There can be nothing more awe-