Official, Sport & General

The Australian soldiers of today have already proved that they are of the same "Anzac breed" as their fathers who fought in the last war. They believe in the offensive spirit, and below recruits are being instructed in guerilla tactics for disarming an opponent. The man on the ground originally had the rifle.

Photos, Australian Official, Wide World





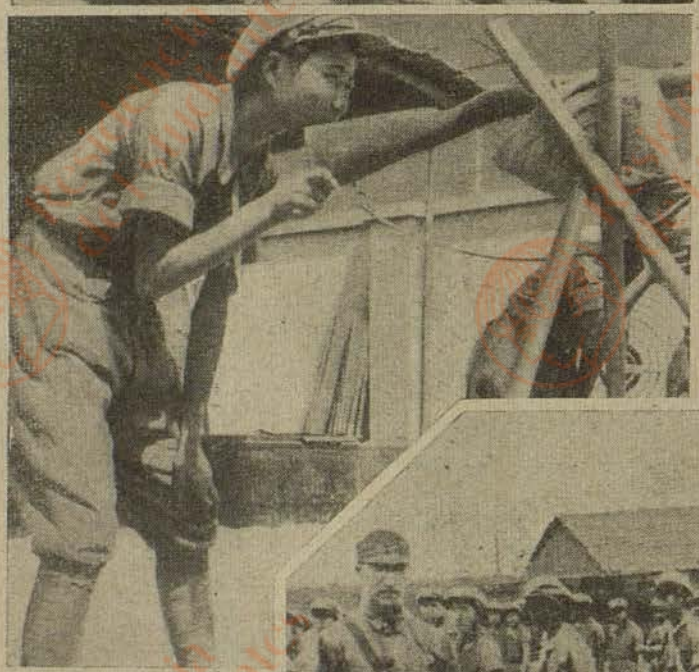
Free China's Young Womanhood Goes to War



WOMEN OF CHINA receiving musketry training at barracks in the Hunan Province, where some 20,000 girls are being trained for service with the Chinese Army (left).

Members of the Chinese Students' Corps starting for the front (below). Chinese youth is wholeheartedly in the war effort, and women as well as men are playing their full part in the struggle of the democracies.





AT THE RANGES Chinese women, training for service with the Army, are taught how to handle a rifle with efficiency. Above, two of them are seen practising correct aiming.



Thousands of Chinese women are serving, too, with the army medical units. On the right some of them are practising stretcher-bearing in the first-aid section of their training.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone

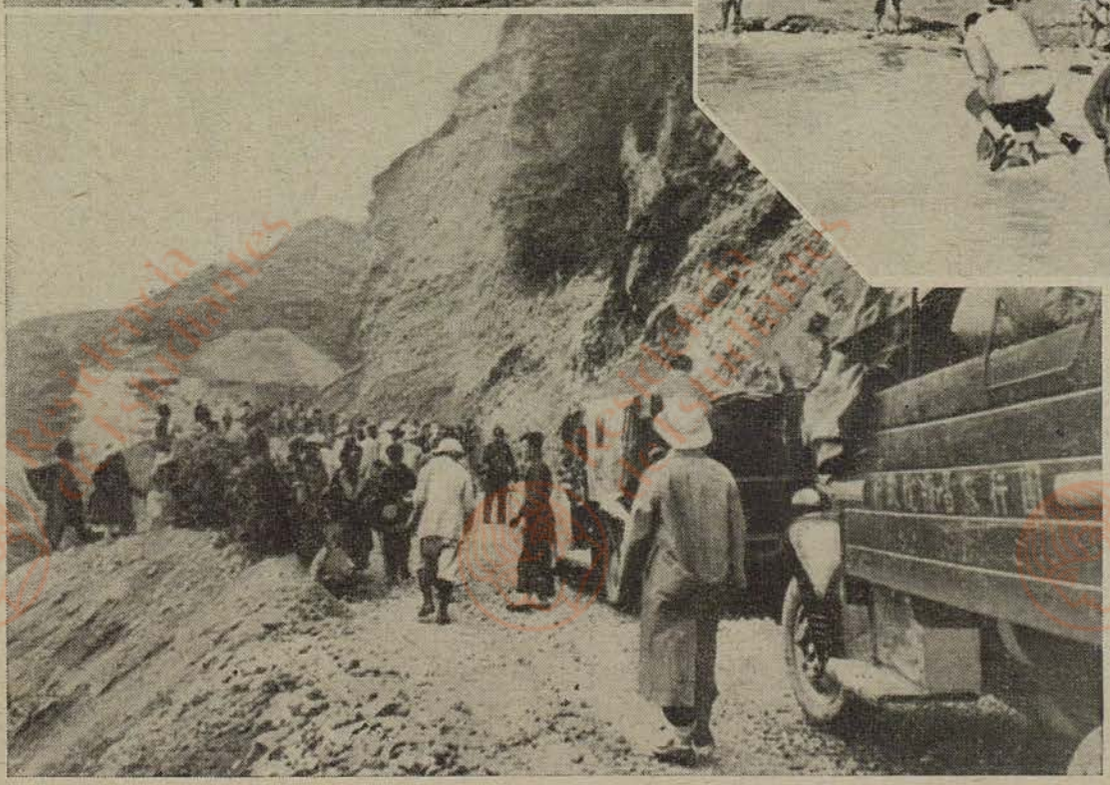
They're Building Roads from India into China

SUPPLY ROUTE TO CHINA. The fall of Rangoon having closed the sea outlet of the Burma Road, new highways between India and Chunking are being completed with all possible speed. One of these is the Assam Road, the presumed course of which is given in the map in page 538. The road seen under construction in these photographs is said to lie between Loshan (Kiatingfu) and Sichang (Ningyuanfu) and is presumably a link between the Burma Road and the Assam Road. Right, the highway winding through the mountains. Below, a temporary bridge in use while a permanent span is being built.









The construction of these new lifelines between India and China is an immense task, for the roads have to be driven through wild country, swift rivers and streams have to be bridged, and landslides frequently delay work. Above, coolies carrying engineers across one of the streams that had to be bridged. Left, cars about to proceed after a landslide had been cleared away.

Photos, Associated Press



THE INDIAN OCEAN. Washing the shores of Africa, Asia, and Australia and, in the far frozen south, Antarctica, stretches the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean. Since Singapore's fall it, like the Pacific, has become a battlefield, and any and every day brings tidings of fresh warlike incidents in one of its innumerable corners. Japanese submarines are reported to be operating in Indian waters, and as early as Jan. 29 an American freighter was torpedoed and sunk only ten miles off Madras. Of the ocean's many islands—the most important are shown in the map—the Andamans in the Bay of Bengal were evacuated on March 12 by the British, and seized ten days later by the Japanese.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Felix Gardon*

War's Monsoons Threaten the Indian Ocean

Already dominant over a vast expanse of the Pacific, the Japanese are now extending their tentacles of aggression to the Indian Ocean. Here we tell of this new area which has been suddenly brought into the war zone, and in particular of those islands which have a strategical significance of the first order.

FOR many years Singapore has been called the Gateway to the East. Now, following the Japanese triumph, it is rather the Gateway to the West. Already the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal have been occupied by the Japanese, and the Nicobars are threatened. Japanese warships may even now be preying on the shipping whose routes lie between Africa and Australia.

Hardly less important than the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean is criss-crossed by British supply lines. Since the Mediterranean is largely barred to our convoys by Axis planes and submarines, the greater part of the British and Australian supplies and reinforcements for the Middle East, as well as for North Africa, must make the long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, after which they have to traverse some 3,000 miles of the Indian Ocean before they reach the less exposed waters of the Red Sea. The Imperial route between Britain and Australia also goes round the Cape, and includes more than 4,700 miles of the Indian Ocean between Freemantle and Cape Town. To reach Aden and Bombay, Colombo and Calcutta, our ships after leaving Durban are in the open waters of the Indian Ocean; and so, too, are the ships which take Allied supplies to Russia through the Persian Gulf, and those which bring back Persian oil for our war machine. And now this so recently British ocean is threatened by enemy fleets and raiders; Ceylon may be blockaded, Calcutta may be shelled from the sea, and soon reports may come of Japanese landings on "India's coral strand."

Rather less than half the size of the Pacific—its area is given by geographers as some twenty-eight million square miles—the Indian Ocean is flanked on the west and north by huge land masses, from which have been detached in immeasurably remote ages a number of island fragments. These islands are not so numerous or so widespread as those of the Pacific, but their strategical importance is just as great.

All Eyes on Madagascar

Perhaps the most important is Madagascar, which ranks as the world's fourth largest island. It is nearly a thousand miles long by 360 miles wide, and it provides a home for nearly four million people, belonging to one or the other of the Malagasy tribes. Until 1895 the island was independent under its own sovereign, but in that year the French deported Queen Ranavalona III to Algiers, and henceforth ruled the island as a French colony. The people accepted the change—they could hardly do otherwise; but to this day they have shown themselves a trifle resentful of the Westernizing process, and particularly in the country districts their Christian profession is but a veneer on the deep-seated belief in the ancient gods.

Like most tropical islands Madagascar is exceedingly fertile; in the uplands large numbers of cattle are bred, and the valley plains bear rich crops of rice and sugar, coffee and tobacco. The woods are full of valuable timber, and there are also considerable mineral workings. But in the present state of world history Madagascar's importance is strategical rather than commercial; and it may be noted that there are a number of good harbours in the island, in particular Majunga, Diégo Suarez, and Tamatave.

This being so, it is easy to understand the concern with which the news was received in Allied circles that a Japanese mission was about to be dispatched to Madagascar, if it had not actually arrived. The island's Governor-General, M. Annet, is an ardent supporter of Vichy, and it was feared that France was about to abandon Madagascar to the Japanese just as she abandoned Indo-China in 1940—with disastrous consequences to the Allied cause. In Washington M. Henry-Haye protested that Marshal Pétain's Government had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing; but it has to be remembered that behind Pétain stands Admiral Darlan. No wonder, then, that the United Nations decided to keep Madagascar under close observation; so close, indeed, that Nazi-occupied France declared that General Smuts was preparing to seize the island from South Africa.

To the north-east of Madagascar lie the Seychelles, a scattered group of some ninety islands and islets, with a total area of only 156 square miles. The chief island of the Seychelles proper is Mahé; its outer dependencies include Aldabra, Amirantes and Farquhar, Coetivy and Agalega, and we may be sure that the Japanese strategists have their eyes on them as possible bases for their surface and underwater raiders. The Seychelles have been a British colony since their capture from the French in 1794; the population is estimated at thirty-two thousand, and the chief product is coconuts.

Lying 500 miles to the east of Madagascar is the British island of Mauritius; though its area is only 720 sq. miles, it is densely populated, such is the tropical exuberance of its soil. Its population of some four hundred thousand is a medley of Negroes, Malays, Chinese, Ceylonese and Indians; Indian coolies are largely employed on the sugar plantations. The governing officials are of course English, but for the rest, the upper class are descendants of the original French colonists. Under the same government are the Oil Islands or Chagos Archipelago (the most important is Diégo Garcia) lying almost in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and Rodrigues, some 350 miles to the north-east. Lying to the south-west on the direct line of communication with Durban is Réunion, a French island still professing allegiance to Vichy.

From Mauritius to Colombo, the chief port and capital of the British island of Ceylon, is a matter of some two thousand miles. Much has been written of this "pearl of the Indian Ocean," of its natural loveliness and its charming and colourful people; but today the emphasis is on sterner things. At Trincomalee there is an important naval base, the most important left to us in these waters now that Singapore has gone; but for the rest the island is largely indefensible. Until only a year or two ago there was only one small aerodrome, a few miles outside Colombo, but it is reported that aerodromes have since been built for the use of the R.A.F. and Naval air arm. Trincomalee is declared to be impregnable—from the sea; but the Japanese, if they come, may be expected to attack it from the land, just as they did Singapore; and Ceylon has a great expanse of low-lying coastlands fringed with palms which might make excellent cover for enemy landings. Fortunately for the Cingalese, the island is close to India, and could thus be readily reinforced and supplied.

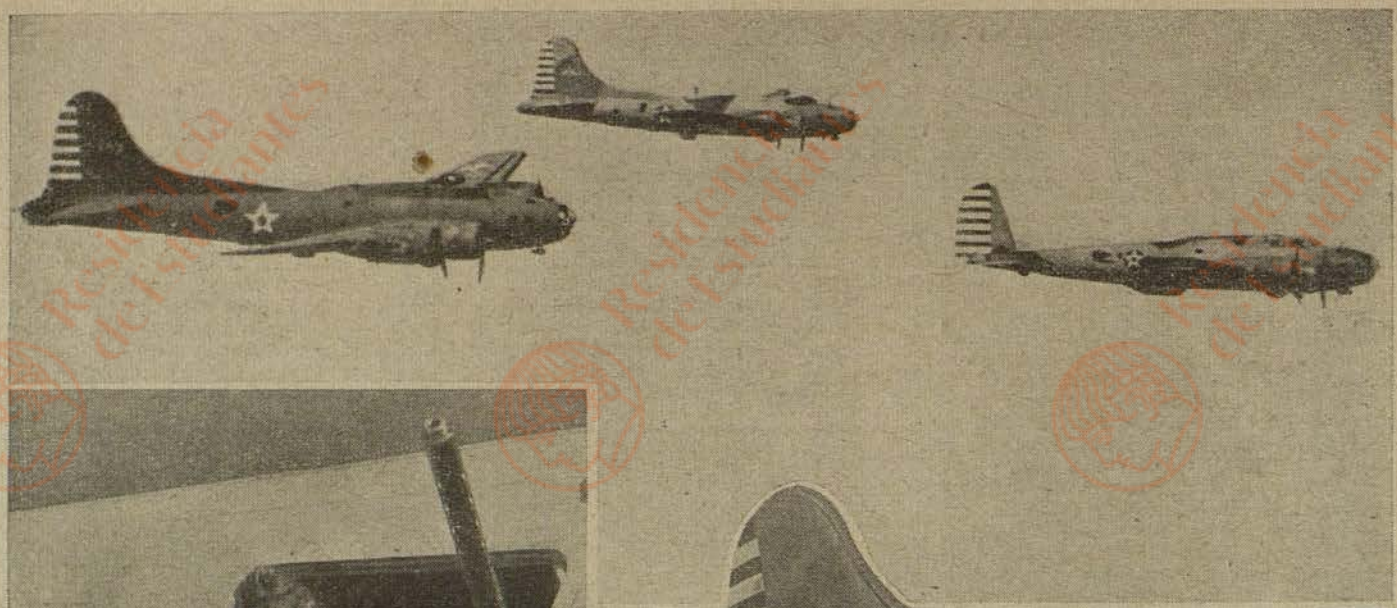


ANDAMAN ISLANDS, in the Bay of Bengal, 800 miles from both Calcutta and Trincomalee, were occupied by Japanese troops on March 23. Withdrawal of the British and Indian forces there was completed on March 12. The photograph shows Aberdeen Island viewed from Ross Island, across Port Blair harbour. *Photo, E.N.A.*

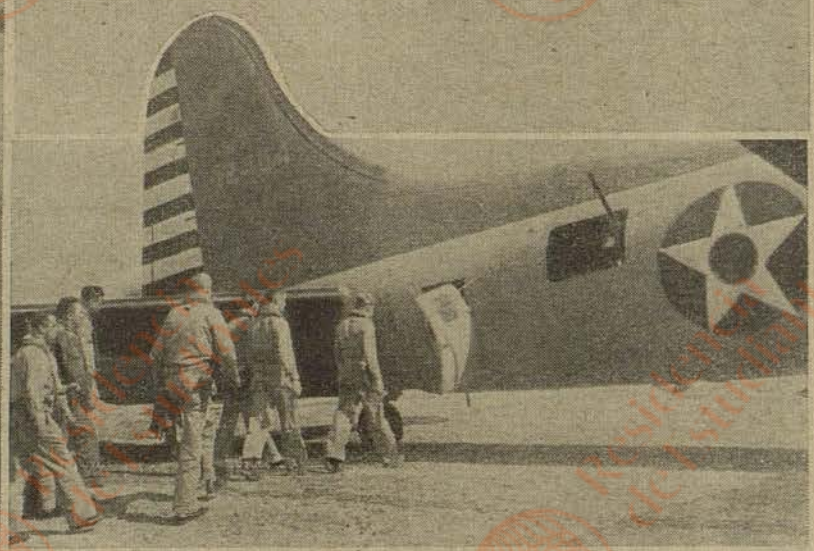
Lying well out from the Indian peninsula are several groups of islands: the Laccadives, 200 miles west of the Malabar coast of Madras province, to which they are politically attached; the coral islets of the Maldives, 400 miles south-west of Ceylon, of which they are a dependency; and in the Bay of Bengal, the Andamans and Nicobars. The Andamans are particularly interesting from the sociological point of view, since the original inhabitants are represented by half-savage aborigines, while the bulk of the population are convicts or ticket-of-leave men.

To complete the list we may mention the Cocos or Keeling Islands—some twenty coral islets with a population of about a thousand, chiefly engaged in growing coconuts—and Christmas Island, which lies some 500 miles to the east of Cocos and 200 miles south of Java. Its importance is derived from the large natural deposit of phosphate of lime, which constitutes its sole export; before the war most of it used to go to Japan. Maybe the Japs have already returned to the island, not as peaceful traders, but as warriors in the cause of "co-prosperity."

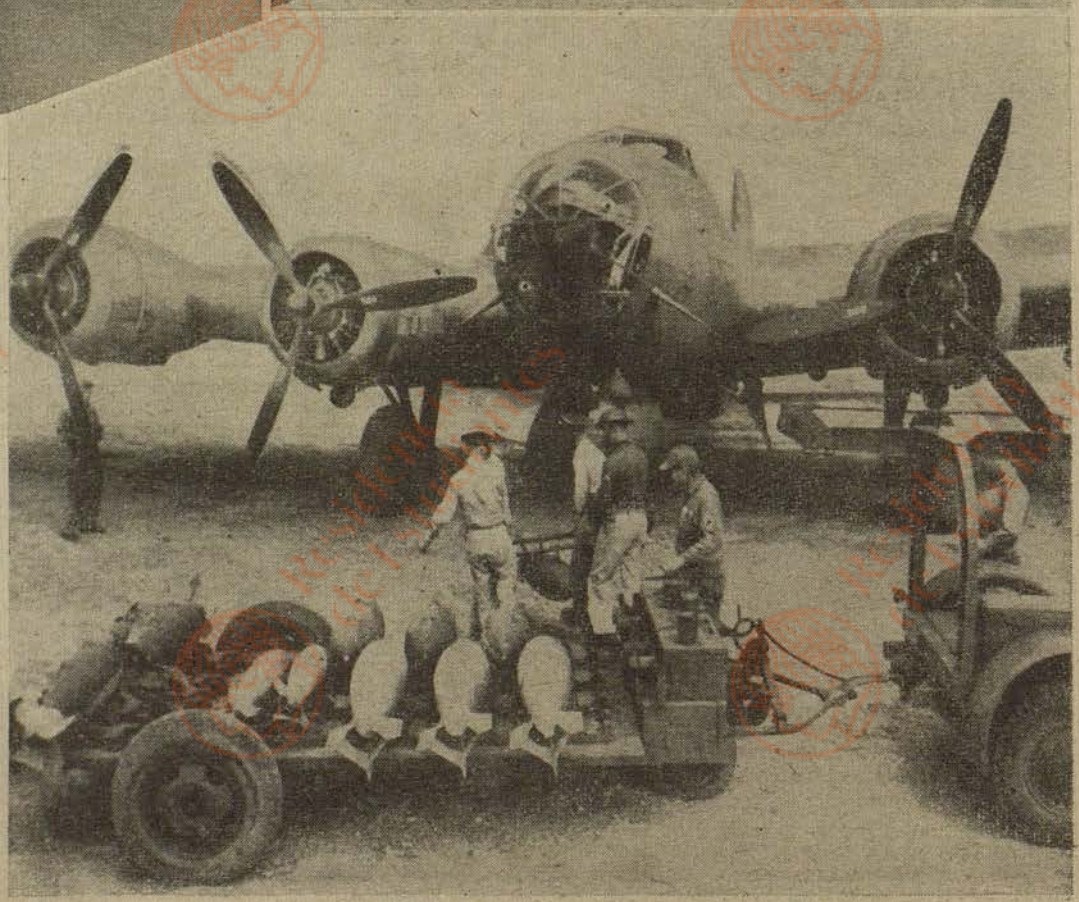
Hawaii Ready to Avenge the Felon Blow







Top, giant Flying Fortresses of the Hawaiian Air Force Bomber Command flying in formation over the island. Above, two sergeants check over the ammunition belt of a machine-gun in the fuselage before taking off. Aircraft of this type have been used with great success in bombing Japanese positions in New Guinea.



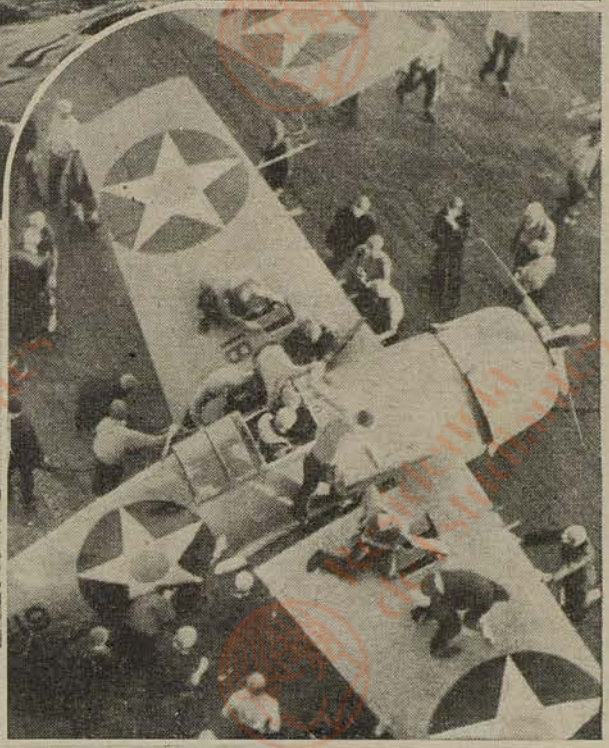
Centre right, crew of a Flying Fortress of the Hawaiian Air Force Bomber Command going aboard their aircraft. Right, one of the Flying Fortresses being loaded up with 300-lb. bombs by an ordnance crew. Hawaii, fast recovering from the shock of Japan's surprise assault on Dec. 7, 1941, has been rapidly reinforcing its already powerful defences.

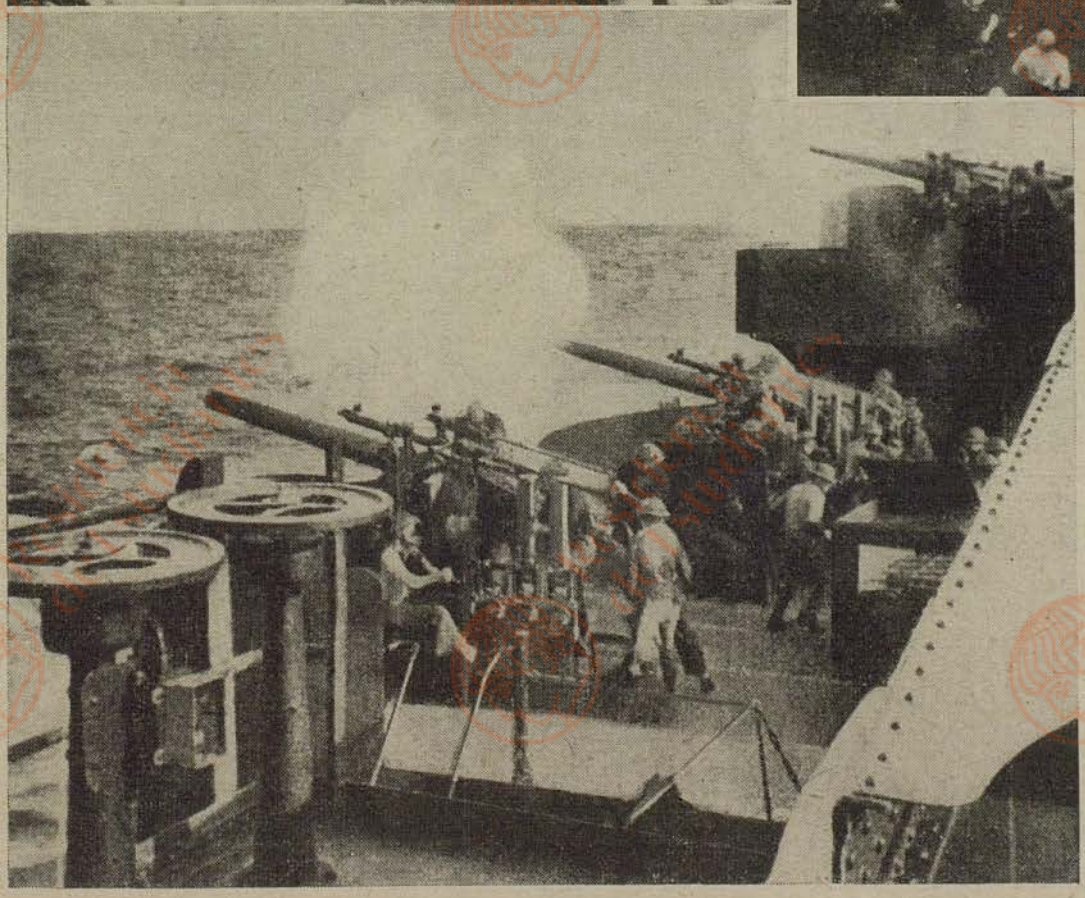
Photos, Wide World, Planet News

Japanese Islands Blasted by America's Fleet









On Feb. 1 the U.S. Navy Department announced that an attack had been made by surface and air units of the U.S. Pacific Fleet on Japanese bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. Here are some of the first photographs to be received of this action. Top, an ammunition dump and two fuel dumps ablaze after an attack by U.S. planes. Above, mechanics refuelling and rearming a U.S. Navy plane on its return from the very successful raid.

Centre left, a carrier-based Navy plane taking off during the attack on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. Left, guns in action aboard one of the U.S. cruisers which took part in the attack. The enemy ships sunk included one modern cruiser, two ocean-going submarines, a large liner, three tankers, five cargo boats, two auxiliaries, two minesweepers and numerous small craft.

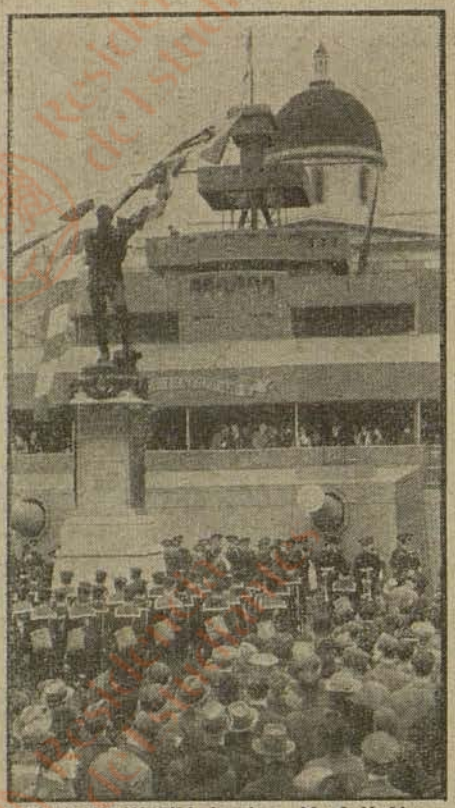
Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Associated Press

Our Searchlight on the War

SELF-DENIAL WEEKS

The need is for ships and shipping space. Such is the indispensable foundation of all our war efforts. As a nation Britain is still consuming far too much. A series of self-denial weeks would greatly help to economise tonnage.

ALL over the European mainland where the blond Nazi beast has left his mark, people are suffering from starvation or semi-starvation. What is the position in Britain? Taking the



WARSHIP WEEK in London. Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, addressing the crowd from the deck of H.M.S. Trafalgar, constructed for the occasion in Trafalgar Square. *Photo, Sport & General*

nation as a whole we are living almost as well as in pre-war days. There is enough and more than enough to eat, drink, and smoke. We have been told to tighten our belts, and that will be no hardship. Thanks to our valiant seamen the supply of commodities has been such that, as compared with other nations, we hardly know that there's a war on. Our immunity is purchased at the expense of brave men ready to face every peril in order that Britain shall survive. There is not the slightest doubt that the average person could save on the consumption of food, drink, tobacco and other so-called necessities, at least for a limited period. If everybody agreed to eat one slice of bread less per day for a week shipping space available for purely military purposes would be substantially increased. Why not reserve certain weeks in the year as self-denial weeks, especially during the warmer, lighter months from May till the end of October? We have had our War Weapons Week and our Warships Week. Self-denial weeks, with the object of saving on consumption in every possible way, would be an inspiring gesture of a truly religious character. Let the Spartan spirit of our Merchant Navy find expression also on the home front. The Church might give a lead with self-denial sermons, the Press, the Wireless, and the prestige advertisers could help to popularize the idea. The first week in June, August and October might be devoted to this national service in patriotic thrift.

H.M.S. RAILINGS

Gates and railings during the week ending March 21 yielded a record total of 12,000 tons—more than sufficient in dead weight of metal to replace a heavy cruiser. London's share was 5,591 tons.

THE salvage of railings has proved one of the most practical and valuable emergency orders of the war. There is no little symbolism in the fact that these bits of old iron that once more or less protected the Englishman's home in the private sense are now being used nationally to stop the German gate-crasher. We have said farewell to our railings without any particular regret. On the whole, they were anything but beautiful and not very useful. The fashion for cheap iron work in domestic architecture and round open spaces was already passing before the War, and it is hardly likely to revive again. Somehow or other, such cast-iron reserve does not fit into the larger scheme of freedom for which civilization is fighting. There are many other kinds of railings that will have to go before the new world can be built, but they are in the nature of mental barricades to reforms long overdue.

EUROPE'S DARKEST AGE

It is inevitable that Fascism should curse the intellectuals. Historians will call the years of Hitler's easy victories the "black-out of Europe." The Fascists dread men who think—men on whose features shines the light, whether it emanates from the birth of new ideas, or as a reflection from the past.—*Ilya Ehrenburg.*

TO say as some people do that Hitler has brought Europe back to the Middle Ages is an insult to the men who built the cathedrals and instituted the ideal of chivalry. In the whole history of the world there is no epoch foul enough to be compared to Hitlerite Germany, for Nazism is a deliberate and diabolical plan to destroy the human mind. All that is fine in past experience, whether in religion, art, poetry and philosophy, must necessarily be obliterated before Hitler can realize his mad dream of chaining mankind to the chariot of the Herrenvolk. The link that binds truly civilized men together is a belief in humanity as the chosen vehicle for the expression of truth and justice, though great minds differ as to these ideals, and the method of their attainment. It has remained to the Nazis to exalt lying, plunder and murder into cardinal virtues. Hitler's hatred of all culture, even German, is due to the fear that the system he has created is doomed whatever victories he may achieve, for it is impossible to deny the spiritual force behind man's instinct and longing for perfection. This power is proof against all the machinery of death, as the Nazis will ultimately learn.

PLEA FOR OPTIMISTIC RESOLUTION

Could Hitler have seen into the future would he have set his military machine in motion? He hoped to destroy the nations piecemeal. He has temporarily subjugated some, but the greatest Powers in the world are now ranged against him in overwhelming strength and resolution.

WITH the warmer and more cheerful weather may we hope that Britain will forget her long winter of discontent, and in a spirit of renewed optimism and unity get on with the war? This is no time for pessimism. We must look at the war as a whole, and not concentrate on reverses which, in regard to our initial weakness, were inevitable. The electorate as well as the leaders they chose to guide them during the abysmal period between the two wars must take their fair share of blame. They demanded disarmament and sought peace almost at any price. History can record no more tragic example of political



RECCE CORPS dispatch rider keeping various units in touch during exercises. The Army Reconnaissance Corps is called "the armed eyes of the Army."

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

myopia than occurred during the twenty years between 1919 and 1939. While we were all talking and acting peace the dictators were preparing to destroy us. Even with the Hun at our gates we refused to have conscription. The wonder is that Britain has not only survived but that she can visualize victory on the horizon. Let us remember our deliverance with gratitude to all the men who have helped to save us. Our defeats are deplorable, but do we realize how great, how providential perhaps, have been our victories? They brought us through the darkest days when we stood alone, and they are the foundation upon which the Allies will triumph. Pessimism in the face of our grand record of courage and endurance is an unworthy and dangerous attitude of mind.

THE WREN CHURCHES

It is an important and interesting fact that only one of the blitzed Wren churches is a total wreck.

WREN was undoubtedly one of Britain's greatest architects, and though his work in London has suffered cruelly as a result of German raids the essential structure of many of his churches survives. This fact must be remembered in any plans for general reconstruction of the town. Wholesale demolition of such aesthetically valuable buildings, though damaged, would be a great loss to our architectural heritage. The Wren churches that can be restored must have their place in the new survey of London. Just as we cherish Old Masters in painting, so must we preserve the classics of architecture. It is to be hoped that Wren churches will be given more space, and thus seen to better advantage.



ITALIAN PRISONERS, mostly captured in the Tobruk area, at work in a London Park. All the prisoners have large, circular patches on the back for identification purposes. *Photo, Keystone*

We Must Have Ships, Ever More Ships



ANOTHER MERCHANT SHIP is nearing completion on the stocks and will soon be launched from one of Britain's yards. Speaking at Liverpool on March 22, Mr. Attlee stated that the naval tonnage we completed in the last quarter of 1941 was four times as much as in the last quarter before the war and merchant shipping twice as much. Current production is greater than at any time in the last war, when there were more yards, more men and no "blitz" and black-out to contend with. *Photo, Keystone*

More Than 1,600 Air Raids On Malta!



Scenes from the raids on Malta. Circle left, a policeman on duty at the Royal Naval Dockyard watches the battle imperturbably. Centre, a workman descending by rope from a building on which he was working. Right, dockyard workers entering a rock shelter following an "imminent danger" signal.



Above, the charred wreckage of a Ju 88 dive-bomber shot down over Malta by Hurricane fighters. Circle right, an R.A.F. Wing Commander in charge of a Blenheim squadron based on Malta. The small bombs painted on "Old Joe's" fuselage denote the number of raids this aircraft has carried out on enemy territory and shipping.



MALTA UNDAUNTED by more than 1,600 air raids still goes about its business with calm and dignity. This is Kingsway, main street of Valletta, with many of its shops, churches and houses destroyed by bombing. But Malta is magnificently defended: even the Germans admit as much. "In Malta," said a speaker on the German radio on March 15, "the British possess air defences which are unequalled." They should know. Hundreds of Axis planes have been brought down there by British Spitfires, Hurricanes, and A.A. guns *Photos, British Official*

They 'Ride in Whirlwinds and Direct the Storm'





WHIRLWINDS, in mass formation, are seen above, their four 20-mm. cannon, mounted in the nose, being clearly visible against the clouds. These cannon, whose great fire power makes the Whirlwind a dangerous opponent for the Luftwaffe pilot, are seen close up on the right. A mechanic is about to take off the covers. Below, members of a Whirlwind squadron in front of one of their planes. The Whirlwind single-seat monoplane fighter is powered with two Rolls-Royce Peregrine engines, each of 850 h.p. An unusual feature which distinguishes this aircraft is the tail unit, the tail planes being set far above the line of the fuselage and towards the upper extremity of the high fin.

Photos, Fox, Associated Press



MacArthur and His Yanks Arrive 'Down Under'

While American airmen were plastering the Japanese troops and transports in the New Guinea area, a great host of their fellow-countrymen were quietly arriving at Australian ports. Below we describe their coming, and something is told also of the dramatic advent of their commander, gallant MacArthur of Philippine fame.

IN the Prime Minister's office in Canberra the telephone rang. Mr. Curtin picked up the receiver. It was the American General Brett at the other end—Brett, Deputy C.-in-C. of the ABDA front. "MacArthur has arrived," came the brief statement; "I am sending you a fuller message by plane." Already two airmen—by happy augury, an Australian and an American—were flying to Canberra; and soon the Prime Minister had General Brett's message in his hand.

"The President of the United States," it read, "directs me to present his compliments, and to inform you that General Douglas MacArthur, of the United States Army, has arrived in Australia from the Philippines. In accordance with his directions, General MacArthur has assumed command of all the United States Army forces here. Should it accord with your wishes and those of the Australian people, the President suggests that it would be highly acceptable to him and pleasing to the American people for the Australian Government to nominate General MacArthur supreme commander of all the Allied forces in the south-west Pacific. Such nomination should be submitted simultaneously to London and Washington. The President is in general agreement with the proposals regarding the organization and command of the Australian area, and regrets that he has been unable to inform you of General MacArthur's pending arrival, but feels certain that you will appreciate that his safety during the voyage from the Philippines required the highest order of secrecy."

Forthwith, Mr. Curtin sent an enthusiastic cable to President Roosevelt.

"General MacArthur's heroic defence of the Philippines has evoked the admiration of the world and has been an example of the stubborn resistance with which the advance of the enemy ought to be opposed. The Australian Government feels that his leadership of the Allied forces in this theatre will be an inspiration to the Australian people and to all the forces which will be privileged to serve under his command."

On the same day (March 17) the American War Department in New York announced that General Douglas MacArthur, accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur and their four-year-old son, by his Chief of Staff, Brig.-Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, Brig.-Gen. Harold H. George of the Air Corps, and several other staff officers, had arrived that day in Australia by aeroplane. It was stated that General MacArthur was to be Supreme Commander in that region, including the Philippine Islands, in accordance with the request of the Australian Government; and it was revealed that as early as Feb. 22 General MacArthur had been ordered by President Roosevelt to transfer his headquarters from the Philippines to Australia as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. General MacArthur had requested that he might be permitted to perfect arrangements within his command in the Philippines, and the consequent delay had been authorized by the President.



U.S. AIRMEN now operating from Australia examine the wing of their bomber riddled with bullets from Jap fighters while raiding enemy-occupied territory. *Photo, Planet News*



Gen. MacARTHUR (left) shaking hands with one of Australia's military leaders on arrival for his first conference in Melbourne. Photograph radioed from Australia.

Escape from the Philippines

How did MacArthur get to Australia? The story of his escape from the enemy-infested Philippines makes dramatic reading. By a fortunate chance a squadron of six American motor torpedo-boats arrived in the Philippines shortly before the outbreak of war, and it was in these M.T.B.s that he decided to make his escape, although some of his senior officers urged that he should make the attempt by submarine. But General MacArthur put his trust in Capt. Bulkely's little ships.

Soon after sunset on March 12 the little party started off in four motor torpedo-boats. In the early hours of the next morning the boats were separated, and most were late in arriving at the appointed rendezvous. At nightfall the boats put out to sea again, but now they were only three, as one had developed engine trouble and the passengers had to be transferred. All three ships sighted enemy destroyers, but they managed to get by undetected, and by noon they reached their second rendezvous.

Here they went ashore and pushed inland to where it had been arranged for three Flying Fortresses to pick them up. But the planes were late. After three days and nights the little party began to fear that the planes had been shot down.

But on the fourth night they heard the welcome drone of the bomber's engines and soon two Fortresses—but only two—came to land. MacArthur squeezed the whole party into the two planes, leaving perforce a quantity of baggage and arms behind. They took off at midnight on March 16 and, after flying over an area under Japanese control, managed to reach Darwin safely between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning. Making a quick transfer to another plane, they resumed the southward journey via Alice Springs.

But MacArthur was by no means the first American to arrive "down under." For weeks past, indeed, thousands of American troops and airmen had been arriving at Australian ports. The first clue to their arrival was when it was announced on Jan. 6 that "American visitors might make payments in Australian currency." Convoy after convoy of great luxury liners, cargo boats, and warships, crossed 12,000 miles of the South Pacific, dodging the submarines which tried in vain to penetrate the American Navy's protective curtain.

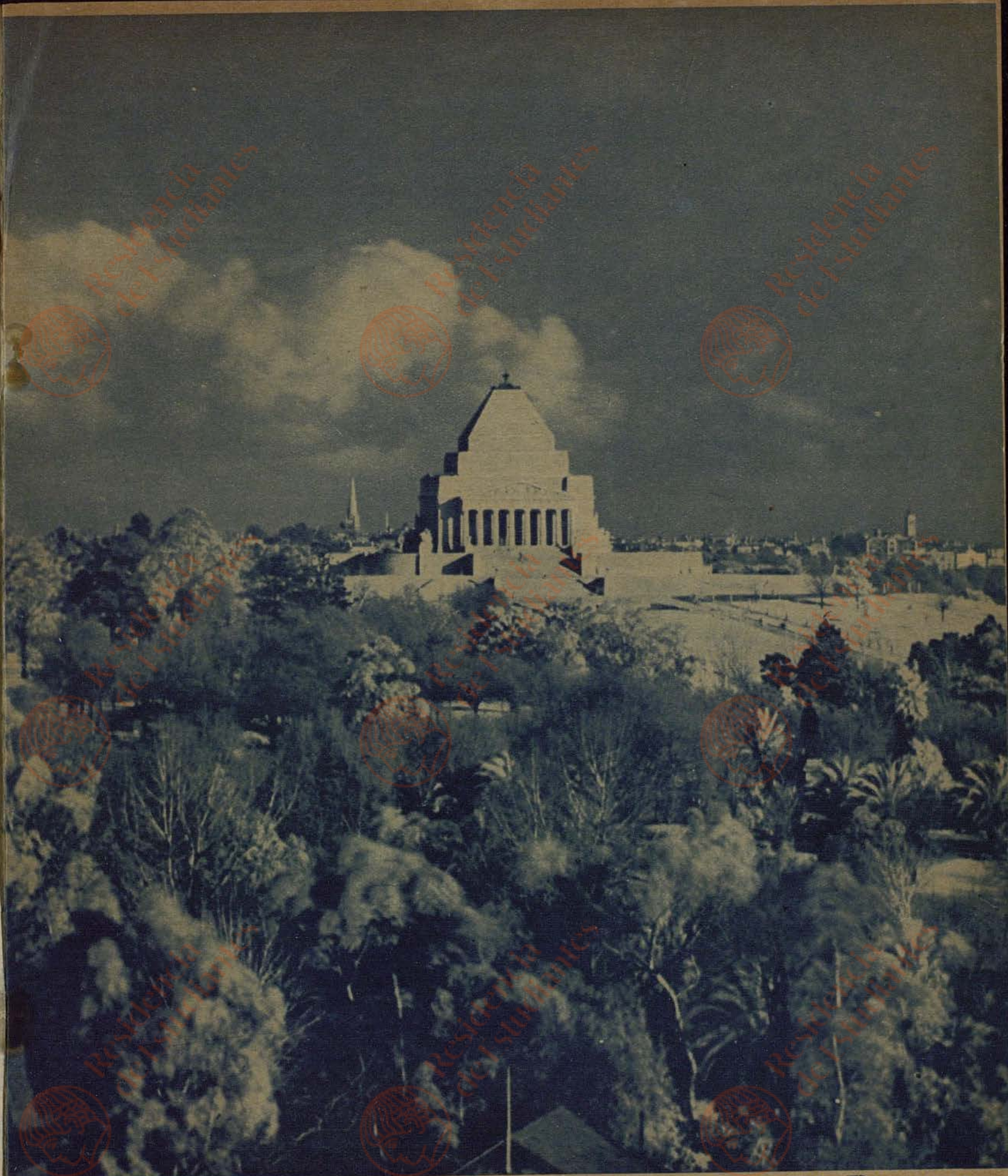
Hardly had the troopships docked when the men in Yankee uniform streamed down the gangways, followed by an endless chain of vehicles, transport trucks and guns of every calibre. As they passed through the city streets on the way to camp they were stared at, then delightedly mobbed, by the Australians, who could not do too much for the American visitors. But still their presence was not officially announced, and the Australian girls greet their new-found "dough-boy" friends with "Hullo, Official Secret, how do you like it here?"

Early in January a U.S. Army headquarters was set up in Australia, and very shortly in several of the provincial capitals American soldiers far outnumbered their Australian comrades. American airmen were there, too, in great numbers and the sight of American planes, including Kittyhawks and Flying Fortresses, became a familiar spectacle in the Australian sky. But it was not until March 17 that Mr. Stimson, the U.S. Secretary of War, announced in Washington that "units of the United States Army, including both air and ground troops in considerable numbers, are now in Australia."

It was on March 21 that General MacArthur reached Melbourne, and from his hotel he issued a statement to the press.

"I am glad" [he said], "to be in immediate cooperation with the Australian soldier. I know him well from World War days, and admire him greatly. I have every confidence of the ultimate success of our joint cause, but success in modern war requires something more than courage and willingness to die; it requires careful preparation. This means the furnishing of sufficient troops and material to meet the known strength of a potential enemy. No general can make something out of nothing. My success or failure depends primarily on the resources that the respective Governments place at my disposal."

"My faith in them," he concluded, "is complete. In any event I will do my best. I will keep the soldier's faith."



Photo, Fox

Australia Remembers—and Prepares

In the Great War the Australians played a great and noble part. The memory of those who served lives as an inspiration in the present hour of trial; it is symbolized in this impressive stone temple, the War Memorial in Melbourne. Within is a "Rock of Rememrance," so placed that a shaft of light from an aperture in the roof strikes it at 11 a.m. on November 11.











Twixt Palm-fringed Shore and Desert

Darwin, little town in Northern Territory with a peacetime population of about 1,000, is now a vital strategic base with thousands of troops stationed in and around it. 1, Engineers of the A.I.F. laying a bridge over a swamp near Darwin. The country hereabouts is of a tropical nature and the rainfall heavy. 2, Australian Light Horsemen galloping over the sand dunes of the interior.

Photos, Sport & General, Keystone

Darwin's Defenders Make Ready for War

3, Men of the A.I.F. making a clearance through the jungle for a new road. Many such roads are now being made. 4, Soldiers of the Darwin battalion marching beneath pandanus palms and gum trees in the Darwin sector. 5, Axemen of the A.I.F. Engineers, stationed near Darwin, felling trees for bridge building. Australia works as she will fight—with all the vigour of a young people.



Most Australians Live in Cities!

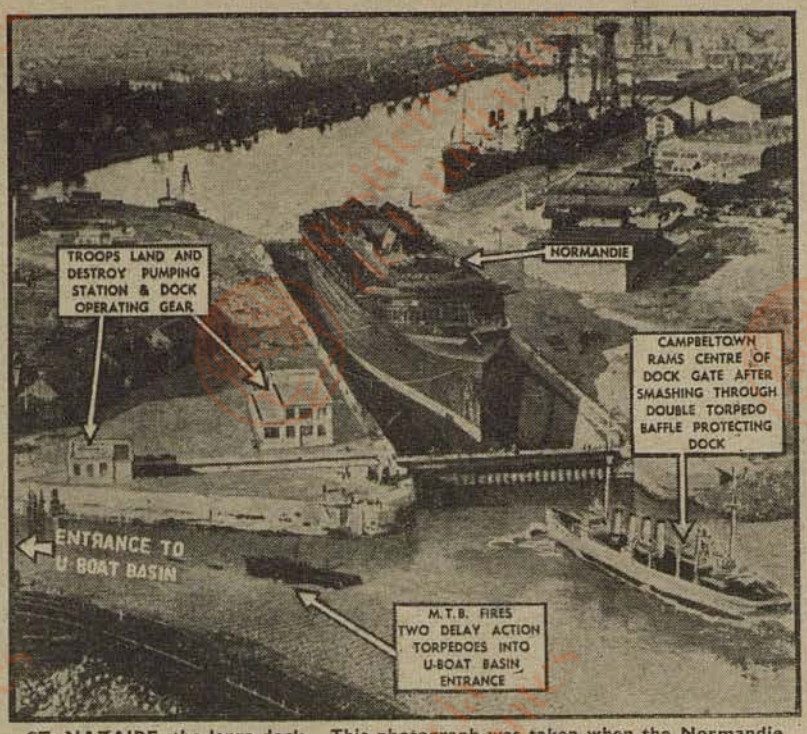
Photos, Wide World, Fox

Third largest city in the British Empire is Sydney, capital of the state of New South Wales; one of its finest residential districts is seen in the top photograph. In the centre is the old Government House, now dwarfed by modern skyscrapers. Left, Unity Building and Town Hall, Melbourne, capital of Victoria. Right, the City Hall of Brisbane, capital of Queensland.

St. Nazaire: Most Daring Raid Since Zeebrugge

Just four weeks after the raid on Bruneval, another combined operation was delivered on March 27–28, this time against the Nazi U-boat base at St. Nazaire. What follows is based on the official communiqués; accounts by Gordon Holman, Reuter's and Exchange correspondent, and other eye-witnesses, will be given in our next number.

ALL was quiet in St. Nazaire that Friday night. The tide was running high, and low clouds obscured the moon, now nearing the full. In the harbour basin German U-boats lay at anchor, where a quarter of a century ago a great host of Americans landed to help win the first Great War. Most of the town's population and the garrison were abed and asleep, but the German sentries were awake, and every now and then the searchlights swept the waters of the estuary. From north to south they wheeled and then back again, and for hours there was nothing to report. But at length—it must have been round about midnight—the probing finger of light picked out a number of darkened ships swiftly making their way through the narrow channel which lies between the shore and a line of sandbanks. At once the alarm was given, and the curtain went up on a drama such as has not been played since the Zeebrugge raid of St. George's Day in 1918.



ST. NAZAIRE, the large dock. This photograph was taken when the Normandie was there and gives an idea of the size of the dock, which is large enough to hold the German battleship Tirpitz. The picture of H.M.S. Campbeltown was superimposed to show how she rammed the dock gate. *Photo, Courtesy of The Daily Mail*

What followed has been tersely related in a series of official communiqués. The first, issued on the morning of Saturday, March 28, merely stated that "a combined operation was carried out in the early hours of this morning by units of all three Services in a small raid on St. Nazaire." The second, issued late the same evening, gave the news that a signal had been received from the raiding force which was now returning safely. Twenty-four hours later the third communiqué was much more detailed.

Carried out in the early hours of March 28 by light forces of the Royal Navy (under the command of Cmdr. R. E. D. Ryder, R.N.), Special Service Troops (led by Lt.-Col. A. C. Newman, of the Essex Regiment), and R.A.F. aircraft, the raid was primarily directed against the large dry docks and the harbour installations at St. Nazaire.

H.M.S Campbeltown (ex-American destroyer U.S.S. Buchanan), with bows specially stiffened and filled with five tons of delayed action high explosive, forced her way through the doubled torpedo baffle protecting the entrance to the lock and rammed the centre of the main lock gate. The force of the impact was such that the destroyer came to a standstill only when her bridge was abreast the gate itself. As soon as the bows of the Campbeltown were firmly wedged, Special Service Troops landed as arranged and set about the work of demolition. The pumping station and dock-operating gear were destroyed, and other demolition work was carried out according to plan.

Meanwhile a motor torpedo boat had fired two delayed action torpedoes at the entrance to the U-boat basin and a motor launch had taken off the crew of the Campbeltown. A large explosion, followed by a smaller one, was seen and heard by our returning forces at 4 a.m., which was the time the delayed action fuses were due to go off.

The raid caused panic among the enemy, who fired indiscriminately at friend and foe. The enemy's 6-in. guns sank one of their own flak ships at the time she was engaging our returning forces.

Only a small proportion of the diversionary bombing could be carried out on account of low cloud for fear of inflicting casualties on the French civilian population.

Their task accomplished, our troops commenced to withdraw in motor launches detailed for the purpose to rejoin the covering force of destroyers. Enemy machine-guns appear to have prevented the full withdrawal of some of our forces.

Five German torpedo boats came into sight and opened fire on our motor launches. The escorting destroyers drove them off and forced them to retire. (Although classed by the Germans as torpedo boats, these vessels are similar to our "S" class destroyers.) Beaufighters, Hudsons and Blenheims of Coastal Command provided air protection to our returning forces.

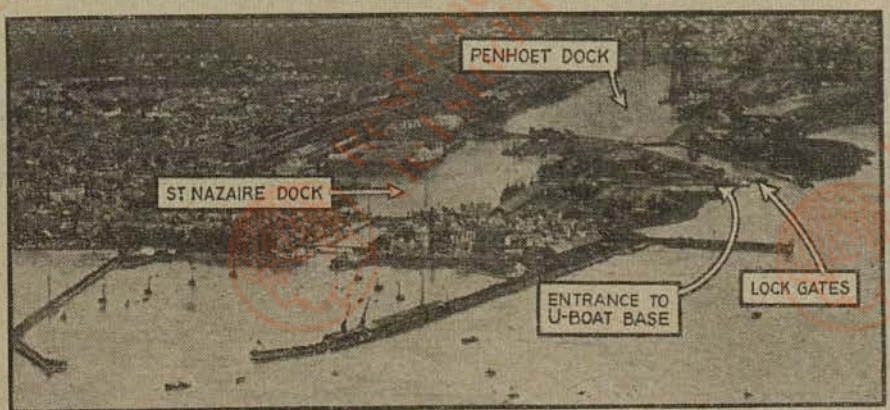


Commander R. E. D. Ryder, 34-year-old polar explorer, who commanded the naval forces in the raid on St. Nazaire. *Photo, News Chronicle*

As was only to be expected, the German High Command claimed that the raid had been a complete failure. But German war correspondents who were there paid high tribute to the British forces who had taken part in the operations. "Even after being isolated from the main force," wrote one correspondent, "certain British units continued bitter resistance. They established themselves in houses, and kept up fire from the windows, fighting with terrific fury."

Another wrote of Scottish troops who, wearing rubber-soled shoes, landed swiftly and silently on the shore without being seen by the German defenders; "they advanced on the town and established themselves in the houses, resisting every attack most stubbornly." Yet another, quoted by the official German news agency, revealed that it was not until 8 a.m. that the harbour and town were once again completely in German hands.

This last fact is eloquent of the magnificent stand made by those of the raiders who had been unable to regain the boats; it was proof that for four hours after the raid's end they maintained a fierce resistance. The Germans claimed about a hundred prisoners, and there were many casualties not only in the landing force but in the accompanying ships. When the expedition arrived back in port on Sunday, March 29, the White Ensign was flown at half-mast, and naval ratings were kept busy carrying wounded men on stretchers to the waiting ambulances. But, as Gordon Holman wrote: "The men who paid the bill were the last who counted the cost."



The docks at St. Nazaire, showing the lock gates rammed by H.M.S. Campbeltown and the entrance to the U-boat base at which delayed action torpedoes were fired. Lt.-Cmdr. Beattie, commanding the Campbeltown, was reported missing. *Photo, Associated Press*



SOLDIERS OF THE RED BANNER. In the Far East, as is told in the article in the facing page, Soviet Russia has a powerful, numerous and well-equipped army; this photograph shows a Russian patrol somewhere on the frontier between Siberia and Japanese-controlled Manchukuo. Just how strong these Red Banner armies are is a matter of conjecture, but it may be confidently assumed that they are well capable of meeting any thrust of the Japanese if the aggressive instinct of the war lords at Tokyo should embolden them to go north after their all-too-easy successes in the south. *Photo, Planet News*

Stalin Has Another Army in the Far East

"If they dare poke their pig's snout into our Soviet garden," Stalin is reported to have said once when the Japanese were adopting a particularly truculent attitude, "it will get a rap which they will never forget." This article tells of the men who may be expected to give that rap if and when it is required.

FIVE thousand miles beyond Moscow, right on the other side of Asia in the provinces that fringe the Pacific, Russia's Army of the Far East stands ready for war. Really it is three armies: the Army of the Transbaikal Military District on the Mongolian border, and the First and Second Red Banner Armies with their headquarters at Vladivostok and on the Amur river.

As long ago as 1935 the Red Army in the Far East (says Max Werner) was in a position to put about 300,000 men into the field against Japan. That was but a beginning, however, and there can be no doubt that every year that has passed has seen a considerable increase in its strength. By the autumn of 1938 it was reliably reported to have numbered over half a million. Today its field strength is reported to be a million, and some military writers are of the opinion that the Russians could put three million men into the field against the Japanese. Certain it is that in addition to the first-line troops there is a very large number of reservists—men who, after they have completed their period of service, have settled as colonists in the vast and still sparsely peopled areas which constitute the Far Eastern command. For some years past young Russians have been encouraged to enlist in the Red Banner armies. The encouragement consists not only in appeals to patriotism, to the desire for change and adventure and "see the world at the army's expense," but of pay somewhat higher than that of the ordinary Red Army man. Thus the Red Banner armies have claim to be regarded as a "corps d'élite," since they contain a very large element of the most vigorous and enterprising of Russia's young manhood. Moreover, they are reported to be particularly well supplied with all the machinery of modern war—with heavy guns in plenty, masses of light artillery, mechanized cavalry and several thousand tanks. To what extent the Red Banner armies have had to contribute in men and equipment to the war against Hitler can hardly be determined, but it seems safe to assume that their strength has not been seriously diminished.

All authorities lay stress on the fact that the Far Eastern army is entirely separate from that which is fighting so valiantly in the west; it has been the definite policy of Stalin and the Russian military authorities to create and maintain it in a state of both military and economic independence. To an almost complete extent its supplies are derived from local sources; and here we must remember that the Far Eastern provinces of the Soviet are vast in extent (some 3,000,000 square miles), of huge productive capacity, and possessed of still vaster potentialities. During the last ten or a dozen years the whole face of the Soviet Far East has been transformed. Extensive schemes of hydro-electric development have been carried out. Great towns—Khabarovsk, capital of the Far Eastern Territory, and Komsomolsk, a centre of the machine-tool industry, Cheremkhovo on the Baikal coal-field—have arisen on the sites of obscure villages or in the heart of the unpeopled *taiga*. Steel plants and coal mines provide some of the most important of war's raw materials; while oil, that other prime essential, comes by pipeline from the Russian (northern) half of the island of Sakhalin. Save perhaps for wheat the Far East Regions provide all the foodstuffs required for their population and the Army, while in Vladivostok huge canneries have been established to deal with tremendous quantities of fish—today as in the past one of the most important elements in the Russian soldier's diet. Then the Far Eastern Command has its own shipyards, its own plane factories, and its own plant for the production and repair of tanks and other war vehicles.

Doubling the Trans-Siberian

None of this development would have been possible unless it had gone hand in hand with an immense extension of the transport system. At the time of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok was a single track, so that only a one-way traffic was possible; the goods trucks as they arrived at the Far Eastern terminus were flung off the line and dumped. Lack of supplies was one of the main reasons for Russia's defeat in that war of a generation ago, but such a situation should never arise again. By 1938 the Trans-Siberian railway's tremendous length had been double-tracked, and work is now proceeding on the treble-tracking of considerable lengths. Moreover, a new Siberian railway is being, or has been, constructed, running to the north of the old line, from Taishet in Central Siberia through Bodaibo and Komsomolsk to Sovietskaya, on the Pacific facing Sakhalin. Connecting links between the two railways have been built, in particular one between Komsomolsk and Khabarovsk. The road system, too, has been developed in the most revolutionary fashion, since there is now a network of motor-roads linking all the centres of industry and of strategy in the Far East, from Outer Mongolia to the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk. Werner describes this road building as probably the biggest strategical transport feat of our generation.

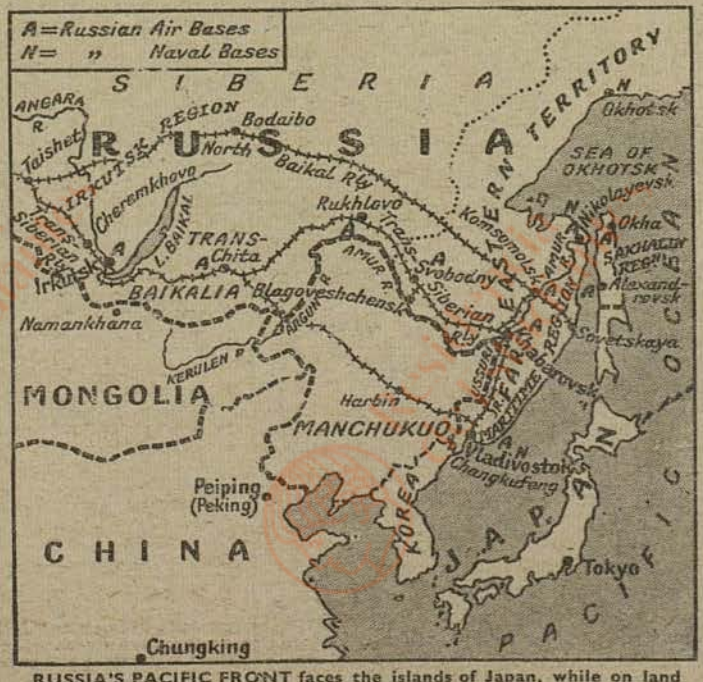


Marshal V. BLUECHER, mystery man of the Soviet Army, whose name has been associated, rightly or not no one yet knows, with the Red Armies in the Far East. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Guarding the vital Trans-Siberian and North Baikal railways is a vast and powerful defence system running from Vladivostok to Lake Baikal and hugging the Amur and Ussuri rivers where they form the border with Japanese-controlled Manchukuo. Built between 1932 and 1937, this Far Eastern Maginot Line is reported to be three miles deep and to include 5,000 concrete pill-boxes armed with cannon and machine-guns and numerous gas-proof and bomb-proof subterranean chambers. Behind this fortified zone are sited a number of aerodromes (see map).

Vladivostok is the main base of Russia's Far Eastern fleet, since it is the only Russian port in the Pacific which is ice-free, or can be kept free by ice-breakers, throughout the year. Of late years its repair yards have been extended and a floating-dock installed. At the same time a new town and port has been brought into being at Sovietskaya, while a new naval base has been constructed at Nikolayevsk at the mouth of the Amur river. Yet another new naval base is at Petropavlovsk in Kamchatka.

To end on a personal note, who are the Soviet commanders in the Far East? That is an official secret, but two men have been associated for years past with that vital region: Marshal Vassili Bluecher and General Grigori Stern. Bluecher is a man in his early forties who was largely responsible for the establishment of the Soviet Mongolian Republic, after which he commanded the Communist armies in China which were cooperating with General Chiang Kai-shek. Stern is not yet forty, but, according to report, he fought for the Government in the Spanish Civil War, and in 1938 was recalled to Russia to become Bluecher's chief-of-staff. In 1938 he was in command of the Soviet forces which defeated the Japanese in the battle of Changkufeng on the Manchukuo border, and again in the next year in Outer Mongolia. At the beginning of last year he was reported to be bringing the Russian defences in the Far East into a still higher state of efficiency, ready for the day when (so the Russians have long anticipated) the Japanese war lords go north as well as south.



RUSSIA'S PACIFIC FRONT faces the islands of Japan, while on land it runs for many hundreds of miles with that of Japanese-controlled Manchukuo. Of particular interest, then, are the Russian air and naval bases shown in this map. From Vladivostok to Tokyo is some 700 miles.

Our Diary of the War

FRIDAY, MAR. 20, 1942 *930th day*

Russian Front.—Fighting fiercest around Leningrad and west of Staraya Russa.

Mediterranean.—Heavy air attacks on shipping in the Grand Harbour at Malta.

Far East.—Jap forces advanced along the Markham valley of New Guinea from Lae. Port Moresby raided by Jap bombers. In Burma, Chinese cavalry inflicted considerable casualties on a mixed enemy force.

Home.—Bombs dropped after dark by enemy bombers in S.W. England.

SATURDAY, MAR. 21 *931st day*

Russian Front.—Heavy fighting in the Donetz sector. Russians reported nearing Orel.

Mediterranean. — Admiralty announced sinking of two large enemy supply ships in Central Mediterranean by British submarine. Malta defences destroyed 17 enemy aircraft in heaviest raids of the year.

Africa.—Free French H.Q. announced that Gen. Leclerc's columns had raided new Italian outposts in Zuila-Temessa district, N.E. of Murzuk.

Far East.—In Burma, heavy fighting around railway junction of Letpadan. Japs advancing towards Toungoo. Derby and Broome, in W. Australia, attacked by enemy aircraft. Allied bombers raided Rabaul; hits scored on two enemy cruisers.

SUNDAY, MAR 22. *932nd day*

Sea.—Naval forces under Rear-Adm. Vian, covering passage of a convoy through Mediterranean, made contact with an Italian force. Italian battleship torpedoed and set on fire; two cruisers damaged. British losses, one merchant ship sunk; one destroyer hit.

Russian Front.—Moscow announced 12,000 Germans killed in ten-day battle on the Kalinin front.

Africa.—Cairo announced that mobile columns of the 8th Army had carried out a successful two-day raid behind Rommel's lines in Libya.

Far East.—Japs made daylight raid on Darwin and Katherine. Allied planes heavily bombed Lae in New Guinea.

General.—Sir Stafford Cripps arrived in India.

MONDAY, MAR. 23 *933rd day*

Russian Front.—Russian forces reported to have surrounded Novgorod.

Mediterranean.—Admiralty announced two U-boats, two supply ships, six schooners and a motor transport vessel sunk by British submarines.

Far East.—At least 12 enemy planes destroyed in attack on Mingaladon aerodrome. U.S. Navy Dept. announced that a U.S submarine had sunk three Jap ships and damaged two others in Japanese waters. Port Moresby raided by Jap planes. Japanese occupied the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal.

Home.—Night raids over S.E. Coast. Two enemy aircraft destroyed.

TUESDAY, MAR. 24 *934th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made daylight attack on power station at Comines, near Lille, and other objectives in N. France.

Russian Front.—No material change. Heavy fighting in Donetz sector and on the Kerch peninsula.

Far East.—Heavy raid on Port Moresby. In Philippines, Corregidor raided by 54 Japanese heavy bombers. Three shot down. A.V.G. bombers attacked enemy airfields at Chiengmai and Lambhun, in Siam. Chinese forces in Burma resisting Jap drive to Toungoo.

Home.—Night raids over S. Coast. Formation of a General Staff for War Production announced.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 25 *935th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweep over N. France. Heavy night raid on Essen and targets in the Ruhr. Daylight attack on shipyards at Le Trait, west of Rouen. Night attacks on docks at St. Nazaire.

Mediterranean.—Heavy air raids on harbour at Malta. Three enemy aircraft destroyed, 3 probably destroyed and 8 seriously damaged. Many others hit.

Far East.—U.S. Navy Dept. announced successful naval raids on Wake Island and Marcus Island by Vice-Adm. Halsey's Pacific Fleet "Task Force." Chinese forces threatened with being cut off on Toungoo front in Burma. Port Moresby again raided.

THURSDAY, MAR. 26 *936th day*

Air.—R.A.F. attacked shipping and docks at Le Havre in daylight. Eight German fighters destroyed. Night raids on Ruhr. Daylight attacks on oil refinery near Ghent and airfields in Holland.

Russian Front.—Germans lost at least 14 aircraft in heavy raid over Murmansk. Soviet troops made further progress in Leningrad sector.

Mediterranean.—Violent air raid on Malta. Four enemy bombers shot down, another probably destroyed and four damaged.

Far East. — Chinese troops defending Toungoo against heavy Japanese attacks. Chinese troops advancing towards Jap bases at Tangaw and Heighong, in Siam. In Philippines, Corregidor raided seven times in twenty-four hours. Allied bombers raided Jap shipping at Kupang, Timor.

Home.—Night bombs on N.E. Coast.

FRIDAY, MAR. 27 *937th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers with fighter escort attacked objectives at Ostend. Night attack on aerodromes in Low Countries.

Russian Front.—Russians made combined land, sea and air attack behind German lines at Murmansk, where Nazis were preparing an offensive.

Far East.—Twentieth raid on Port Moresby. In Burma, Jap forces continued their pressure against Chinese and British units around Toungoo.

Home.—Daylight "hit-and-run" raids on S.W. Coast. Night bombs on N.E. Coast and E. Anglia.

General.—General Sir Thomas Blamey appointed Commander-in-Chief of the allied land forces in Australia. President of the Philippines' arrival in Australia officially announced. Another attempt made on the life of Marcel Déat, leader of pro-Nazi National Popular Party in France.

SATURDAY, MAR. 28 *938th day*

Air.—Fierce air battle over Channel. At least 13 German aircraft destroyed for the loss of 5 British planes. Heavy night raid on Lubeck. R.A.F. dropped leaflets on Paris.

Far East.—Japanese making great effort to capture Toungoo.

General.—Attack by British Navy, Army and Air units on the German naval base at St. Nazaire. Main dock gate blown up by ramming it with an ex-American destroyer (H.M.S. Campbeltown) filled with tons of high explosive. Special Service troops carried out prearranged demolitions in the dockyards. Bulgaria declared war on Russia. H.M. the King broadcast to the nation.

SUNDAY, MAR. 29 *939th day*

Air.—Coastal Command made night attack on enemy shipping off Norwegian coast. Fighters made offensive sweep over N. France.

Russian Front.—Big German counter-attack in Kalinin sector smashed after five-day battle. Heavy Soviet attacks in Donetz area.

Far East.—Toungoo, in Burma, partly evacuated by Chinese forces. Japanese force striking west of the Irrawaddy threatened Prome.

Home.—Single raider dropped bombs at night in E. Anglia.

General.—British proposals for India announced in New Delhi.

MONDAY, MAR. 30 *940th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M.S. Naiad, 5,450 ton cruiser.

Russian Front.—Russians recaptured an extensive district in the Smolensk area. Heavy Soviet attacks north-east of Taganrog.

Far East.—Jap forces driven back on Irrawaddy front by British tanks. Chinese still holding part of Toungoo. In the Philippines a new Japanese attack repulsed with heavy losses. Darwin raided by Japanese aircraft.

General.—Sir Stafford Cripps broadcast to India's peoples from New Delhi. Anti-war riots reported at Sofia.

TUESDAY, MAR. 31 *941st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced safe arrival at Murmansk of important convoy for Russia despite four German attempts to annihilate it. Three U-boats were severely damaged, if not sunk. The enemy lost one, possibly two, destroyers.

Russian Front.—34 inhabited places on the Kalinin front recaptured by Soviet troops in two days' fighting. On Donetz front, Kharkov reported encircled by Russian troops. Moscow communiqué announced sinking of a U-boat and an enemy transport in Barents Sea.

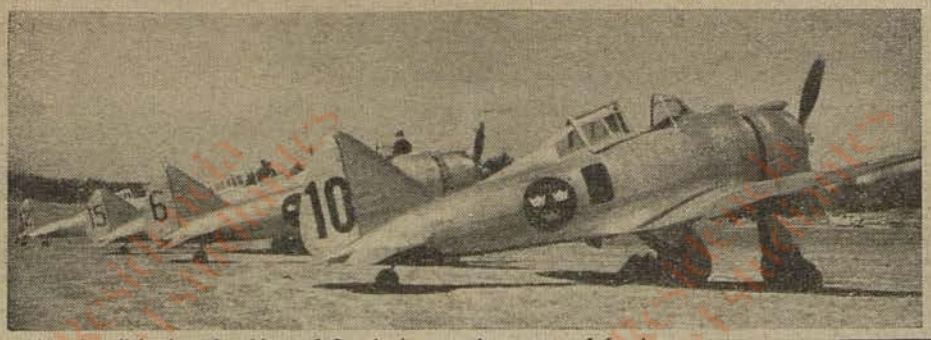
Far East.—Heavy fighting at Shwedaung, 10 miles south of Prome, in Burma. Battle for Toungoo, on the Mandalay road, still raging. In Australia, Japanese planes raided Darwin. R.A.A.F. bombers blasted airfield at Koepang, Dutch Timor.

General.—Australian Army reorganized in two commands.



H.M. Submarine TALISMAN comes home. Her successes in the Mediterranean are denoted by her own "Jolly Roger." The bars represent enemy supply ships sunk, the transfixed U the sinking of an enemy submarine, the crossed guns and star denotes a gun action with an Italian destroyer and the dagger another successful exploit. *Photo, British Official*

Is Sweden Next on Hitler's Programme?

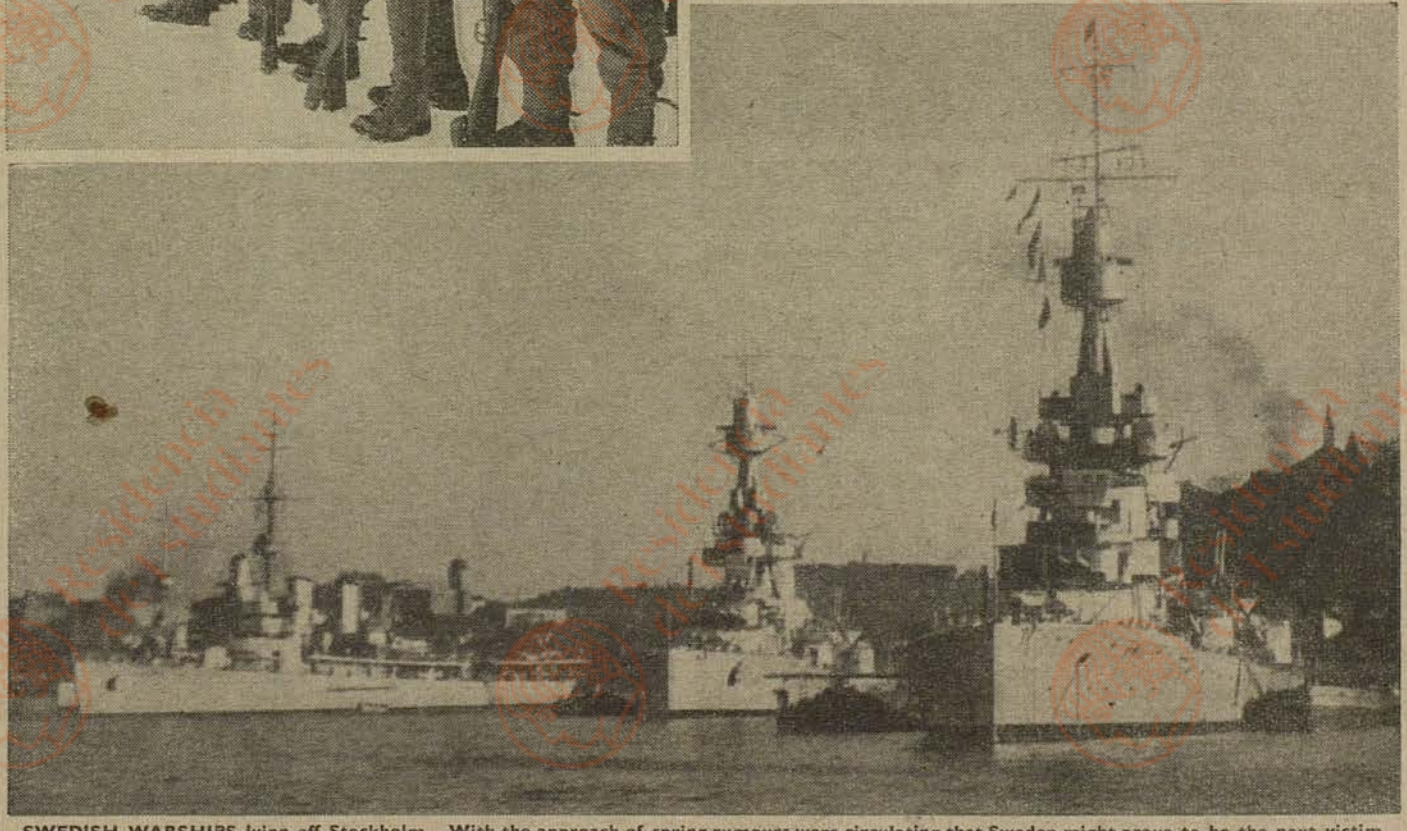


New Swedish aircraft. Most of Sweden's aeroplanes are of foreign type built under licence, though the aircraft department of the Götaverken builds training planes of its own design.





SWEDISH TROOPS on Gottland, big island in the Baltic. These soldiers are at musketry practice before the old town wall of Visby, seaport of Gottland. Left, men of Sweden's "Home Guard," who would augment her standing army in case of invasion.



SWEDISH WARSHIPS lying off Stockholm. With the approach of spring rumours were circulating that Sweden might prove to be the next victim of a Nazi attack. Sweden has a small but useful fleet—it is stated to include two cruisers, three coast defence ships which may be classed as battleships, and a number of smaller vessels—which Germany would no doubt like to gain control of, but Sweden has had time to put her defences in order, and it is unlikely that a German attack would go unchallenged.

Photos, L.N.A., Black Star, Keystone

Those Magnificent Men of the 'Red Duster'

Raising in the House of Commons on March 19 the question of the Mercantile Marine, Mr. A. P. Herbert urged that a message of good will, hope, admiration, and gratitude should be sent to the gallant officers and men who are facing such great dangers. Several spoke in support, but an appeal for a Royal Commission to inquire into seamen's conditions was rejected.

PERHAPS the greatest story of the war is that which tells of the part that is being played by the Merchant Navy. But for this mysterious flotilla of all sizes and conditions, pitching, tossing, fighting—and alas, sometimes sinking—in the Seven Seas; but for a devoted band of sailors who have made up their minds to "deliver the goods" or die, Britain herself would have been sunk.

When the average longshoreman talks glibly about the Battle of the Atlantic, which has been variously won, lost and won again, has he the faintest conception what it means? The veil is occasionally lifted. So many tons of shipping have been destroyed in so many months. Another chapter in the chronicle of sublime courage appears in the newspapers. Something almost incredibly brave and grand, like the epic fight of the Jervis Bay, echoes across the vicious Atlantic. We read of men on rafts under a pitiless sun in a sea infested with sharks, men singing and joking as if they were enjoying a Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath. In Arctic latitudes sailors in open boats laugh and try to cheer each other as the food and water fail and the cold paralyses their limbs. And all this because Britons are so brave and kind and patriotic that they are willing, happily willing, to face every conceivable horror so that their country shall live.



Even in peacetime it is a hard life to be a merchant sailor. Ten to one the elements are against you. Food is none too good, ships are old, and working conditions are sometimes as foul as the weather. But in time of war it is one long gamble with ubiquitous death.

Then there are books which tell of the endless struggle against odds, Nature's and the enemy's. One such is Warren Armstrong's The Red Duster at War (Gollancz). Mr. Armstrong tells us that "*effective* tonnage for carrying foodstuffs and raw materials and troops at the outbreak of this war was barely 14,000,000 gross tons, as compared with 17,500,000 tons in 1914." To confront and shoulder responsibilities immensely greater than in 1914 we possessed 2,000 fewer vessels in 1937–8—28 per cent of the world's tonnage instead of 44 per cent!

We had lost after nineteen months of war 5,500,000 tons of shipping, more than three times as much as was sunk in a similar period of the last war.

These figures speak volumes both as to the suicidal policy which allowed our merchant shipping to rot in peacetime, and of the heroism and resource of the Merchant Navy since the Germans resumed their traditional plan of murder on the high seas by sinking the Athenia on the very first day of the war. A merchant seaman quoted by Mr. Armstrong puts the position regarding the decline and fall of tonnage into forcible language:

"When there was stink of war in the air wherever you went, and when every damned country was building battleships, aeroplanes, guns and tanks, and raising new and bigger armies, navies and air forces—and when Britain had forgotten to think in terms of merchant ships! Show me the battleship that can fight, the bomber that can fly, or the tank that can go into action—the armies, navies or air forces that can be moved, clothed, munitioned, fed and maintained—*or the munition factories that can work without the existence of an adequate Merchant fleet!* and you'd be showing me something worth looking at! *Wasn't* that the real position in 1938, less than a year before we were at war again? And what was happening? Economic experts seriously planned a more or less wholesale lay-up of U.K. merchant shipping!"

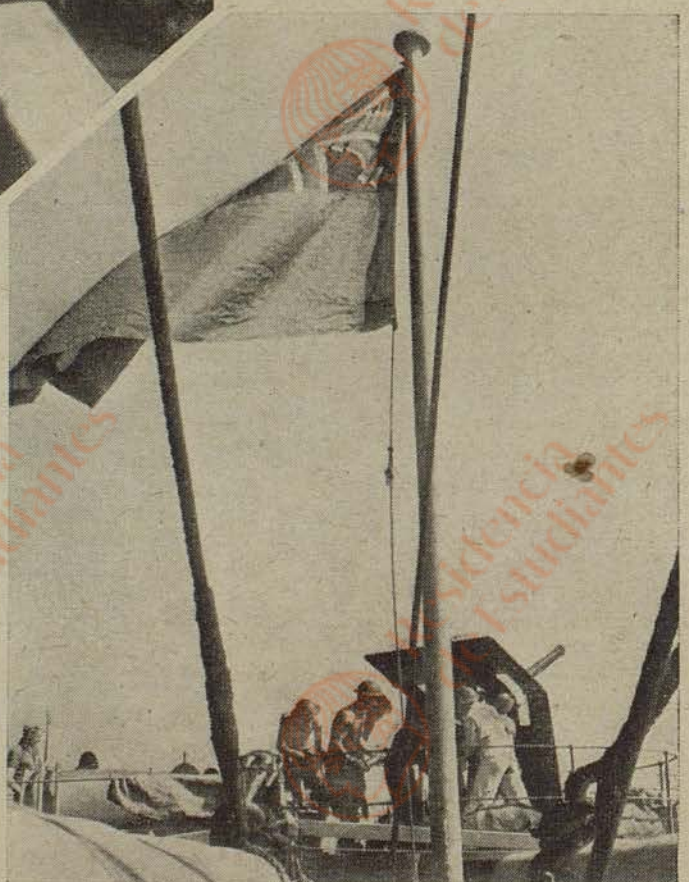
While the public was being regaled with picturesque stories of the launching of the new luxury liners, the Mauretania and the Queen Elizabeth, the shipbuilding industry as a whole was coming to a standstill and thousands of skilled men had drifted and were drifting away into other industries. What was wanted was a large number of small vessels between 1,500 and 5,000 gross tons, "which includes the general utility tramp-steamers *on which we must rely for supplies both of food and raw materials*," and it was precisely in this category that the 2,000 reduction between 1914 and 1939 was made.

Only a few men seemed to realize that when the new war began Britain would be dangerously handicapped unless she greatly increased the number of merchant ships. In a Parliamentary debate at the end of 1938 Lt.-Cdr. Fletcher (now Lord Winster) uttered a reminder of our lack in this respect. How were we to bring in three-quarters of our food, the raw materials, essential for munitions, to transport our troops, and to feed 4,000,000 more mouths in this country than during the last war? In 1914 we imported 646,000,000 gallons of petroleum. In 1935 those imports had gone up to 2,808,000,000 gallons.

While Britain was laying up ships our foreign competitors were building and subsidizing. Our shipping trade was sinking to zero. The Japanese took 61 per cent of the Calcutta–Japan business, which was *wholly* British in 1911. Between 75 and 92 per cent of our coal exports was carried in foreign ships. It is almost beyond belief that at the end of 1938 Britain, within a year of a fight for her very life, was last on the list in regard to shipping construction. The United States was top with 420,931 tons, Germany came second with 381,304. Then came Japan, the Netherlands, Italy, Denmark and Sweden, with poor little Britain "knocking up" the grand total of 71,156 tons.

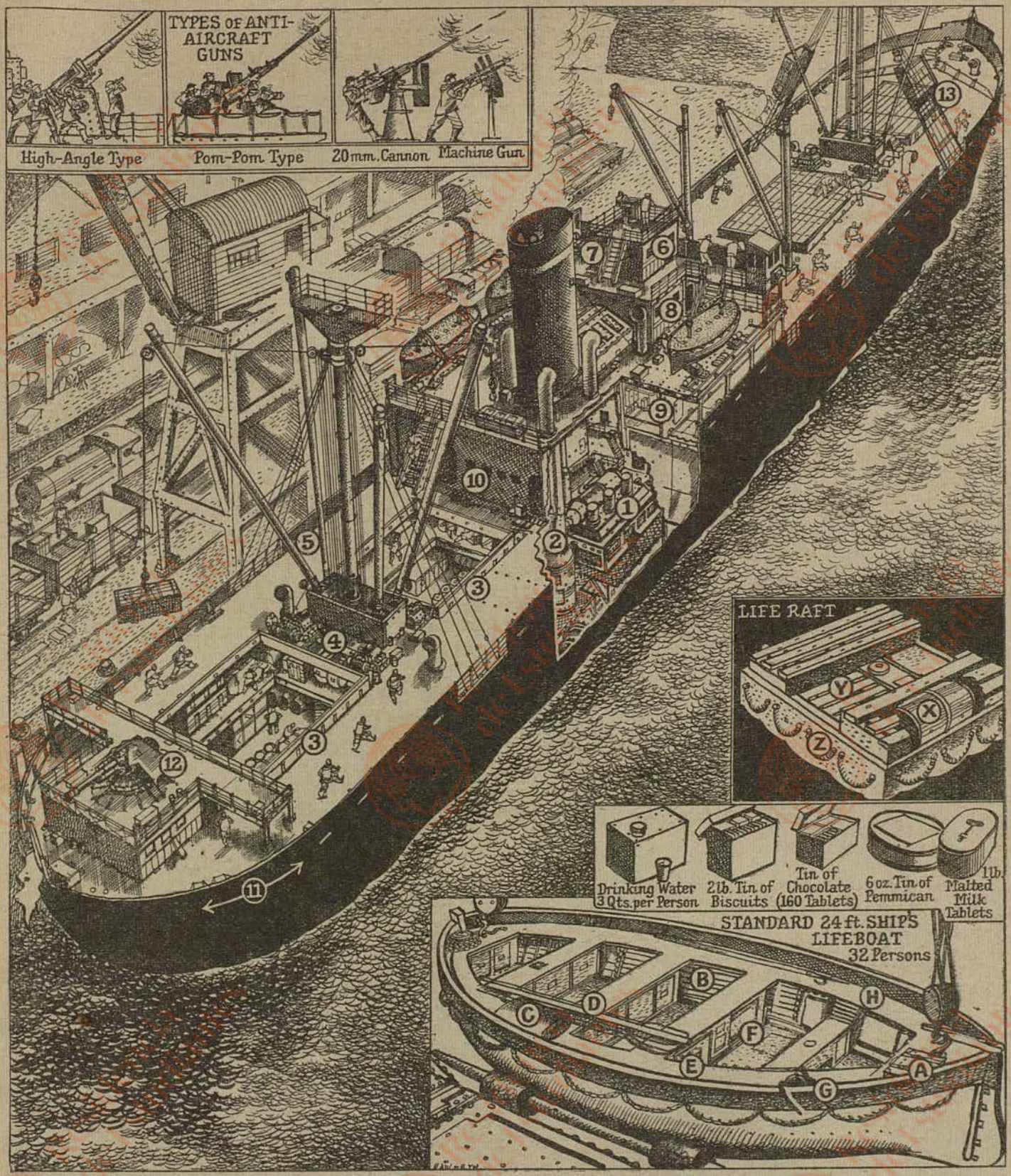
Since then things have, of course, changed for the better. But it obviously needed a great war to redeem our birthright—the command of the sea; and that we have done this is a great tribute to all concerned in the tradition of the Red Duster. As soon as their country was in danger the merchant sailors came flocking back to the flag.

As Mr. Armstrong poignantly says: "The spirit of the Merchant Navy has never failed. Because it has not failed, let there not be built a companion memorial to that which was erected on Tower Hill after the world war of 1914, to commemorate the bravery of our Merchant seamen. *Rather let Britain give her Merchant Navy a better, a far more practical memorial. Let us, at long last, give our Merchant Seamen a square deal!*"



THEY 'DELIVER THE GOODS,' these men of the Merchant Service, whether it is food for Britain's larder or supplies for our fighting men. Above, gun drill under the Red Ensign. Top, all hands to the boats during practice drill on a merchant ship. *Photos, British Official*

On Such Ships As This Britain's Cause Depends



OUR DEPENDENCE UPON SHIPPING, not only to bring supplies and food across the Atlantic, but also to carry war material and soldiers to the many battle fronts, is well known. To offset the losses incurred at sea, ships are being launched at an ever-increasing rate, which has been made possible by standardization and simplification of design and construction of the tramp steamers which form our vast carrying fleet.

Britain has always excelled in the building of tramp steamers, and this drawing shows a typical product of our shipyards unloading cargo at a busy port.

Interesting features of this type of ship are : (1) Comparatively small and compact main engines of approx. 2,000 b.h.p. Fuel oil and fresh water are in tanks below engine-room. (2) Exhaust-heated steam boiler which supplies power to all auxiliary machinery. (3) Two of the four large cargo holds which have a capacity of over 500,000 cubic feet. (4) Steam winches. (5) Cargo-hauling derricks, each capable of hauling 2 tons. All holds, hatches and derricks are standard pattern, thus making for rapid assembly. (6) Wheel-house (protected against M.G. fire). (7) Wireless room. (8) Captain's cabin. (9) Engineers' and officers' cabin. (10) Galley. (11) Crew space in the 'tween decks. (12) Anti-U-boat gun. Various types of anti-aircraft guns used for defending merchant ships are shown in the inset drawing. (13) Two life rafts are slung ready for speedy launching in an emergency. A similar raft is seen in the small inset—this type can support at least 20 persons : X, one of two buoyancy drums ; Y, wooden framework ; Z, lifelines.

The standard 24 ft. lifeboat is provisioned as follows: 14 tins of biscuits, 14 tins of chocolate, 75 tins of pemmican, 28 tins of malted milk tablets, with 3 quarts of water per person. This works out at 14 oz. of food per person.

Regulation Equipment : A, portable wireless transmitter ; B, stays for canvas boat cover ; C, cover ; D, oars and mats ; E and F, provision lockers and water tanks (other similar ones elsewhere on the boat) ; G, manual pump ; H, kapok-filled buoyancy chambers. Much other relevant equipment is carried, including boat-repairing equipment, blankets and massage oil. At least one lifeboat is motor-driven.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

David Fights Goliath in the Mediterranean

"That one of the most powerful modern battleships afloat, attended by 2 heavy and 4 light cruisers and a flotilla, should have been routed and put to flight with severe torpedo and gunfire injury, in broad daylight, by a force of 5 British light cruisers and destroyers, constitutes a naval episode of the highest distinction, and entitles all ranks and ratings concerned and, above all, their commander, to the compliments of the British nation."—Mr. Churchill

FOR the days and nights of many weeks Malta had been bombed. Now supplies were running short. The arsenals had to be replenished, the storehouses refilled, the tanks refuelled. So from Alexandria convoys were dispatched.

One convoy left "Alex" on March 20, accompanied by a squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet commanded by Rear-Adm. P. L. Vian. Throughout that day and most of the next it ploughed on its way through heavy seas and foul weather. But at dusk on March 21 five German transport planes, escorted by an Me.110, on the way to Crete from Libya, spotted the mass of ships. Swiftly the enemy sped on to their destination, but as they went they sent back a message of what they had seen. In the convoy they knew then what to expect; the next day, they realized, would bring against them the Nazi dive-bombers and, perchance, the Italian fleet. Their anticipations were fully justified, but until Sunday afternoon the convoy kept on its course until it had arrived 150 miles S.E. of Malta. Here the naval battle was joined.

Early on Sunday afternoon (said an Admiralty communiqué issued on March 25) an enemy force consisting of four cruisers was sighted to the northward. The enemy was at once attacked by our light cruisers and destroyers under the command of Rear-Adm. P. L. Vian, D.S.O. The enemy was driven off without having inflicted any damage to our convoy, its escorts, or its covering force.

Soon after 4.30 p.m. Admiral Vian again sighted the enemy. This time the enemy consisted of one battleship of the Littorio class, two heavy 8-inch-gun cruisers, and four other cruisers, accompanied by destroyers. Despite the great disparity of force, Admiral Vian at once led his light cruisers and destroyers to the attack, in order to drive them away from the convoy. During the brilliant action which followed our destroyers delivered a torpedo attack on the enemy, closing the powerful enemy squadron to a range of three miles before firing their torpedoes. In pressing home this attack the destroyers received valuable support from our light cruisers.

This determined attack against a greatly superior force not only inflicted serious damage on the enemy but threw him into confusion and forced him to retire without having made contact with our convoy. The Littorio class battleship was seen to be hit amidships by a torpedo. She was also hit by gunfire from our cruisers and set on fire aft. Severe damage was also inflicted upon one enemy cruiser, and a second enemy cruiser was hit.

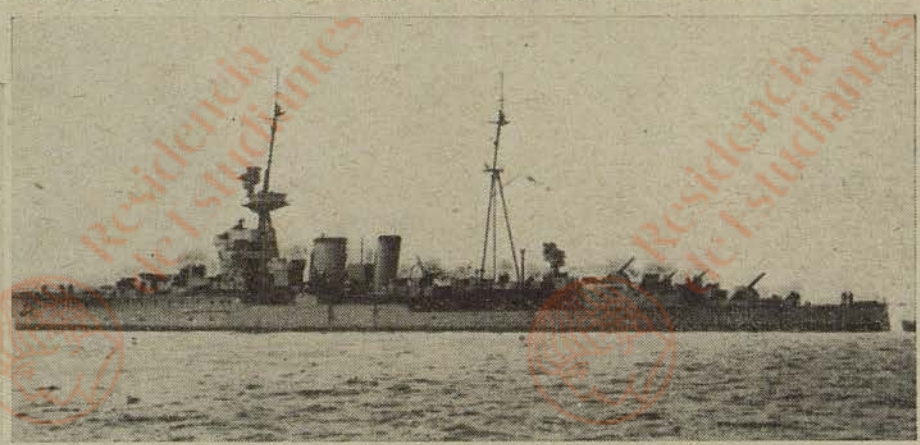
By the skilful use of smoke screens our force avoided serious damage. Some damage was, however, suffered by one of our cruisers and three of our destroyers. Casualties were not heavy.

Suddenly, shortly before 2.30 p.m., the look-out spotted several suspicious vessels on the horizon. Admiral Vian left part of his force to guard the convoy, and sheered off with the remainder to engage the enemy. Battle ensigns were run up at the mastheads and all ships increased speed. Ploughing through heavy seas in battle formation, with their flags streaming in sunshine and the high wind, our ships were an inspiring sight as they raced into action.

A few minutes later the enemy ships, now fifteen miles away, were identified as three cruisers, and the British force immediately laid a smoke screen to hide the convoy and our own positions. The enemy also began to lay a smoke screen. He opened fire at 2.35 p.m. at twelve miles away, the first salvo falling over a mile from us. The second salvo was nearer, and the third 600 yards away. By now we had increased speed to 30 knots, and the sound of the wind tearing through our rigging almost drowned the thump of the enemy guns.

Having closed range sufficiently, we opened fire at the enemy cruisers. For several minutes the world became just a turmoil of stifling black and yellow smoke. Ear-splitting gunfire, whistling shells, and shouted orders, and through all this I could hear the hiss of our shells as they left the guns. Several more aircraft attacked us, and





Above, the British Anti-Aircraft ship Curaçoa (4,290 tons). Ex-cruisers, converted into anti-aircraft ships, were amongst the British squadron which drove off a superior Italian force when it tried to smash a Malta-bound convoy on March 22. The British force was under Rear-Adm. Philip Vian, seen below on the bridge of his old ship, the Cossack. He was made K.B.E. for this action. *Photos, British Official*

Among the eye-witnesses of what he aptly described as a "'David-and-Goliath battle" was Reuter's Special Correspondent; he watched it from the bridge of Rear-Adm. Vian's flagship.

Our first encounter (he wrote) came at 9.30 in the morning, when four Italian Savoia torpedo-bombers, flying close to the water, launched a fruitless attack against our destroyer screen. Small groups of torpedo planes made five or six more attacks, during the morning, but all their "fish" were easily avoided. The one excuse they can offer is the fearsome barrage put up by our ships. The first German plane to appear was a Junkers 88, which dropped four red flares ahead of us at 1 p.m., soon after we had finished our action station lunch of sandwiches and tangerines. This was quickly followed by more Junkers 88s and Italian aircraft, but all the bombs and torpedoes missed.

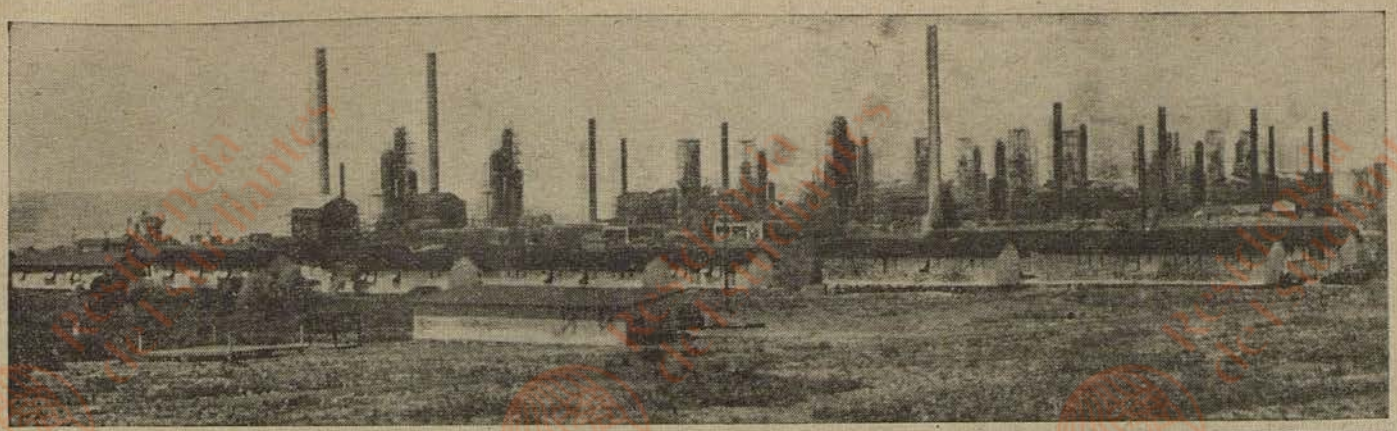
through a break in the smoke I saw a Junkers 88 waltzing away to avoid our fire. Now numerous bombers attacking the convoy were faintly visible in the distance . . .

At 4.22 p.m. I heard the most reassuring sound of the day, a voice ordering the cooks to the galley to make tea. But the lull was short, for at 4.40 we sighted the enemy again. This time they included a battleship. Immediately afterwards we were hit. A swirl of smoke and bits of burning cloth enveloped me . . . Above the din I heard the Gunnery Officer urging on his men with exhortations like "Beat it up," "Let's show 'em what we can do."

Reward came when one of our shells hit the battleship, apparently holing her quarter-deck, through which flames shot up close to the after turret, preventing it from firing. All the time the Admiral and the Captain, their faces blackened by smoke, were directing operations with uncanny calm. Towards the end of the action the destroyers went in and launched torpedoes. We also made a torpedo attack within range. At 6.45 p.m. came news that the enemy was turning away, but fire was exchanged until nightfall, when we had a final visit from the torpedo bombers.

"Then in the darkness we rejoined the convoy," concluded the correspondent, "which was safe and sound in spite of the air attacks to which it had been subjected while we were grappling with the fleet."

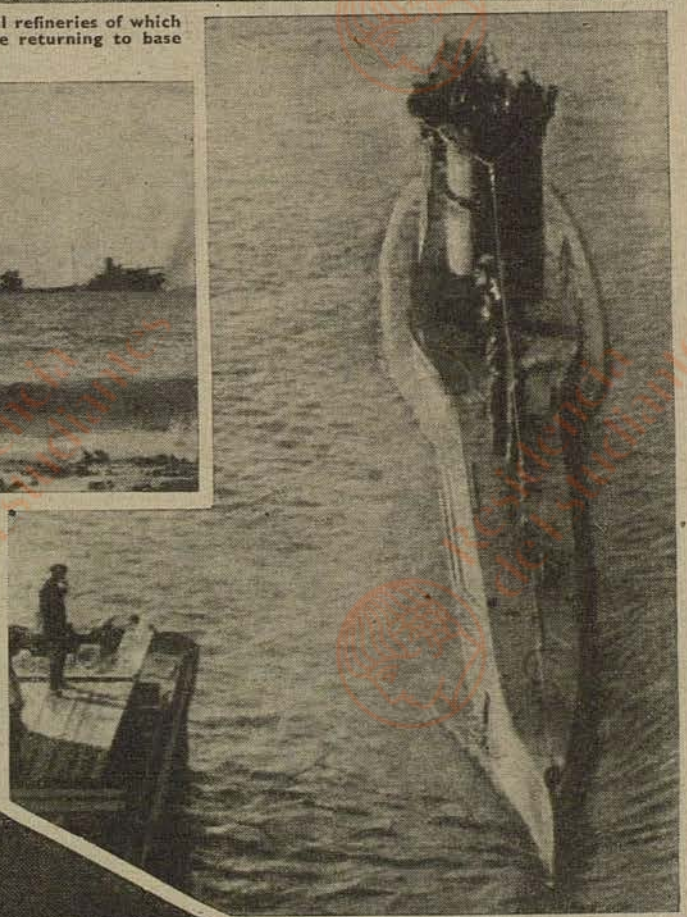
U-boats Take War to the Dutch West Indies



ARUBA, island of the Dutch West Indies off the coast of Venezuela, the oil refineries of which have been shelled by German U-boats. Below right, a German submarine returning to base after cruising in American waters.



A Dutch marine stands guard near an unexploded torpedo on the beach at Aruba. In the background a British tanker, struck by another torpedo during a U-boat raid on shipping in the area, is being taken in tow.







BLAZING OIL lights up the night sky over Aruba as a tanker burns after being hit by a German torpedo during a submarine raid on the island on Feb. 15. Left, the tanker photographed from a bombing plane which was sent out on a search for the U-boat.

Photos, Sport & General, Associated Press, Keystone

Fortunate Few Who Escaped From Hongkong



A Petty Officer of the Royal Navy who escaped from Hongkong with Admiral Chan Chak's party. He wears a Chinese identification note.

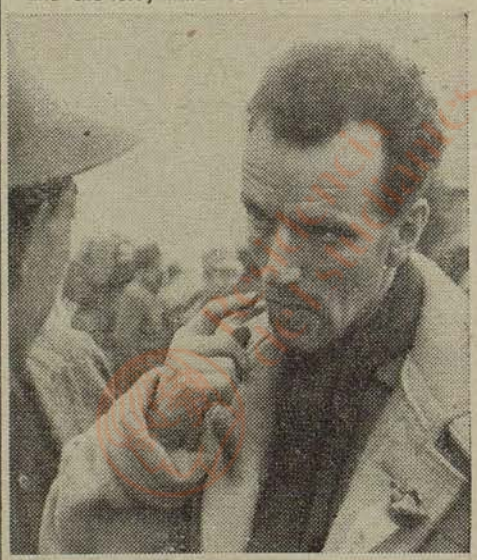
ON Christmas Day 1941, 83 Britons and Chinese from Hongkong made a bold bid for safety and ran the gauntlet of the Japanese in five motor torpedo-boats, one of which was sunk, with the loss of 16 on board.

The original party comprised 26 British officers, 35 other ranks, one civilian (Mr. MacDougall), and 21 Chinese. Their escape was largely due to the courage and resourcefulness of the one-legged Chinese Admiral Chan Chak, liaison officer between Chinese and British authorities. The 67 survivors landed on the coast of Kwangtung.



Members of the party which escaped from Hongkong photographed with Chinese officers and the lorry which bore them to Shaokwan.





Left, Admiral Chan Chak with Commander Hugh Montague, R.N., who escaped with him. Above, Mr. MacDougall, of the Ministry of Information, who received a bullet in his left shoulder.

Photos, Pictorial Press, Associated Press

I Was There! ... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Saw Terrible Things Happen in Hongkong

Among the few people who escaped from Hongkong following its capture by the Japanese was Miss Phyllis Harrop, an assistant in the Secretariat of Chinese Affairs, and well known for her work against the dope and vice gangs in the Colony. Here is what she said in interviews given in Chungking.



MISS P. HARROP, first foreign woman to escape from Hongkong since the Japanese occupation, tells in this page of the terrible things she says happened there.

THREE things aided my escape from the Colony at the end of January (Miss Harrop told a Special Correspondent of The Daily Mail in Chungking, capital of Free China, on March 13): (1) Previous experience—I had escaped from the Japanese in various parts of China three times before; (2) I have many Chinese friends; (3) I have an extensive knowledge of the Cantonese dialects. My Chinese friends were only too willing to help. With their help I was able to penetrate the Japanese Army and Navy cordon surrounding Hongkong and to escape to the mainland.

For six weeks I wandered alone through large areas of South China, daily evading Jap sentries, and always in fear of my life. In the end—though I cannot tell you how—I contacted guerillas and marched through South Kwangtung, sharing the life of these Chinese soldiers who brought me through to safety at Kweillin. From there I flew to Chungking today.

When I got away the Colony was still in a state of chaos. Japanese gendarmerie were supposed to be in control, but looting was rampant. In the streets no woman was safe from Japanese soldiers, no matter what her colour or race.

Condition of the Internees

All foreign civilians have been interned under appalling conditions—men, women, and children alike. British, American, and Dutch, including children, are interned on the Stanley Peninsula of the island itself. Prisoners of war have been imprisoned in Samshiupo and a camp in Argyle Street, Kowloon. So far as I know the civilian prisoners are made up as follows: British, 3,000; American, 600; Dutch, 70.

Their rations consist of two bowls of rice daily. No foreign food is available, because the Japs collected all foreign food stocks in the island and shipped them to Japan. Dysentery is rife among these civilians. Many have died for lack of medical attention. The Japs let them die. Those who are left bury their dead where they can in corners of the camps. Medical supplies are non-existent. All were seized by the Japanese almost as soon as they arrived and were wantonly destroyed. The Japanese simply said, contemptuously: "We have our own remedies: we don't want foreign medicines."

Industry on the island has come to a complete standstill. Unemployment among the Chinese population is on a wholesale scale. There is a tremendous shortage of food and the sufferings of the crowded Chinese population are beyond description. This is a situation created by the Japanese themselves. They are trying to ease things now by evacuating as many Chinese and neutral foreigners—mostly Portuguese—as they can. For the rest, they continue their policy of stripping the island bare. Iron railings and metal of every description have been collected for shipment to Japan. Even the ornamental bronze lions at the entrance to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank have been taken away.

The atrocities are not exaggerated. Some I saw with my own eyes—in my own house. My Chinese houseboy was bayoneted in the stomach and killed for no apparent reason. Thirteen other Chinese were murdered in the same house. My amah [woman servant] was raped by three or four Japanese and was in a serious condition when I last heard of her. Foreign women who were raped included an Englishwoman of my acquaintance who was first slashed in the face with a soldier's belt. Her husband afterwards found her body with bayonet wounds in the stomach. The Japanese shot none of their victims; they bayoneted them all to death.

More details of these atrocious happenings were given by Miss Harrop to the Chungking correspondent of The Daily Telegraph.

Most of the raping of British and other European women concerned volunteer and professional nurses. None was killed. In one district, apart from many Chinese cases, seven European women were killed with bayonets after being raped.

A British merchant whose wife was my friend told me himself: "I was a wounded A.F.S. volunteer. I was taken to hospital, where my wife was a volunteer nurse. I heard her voice next door on Christmas Day at 3 p.m., the hour when the colony surrendered. Shooting, Japanese came into the hospital. I heard shouts. After a while I managed to get out to search for my wife. I found her dead—outraged, her face slashed, and bayonet wounds in her stomach. Others were also raped and killed. I hid under a bed, pressing against the wall beside my wife's body, trying to escape the Japanese, who stormed all over the place. Coming into the room, the Japanese, without looking under the beds, systematically bayoneted through all the mattresses, again stabbing my wife's body and almost killing me. I myself buried my wife near-by."

There were many other similar cases among the foreign community, especially among the Chinese. In my own block of flats, where I was the only foreigner among 40 Chinese, practically all the women were raped and all the men bayoneted.

(How did I escape assault myself? I don't know. I suppose it was my lucky star.)

While the atrocities against foreigners ceased with their internment, those against the Chinese went on. I myself saw on the waterfront at the end of January a long queue of Chinese standing waiting, when the Japanese, without reason, beat up at least a dozen men and women with bamboo poles and threw them into the harbour to drown. I walked along the harbour past the bodies of Chinese who had been killed. A Chinese woman of about 22 was stopped at the corner of Wyndham Street and stripped by Japanese soldiers. They cursed her and made her stand naked in the middle of the road. She was still standing there when I passed by an hour later.

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gimson, who arrived in Hongkong only the day before the outbreak of war, protested in a letter to the Japanese against the atrocities after the surrender. The next day he was arrested and gaoled in the central prison, where he was kept two days without any charge or even questioning. He was then released and is now interned in the Stanley Camp, where he is the acting head of the British community. The Governor, Sir Mark Young, is completely isolated, apparently in the Peninsular Hotel in Kowloon, where he went on Christmas Day to surrender. The Medical Director, Dr. Selwyn Clark, his wife and others received special orders from the Colonial Secretary and are acting as liaison officers with the Japanese, doing urgent work in the colony.

The Japanese took off the golden Royal Crown badges from the caps and sleeves of all Hongkong's constables, who continued policing the streets before their internment. Invariably the Japanese trampled on the badges. I met a constable I knew walking about the centre of the city wearing his badges. I asked him, "How did you keep the crowns?" He pulled out of his pocket a handful of the badges, saying, "As fast as they are pulled off I put on fresh ones."

This is characteristic of Hongkong's spirit.

We Bombarded Rhodes from Sea and Air

In the sea and air attack on the Island of Rhodes in the early hours of March 16 there was a split-second cooperation between the Navy and the R.A.F., as described in the following eye-witness account.

WE sailed early, and it was not until late in the afternoon, when the captain made an announcement over the ship's loudspeakers, that we knew why we had put to sea. To reach our objectives we had to sail well into the narrow enemy waters of Rhodes—between Rhodes and Turkey. The captain explained that our aircraft would drop flares and would spot for the naval bombardment.

All the first day and most of the night we bowled along at high speed, but as we came abreast of Rhodes we slowed down to reduce the bow wave and wake, lest these gave us away. We had also to negotiate minefields.

Standing on the bridge I could see the Turkish mainland looming through the dark starry night on our right across the flat, calm water. Suddenly an eerie glow to my left told me that our aircraft were dropping flares before bombing the Rhodes airfields. Tracer shells and bullets rocketed skywards from the ground defences, while searchlight beams fumbled uncertainly among the clouds.

This began soon after midnight and continued for a considerable time until we turned to approach Rhodes town. Punctually we established communication with our aircraft, and the atmosphere became tense as we crept towards the shore. Around me on the bridge figures—ghostlike in white anti-flash helmets and long white gauntlets—made final adjustments to the instruments or spoke quiet orders down the voicepipes. The dim purple and green glowing dials of the instruments were the only pinpoints of light anywhere.

Then the flares dropped by our aircraft



ISLAND OF RHODES, in the Aegean Sea. The devastating blow which British bombers and units of the Royal Navy dealt this Italian island before dawn on March 16 is described in an eye-witness account below. *Photo, Topical*

began floating down on Rhodes town. Red, white and green tracer bullets shot up to meet them, but failed to hit the flares or planes. In the midst of a burst a string of bullets would twist and waver, indicating uncertainty on the part of the gunners. Nearer and nearer we crept and I wondered how long it would be before we were sighted and fired at.

When we were only four miles from the town one of the ships began firing starshells which floated down over the target. In the glare I could easily make it out. I could also see the streets and houses in Rhodes and felt uneasily certain that we must be obvious to the shore batteries. But if we were the defenders were so surprised that we were able to hurl the greater part of our quota of shells into the target area before they replied. Still the anti-aircraft gunners were sending up tracers in desperate, unsuccessful attempts to put out the flares which floated to the ground, where they continued burning brightly for a considerable time, lighting the surrounding area with a fierce glare. I could also see anti-aircraft shells bursting among the clouds.

Minutes passed, then between the shattering crashes of our broadsides, we heard the air torn by shells from the shore batteries intended for us, but splashes in the water where they fell showed that they had not got our range.

Twenty minutes after the action began the fleet was steaming away, having delivered several hundred shells, weighing 40,000 pounds, at the targets. With ack-ack guns still firing, and through the pall of smoke which we laid to cover our retreat, it was difficult to see the full effects of our bombardment, but fires were burning, and it is believed that considerable damage was done.—*Reuter*

The Russians Sang to Us, 'Okay, Great Britanny'

The friendly hospitality shown by the Red Navy to the crews of H.M. warships escorting the convoys to the Russian Arctic ports is described here by Reuter's correspondent with the Home Fleet.

I RECENTLY sailed in a British escort vessel and spent some time along the North Russian coast. Parties and entertainments were given on both sides and the main difficulty, that of language, was overcome by a genuine desire on each side to get on with the other. A knowledge of French proved a great help, but by the end of an evening we had increased our Russian vocabularies while the Russians had augmented their English considerably. High light of our visit was the concert given on board our ship by Russian sailors from a neighbouring naval base. It was an extraordinarily good show, lasting for two hours, and consisting mostly of folk songs and peasant and gipsy dances.

The choir comprised some 30 to 40 sailors, and they sang so well that the concert had to be given in two "houses" to enable as many of our ship's company as possible to attend. Both houses were packed. The applause after every song and dance was tremendous, but when a Russian naval officer came on to the stage and sang a song of which he had written both the words and music called "Okay, Great Britanny," the sailors cheered to the echo. The words of the song were, unfortunately, all Russian until at the end of the chorus came the phrase "Okay, Great Britanny, and Russki Soviet land, hurrah!"

After the concert the Russian officers came to the Wardroom while the sailors were entertained forward by our sailors. In the Wardroom a buffet supper had been arranged and the party was soon in full swing, with a lot more singing, this time from Allied choirs. When the Russians had to leave the captain thanked them for the concert, and spoke for everyone when he told them that he hoped they had enjoyed



SOVIET SAILORS aboard a Russian submarine, typical of the men who lavished their hospitality on the crews of British warships convoying supplies to Russia. The "extraordinarily good show" provided by such a party of sailors is described in this page. *Photo, Planet News*

their visit as much as we had enjoyed having them on board.

On shore the Russians could not do enough for us, and when one of our officers tentatively asked whether it was possible to go ski-ing in the neighbourhood an unlimited supply of skis was put at our disposal. Ski-ing parties were immediately organized and some much-needed exercise was thoroughly enjoyed.



The ice on the deck of this British warship gives some idea of the hardships experienced by the men who convoy supplies to Russia

Photo, Associated Press

How We Dug the Japs Out of Their Foxholes

The following graphic account of what he described as a "battle of the foxholes," was given to Reuter's special correspondent with the American and Filipino forces by a young staff-sergeant, after a mopping-up action on the west coast of the Bataan Peninsula sometime in February.

FOR ten days we had not seen a Japanese, then the order came to close a gap between two companies of the 45th infantry. I went forward with the platoon and we took up positions. We soon found that we had got into a "battle of foxholes." It was our job to dig them out.

The Japanese have their own method of constructing the hide-outs we call "foxholes." First they make a small round hole in the earth just large enough to take one man. Then, from the hole, they hollow out a kind of dug-out chamber big enough to shelter four or five men. These foxholes were well camouflaged with leaves and tree branches and we had great difficulty in detecting them. We were working with tanks, and as they advanced they sounded their sirens. This was the signal for us to advance and deploy in a covering action.

Once we found we had advanced beyond one Japanese foxhole without seeing it, and then we came across another in front of us. We took to earth pretty quickly then, as we found ourselves between two fires, but we got to work with rifles and grenades and cleaned out the hole behind us and then crept up to the one in front.

I saw a Japanese soldier cautiously poking his head out of his hiding-place. I fired my rifle, which jammed, then I snatched a pistol from one of my men and let the Jap have a clipful.

At times we were only twenty to thirty feet away from the Japanese, both Americans and the invaders being concealed in holes in the ground. When using grenades at such short range there is nothing to worry about as long as you are well down in your hole when your grenade goes off.

We were not particularly impressed with the efficiency of the ·26 calibre Japanese rifle—those captured were obviously inferior to the American Garand—but the Japanese ·38 calibre quick-firing machine-gun, mounted on a low tripod, was a well-made weapon. The Jap hand grenades were smaller than ours, and in some cases were thrown from sticks fitted on to the casing. The Japanese also used a small portable landmine which detonated as soon as the button on top was stepped on.

During these operations my company captured 11 out of 12 parachute supply containers dropped by Japanese planes. In addition to ammunition, they contained compressed meat, oatmeal and sacks of rice, and they came in very useful.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS in action with a light machine-gun. This may be one of the ·38 calibre quick-firing machine-guns mentioned in this article by a staff-sergeant of Gen. MacArthur's forces as being used by the Japanese in their attack on the Philippines. The Japanese rifle, which one of these men is carrying, did not impress him as being as good as the American Garand.

Photo, Black Star

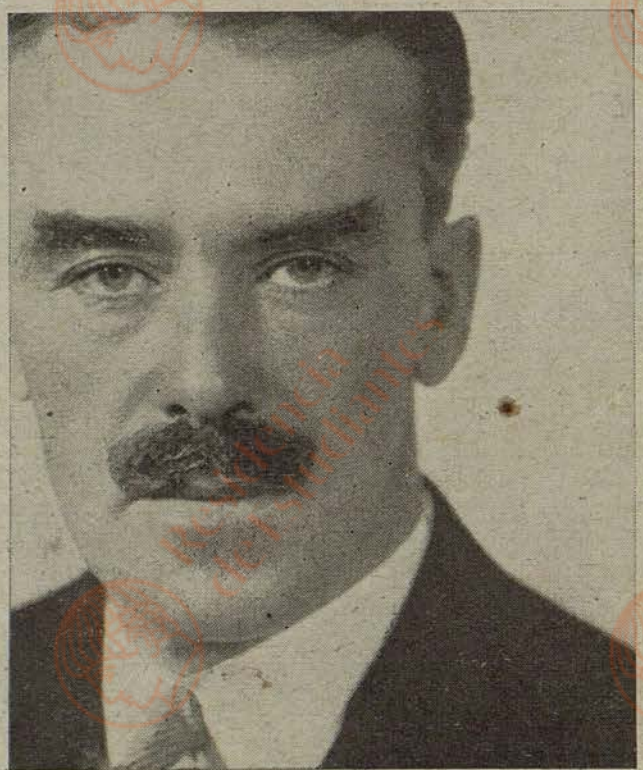
Editor's Postscript

ALTHOUGH personally I'm far more concerned about winning the war—*and* the peace to follow—than worrying about our plans for a brave new world, at times I'm tempted to speculate on the kind of world that may follow the second German effort to destroy our civilization. I am not among those who take a sour and hopeless view of the future, who prophesy lean years and leaner purses. Paradoxically enough the forces of destruction-construction work hand in hand, and though we shall have squandered a great deal of money, so-called, in preserving our liberties, the potential of real wealth in labour and natural resources is so unlimited that properly planned recovery could be effected within one generation. It would appear to be a matter of switching over intelligently from the destructive to the constructive impulse. In the modern scientific world, poverty, where it is not the result of individual folly or crime, should have no place.

ONE of the lessons of the last great slump was that there need be no dearth of commodities. The problem was one of bridging the gulf between producer and consumer. Any system that permits the sabotage of tons of coffee, fish, vegetables, fruit, wheat, and many other necessities in order to keep up prices which a large number of people cannot afford to pay is surely a kind of economic barbarism which ought to disappear with the political barbarisms against which we are fighting. Economists have been well aware for a long time that the trouble is one of over-production and under-consumption. The goods are there, or can be there, but the money token by which they can be transferred from the producer to the consumer is all too limited.

THAT is not to advocate the light-hearted grand share-out that world-reformers used to insist upon (do these simple-minded agitators still survive in Hyde Park ?). Such an idea is both unpractical and against nature, and no bureaucracy could ever make it work. The new system, whatever it be, must still give free play to individual enterprise, brains and ambition, but it must also recognize the fact that there is enough for all if the machinery of distribution can be properly adjusted. The need is for purchasing power in the form of wages based on a high rather than a low standard of living. The war will have increased the productive capacity of vast territories like Canada, Australia, India, Russia and China, as well as our own and the United States, and the industrial potential everywhere will be immense beyond the imagination of any Victorian economist. It is a complex subject, but the salient fact is that the world is a rich one now and not a poor one, and need not alternate between artificial booms and slumps. It should not be beyond the wit of man to keep it on an even keel of reasonable prosperity. But that is listening to the voice of optimism, which can justify itself only with intensified concentration upon the great business of winning the war.

"ESTO es muy Churchill" is a phrase, I'm told, now used in Barcelona, meaning it's a real good thing ! Away back in the eighteen-eighties we schoolboys had a similar catchword, "It's all sirgarnet," signifying an nth degree of all rightness, derived no doubt from our satisfaction at Sir Garnet Wolseley's Tel-el-kebir victory in the Arabi Pasha rebellion, but I guess the phrase was going out of use by 1885, when, as Lord Wolseley, he arrived within sight of Khartoum with his flotilla too late to save Gordon and his garrison. I hope "this is the real Churchill" will have a longer vogue in Barcelona no matter what happens in Madrid.



MR. R. G. CASEY, formerly Australian Minister in Washington, who has been appointed Minister of State and representative of the War Cabinet in the Middle East. *Photo, Lafayette*

IT is worth mentioning, I think, that I am frequently being surprised by the efficiency of our Overseas Communications. This very week, for instance, I have had letters from readers in Gibraltar and Malta, which have taken only two or three weeks to arrive at my desk. Both are from correspondents who have been subscribing to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED since its first number, and during the 32 months that have elapsed each of them is missing only one of our numbers to complete his volume up to date. From a reader in Toronto, whose letter is just to hand, I am very pleased to quote the following:

"You began the issue of this publication Sept. 16, 1939. An examination of our file this morning disclosed a very remarkable fact. Through all these intervening months from Sept. 16, 1939 to Dec. 30, 1941, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has made the journey over the ocean to this office in absolute safety with one exception, copy No. 79 issued under date of March 7, 1941, is missing."

I think that my readers will agree with this correspondent's added comment:

"If that is not a tribute to the Navy and the convoy system, I do not know where you would find a better illustration. Britannia rules the waves ! Britain delivers the goods!"

ALTHOUGH there is mighty little that I can find to admire in the national life of Eire, apart from its poets and playwrights (I am now revelling in Sean O'Casey's latest book, Pictures in the Hallway) I doubt if Dublin Opinion, the self-styled "National Humorous Journal of Ireland," has many more appreciative readers than I. (We have nothing quite so characteristic over here). I have just been enjoying its twentieth anniversary number. But what interested me most in it was a prophecy: the one incontrovertible, accurate, unassailable, cast-iron prophecy of the war ! As one to whom the drama of life is streaked with comedy, I am glad to find this astounding prophecy in a comic journal. Be it known then that, in its issue of January 1929, Dublin Opinion published a cartoon, now before me, in which a typical Irishman is being blown to blazes by A.A. guns, Zeppelin and strange air bombers, while the caption reads (in English which these comedians of Eire still use in preference to their native lingo): "Progress. Victim of New, Bloody, and Dramatic Invention in World War 1939." Can you beat that for prophecy? Remember it was disclosed to an indifferent world of Irishmen ten years before the event ! Many a true word spoken in jest. Meanwhile, all the best to Dublin Opinion.

IF you are a hard-working, hard-hit civilian and should light your fire in your humble grate one morning with a bit of the morning paper, which has brought you neither increase of hope nor comfort of mind, you're no patriot. But if you're a care-free soldier lad you can do what you like with your wastepaper. For there would seem to be no effective brake on waste so far as the military are concerned. Near where I'm writing is a house in which nine sergeants are billeted. One of them frankly told the owner, a lady who has removed to a small cottage, that they didn't know what to do with their wastepaper. They were cluttered up with it and could only think of burning it ! Horrified at the thought, the good lady herself arranged to get this precious "waste" transported to the village salvage centre. It is quite in keeping with our haphazard organization that the Army should have had no clear instruction in this vital salvage drive. In my opinion the greatest factor of waste in respect to paper, food, petrol and rubber is the Army. I have seen country lanes littered with empty pasteboard packets that have brought a plethora of cigarettes from Canada while we are starving for Canadian pulp and paper.

"ALL I know about the wireless," I overheard my wife tell a friend last night, "is the switch you press for turning it off." In the present state of that great institution the B.B.C. a more intimate acquaintance with the uses of the wireless set is hardly called for. My nightly ambition is to hear the nine o'clock news without the tail end of the stuff preceding it . . . and that goes for Big Ben, too.

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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE — OCT. 10TH. 1941



IN ACTION IN RUSSIA, these Nazi machine-gunners are operating in a town fired by the retreating Soviet troops in accordance with the policy of leaving nothing of use to the enemy. A few snipers, however, remain to harass and delay the Nazi advance. A remarkable action photograph this—one in which the tense attitudes of the man firing the gun and the one feeding it are vividly expressed. *Photo, Keystone*

NO. 109 WILL BE PUBLISHED MONDAY, OCT. 20

The Way of the War

DO WE REALLY NEED AN ARMY OF MILLIONS?

NEVER in the long history of Britain have we made so great a military effort as today. Our Navy is the largest and most powerful in the world. Our Air Force cannot have far to go before it surpasses the Luftwaffe in numbers, as it surpasses it already in spirit. Our soldiers, here at home and on many a distant field, are to be counted in millions. We are trying to do what no other Great Power is attempting: we are trying to be supreme in three elements at once. And not content with this, we have embarked upon a colossal industrial effort, designed to supply not only our own needs but those of our allies.

About the necessity for a great navy and an air force as great in its own field, all men are agreed. But there is not the same unanimity about the necessity for a great army. Outside Downing Street and Whitehall there are few who know the actual strength of our present-day land forces, but Mr. Churchill told us nearly a year ago that it numbered two and a half millions (or four millions including the Home Guard), and there can be no doubt that today it is far larger.

EVERY male British subject in these islands between the ages of 18 and 41 is now liable for military service, and time and again the Schedule of Reserved Occupations has been revised so as to enable more and more men to join the colours. So extensive are the powers granted to the military authorities, and so drastically have they been exercised, that there is hardly a department of our national life which has not been adversely affected in consequence. We are likely to shiver in our homes this winter—and, much more important, our public utilities and communications are likely to be most seriously hampered—because thousands of coal-miners have been drafted into the Army. In vain it has been urged that some considerable percentage of them should be returned to the mines. The War Office is adamant: once a soldier, always a soldier, is its argument. Industry, however, is not in a position to make so firm a stand, so men who left the mines years ago because there was no work for them and secured jobs elsewhere are now being compelled to return to the mines at a lower wage.

AGAIN, tens of thousands of agricultural workers have joined the Army and must remain there, even though the harvest rots in the fields because of the lack of workers, even though good ships and gallant seamen are lost bringing food to Britain which ought to have been, and could have been, produced within our own shores. The building trade is crying out for craftsmen, and the construction of aerodromes, aircraft factories, armament works, soldiers' camps and homes for munition workers is held up because the carpenters and joiners, the plasterers and painters are forming threes on the parade ground. Our A.R.P. services are being combed week by week since the powers-that-be have decided that the defenders of our lives and property against air bombardment can be better employed in khaki. Worse still, never a day goes by but one reads of complaints that highly skilled engineers, who ought to be making aeroplanes and tanks, shells and bombs, are pushing pens in battalion orderly rooms, washing up crockery or cleaning the barrack windows.

THERE would be fewer complaints about this misdirection of the nation's man-power if the necessity for the huge army was more clearly apparent. But there is a widespread belief that our military mandarins have been so bitten by the bug of their own importance that they consider that the Army's needs are the only needs worth consideration.

But surely it is reasonable to ask, if we have this great army, why don't we use it? "Oh," reply the mandarins, "but we *are* using it. We have to maintain an enormous force in these islands, ready to repel the Nazi invaders. We have an army in the Western Desert and the Middle East, another in India. We have to maintain garrisons in Singapore and Gibraltar, Iceland and Abyssinia. . . Besides, the time will come when we shall be able to take the offensive in real earnest, and *then* we shall need all the men we can get."

To which the ordinary man responds with a shrug of the shoulders. To put it plainly, there is a widespread scepticism concerning the ability, and the intention, of Hitler to launch a large-scale attack on these islands at an early date. Even the Prime Minister's eloquence, even his warning that the defence services should be ready to meet an invasion by the beginning of September, have been unable to convince the sceptics. Of late weeks, since the invasion of Russia, criticism of our military policy (or lack of policy) has become ever more loud, ever more widespread. Why don't we do something to help Russia? is the question asked in the railway carriage and the saloon bar, in the club lounge and the suburban parlour. Why don't we raid the 1,500 miles of coastline which lie so invitingly in front of us? Why don't we make a dash on Bergen one day and on Boulogne the next, then ring the changes on Ostend and Oslo? Why waste any more bombs on the Gneisenau and the Scharnhorst? Why not go into Brest and fetch them out? Why shouldn't we recapture the dash and daring, the vigour and valour, of the last war, and repeat Sir Roger Keyes' Zeebrugge exploit of 1918? Some go further and urge that now or never is the time to invade the Continent—now, when Hitler, with what would seem to be a contemptuous disregard of our striking power, has denuded Western Europe of all his best troops.

Altogether unconvincing appear the replies to those questions. We are told that we cannot raid the Continent, still less invade it, because the danger of a Nazi invasion of Britain is still imminent; because we are not even yet strong enough to invade the Continent in force; because—this is the latest excuse—we cannot spare the ships to take our men across the Channel and the North Sea.

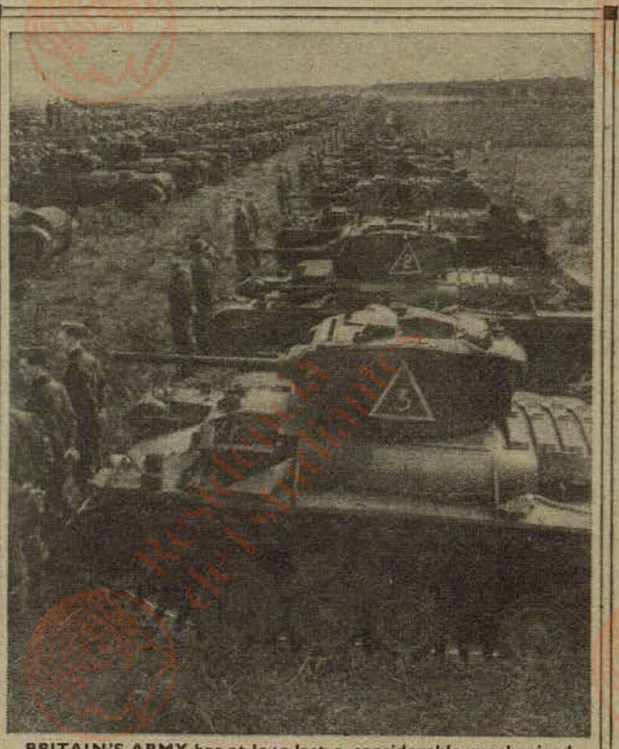
BUT if we are not going to invade or even raid until we have an army big enough to take on the Germans single-handed, then we shall never be in a position to do so. One does not have to be much of a mathematician to realize that a nation of 45 millions can never compete in numbers with the 120 million Germans and Italians. Thus it is not surprising that some shrewd observers argue that the *real* reason why we have not invaded the Continent is not because we fear for our security, not because we are expecting to wake up one fine morning to see the Nazi armada throbbing its way across the narrow seas, but because our Army is not yet sufficiently equipped. In other words, we are told the Germans are about to invade us because we are not yet able to invade Germany.

If it is asked why we are not even yet in a position to take the offensive, then the answer must be sought in our production policy. We have not the men, we are told; it would be more to the point to say that we have not the tanks, the guns, the ships, the planes, the shells, the bombs. . .

MEANWHILE, we are letting slip an extraordinary opportunity—one which we had no right to expect; one which, once it is lost, can never return. For three months our Russian ally has been standing up to the full brunt of the world's greatest military machine. At the present moment the Russians are staggering in the scorched wheat fields of the Ukraine, in the bloody quagmires before Leningrad. They may keep upright. On the other hand, they may succumb; and then what use will our Army be, however numerous, however well-equipped? When the Red millions have been defeated, are our comparatively tiny armies likely to fare any better?

Surely *now* is the time of imperative need to fling into the balance all the weight which we can muster. For if Russia falls, at best the war must continue for years and years; hardly better, the war must end in a draw; at the worst, we, too, shall be thrust into the pit of Nazidom.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

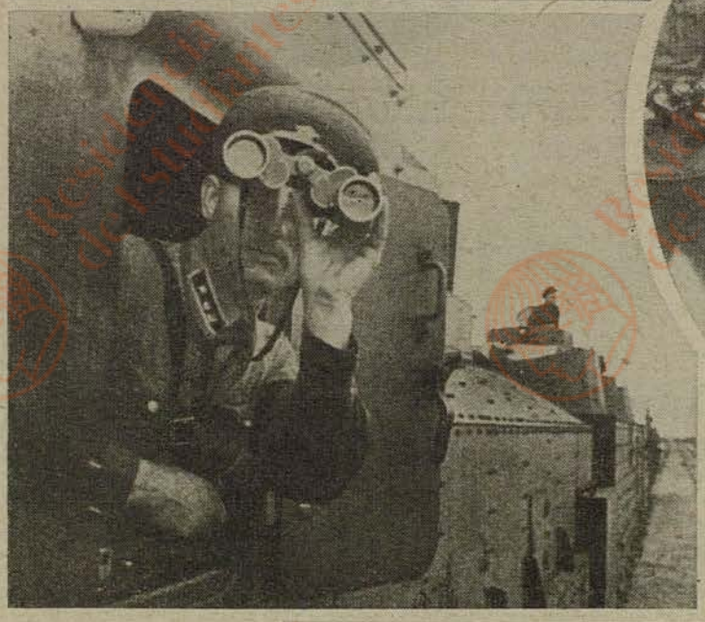


BRITAIN'S ARMY has at long last a considerable mechanized element. Above we see a division of the Royal Armoured Corps parading before the King somewhere in the Eastern Command on Sept. 12. *Photo, Keystone*

Armoured Trains Help to Defend Leningrad

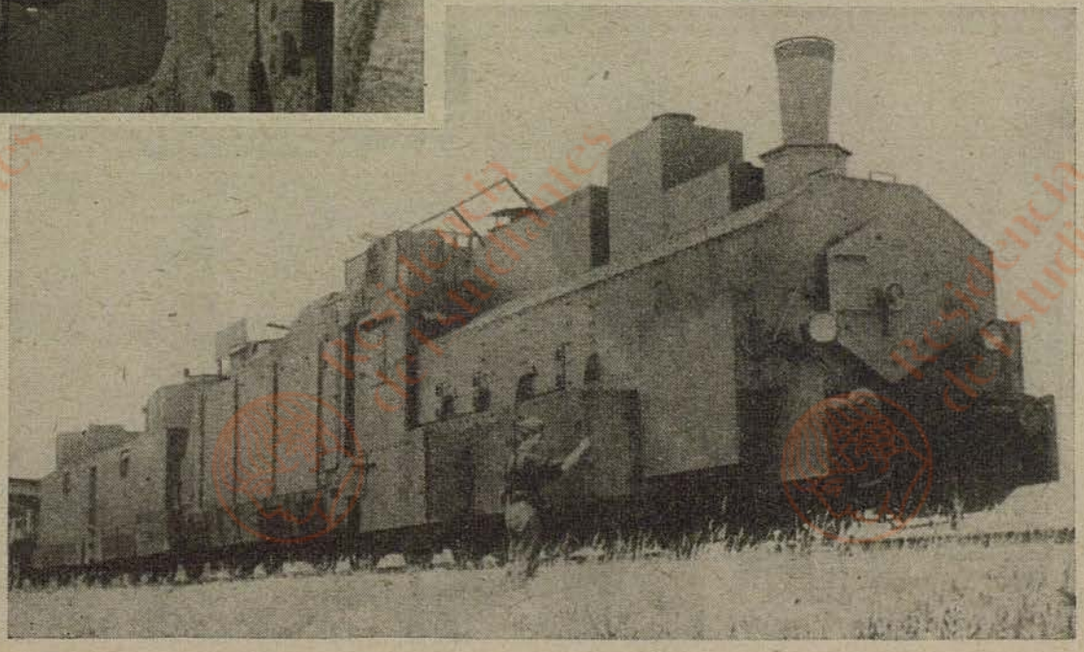


Soviet armoured train, typical of many that are being used to smash the Nazi divisions trying to capture Leningrad. Beneath, in the circle, the commander of an armoured train examining Nazi uniforms and colours draped beside the railway line. They were found in a German armoured car which had been abandoned by the crew.





On look-out for Stukas, the commander of a Soviet armoured train scans the horizon on his way up to the battle-front on the outskirts of Leningrad. On the right, a Nazi soldier beside a Soviet armoured train captured from the Russians. A bomb placed in the tender had made it unusable.



The defence of Leningrad, one of the greatest military feats in history, is the result of a combination of mechanical power and the fanatical courage of the Soviet troops and citizens resolved to die rather than surrender. How many Nazis have been killed in this inferno will never be known, but whatever happens to Leningrad now, her splendid fighting defiance will have materially helped to destroy the power of Hitlerism.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News, Wide World

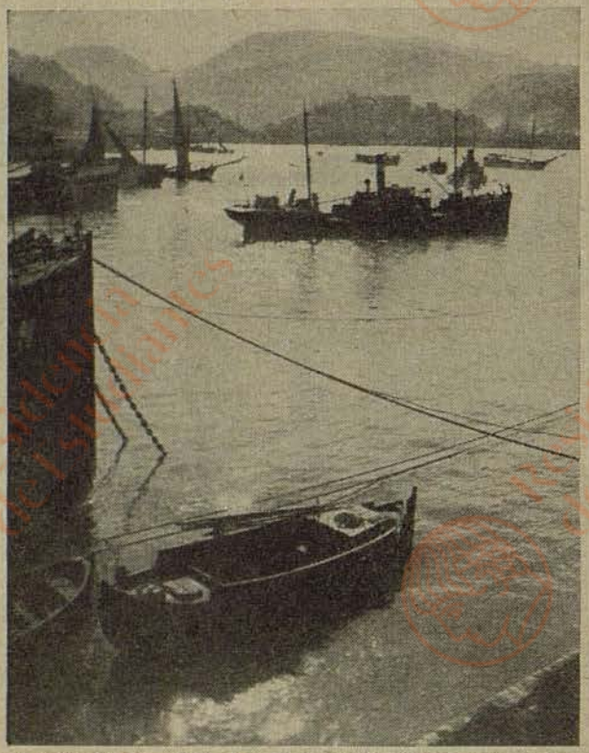
Black Sea Ports Menaced by the Fires of War



SEBASTOPOL, the Soviet port not far from Balaclava, Crimea, on the Black Sea. It is one of the Russian state dockyards, and has a population of about 80,000.



TRABZON (Trebizond), a Turkish town not far from the Transcaucasian frontier. One of the oldest settlements on the Black Sea, it is still enclosed within Byzantine walls. Its population at the last census was 29,682.



ZONGULDAK, a Turkish port, about 150 miles east of Istanbul. It is the chief town of a vilayet in which lies the biggest coalfield not only in Turkey but in the Balkans and the Near East.



VARNA, a Bulgarian port which is likely to play a big part in the war if the Nazis force Bulgaria to fight against Russia. This photograph shows the up-to-date bathing establishments. Population in 1934, 70,000.





YALTA, on the Crimean coast, has long been famed as a Russian health resort. Called "The Swallow's Nest," this view gives a good idea of its natural beauty. On the right, a glimpse of industrial **ODESSA**, which, though surrounded by the Nazis, is still holding out.

Photos, Topical Press, E.N.A. and Paul Popper

Maybe There Will Be Battles in the Black Sea

When the Germans invested Odessa, cut off the Crimea, and reached the Sea of Azov, the Black Sea was brought into the zone of active military operations. Naval operations, too, may be expected, since the sea route is the most direct from Hitler's Europe to Batum and the oil region lying in the Caucasus beyond.

On the map the Black Sea does not look very large, but in fact it is as big as the Baltic. From Constantza on its western shore to Batum on its eastern is a matter of some 700 miles, so that Hitler's convoys—if they should actually set sail—will be five or six days making the passage.

Geographers are not too sure about the origin of the Black Sea's name. Its waters are not particularly black, but the gloomy nature of its climate may well be responsible for the adjective. In the summer months navigation is easy and safe, and the climate in some favoured regions—the Crimean coasts and the Caucasus in particular—is delightful. It is this aspect which is responsible for the Sea's ancient name, Euxine, from the Greek for hospitable. But in winter the Sea, completely enclosed as it is on every side, is swept by fierce storms, which make it well-nigh impassable for shipping. In January and February its north coasts are icebound; though Odessa is never completely frozen up, the entrance to its harbour is made dangerous by floating ice.

Tideless, immensely deep, the Black Sea drains nearly a quarter of Europe and much of Asia Minor; it receives many great rivers—Danube, Dniester, Bug, Dnieper, Don and Kuban in Europe, and a number of lesser streams from the mountains of Anatolia. For the most part its coasts are high—the chief exceptions are at the Danube mouth and in the Crimea; and it is ringed with fine harbours. At its extreme south-western corner, where through the Bosporus its waters have an outlet to the Mediterranean, lies Istanbul. Proceeding northwards we come to Burgas and Varna, in Bulgaria. Then in Rumania are Constantza, and Sulina in the Danube delta. Next we have the Russian ports: Odessa, Nikolayev and Kherson; Sebastopol in the Crimea; Novorossiisk beyond the Straits of Kerch, Tuapse (where the oil pipe-line from Grozny ends), and Sukhum, Poti, and Batum, terminus of the twin pipe-lines from Baku. Then along its southern shore are the Turkish harbours of Hopa, Trabzon, Samsun and Sinop.

Often the Black Sea is called a Russian lake, partly because so much of its shores are Russian, but still more because within it the Soviet Navy is predominant.

Mystery Fortress of Sebastopol

Sebastopol in the Crimea is one of the Soviet Union's principal naval bases and dockyards. It lies four miles up an estuary, one of the best roadsteads of Europe, large and deep enough to accommodate all the fleets of the continent. The chalk cliffs lining the estuary are strongly fortified; for most of the way the width is three-quarters of a mile, but at the entrance it narrows to 930 yards. In English history Sebastopol has its place because of the great siege of 1854-5 by the English, French and Turks. After its evacuation by the Russians the Allies blew up its fortifications, and by the Treaty of Paris of the following year the Russians were bound not to re-fortify it. But in 1870 this restriction was repudiated, and Sebastopol once again became a naval arsenal. It is not a commercial harbour, and no ships other than those on Government business have ever been allowed to enter it. It is indeed one of Europe's mystery fortresses; just how strong it is, only time, and Hitler, may prove.

Second to Sebastopol as a naval base ranks Novorossisk. Nikolayev has a naval dockyard, and a number of warships were building there when it was captured by the Germans on August 17. The Russians claimed, however, that they would take a long time to complete. It is said that even if Sebastopol were captured or rendered untenable, the Soviet Navy could be adequately based on Novorossiisk, while the smaller ships could operate from Batum.

Strength of the Soviet Navy

The present strength of the Soviet Navy in the Black Sea is a matter of conjecture, since Russian Navy secrets are as well kept as those of Japan. The old battleship *Pariskaya-Kommuna*—formerly the Sebastopol, built in 1911 and reported to be decrepit—went to the Black Sea in 1930 for a refit, and is probably still there. One or two other battleships of the same class may also be there, but their fighting value is distinctly problematical. Then there may be the aircraft carrier *Stalin*, and several cruisers—*Krasni Kavkaz*, *Profintern*, and *Chervonaya Ukraina*. *Profintern* was laid down with *C. Ukraina* in 1915, but not completed until 1925; she was refitted in 1937 and is reported to have been renamed *Krasni Krim*. Then there are two new cruisers, *Kubyshev* and *Orjonikidzè*, which were due to be completed in the summer of 1940; *Kubyshev*, at least, may be actually in service. But the main strength of the Soviet fleet in the Black Sea lies in its small craft. There is a destroyer flotilla numbering about 20, while there may be 30 submarines—perhaps more.

Against this force, weak as it may seem, the Germans in the Black Sea are able to oppose only one very much weaker. The German fleet can consist only of any U-boats and E-boats which they have brought down the Danube, but to these must be added the Rumanian and Bulgarian fleets. Rumania's Black Sea Division before the war consisted of four destroyers (*Regele Ferdinand*, *Regina Maria*, *Marasti*, and *Marasesti*), three torpedo-boats, a minelayer, four gunboats, and a submarine. The Danube Division was composed of eight monitors and a patrol vessel. As for Bulgaria, she was compelled at the end of the last war to surrender all warships and submarines, but she was permitted to maintain on the Danube and along the Black Sea coast four torpedo-boats and six motor-boats.

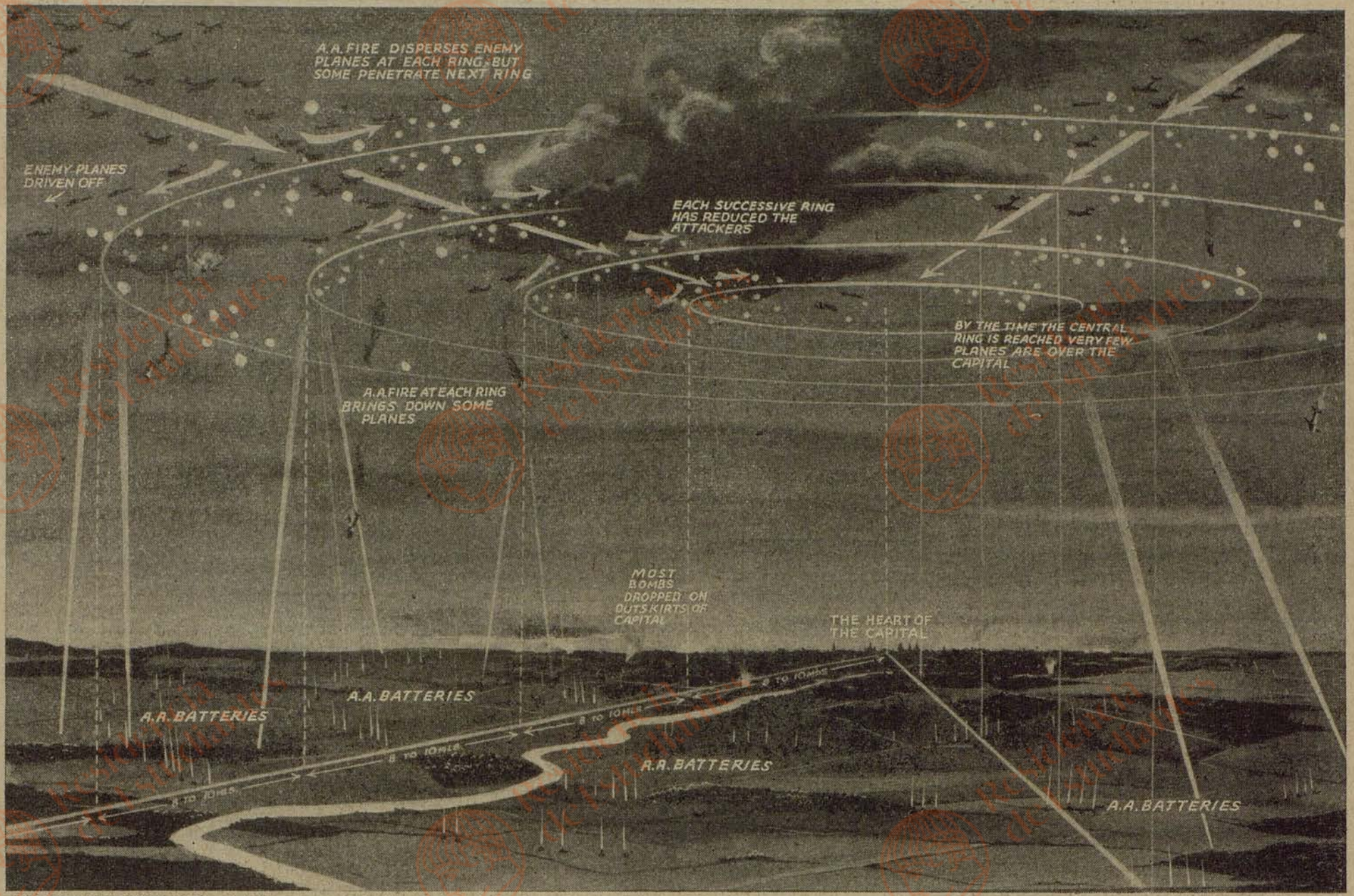
Altogether, the Germans, Rumanians and Bulgarians cannot have more than 10 destroyers and torpedo-boats between them, to which must be added some U-boats and E-boats. Against these the Russians can oppose, as we have seen, perhaps 20 destroyers and 30 submarines. The disparity is great, but it would be much more than compensated for if the Germans could manage to introduce into the Black Sea even a small portion of the Italian Navy.

Italian Warships for Bulgaria?

Of late weeks it has been reported that Turkey would be required to permit the passage through the Dardanelles of Italian warships "sold" to Bulgaria. Bulgaria, so the Germans have been arguing, is a neutral in the Russo-German war, and hence Turkey should allow her ships to pass through the Dardanelles, since the Montreux Convention states that in wartime, Turkey being neutral, warships of belligerents only are banned from the Straits. But it should be difficult to convince the Turks that Bulgaria is not a belligerent, more particularly since the Russian Note of September 11 which accused the Bulgarian Government of permitting their country to be used as a base for warlike operations against the Soviet Union. These warlike operations, there can be little doubt, consisted of the use of the Bulgarian ports as "invasion ports." Significant, too, is the presence in Bulgaria of Admiral Raeder, Hitler's Navy chief.



THE BLACK SEA, which may become the scene of violent battles as a result of the recent Nazi successes in the Ukraine. Odessa, the Crimea and Batum are German objectives. The Black Sea, which is seven hundred miles wide from Constantza in the west to Batum in the east, is swept by fierce storms in winter, and for some months its north coasts are icebound.



MOSCOW'S AIR DEFENCES, which have taken considerable toll of the Luftwaffe and have prevented the German invaders from reaching the centre of the city in any great numbers, are represented above in diagram form. Major-General Gromadin, Commander of the Moscow Air Defence Zone, has described how, although the Nazi Air Command sent its best fliers over Moscow on the first raids against the Russian capital, their formations were quickly dispersed by night-fighters and coordinated gunfire. "The Moscow air defence system," he says, "works smoothly in all weathers. At times thick cloud hindered the work of the fighters and the A.A. guns. The enemy bombers flew at 20-25 thousand feet. The reply to this was a massed barrage of shell fire in the enemy's path, which caused the bombers hastily to turn back and attempt another route of approach. They tried coming in from the south, the east—and everywhere they found the same intensive barrage. The scouting planes, which generally approached Moscow in the daytime, consistently avoided battle and dodged in and out of cloud, swooping away as quickly as they could."

Drawing by E. G. Lambert, by courtesy of "The Sphere"

We Showed the Russians Our Air Defences







RUSSIAN OFFICERS of the Soviet Military Mission have been shown some of the secrets of Britain's air defences. One of them is seen above testing the weight of an A.A. shell. Top, watching a gun team at work. Right, a Russian officer who is a test pilot at the controls of a Stirling, which he flew as second pilot.

Photos, British Official; Topical and Central Press

Our Searchlight on the War

HOSPITAL IN 'THE ROCK'

DEEP down inside the great rock of Gibraltar British and Canadian tunnellers are preparing the way for the world's most remarkable hospital. This hospital, named after Lord Gort, Gibraltar's Governor and Commander-in-Chief, will accommodate 800 beds in the heart of the rock, safe from bombs, shells and gas, and will have its own operating theatre. The fortress already possesses some completed underground hospitals, fully equipped for any emergency, and a convalescent home is being built in a huge cave high up on the giant face of the rock. A large brick building, it is so placed that it would be practically immune from any attack.



COXSWAIN BLOGG, of Cromer, who has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for the third time. He has also received the silver medal three times and the British Empire medal. *Photo, Associated Press*

GALLANT COXSWAIN

FOR the third time Coxswain Henry Blogg, of Cromer, has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution—the lifeboatman's V.C. Coxswain Blogg was largely instrumental in saving 119 lives when six ships were stranded on the Haisborough Sands during a gale. Seven medals, 18 vellums, and £117 were awarded to the coxswains and crews of five lifeboats which took part in the rescue.

AN ORANGE SOS

A NEW type of distress signal for the use of shipwrecked seamen is now being put into operation, and will be fitted on every ocean-going British merchant ship. It is a smoke float resembling a box about two feet square. Upon a button being pressed a bright red-orange cloud of smoke rises, which hovers in the air for a considerable time and is visible in good weather from nearly forty miles distance. The boxes float, and if water reaches the chemicals inside them this merely serves to thicken the already dense cloud of smoke.

TWO NIGHTS IN A CANOE

ON September 18 five French boys landed at Eastbourne after spending two nights and a day crossing the Channel in two canoes. Their ages range from 17 to 19½. On the night of September 16 they set out from a French town and paddled down river to the sea. During the day they could not use their sails owing to the presence of German aircraft, but they eventually arrived safely in this country, though one of the canoes struck a rock and sank just off shore, and the occupants were obliged to swim to land. The young men were received by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at Downing Street on September 22, and are now going to the Free French Cadet School.

NEW TYPE OF CARGO SHIP

CARGO ships of revolutionary design, known as Sea Otters, are now undergoing final tests in the U.S.A. This new type of vessel, which may prove of great value in combating submarines, has a six-foot propeller amidships instead of at the stern, and is driven by stock motor-car engines obtainable from any of the big car manufactures. Sixteen of them will be used in each Sea Otter. The vessels are 270 feet long, and with a displacement of 1,900 tons are comparatively light. They can carry a cargo load of 1,500 tons. Sea Otters can be built in two months by mass production methods, and can be constructed at inland yards and transported to the sea by river or canal.



CHELSEA PENSIONERS, who have already served their country faithfully and well, were among those who registered for fire-watching under the recent Order. These bemedalled old soldiers are once again answering their country's call. *Photo, Fox*

MORE BALLOONS FOR W.A.A.F.

THE experiment of replacing men operators by W.A.A.F. at a number of balloon sites has proved so successful that it has now been decided to transfer to them as many sites as possible. This will free a large number of airmen for duties which cannot be performed by women. The women so far engaged on this work rapidly mastered the technique of balloon handling, and various improvements which have been made in the construction of the balloons themselves as well as in the methods of handling and bedding down have rendered this work less exacting than it was, though physical strength and endurance are still necessary qualifications. More operators are now wanted to "man" the additional sites and recruits are taken between the ages of 17 and 43. They must, however, be of first-class physique and prepared to work out of doors in all weathers, and at all hours of the day and night.



POSTWOMEN mail van drivers are to have a new hat. The old type, seen right, tended to get knocked off by the overhanging roof of the van. The new type is of felt, with a peak, and looks very smart. *Photo, Keystone*

DE GAULLE'S ARMY GROWS

M. CHARLES BARON, former Governor of French possessions in India and now leader of the Free French movement in the Far East, stated in an interview on his return from a tour in the East: "Free French forces are represented by 55,000 men at present in the fighting lines on different fronts, by thirty warships actually in service, by a third of France's merchant marine, and 1,000 airmen. These figures represent our numbers six months ago, and they have most certainly been increased since then. We know that at the present moment an army of 100,000 fighting men is being formed at Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa."

GOERING PILLS

GERMAN airmen are drugged before action to increase their physical resistance and will power. The drug is taken in the form of tablets known as "Goering Pills." These tablets, says the Rome journal "Aquilone," contain a substance which affects the sympathetic system. They were found effective during the Norwegian campaign as a preventive of air sickness, and are also used in the German Navy to combat sea sickness. "Aquilone" goes on to say that the Italians have an even more effective drug, called Simpamina. This new drug was, it is claimed, tried out by the Italian Medical Research Institute before the German product was brought into use.

SYRIA NOW INDEPENDENT

THE independence of Syria and the termination of the French Mandate were proclaimed by the Free French authorities on Sept. 16. Sheik Tajeddine Hassani has been appointed President of the Republic. In a letter to the new President, General Catroux said: "Free France, acting in cooperation with her ally, Great Britain, has spontaneously undertaken to terminate the mandate and grant Syria the status of an independent sovereign state and to guarantee this new status by Treaty." The formal ceremony took place on Sept. 26 in Damascus amid scenes of enthusiasm. Bands played and cheering crowds paraded the streets, whilst a salute of twenty-two guns ushered in the new order. A guard of honour of Syrian militia and mounted Republican guards saluted Gen. Catroux as he rode away.

A WEEK END WITH THE R.A.F.

Attacks of Sept. 20 and 21

Sat. Sept. 20—Biggest Daylight Offensive of the War

Bombers—Norway—fish oil factory. Germany—Emden. France—Hazebrouck, Abbeville, Rouen shipyards, Cherbourg docks. Holland—Convoy (6 ships hit).
Fighters—Escort and continuous sweep, Cherbourg and high up Dutch coast.

Sun. Sept. 21—Non-stop Daylight Raids

Bombers—France—Gosnay power station, Lille railway.
Fighters—Escort and continuous sweep over Occupied France.

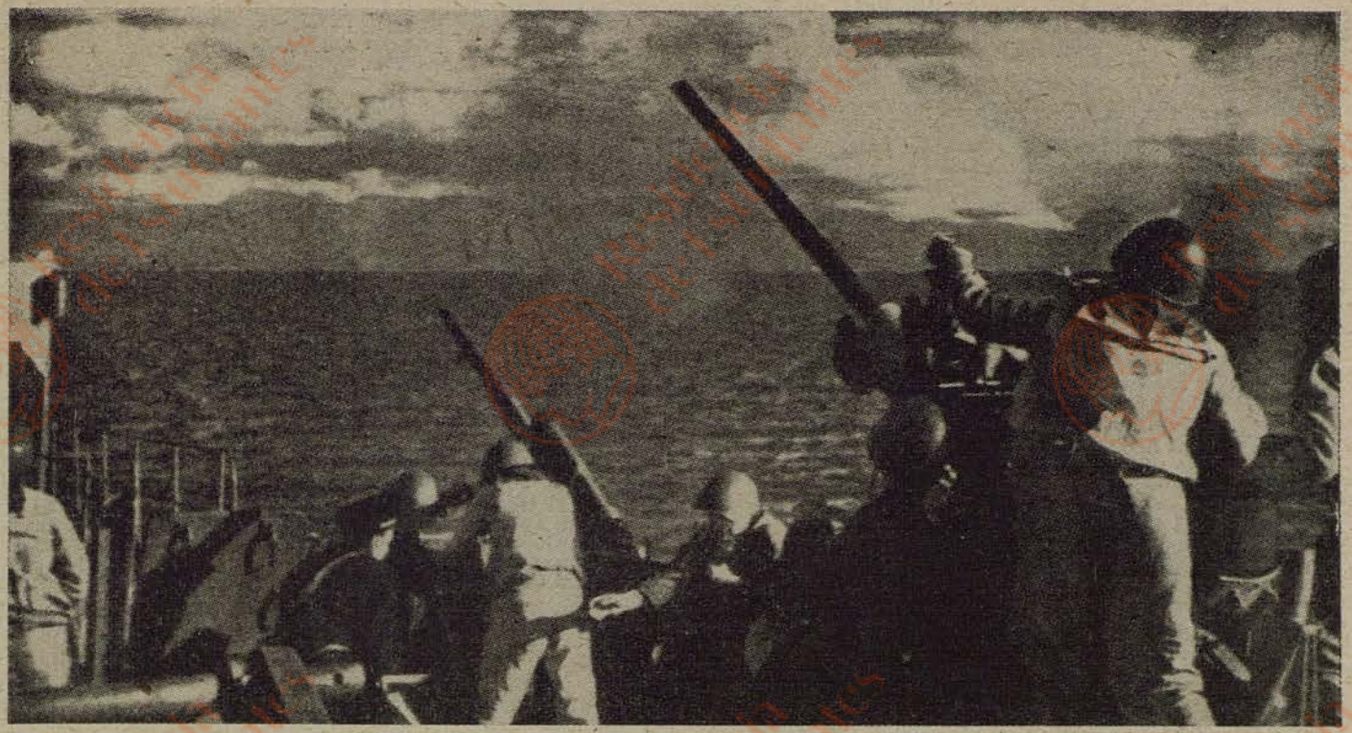
Sat.-Sun. Sept. 20-21—Night Bombing

Targets—Frankfort, Berlin, N.W. Germany, Ostend Docks.

LOSSES

	Sept. 20	Sept. 20-21	Sept. 21	Totals
Enemy	16 MEs	—	24 MEs	40
R.A.F.	7 Fighters	—	13 Fighters	20
	3 Blenheims	4 Bombers	—	7

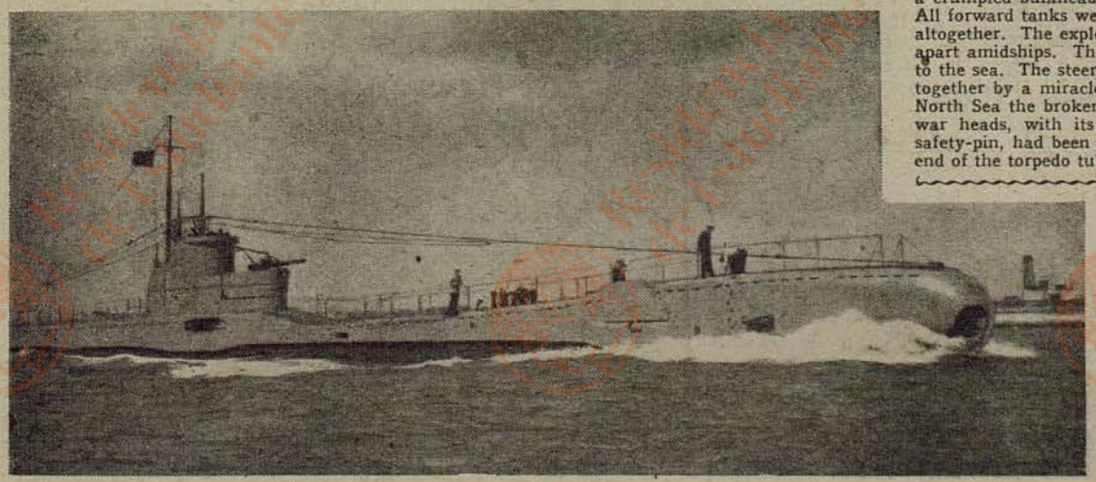
Triumph Is the Word for These Sea Stories



Men of the Soviet Baltic Fleet defending the Leningrad approaches from the sea, in action against the German dive bombers. The Russian navy has done excellent work in the Gulf of Finland, fighting off many Nazi attacks by sea and air.



Intercepted by the British in the Caribbean Sea, the crew of the German ship Hannover (above) set her on fire. The resulting list jammed a sack of grain in a hole through which the water was entering. The fire was subdued and the prize taken to Kingston, Jamaica.



IT happened on the night of December 26, 1939. It was very dark, and the place was the Skagerrak on the German side of the North Sea minefields right inside enemy waters and 300 miles from home. The submarine H.M.S. Triumph was going slow ahead when, lifting over a wave, she came right down on a large mine. There was a shattering explosion. The whole extent of the damage could not be ascertained, but it was certain that the rear ends of the torpedo tubes had all been forced back about six inches, the foremost bulkhead was split right across and had been forced back into the tubes. Eighteen feet of the ship was missing. The Triumph had no bows and she could not dive. She was making water fast and a rating endeavoured to plug the leaks with wooden plugs and felt.

In this crippled state she started for home at about 5 knots. The weather getting worse, speed had to be reduced to 2½ knots for a whole day—a desperately anxious day with German reconnaissance aircraft about. When the weather improved the Triumph made 10 knots.

A DORNIER sighted the submarine just before our aircraft escort arrived, but was driven off in the nick of time. The Triumph limped into the Firth of Forth two nights and one day after hitting the mine. On thorough examination she was found to have sustained much greater damage than anybody on board thought. The bows were a crumpled bulkhead and ends of shattered tubes. All forward tanks were open to the sea or missing altogether. The explosion had torn the submarine apart amidships. The ballast tanks aft were open to the sea. The steering-gear seemed to have held together by a miracle, and all the way across the North Sea the broken pistol of one of the torpedo war heads, with its detonator, but without the safety-pin, had been washing about in the broken end of the torpedo tube.

Left, the submarine Triumph (Commander J. W. McCoy, R.N.) which, after being mined in the Skagerrak and losing 18 feet of her bows, travelled 300 miles across the North Sea and arrived safely in the Firth of Forth. The Triumph has torpedoed five enemy warships, including a U-Boat, and five enemy supply ships.

Photos, British Official; Associated Press, and Wright & Logan

Kiev Falls: The Nazi Drive in the Ukraine

With the fall of Kiev and the consequent rapid penetration of the Ukraine in the direction of Kharkov, thus engulfing a still larger part of one of Russia's most vital industrial regions, the situation on the Eastern Front appeared uglier and more dangerous for our hard-pressed allies than ever before. But still the Russians maintained an unbroken front.

"The Reich flag has been flying from the Citadel of Kiev since this morning." This was the report that came from the Fuehrer's Headquarters on September 19. "In the course of encircling operations announced today the attack against the capital of the Ukraine was begun. After a bold penetration through the strong fortifications on the west bank of the Dnieper our troops have penetrated into the town."

What the Germans described as a tremendous battle of encirclement followed the junction on September 13, 125 miles east of Kiev, of Von Runstedt's and Von Bock's armies. Employing masses of men, aided by a host of tanks and armoured cars and hordes of General Lœhr's and Field-Marshal Kesselring's dive-bombers, the Germans surrounded Kiev with a ring of fire and iron. The grand offensive against the city, which had temporarily halted while the German marshals were joining hands, was resumed on September 17. German divisions moving up the east bank of the Dnieper attacked from the north, while others advanced up the western bank from the south. On the night of September 18 German infantry, naked but for their steel helmets and carrying their arms and ammunition, swam across a little river to the south of Kiev and stormed the concrete casemates defending the inner city. For days continuous fighting had raged in the northern suburbs and the southern approaches; piles of German dead and scores of smashed-up tanks and armoured cars (reported the correspondent of "Red Star," the Red Army newspaper) were scattered among the woods, along the roads into the southern suburbs and in the gardens of the cottages. At length a strong ring of fortifications on the west bank of the Dnieper was broken through and (so the German High Command reported on September 20) "after the higher leadership of the Soviet troops had fled, the garrison threw down their arms and ceased further resistance."

When the German troops entered Kiev they found "indescribable devastation," announced Berlin. "All vital supplies had been removed or blown up, the water and electricity works put out of action. The place is strewn with the wreckage of railways and bridges that have been blown up. The population had not the bare necessities of life." For a week, indeed, the city had been without water, and for three days its people had gone hungry. Its buildings were packed with wounded. Yet resistance was of the most bitter description, and the Ogpu divisions left behind by Budenny fought with desperate bravery to the last.

Great Battle of Encirclement

Following Kiev's fall, the Germans concentrated upon the destruction of Marshal Budenny's divisions, which (so the Germans claimed) were encircled to the east of the city. "The armies of General Field-Marshal von Reichenau and the panzer armies of Colonels-General von Kleist and Guderian," stated the German High Command on September 21, "have annihilated large sections of the encircled enemy, and have already taken over 150,000 prisoners and captured 151 tanks, 602 guns, and vast quantities of other war material." In the course of the next few days the German claims mounted apace, until the number of prisoners taken had risen to some 665,000, with 885 tanks and 3,718 guns captured or destroyed. But in spite of these claims Budenny's armies seemed to have plenty of fighting spirit left. Nearly a week later, on September 24, a German spokesman in Berlin, after announcing that the Battle of Kiev was almost finished, that around Kiev there was chaos and some of the Russian corps were in a state of disintegration, went on to state that there was no general disintegration of the Russian forces east of Kiev. "How far they will be able to resist only time will show. Difficulties of supplies for the German forces have considerably increased. Lines of communication have been lengthened by a further 75 miles because of our advance. The Russians have blown up all the bridges and the roads—and these were bad enough before. The farther we advance east, the more difficult it will be for us to get supplies to our armies."

While this battle of encirclement was proceeding, other German forces continued to make progress through the Ukraine in the direction of Kharkov and the Donetz basin. On the same day that they announced the fall of Kiev, the Germans reported with a fanfare of trumpets that they had taken Poltava, about 85 miles south-west of Kharkov. But a week later their armoured units were still no nearer than 33 miles to the great industrial city, so hampered had they been by the forests, swamps, and rough country, and by the determined resistance put up by the Russian regulars and guerillas. To the south the line of the Dneiper between Kremenchug and Zaporozhe seemed to be still held by Budenny's troops, but between Nikopol and Kherson the river line was breached. Kherson was outflanked and the Germans, after investing Perekop on the isthmus connecting the Crimea with the mainland, swept on to the shore of the Sea of Azov.



Wing-Commander H. N. G. Ramsbottom-Isherwood, from New Zealand, in command of the R.A.F. wing on the Russian front. One squadron accounted for three M.E. 109s in its first encounter, and later destroyed another four, with the loss of one British fighter and its pilot. *Photo, Vandyk*



EAST FRONT (left), indicating the conflicting thrusts between Smolensk and the Black Sea up to September 24. *By courtesy of the "News Chronicle"*

Timoshenko's Counter-attacks

Meanwhile, in the other sectors of the front the battle raged with undiminished fury. In the centre Marshal Timoshenko continued to make progress in the neighbourhood of Smolensk; for the first time in the present war the Germans were compelled to withdraw from territory—in some places as much as 10 or 15 miles—which they had conquered. Even Berlin admitted that Timoshenko's attacks were "very heavy."

At Leningrad the Germans continued to batter the city's steel-bound defences. Their losses were terrific, but territorially, at least, they had little to show for their immense sacrifices. Hardly anywhere were the Germans within 20 miles of the Nevski Prospekt, but on September 19 a German war correspondent in the front line with the shock troops reported that with field-glasses the men in the most advanced positions could sometimes catch the flash of Leningrad's windows in the sunlight, while factory chimneys, still blithely smoking, despite German bombing and shelling, were visible here and there. Watchers in Finland, looking across Kronstadt Bay, saw the night sky over Leningrad lit up with towering flames, saw the flash of bursting bombs and shells, and the scintillating network of searchlights and "flak" fire.

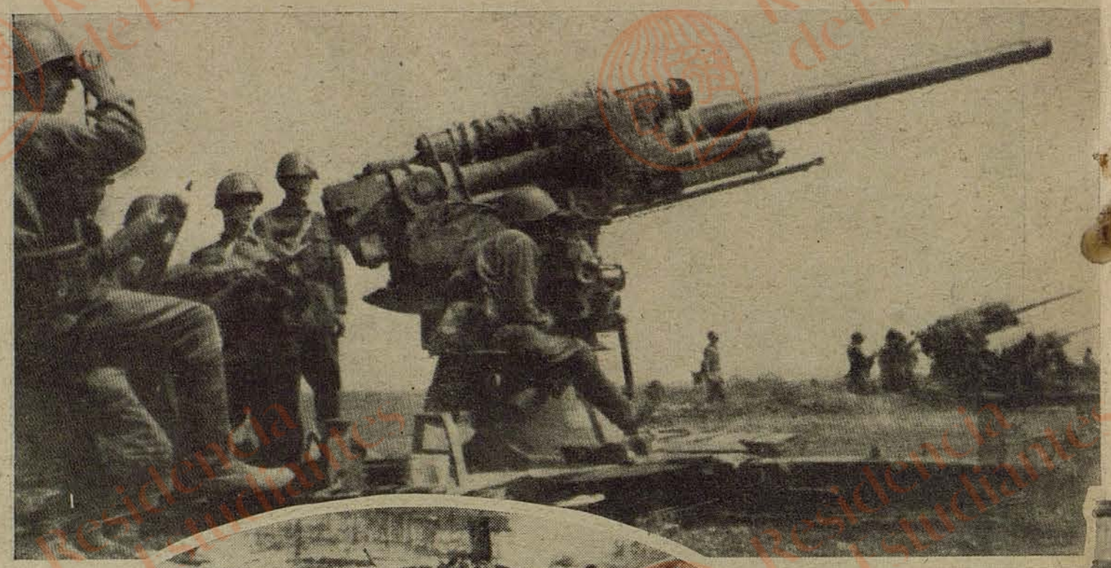
Then in the far north, in the most northern sector of the 1,500-mile front, the Germans and Austrians were still struggling vainly to capture Murmansk, and so deprive Russia of her sole ice-free port and close one of the very few channels whereby British and American support might reach the Soviet. It was on this front that the R.A.F. wing sent to Russia was reported from Stockholm to be in action.

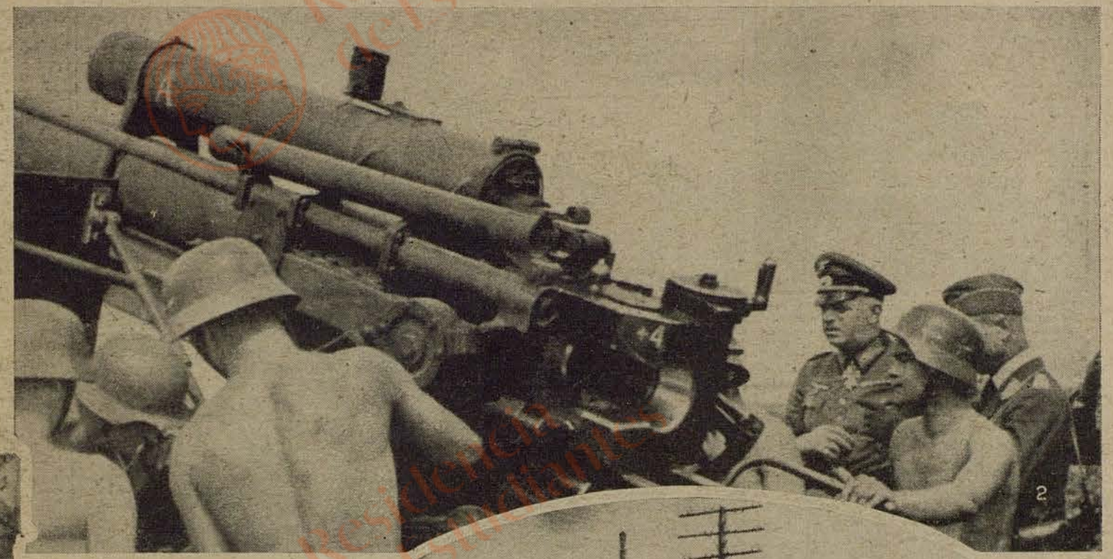
German Guns Captured by Timoshenko's Men

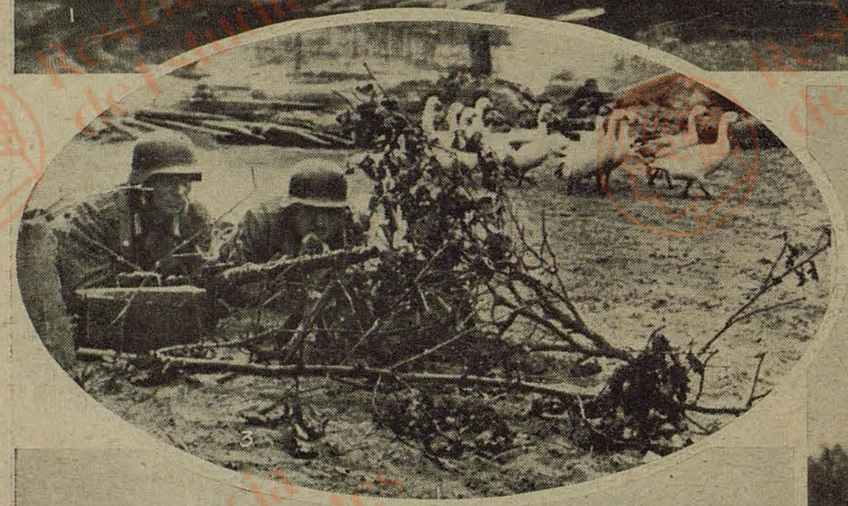


NAZI ARTILLERY, comprising howitzers, light field guns and anti-tank guns, captured by Soviet troops at village "N," being examined by engineers and technical experts of the Red Army. German losses in men and material during the fighting on the Eastern front, which has been on an unprecedented scale, have been enormous. But Hitler is making use of the resources of a conquered Europe, and only unremitting toil in our own factories will enable us to gain the ascendancy in material needed for our ultimate victory. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

With Gun and Tank, Bayonet and Bomb, Hitler's Hordes Grapple with the Hosts of a Russia at Bay















1. Russian anti-aircraft guns being used in the defence of Odessa, the seaport on the Black Sea besieged by Rumanian and German troops. 2. Col.-General Busch, chief of a Nazi army group, inspecting an A.A. position. 3. German photograph purporting to show Nazi machine-gunners attacking Russian troops. The geese seem strangely unperturbed. 4. Finnish troops, assisting the Nazis in the Karelian Isthmus, taking cover during an advance.

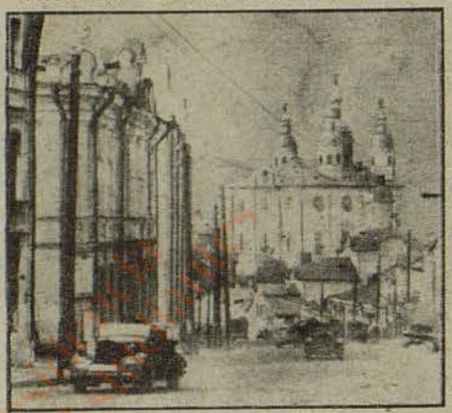
5. Nazis urging on the frightened horses of a supply column through a blazing Russian town. 6. Nazi infantry and tanks advancing through the vast wheatfields of the Ukraine. 7. Radio photograph from Moscow showing an actual bayonet charge by Soviet infantry during the fight for the village of "N." One result of this engagement is shown in page 179.

Photos, Planet News, Associated Press and Keystone

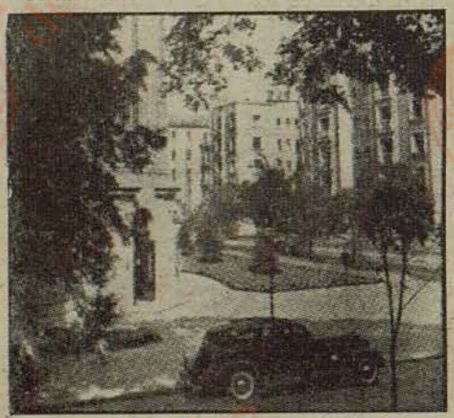
After Three Months: The Battle Line in Russia



LENINGRAD, defended by the armies of Voroshilov. The Kirov House of Culture.



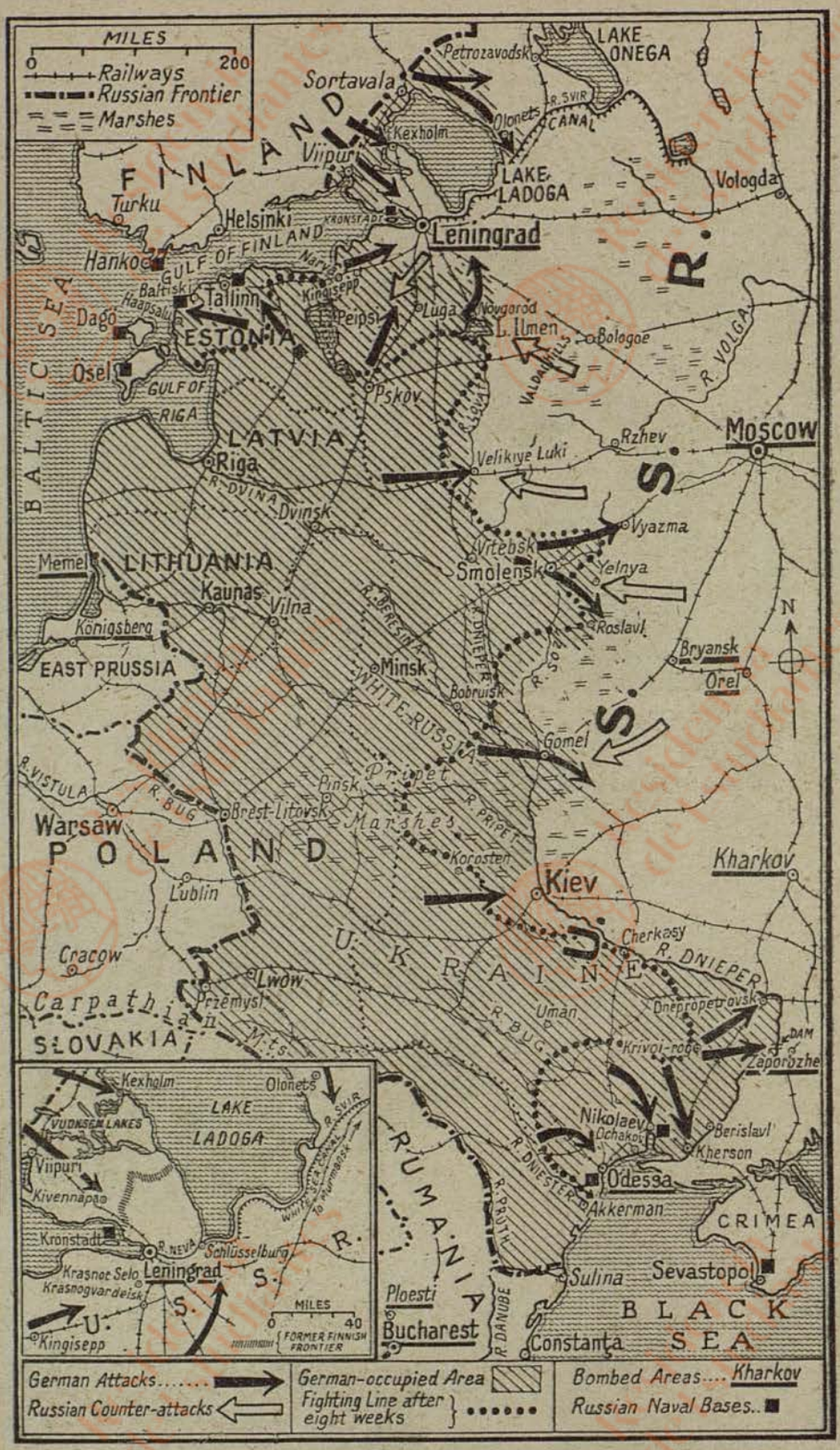
SMOLENSK, taken by the Nazis in August. German motor vehicles in the main street.



KIEV, the loss of which was admitted by Moscow on Sept. 21. A residential quarter.



ODESSA, Black Sea port besieged but unconquered. Steps linking city to seafront.



TERRITORY overrun by the Nazis in twelve weeks' fighting on the Eastern Front. Although, as can be seen, the territorial gains of the German armies are very considerable, the Soviet Red Army still preserves an unbroken line from Finland to the Black Sea, and is still fighting with undiminished ardour. The Nazi gains have been bought at an enormous cost to themselves in both men and material. M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain, speaking on September 23, said that the Germans had lost, "at a moderate estimate," 3,000,000 men in killed, wounded and missing, as well as something like 8,500 planes.

As September drew to a close, Leningrad still held out stubbornly in the face of Von Leeb's powerful attacks; Smolensk had been captured by the Nazis early in August, but now they were losing ground east of the city owing to Timoshenko's counter-attacks. The loss of Kiev was a severe blow to the Soviet, but Budenny's forces were still fighting hard, and Odessa, the Russian Tobruk, was proving a graveyard to thousands of Antonescu's Rumanians.

Map by courtesy of "The Manchester Guardian." Photos, Soviet War News, Associated Press, Topical Press, E.N.A.

Exit Riza Shah: A New Chapter in Persia

Vital to the defence of India and Egypt, vital to the Russian defenders of the Caucasus, Iran (or Persia, as Mr. Churchill prefers to call it) has now, following the abdication of the old Shah, been brought under the control of the Russian and British Allies.

SHAH RIZA KHAN PAHLEVI abdicated on September 16 in favour of his eldest son, the Crown Prince Shah Mohammed Riza, a young man of 22. Failing health was given as the reason, but in fact the old Shah had become altogether *non persona grata* to the Russians and British who had invaded his country on August 25, and who since then had been waiting in vain for the Nazi intriguers to be handed over or expelled. It was only too obvious that the Nazis were being sheltered and shielded by the Court. Every difficulty was put in the way of their extradition, and some of the most "wanted" were allowed to escape over the frontier into Turkey. Nor were the Axis legations in Teheran liquidated; rather they were permitted to continue in their hostile activities. So at length, and not too soon, the Allies' patience was exhausted. From Moscow there came complaints of "insincerity" and "unforgivable slowness" in fulfilling the terms of the armistice concluded on September 9, and in effect the Shah was told that his unfriendly and unreasonable attitude could be no longer tolerated. He made his choice, and stepped down from the throne.



NEW SHAH OF IRAN, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, who acceded to the throne when his father abdicated on September 16, 1941.
Photo, Associated Press

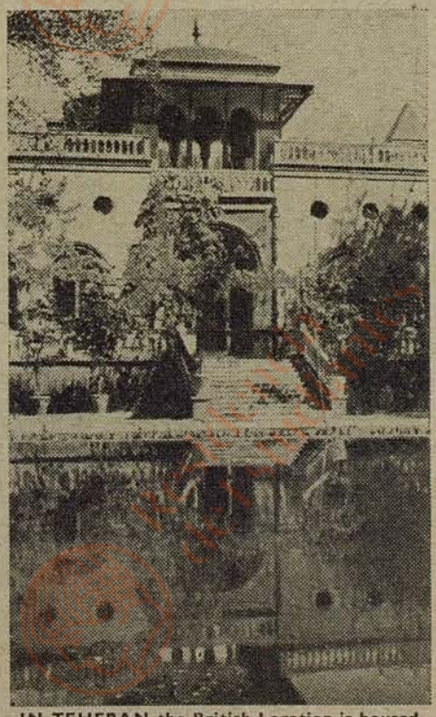
So fell one of the world's most picturesque rulers and, let it be admitted, one of the most capable in the whole of Asia. It is now the fashion to decry Riza Shah's achievements, but history will record that in his earlier years at least he worked wonders in a country which for centuries has been a political and social quagmire.

Born about 67 years ago, Pahlevi was the son of humble parents, and after the briefest schooling and a spell as a shepherd boy he enlisted in the Cossack division of the Persian Army. For 20 years he was a trooper before he rose to become an officer. In 1920 his abilities were recognized by two British officers, Colonel Smythe and General Sir Edmund (now Lord) Ironside, and he was appointed to the command of the Cossack division which was then operating in conjunction with British forces against the Bolsheviks. That was his first step on the road to fame and supreme power. In 1921 he executed a *coup d'état* and seized Teheran. Two years later he was Prime Minister, and in 1925 he supplanted the old Shah, Sultan Ahmed, who preferred to spend most of his time at Deauville and Biarritz, dallying with his dancing girls. In 1926 the one-time trooper was crowned Shah.

For years he ruled as an enlightened despot. He built roads and bridges, constructed irrigation works, encouraged agriculture, established schools, some of them on co-educational lines. He introduced new legal codes, thus striking at the power of the religious courts conducted by the mullahs, did much to emancipate women. Unlike his Turkish exemplar, he did not feel strong enough to prohibit the veil, but he did everything in his power to discourage its use.

He set up factories in which he was the principal shareholder; he did much to encourage the tourist trade, and the hotels which he built on the Caspian shore were his own property. In Teheran he constructed a magnificent railway station which cost, so it is said, £30,000,000; at first there were no trains and not even rails. "Teheran," reported John Gunther, "became a mixture of primitiveness and sophistication. Splendid boulevards and dial telephones—but no sewage system. Between street and pavement are ditches filled with dogs, cats and drinking water." The construction of a splendid bourse was begun, although the building was never finished. A magnificent opera house was completed, but Iran still has no opera, just as it has no stockbrokers.

But it must be admitted that the Shah could have done few or none of these things but for the royalties paid him by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, of which the largest shareholder is the British Government. These made him independent of the Iranian *Majlis* or National Assembly, enabled him to defy the Moslem mullahs and the feudal chieftains. Still more, they provided him with the funds with which he paid his troops and officials. Out of a rabble he produced a conscript army of respectable appearance and conduct, with which he was able to put down brigandage and overawe recalcitrant tribesmen. The oil royalties represent more than half the country's national income, but the balance had to be wrung from a people living in the most squalid poverty. His great public works were only carried out by forced labour at very low wages, and parts of the country were depopulated as the peasants fled to avoid his press gangs. Then many of the necessities of life—sugar, tea and salt, as well as foreign trade, transport, petroleum and tourism—were made state monopolies, sold to the highest bidder.



IN TEHERAN the British Legation is housed in this charming building. It contains a well with the only good drinking water in Teheran, which the whole town is said to use.
Photo, "Daily Mirror"



ALLIES IN IRAN: a representative of the Soviet forces in Iran chatting with British officers. This photograph was wired direct from Moscow to London.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

A great man in his heyday was Riza Shah Pahlevi; so great indeed that on one occasion, in 1932, he challenged the great oil company and its British Government backers. Not only did he reduce the area of its concession by half, but he demanded that instead of receiving as heretofore a share of the net profits he should be paid a specific rate per ton of oil, with the proviso that the sum paid should never fall below £750,000 per annum. After six months of haggling and angry protests his demands were conceded; in 1937 and again in 1938 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company paid the Persian Government over £3,000,000.

But as Pahlevi grew old he revealed ever more plainly the well-known vices of the solitary autocrat. He was a one-man tyrant, intolerant of opposition, determined to have his own way in everything. Moreover, his avarice became insatiable. In particular he indulged in a passion for land-grabbing—a passion which may be traced back, perhaps, to his peasant ancestry.

Now, however, all that is gone. Most of his wealth has been restored to the Persian State, and he himself is an exile.

Our Diary of the War

TUESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1941 *745th day*

Air.—Seven enemy fighters destroyed during R.A.F. sweeps over northern France. Two British fighters missing. Night attack on Karlsruhe and objectives in W. Germany as well as on the docks at Le Havre.

Russian Front.—Russians reported gains in local actions near Leningrad. Germans claimed defeat of large Russian forces south of Lake Ilmen. Von Rundstedt launched powerful new offensive in Ukraine.

Africa.—39 killed and 93 injured in enemy air raid on Cairo area. Harbours and shipping at Tripoli and Benghazi attacked during night. Stores at Bardia bombed.

Iran.—The Shah abdicated, being succeeded by his son, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi.

Home.—Few bombs from night raiders at points in eastern England. One enemy bomber destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17 *746th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. Submarine P.32.

Air.—Strong R.A.F. forces attacked power plant at Mazingarbe, near Bethune. 12 enemy fighters destroyed in offensive sweeps. For the second night in succession Karlsruhe raided. Night attack on St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Germans renewed assault on Leningrad with waves of dive bombers. Marshal Timoshenko still counter-attacking north-east of Smolensk.

Africa.—In Abyssinia, R.A.F. bombers attacked enemy positions north-east of Azozo.

Mediterranean.—Munition factories at Licata, Sicily, raided in daylight by bombers of the R.A.F.

Home.—Bombs on south-east coast towns caused a few casualties.

General.—Three Swedish destroyers were blown up near the island of Naersgarn.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 18 *747th day*

Sea.—Submarines of Mediterranean Fleet attacked an Italian convoy, destroying two liners of over 20,000 tons each and probably damaging a third.

Air.—Enemy supply ship damaged and two A.A. ships sunk off Belgian coast. Power station near Rouen bombed. In an offensive sweep over northern France, 17 enemy aircraft were destroyed. British losses, two bombers and nine fighters. At night the docks of Le Havre were attacked.

Russian Front.—Pressure on Leningrad relieved by counter-attacks. Crimea reported cut off from the mainland.

Iran.—Russian troops entered Teheran. British troops encamped on the outskirts.

U.S.A.—President Roosevelt asked Congress for an additional £1,500,000,000 for Lease and Lend supplies.

Home.—The King and Queen inspected the Third Canadian Division. Night raiders dropped bombs at a few points in South Wales and East Anglia.

General.—New Japanese offensive in Hunan.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19 *748th day*

Sea.—Netherlands Admiralty announced that a Dutch submarine had sunk two Italian supply ships in the Mediterranean.

Air.—Night attacks included a heavy raid on the Baltic port of Stettin and objectives near Nantes, in France.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed the capture of Kiev and announced that the armies of Rundstedt and Bock had joined forces beyond that city. Germans claimed to have reached Poltava, 85 miles from Kharkov.

Iran.—A British column occupied the inner suburbs of Teheran. Other British troops occupied the Skoda machine-gun factory east of the city.

Home.—Bombs dropped in the Thames Estuary area during a daylight raid.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 20 *749th day*

Sea.—At night unsuccessful attacks on North Sea convoys were made by enemy E-boats, two of which were severely damaged.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked enemy convoys off the Dutch coast setting several ships on fire. Air attacks were also made on objectives in Norway, N.-W. Germany and occupied France. The railway junction at Hazebrouck, shipyards near Rouen, the docks at Cherbourg and the railway centre at Abbeville were bombed. Objectives at Emden and a fish-oil factory at Floro, in Norway, were also attacked. 16 enemy fighters were shot down. British losses, seven fighters and three bombers. Night attacks on Frankfurt, Berlin and N.-W. Germany as well as the docks at Ostend.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued along the whole front and was especially fierce around Kiev. Germans claimed the capture of islands of Vorms and Moon in the Baltic.

Africa.—Merchant ship bombed and sunk by R.A.F. off Kerkenah, and enemy destroyer successfully attacked off Tripoli. Benghazi raided on night of Sept. 20-21.

Home.—700 interned Fascists rioted at Peel, Isle of Man, internment camp. A few bombs were dropped by night raiders at points in south and eastern England. One enemy aircraft destroyed.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 21 *750th day*

Air.—24 enemy fighters shot down in two big sweeps by R.A.F. over northern France. Blenheims attacked power station at Gosnay, near Bethune, and Hampdens railway objectives at Lille. British losses, 13 fighters.

Russian Front.—Russians admitted evacuation of Kiev. Germans claim capture of Baltic island of Oesel. Moscow claimed an advance by Marshal Timoshenko's armies of 13 miles in the Smolensk area. Germans claimed also to have reached Sea of Azov.

Home.—South-east coast town bombed.

MONDAY, SEPT. 22 *751st day*

Air.—5,000-ton German supply ship hit by a Beaufort aircraft off Norway. Night attack on the docks at Boulogne.

Russian Front.—Soviet forces encircled east of Kiev still put up vigorous resistance. Timoshenko's armies continued their advance in the Smolensk area. Pressure on Leningrad relieved by Russian counter-attacks from the Valdai Hills. Moscow announced arrival of British and American missions.

Africa.—Harbour at Benghazi and objectives at Tripoli bombed on night of Sept. 22-23.

Home.—King George of Greece arrived in London. "Tanks for Russia" week began.

General.—Lord Linlithgow's term of office as Viceroy of India extended to April 1943.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 23 *752nd day*

Russian Front.—Nazis pushed back seven miles by Soviet counter-attacks in the Leningrad sector. German 3rd Mountain Infantry Division routed near Murmansk.

Middle East.—Announced from Cairo that Gen. Wavell had returned to India after a conference with Gen. Auchinleck somewhere in the Middle East.

Iran.—The Iranian government decided to recall its diplomatic representatives in Germany, Italy and Rumania.

Africa.—In Abyssinia enemy positions near Gondar bombed by R.A.F.

Home.—Night raiders dropped a few bombs in South Wales and south-west England. Mr. Churchill appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in succession to the late Marquess of Willingdon. Gen. de Gaulle announced Free French National Committtee.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24 *753rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced torpedoing of an Italian minelayer, a transport and two supply ships in the Mediterranean.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed capture of Peterhov, 18 miles west of Leningrad. Budenny counter-attacked at Kherson, on the Dnieper. Officially announced that one R.A.F. squadron in Russia had shot down 7 Nazi planes for the loss of one fighter.

Mediterranean.—Announcement of successful attacks on merchant shipping by Fleet Air Arm and bombers of R.A.F.

Home.—Day raider bombed Scottish east coast village. Few night bombs on south-east coast. Allied Council, at St. James's Palace, endorsed the Atlantic Charter.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25 *754th day*

Russian Front.—Leningrad attacked by waves of Stukas and heavy bombers. Rundstedt's southern forces began new advance from Genichesk along the coast of the Sea of Azov.

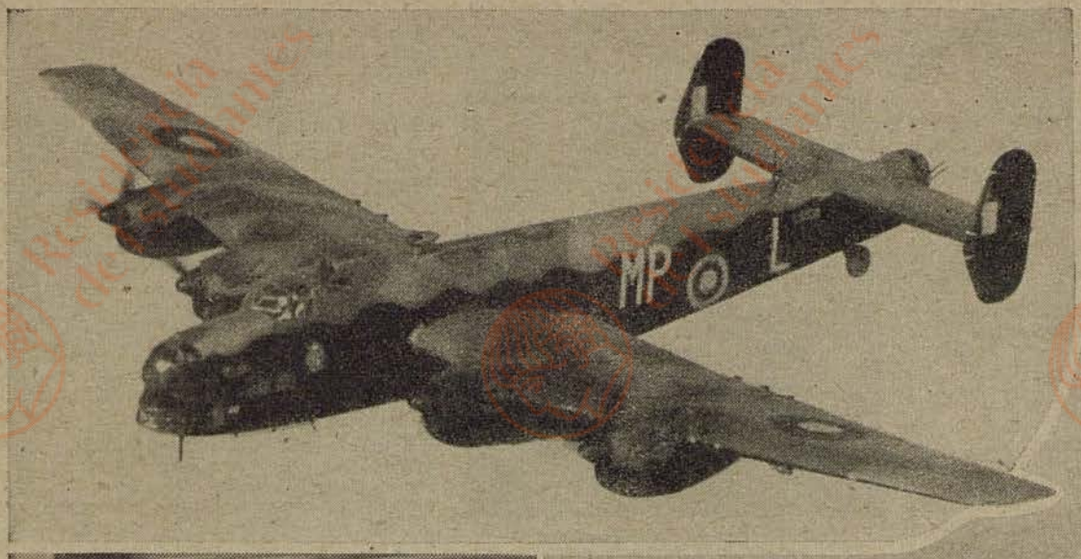
Home.—Few night bombs on east coast.

General.—Berlin admits seriousness of big guerilla risings in Serbia.



M. MAISKY, Soviet Ambassador in London, addresses workers after taking delivery of the first tank made in the Tanks for Russia Week which started on Sept. 22 and resulted in 20 per cent increase over the previous "best."
Photo, G.P.U.

New Halifaxes and Hurricanes Take the Air



HALIFAX, the formidable new Handley Page bomber in use with the R.A.F. It has a span of 99 ft., a length of 70 ft., and is 22 ft. high. Fitted with four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, it is a midwing monoplane with twin fins and rudders, the tail gun-turret projecting well beyond the tail assembly.



Members of the ground staff at an R.A.F. station loading up the ammunition container of one of the new Spitfire cannon-guns.

AERIAL supremacy over the Nazis, numerical and technical—such is the order of the day and night. In technique, Britain has always led the way, and recent developments are very gratifying.

The Halifax, one of the largest and most formidable new machines under Bomber Command, is doing splendid service. It is an all-metal midwing monoplane with four Rolls-Royce Merlin 12-cylinder liquid-cooled engines. The fuselage is rectangular, and the bomb-aimer's position is placed under the forward turret. It carries four machine-guns in the rear turret and two in the front turret.

The Hurricane II introduces many new features to the earlier model. Fitted with a new Rolls Merlin engine, with two-speed supercharger, it extends the fighting ability in three directions, performances at height, fire-power and effective range. The machine has a better rate of climb at altitude and a greater top speed. Some Hurricane IIs carry 12 machine-guns, others four 20-mm. cannon.



HURRICANE IIs in formation. These machines are carrying four 20-mm. cannon. On the left a Hurricane II, showing the port-holes for its 12 machine-guns.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Associated Press

Norway's Great Stand Against the Oppressor

Eighteen months have passed since the Nazis invaded Norway, and each successive month has increased their unpopularity, until today they are hated with an intensity such as only the most bitter tyranny could have aroused in an essentially tolerant and kindly people. Below we review the chief events which have marked the German occupation of Norway to date.

When the Nazis invaded Norway on April 9, 1940, one of their first acts was to set up a puppet government under Major Vidkun Quisling, leader of the small Norwegian Fascist Party, the *Nasjonal Samling*. Six days later, however, Quisling was replaced by an Administrative Council headed by Herr Christensen, Chairman of Oslo Municipal Council. Then on April 27 Hitler issued a decree appointing Herr Terboven, Gauleiter of Essen, as Reich Commissioner of the German-occupied territories in Norway.

Following the occupation of the whole of Norway by the Nazi invaders, there were further changes. In September a new Administrative Council was formed by Christensen to act as a link between the Norwegian authorities and the occupying power, and on September 25 Terboven set up a *Statsrad* (State Council), nearly all of whose members were drawn from Quisling's party. A few hours before its establishment all the Norwegian political parties, save the Nasjonal Samling, were closed down, and in a few weeks the same fate had befallen most Norwegian organizations, even Masonic Lodges and Rotary Clubs. The Norwegian Trade Union Council anticipated compulsory dissolution by closing down all its organs and destroying its membership lists and documents. Then on September 28 Terboven in another pronouncement proclaimed the abolition of the Norwegian *Storting* (parliament) and monarchy, the deposition of King Haakon, and the nomination of Quisling as sole political leader in Norway. It was decreed that all portraits of King Haakon and members of the Royal Family should be burnt, and that the word "royal" should be deleted from street names and so on. On October 4 there came yet another proclamation decreeing that parliament would be replaced by a *Ringsting*, whose members would be appointed on the corporative principle.

These measures induced grave unrest throughout the country—so grave that at the beginning of November 1940 "Extraordinary People's Tribunals" were set up to enforce them and to punish loyalty to the Norwegian king and constitution. But the discontent throve on suppression. Everywhere loyalists flaunted badges bearing the portrait of King Haakon. There were frequent clashes in the streets between loyalists and Quisling's brownshirts or *Hirdmen*. Sabotage was widespread. Newspapers were so outspoken in their criticism of the regime that numbers of journalists were arrested, many papers were suppressed and others suspended for publishing disrespectful remarks of Quisling and his gang. Even in the schools anti-Quisling demonstrations were the order of the day, so that the Government threatened to close the high schools and severely punish the teachers who failed to keep their classes in order. Children who refused to give the Nazi salute or to attend the Hitler Youth Exhibition in Oslo were beaten up by Hirdmen in the streets. Undaunted, a crowd of Norwegian youths and girls paraded in front of the Royal Palace and sang the Norwegian National Anthem, while others shouted "Long live King Haakon! Down with Quisling!" before the latter's headquarters.



MAJOR VIDKUN QUISLING, leader of the Norwegian Nazi Party, was born in 1887. He was for twelve years an officer of the Norwegian General Staff, and from 1931 to 1933 was Minister of Defence. *Photo, Keystone*

Meanwhile the economic condition of the country was growing steadily worse as the Nazis laid their hands on all the foodstuffs that happened to be immediately surplus. Huge quantities of fish, eggs, pork and potatoes were appropriated and dispatched to the Reich, with the result that food rationing of the civilian population became ever more drastic. German soldiers of the army of occupation were reported to be going on leave with their rucksacks filled with the good things which the people at home had gone without for so long.

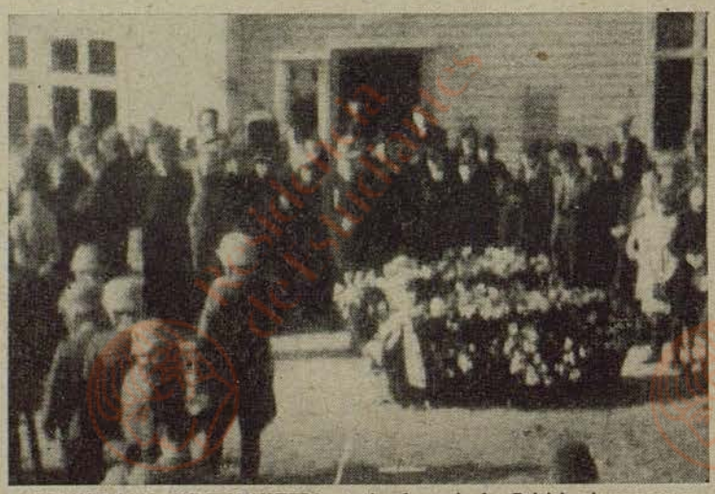
Things had reached such a state that last spring Himmler himself arrived in Norway, and after a tour of the country helped in the establishment of a secret police on the lines of the Gestapo. But still the agitation went on. There was another wave of arrests, and the gaols, supplemented by concentration camps, were filled to overflowing.

Then the Church entered the struggle. On February 9 the Norwegian bishops issued a pastoral letter denouncing the Quisling government's interference with church matters and severely criticizing the violent activities of the Hirdmen. In particular, they protested against an order of December 13, which gave the police the right to require a priest to break his oath of secrecy in matters of the confessional, or run the risk of imprisonment if he refused. When the pastoral letter was read from a number of pulpits and widely distributed, Quisling ordered the police and Hirdmen to attend Divine Worship and report any priests and pastors who read the letter, or offered prayers for the Norwegian Royal Family. Already the Quisling government had attacked the Norwegian judiciary, with the result that in December all the justices of the Supreme Court resigned and were replaced by quislings.

On August 2 Terboven proclaimed a state of civil emergency throughout Norway, and followed this up with more measures of repression, including in particular the confiscation of all wireless receiving sets along the west and south coasts; the Norwegians were showing too keen an interest in broadcasts from London. In Oslo the wireless sets were due to be given up on September 8; that same afternoon the R.A.F. heavily bombed shipping in Oslo Fjord, and the appearance of the British planes above the city acted as a signal for a patriotic demonstration of the most openly enthusiastic description. The same day work was stopped in the big factories, ostensibly because heavy workers did not get their milk ration; it was true enough that the milk rations were short, since 10,000 gallons of Norwegian milk are being sent daily to Finland alone for the German troops, while further large quantities are being condensed for the use of the German forces elsewhere. Soon in the engineering industry the strike was general, 54 works being brought to a standstill.

Quisling informed the German authorities that these demonstrations were the prelude to a general strike. This was not the case, as the Germans well knew, but they seized upon an opportunity for crushing the workers' organizations, just as a year before they had suppressed the political parties. On September 9 Terboven imposed martial law on Oslo and its industrial suburbs. The Gestapo promptly occupied the offices of the Trade Union Federation, and all members of the executive as well as many local officials were arrested. A few hours later shots rang out; Viggo Hansteen, president of the Trades Union Federation, and Rolf Wickstrom had to pay with their lives for having refused to yield to Terboven and the Gestapo. Many other Trade Unionists, engineering shop stewards and dockers were sentenced to hard labour for ten and fifteen years, and in some cases for life.

But even these atrocities have proved insufficient to crush the spirit of the Norwegian workers and of the Norwegian people as a whole. Never were King Haakon and Crown Prince Olaf more popular than now, when they are exiles in London. The British planes—"angels" as they are called—as they fly over Norway's towns and coasts are greeted with friendly waves and cheers. While, as for Quisling, he is reported to be tormented by insomnia, and an overdose of his sleeping draught has brought him to the brink of the grave.



NORWEGIAN SYMPATHIZERS at the funeral of a British airman on a small island named Austevoll, near Bergen. This lonely island was chosen for the funeral by the Nazis to avoid demonstrations of pro-British feeling, but over a thousand Norwegian fishermen and peasants journeyed from even quite distant villages to be present. *Photo, Associated Press*

Who *Wouldn't* Hurt a Fly in North Africa?

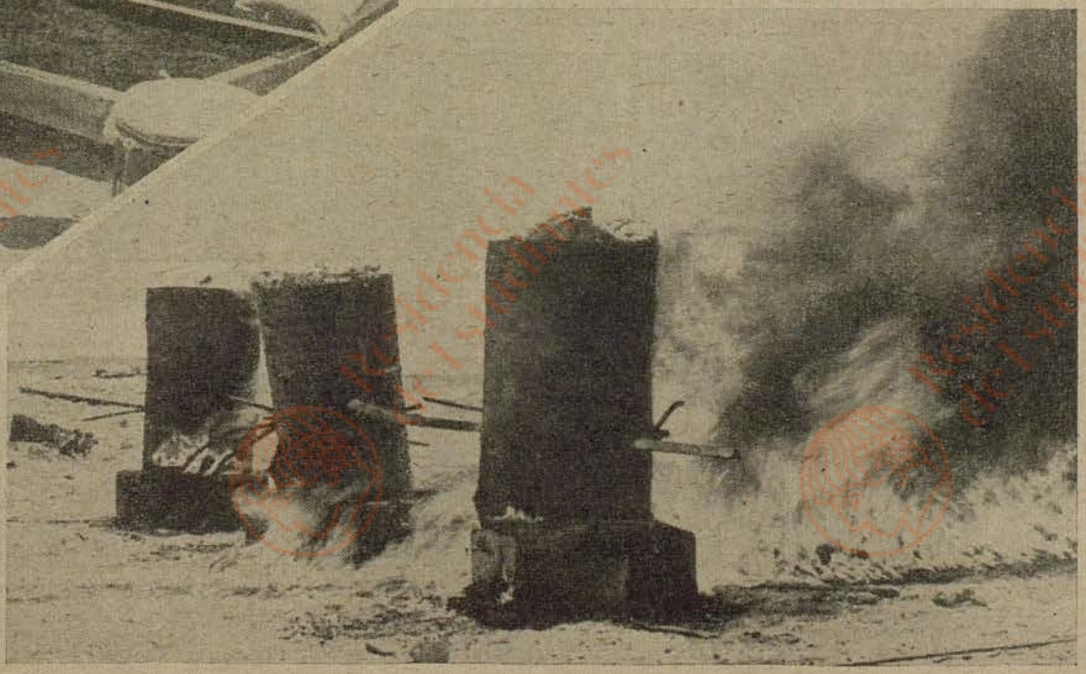


AN ANTI-FLY SQUAD leaving its headquarters with traps. These are baited with fresh meat, left for four days, and then collected for the catch to be destroyed.



SETTING THE TRAPS in which over a million flies have been caught in six weeks. The Anti-Fly Squad is an essential part of Western Desert Hygiene Section.





BURNING TROUGHS full of flies (right). When the traps are full the flies are sprayed with chemicals and then cremated. Above, a member of the Anti-Fly Squad emptying the traps into a trough.

The insect plague is not the least of the dangers and nuisances to which our men in North Africa are exposed. Thanks, however, to skilful organization, the breeding circles are broken up. An important order is that all refuse must be burnt in the camps and not buried, as research has proved that a fly can work its way through 8 ft. of sand.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause



The White Cross of St. Giles



Mr. A. M. Nabarro, Portsmouth A.F.S., **G.M.,** for rescuing two persons trapped in blazing wreckage, and controlling fires.



Mr. L. Stephens, Plymouth A.F.S. messenger, **B.E.M.,** for carrying on with his duty although injured by bomb-blast.



Stn. Offr. R. A. Pullinger, G.M., for helping to save patients from a hospital which was set on fire by a bomb.



Stn. Offr. G. E. Switzer, Silver Medal of National Horse Assn. for bravery in saving 39 horses during a London raid.



National Horse Association of Great Britain



Miss M. F. Weston, White Cross of St. Giles, for saving over 500 animals from buildings destroyed by bombs.



Miss M. I. Stepnall, Matron, Royal Eye Hospital, London, **M.B.E.,** for rescuing patients and fighting fires.



Warden Janet Evans, of Plymouth, **B.E.M.,** for courage and devotion to duty during several raids.



Mrs. H. Broadberry, of Winkbourn, **B.E.M.,** for helping to rescue three Polish airmen from a crashed and burning plane.



Miss E. Kitson, M.B.E., for her work at the British Embassy in Norway during Nazi invasion.



Miss M. Monk, Rotherhithe Girl Guides, the **Bronze Cross,** for rescuing children from blazing shelter.



Stn. Insp. Ronald Noble, G.M., for rescuing a woman from a bomb-wrecked block of flats.



Sergt. G. Deacon, G.M., for gallant and devoted work in tending a man trapped in wreckage.



P.C. Eakers, of Plymouth, **B.E.M.,** for rescuing six persons from demolished property.



Det. Con. F. S. Stanley, of Plymouth, **O.B.E.,** for rescuing several persons and tending the injured.



P.C. T. A. O'Connor, B.E.M., for heroism in helping to release people trapped in debris.



Insp. John Lindsey, B.E.M., for rescue operations when Plymouth City Hospital was hit.



Telegraphist J. Stephenson, formerly A.R.P. Warden, Holborn, **G.M.,** for rescuing casualties from bombed building.



Sea Cadet H. Thomson, St. Clement Dane's Unit, **Navy League Cross,** for bravery in preventing fires.



Cdr. H. W. Biggs, R.N., **Bar to D.S.O.,** for distinguished services in the withdrawal of our troops from Greece.



Lieut. J. R. Phillimore, D.S.C., for courage and skill in the course of operations off the Libyan coast.



Chief Offr. H. Thompson, M.B.E., for bravery and navigational resource after his ship had been torpedoed.



Lieut.-Cdr. G. A. Thring, D.S.O., for bravery and skill in bringing a convoy through two U-boat attacks and a storm.



Mr. G. Davis, G.M., for turning off gas from flaming main near an unexploded bomb, during a London raid.



Mr. N. Potts, of the Gas Light & Coke Co., also awarded the **G.M.,** for bravery in the same incident.



Mr. J. F. Knape, O.B.E., for gallant work in the Plymouth A.R.P. Control Room, set on fire by bombs.



Mr. J. W. Coulthard, Liverpool A.R.P. messenger, **G.M.,** for great bravery in a bomb-wrecked blazing building.



Mr. L. J. Bell, of the Gas Light & Coke Co., **G.M.,** for controlling gas amid falling high explosives and incendiaries.



Mr. E. F. Bradley, who was also awarded the **G.M.,** for splendid resource in the same courageous exploit.



Wing-Cdr. G. T. Jarman, D.F.C., awarded the **D.S.O.,** for attacks on Gneisenau, Scharnhorst and Prinz Eugen.



Sgt. Air-Gunner Billington, D.F.M., for putting out fire in his plane by using his parachute regardless of his own life.



Squad.-Ldr D. R. Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., the famous legless pilot, now a prisoner of war, awarded **Bar to D.F.C.**



Flt.-Lieut. H. P. Blatchford, D.F.C., for helping to destroy eight and damage five Nazi planes in one day.



Flying-Offr. D. V. Cotes-Preedy, G.M., for saving lives of his air-gunner and observer from crashed plane.



Wing-Cdr. J. W. Gillan, D.F.C., A.F.C., **Bar to D.F.C.,** for showing inspiring leadership and determination.

I Was There! ... Eye Witness Stories of the War

What Caught My Eye in Besieged Odessa

Since the beginning of August, Odessa, the great Russian port on the Black Sea, has been fiercely attacked by the Rumanians and their German masters. This account of life in the beleaguered city is from the pen of E. Vilenski, a Russian war correspondent.

ODESSA is encircled from the land side. The roads leading from the city are cut short at the front line which surrounds the approaches to the town. Odessa can only be reached by sea, and although the vessels may be hindered they cannot be stopped.

Odessa was the city of gaiety, the beautiful seaside town inhabited by happy, sunny southerners, where people from all parts of the country came to rest, where the parks were masses of flowers and where music could be heard everywhere.

The first sound I heard on approaching the town was the boom of guns. These belonged to a warship guarding the sea approaches, and they fired to the right at regular intervals. Our boat slid into port to the same accompaniment of artillery.

Odessa has become a different town. It is a besieged city, fighting for its liberty and its very life. And it stands with clenched fists, grim and determined. You see pass by groups of working men and women—especially women. Most of them have remained in their native city, while most of the men have gone into the firing line. Old people and children have been evacuated, despite the enemy's attempts to prevent their evacuation.

It is early, and I can see the people out on the streets carrying spades, picks, sandbags. The streets are narrow, for cobble stones and pavement stones have been torn up to build barricades, and only a narrow strip is left for motor traffic.

There is one man in Odessa whom everyone knows: Arkady Khrenov, one of the Soviet Union's best military engineers and one of those responsible for the destruction of the Mannerheim Line during the Finnish campaign. He is in charge of Odessa's fortifications. Under his direction the inhabitants have surrounded their city with several belts of fortifications, anti-tank obstacles and trenches.

You should see them work; old men and women, youngsters, women of every kind, carrying stones to the barricades. Their unremitting efforts have converted Odessa into an immensely strong fortress. Everything has been done to lessen the danger to the defenders. Gun turrets are cunningly concealed and the men's firing positions covered against shrapnel.

Fighting side by side with the Red Army are Odessa's People's Volunteers and the Red Navy. These Red Navy men are the object of Odessa's particular affection. You can see them in the firing line in their navy blue, with heavy cartridge belts across their chests and with a big supply of grenades.

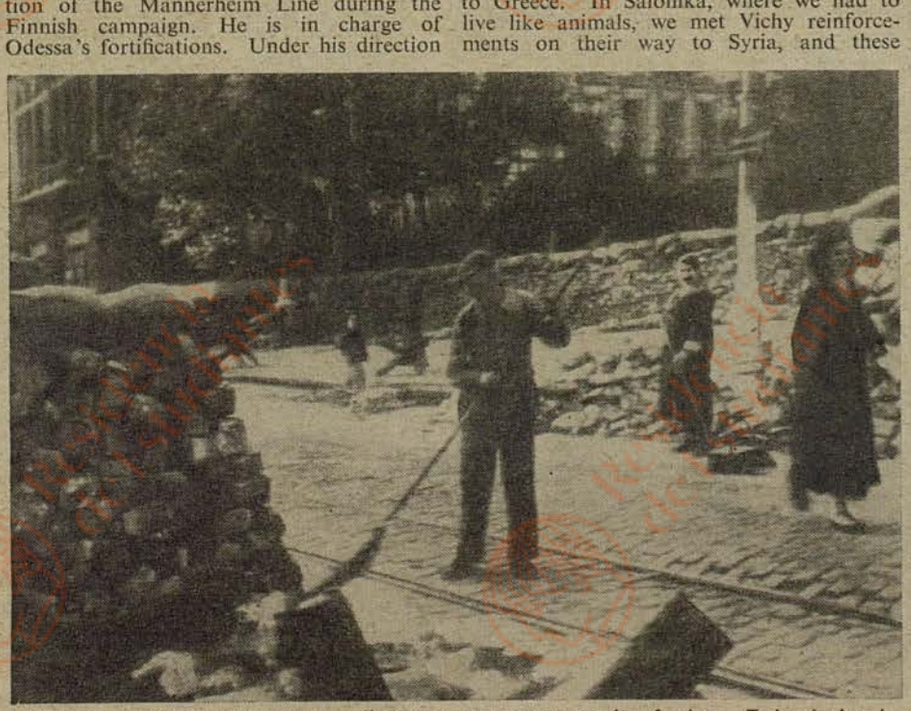
Everyone in the city is taking part in its defence. The factories are producing all that is required at the front, and the collective farms bring in a constant supply of vegetables, fruits and other produce.

The people of Odessa never had the occasion to build tanks, but now its engineers are producing a number of armoured vehicles, which, while not conforming to standard designs, have nevertheless caused great damage to the Rumanians attacking the city. Hundreds of thousands of mines have been made in the town's workshops; some of them unconventionally encased in wooden boxes, large tins and even film containers.

Enemy tanks and armoured cars are encountering diverse and cleverly contrived obstacles—there are at least a million of them in the approaches of the city. Never had the Odessaites contemplated doing so much intensive digging and shovelling. Spades and picks were produced in a few days at fabulous speed. The city has organized its defence in such a way as to rely as little as possible on other towns. Odessa scientists are producing high explosives, and Odessa technicians are designing new types of arms.

The city and the front have merged into one—there is no dividing line. Workers' detachments are training in the streets. They learn to handle arms, dig trenches and camouflage. Their womenfolk see them off to the outskirts of the town where the gunfire is clearly heard. They bring their men bundles of food and then return to the city to resume work.

Odessa engineers are also repairing the tanks brought in from the front, and every factory has a group of tanks attached to it for repairs. Brigades of workers have their own tanks to look after. The electric power supply, the shops, and the telegraph and telephone services work without interruption. It is true that in the telegraph office I saw a notice: "Prompt delivery is not guaranteed," but still telegrams are being accepted. As a journalist I was particularly pleased to see that three daily papers still appear in Odessa, and the Moscow papers arrive with only two days' delay.—*Soviet War News.*



ODESSA, beautiful seaside town as well as great port, was once a city of gaiety. Today, besieged by the Germans and Rumanians, it shows a different face, and its streets are lined with great stone barricades and strong points. How every citizen of this great Russian port is contributing to its defence is told above. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

We Did a Tour of Europe as Vichy Prisoners

A British officer who spent two months as a prisoner of war, and during that time travelled through nine different countries, broadcast the following remarkable story of the bravery and spirit of people condemned to live in German-occupied countries.

DURING the fighting in Syria a few of my regiment ran out of ammunition and we were taken prisoner by the Vichy French, who sent us in batches by air to Greece. In Salonika, where we had to live like animals, we met Vichy reinforcements on their way to Syria, and these soldiers greeted us with great friendliness, one of them saying: "We're still friends; it's the Boche who is our enemy."

Then, after we had heard the good news of the end of hostilities in Syria, we were taken overland to France. We travelled by train, the twelve most senior officers in a second-class carriage, and were reasonably comfortable; but the remainder of the British and Indian officers and the N.C.O.s had third-class accommodation, which was far from good, especially over so long a journey. All the time our hopes and fears were struggling with each other, and many were the theories advanced in favour of one or the other. Sometimes we wondered whether we would ever be released; sometimes we were afraid the French might hand us over to the Hun; the most optimistic hoped that we should be sent straight back to England.

We travelled north through Yugoslavia, passing through Bulgaria and Hungary, and then south-westward through Austria and Germany into France. On the third day of our journey, while we were still in Yugoslavia, we saw some British prisoners-of-war. We had previously heard that they had been put to work on a new *autobahn* being constructed from Austria into Yugoslavia. At first we were only able to wave to them, and sometimes throw them cigarettes if they were close enough; but in the evening the train, for no apparent reason, stopped very near to a large party of them. They were very pleased to see us and to hear that the Allies had taken Syria, and showed splendid spirit despite all their troubles, and it was grand to hear them shouting: "Well done, the British!" and "There'll always be an England." Although we saw lots more, we

I WAS THERE!



After the landing of the Allied forces on Spitzbergen a Norwegian major, representing the Norwegian Government in London, informed the people that they were to be evacuated. Above, inhabitants, aided by Canadian soldiers, are gathering their belongings on the jetty preparatory to embarking. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

never had a similar opportunity to talk to them again; however, we threw them as many cigarettes as we could gather together, and they seemed very glad to get them.

I think it was on the evening of the fifth day that we passed Berchtesgaden; the scenery was certainly magnificent, but one felt amused that the Fuehrer needed to have his house built in a place where one would normally only expect to find birds of prey picking the bones of what they had devoured.

Later in our journey we passed through the Black Forest, but we were disappointed not to see Goering's hunting lodge; but we heard instead that he was languishing in gaol.

Nothing much else occurred until we reached Dijon, in German-occupied France. Here our train halted in the station for some time, and we were able to talk to quite a lot of French people. One train that was passing through for Paris welcomed us with every sign of friendship, in spite of the fact that there were lots of German sentries on the platform; all the windows were jammed with people waving to us and making signs that they were depending on us, and there was much blowing of kisses. In the carriage directly opposite me was a most warm-hearted and good-looking girl-guide who bore the bravest smile I have ever seen; and we were extremely sorry when their train steamed out. As it left the station the girl waved her handkerchief, and in one corner was a miniature Union Jack.

Soon afterwards another train came in alongside us full of released French prisoners-of-war; they were very friendly and glad to see us, and we got into conversation all along the line, and left them very much more cheerful than we had found them.

It was here that we had confirmed for us the story [see page 142] that the trains bearing French reinforcements to Syria were stoned by their own countrymen, and many shouted to them: "May you rot with good British bayonets in your bellies." Poor devils! What a send-off to fight a war.

We then travelled down to Toulon, stopping a night at Lyons as guests of the Red Cross, who were very good to us on our journey, even in Germany, where they gave us bread and coffee. At Marseilles we stayed for four hours; here we met only with friendliness, especially from the porters on the platform.

In Marseilles our most confirmed bachelor was very embarrassed by the pathetic gratitude of the young girl to whom he gave a piece of soap—there's not much of that in France nowadays.

Then we went on to Toulon, and all along the line we were cheered by friendly crowds at the stations, including soldiers on leave, who we had always heard were not so inclined to like us. In Toulon we were shut up in a Napoleonic fortress, and were able to examine at leisure the signatures of past prisoners-of-war inscribed on the walls, many over a century old; also to try-out the disadvantages of a rather inadequate vegetarian diet.

From Toulon in a ship back to Beirut, where a huge breakfast made us completely forget that we had ever been hungry. And then we finally arrived safely in Cairo.

How We Spent The Last Days on Spitzbergen

Among the Norwegians who came to England from Spitzbergen was Mrs. Mary Olsen, with her husband, Andor, and their 13-year-old daughter. Mrs. Olsen gave the following account of their last days in their Arctic home to a "Daily Mail" reporter. See pages 158-159.

WARM sunshine bathed the little Arctic town where we lived. I was at work in my timber-built cottage, my daughter Marie was playing outside with our pet "husky" dog Kiki.



The story of a Norwegian family's last days on Spitzbergen before the evacuation is told in this page. Here are mothers and children from Spitzbergen on arrival in Britain, still wearing their picturesque ski costumes. Nearly 1,000 of the evacuated Norwegians are now happily settled in temporary quarters in Scotland. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

Suddenly a neighbour cried out, "There are warships in the bay!"

I took Marie by the hand and we ran to the sea, Kiki galloping at our heels. The lifting mist revealed a great fleet of ships at the entrance to the fiord.

Ship's boats packed with soldiers were coming towards the quay. As the first boat scraped alongside an officer in uniform sprang ashore.

"Good-morning," he called in Norwegian. No one in the little knot of people, mostly women and children, who had gathered to watch, answered him. We did not know who they were. We were suspicious.

Soldiers in khaki climbed out of the boat—smiling soldiers who stood smartly to attention and winked at the children clinging to our hands.

Then someone noticed the flag of Norway on the officer's shoulder. There was an audible sigh of relief. It was all right. These were British soldiers—not Germans.

Spitzbergen was being occupied. I listened uncomprehendingly to my English-speaking countrymen who were now chatting with the newcomers. I watched, wondering, until Marie suddenly said that she was hungry. We went back home. Then an excited friend told me "The Canadians have come to take us away. They are going to free our beloved Norway."

The news was a shock. I love my home. Andor, my husband, is a foreman in the mines. All our life was here. This was a big decision. Sad thoughts ran through my mind.

I WAS THERE!

"This is my dear Spitzbergen. This is our home. Andor and I have a beautiful home and a beautiful child. Oh, God, why should there be Nazis . . ."

I went on with my household work. Late in the afternoon Andor came in from the mines. We had tea.

The Canadians were busy. Everything was to go on normally; there would be more news tomorrow.

I took out the last letter I had received from my mother months ago. There was very little in it. Away in Roros, near Trondheim, the Nazis were in possession. All the letter contained were little family details. But it did let us know that food was scarce, queues long.

Spitzbergen was beyond the war. We listened to the radio, some to Oslo, but most of us to the Norwegian news from London. We did not always believe the news from London. But we never believed the news from Oslo. That was Hitler talking. So we were often puzzled.

Days passed. The Canadians went about their own affairs and we carried on as usual—went shopping, even had one or two little house parties.

Then came the day we were told we were to sail for Britain. We could each bring 50 kilos of luggage. Fifty kilos! What could I do with all our treasures, the home we had built, and our lovely furniture?

I was so sad, but my Marie was in great excitement . . . "Going to England! What fun!"

Andor and I talked it over. There was nothing else to talk about. "It is for freedom and right," he would reassure me. He said it over and over again.

Then the last day. There were more explosions as the Canadians went about destroying mines and machinery around Longyear.

One big explosion I welcomed. It drowned the crack of a gunshot. That was the end of poor Kiki. He had to be destroyed. One of Andor's friends did it for us. Poor Marie wept as Kiki was led away.

Mid-afternoon, Andor placed our luggage outside the door. I had one last look round. All the things I left. Little treasures I had carried from Norway. Andor locked the door and took the key. I never looked back. Now I am glad to be here. What we did was right. We know it.



This Soviet bomber crew has a fine record. Its members have taken part in twenty air combats and have bombed Constantza, Sulina and Tulcia. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

We Came from East and West to Bomb Berlin

During July and August 1941 Berlin was under fire from two sides, for the Red Air Force alternated with the R.A.F. in raiding the city. Here spokesmen of the two air forces describe their experiences.

LIEUTENANT MALININ, of the Red Air Force, described a Russian raid on Berlin in the following words:

When we started for our raid on Berlin we knew that it would not be easy. By following strictly our mapped course we had to cover several thousand kilometres under difficult weather conditions. Soon after we took off we were flying in clouds. Conditions were very unfavourable, as a large zone of cloud stretched all along the route to Berlin. Over 70 per cent of our flying time was spent flying blind about the clouds. Temperature dropped to 40 degrees below zero. On board it was completely dark except for the dim light shed by the instrument panels. When I looked down at the bank of dense black cloud I could not help wondering whether we would be able to locate our target.

We forged on through cloud and rain. According to our calculations we were already over Germany, but we could see nothing but clouds. When our time reckoning indicated that we had reached our goal we were still not quite sure of our bearings. However, there was no time to waste. With muffled engines I made for the target. Through the last layer of ragged clouds we saw the ground. Below lay Berlin. I looked at the time—exactly 1.47. Everything in order and according to our calculations.

Suddenly we saw flickering lights flashing in front of us—enemy fighters. Our navigator, Tkachenko, spotted two of them, and our wireless operator, Martyanov, saw three more. The Nazis had not seen us. What were we to do? Hide in the clouds? But this would mean missing our objectives. We decided to go right down below the clouds—down to 2,700 feet. From that height we could see the city quite clearly. Through a misty haze it looked like a huge field criss-crossed by ditch-like streets and squares.

So far everything was quiet—no searchlights or A.A. guns. Our plane was the first to reach the target. The enemy had either failed to notice us or was biding his time to deceive us. At 2,700 feet I manoeuvred in accordance with Tkachenko's instructions to find our strategic objectives. Time was passing—1.55 . . . 2.0. Finally, Tkachenko found what he was looking for.

Our machine shuddered as a heavy bomb was released. Below, a dazzling explosion flared up. We were dropping very heavy bombs, and from the air we could clearly see how each bomb threw up a pillar of fire. When our load had gone we flew back into the clouds. Looking back, I could see more flashes through the darkness. Our comrades were already hard at work.

Our return journey was uneventful. We climbed high and under cover of cloud made for home. At our base we were met by several comrades. "Well, what's the news?" "Everything in order," we reported; and I could not help adding, "I don't suppose Berlin will sleep very well tonight."

MUCH more favourable weather conditions were enjoyed by the R.A.F. during the heaviest raid they had made on Berlin. A Squadron Leader of a heavy bomber squadron said:



AFTER RAIDING GERMANY this bomber pilot (seated in cockpit) landed his plane safely in a thickly wooded plantation when his petrol supply ran out. *Photo, British Official*

We could see the western defences of Berlin—the flak and the searchlights—in action when we were still 40 miles away. They seemed very busy, and we knew then that the earlier aircraft were already doing their stuff. Just south of Berlin we saw one of our bombers very low down and caught in a cone of searchlights. Then an enemy fighter attacked him. I was busy keeping an eye on the flak and searchlights, but my crew said they saw tracer shooting between the two aircraft, and the next thing they reported was that the fighter had gone down in flames.

There were five big fires already going when we got to Berlin: big orange and red-coloured fires with masses of smoke and flames, two of them nearly in the centre of the city. We could see buildings ablaze and flames coming out of the windows.

Conditions were absolutely ideal for bombing. The moon was so bright that if we had been flying at the same height in daylight we could hardly have seen more. Streets and buildings and railway lines—everything stood out absolutely clearly; I even picked out the Brandenburger Tor. There was not even a bit of haze to cover the city. We had our set target, which was one of the big railway stations, but we could have bombed from just anywhere we liked; we had the city at our mercy, as it were.

We got to Berlin about a quarter of an hour after midnight and we left at about a quarter to one. During that time we saw a number of other people bombing, and then we dropped our bombs. We were carrying one of the new bombs. When it went off there was an explosion which lit up the sky.

We had a grand journey back—almost flak- and searchlight-free—but as we were nearing home the port engine failed. We threw out a bit of stuff to lighten the aircraft, and came along very nicely on one engine. When we got over the aerodrome that engine packed up too. I managed to land in a field, after encountering difficulties with a haystack and some telegraph wires. No sooner had we landed than up came three Home Guards with rifles at the ready, but when they saw it was a Wellington everything was all right. When we got back to the aerodrome and talked things over with the others who had been out, we agreed that this raid on Berlin was one of the most successful we had ever been on anywhere.—*Soviet War News and Air Ministry News Service.*

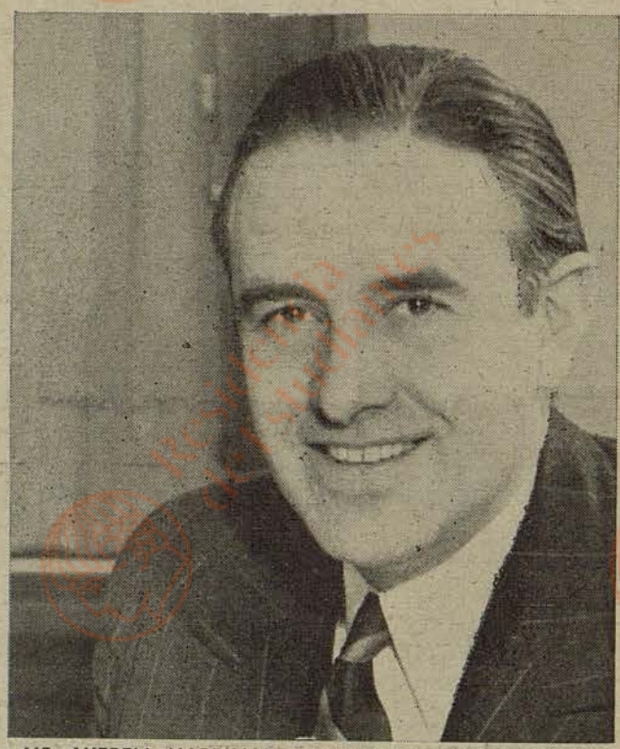
Editor's Postscript

"COUNTRY life is not all it's cracked up to be," someone said to me the other day. And as an inveterate townsman upon whom, at a late day, the rural way of life has come less from choice than circumstance, I was inclined to agree. Harvest bugs, for example. I've made my first acquaintance with them in these autumnal days. I thought at first I had contracted some sort of blood disorder . . . itching here, itching there, and a baker's dozen of focal points of discomfort arising as I scratched from ankle upleg! With relief I found that many others in my neighbourhood were suffering similarly. Strange how one's discomfort lessens with the knowledge that others are in like state.

I HAD suffered from the "bicho colorado" (*lit.* red insect) in South America, and mosquitos have at times robbed the most enchanting sub-tropical scenes of all their charm for me, but these minute harvest bugs whose acquaintance I have made so recently—"eh, it's been a rare year fur tham dratted 'arvest mites," said a shepherd of the Downs to me yesterday, giving them their proper name—are as effective itch producers as any South American "bicho." Nor is it any consolation to know that this absurdly tiny red devil belongs to the family of *Trombidiidae* and, as a relative of the "bicho colorado," has quite a surprising life-story..

HIS abundance this year is due to the long lush grass which the August rains have engendered. Fortunately ammonia quickly reduces the irritation his activities create. But bad as the plague of insect life may be—insects preceded Man by millions of years and will probably survive him by millions more—it is nothing to what might have been, as I read in J. B. S. Haldane's "Fact and Faith" that if all the existing varieties of only one species of fly, *Drosophila Melanogaster*, could be suitably crossed there isn't enough matter in all the known heavenly bodies, and probably not in the universe, to make *one* fly of each of the possible kinds simultaneously! How's that for being fruitful and occupying the Earth? According to Maeterlinck it was really a case of touch-and-go for mastery of the Earth between the Termite (the so-called White Ant) and Man. Nature, in her infinite variety, becomes somewhat alarming to contemplate close up. The epidemics that will inevitably follow the gigantic destruction of human beings now proceeding along the Western Front of Russia will involve some epic battles between the minutest forms of insect life and the latest ingenuities of Science.

IN passing through the ruins of the Temple today—or rather trying to pass through, for ruin is now at its zenith there, as the house-breakers pull down the gaunt skeletons of the antique memory-haunted courts and halls—I went to see how Crown Office Row was faring. A few days more and its last brick will have been dislodged. A bit of the south wall at hallowed No. 2, where Charles Lamb was born, still stood but was about to come down. All my life in London that quite featureless brick building has fascinated me, and I have rarely in the thousand times I have passed it failed to think back to those distant days when, having just discovered Charles Lamb, and so let a new and lovely light stream into my young mind, I read and re-read him in cheap pocket editions (Cassell's Library) under the birch trees of a little wood in the Isle of Bute. Well, like his roses that perished, his birthplace has perished too, and on another distant day when some new building will occupy its site we shall have to be content with one of those blue enamelled plaques which the L.C.C. put up at historic places reading (perhaps) "In a house that stood on this site, destroyed by Enemy Action, in 1941, Charles Lamb ('Elia'), English Essayist, was born February 10, 1775."



MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN, President Roosevelt's Lease and Lend envoy, who heads the American Mission to Moscow for the three-power supply talks. *Photo, G.P.U.*

EMERGING from the bright interior of a theatre yesterday a little after eight o'clock into the dark of a moonless evening, I was suddenly conscious that the nights of gloom had actually returned. The haunting horrors of last winter, which our relatively happy months of double summertime had helped us to forget, came back in chilling memories. The empty, ghostly squares and side streets through which we passed, which were so recently traffic-thronged in ten p.m. daylight, and where last winter and spring the bombs had fallen every night or two: they all seemed scraps of a bad dream that was being dreamt again. But in the dazzling cheerfulness of the hotel lounge this mood of brooding memory quickly vanished, and doubtless after a few more nights of outward gloom one will recover something of that stoic poise which carried us all through the worst days and nights of the Battle of Britain, apprehensive, afraid, but still undaunted. Myself, although I happened to be in many of the heavy raids during my London nights, I had the luck to escape two or three of the worst. Perhaps my luck will hold again during the coming terror we are promised; at least I hope so, for even a limited experience of London's night raids counts for quite a lot in a lifetime.

"SWANK" is a quality I detest, although one may still like a friend who is "a bit of a swanker"—I have more than one—for the sake of his other qualities. So far as one can examine objectively one's own actions and reactions, I have always tried to do so, and have seldom felt more indignant than when an old friend wrote to me, some weeks back, breaking a long silence, and mentioned that his "young people" thought it was swank to mention "my village" in my jottings. The young sillies! What about "my country," "my home-town," "my doctor," "my tailor," "my tobacconist" (who swears he hasn't "my" cigarettes this week)? My friend tells me that he explained to his critical offspring that "my village" did not indicate any actual proprietary claims but was just "a journalistic way" of alluding to the place.

HIS young people must be abnormally dense, or little used to our common idiom to need such enlightenment at their age, and the fun of the thing is that, although I own a good percentage of the houses in "my village" (more swank), I could never for a moment think of it as "mine." Occasionally I derive some quiet amusement from hearing some of my colleagues refer to those immediately under their direction as "my people." Not once do I recollect ever having lumped the lot as "my people," and I have been directing editorial staffs for well over forty years.

THIS matter of swank was really not suggested by that letter from my friend of old years, whom I haven't met since the last war, and who wrote to me "out of the blue" (he might have been buried for all I knew), but by noticing today on a Sussex highway two 10 h.p. cars proudly displaying the "G.B." plaques which are supplied for temporary use only when travelling abroad. I could fish out several of these from my garage dump, for I have never, on returning from any of my foreign tours, failed to remove the G.B. mark, which is totally meaningless *in* Great Britain. To wander about British roads flaunting this advertisement of your having been abroad (at least once) has always seemed to me the very apex of motoring swank. You will notice the G.B. more often on an 8 or 10 than on a 27 or 30 h.p. But to display it any time since August 1939 is sheer senseless swagger. Possibly the two instances I observed today may have originated in secondhand purchases and the buyers' ignorance of the significance of the initials. You never know. But let's be charitable.

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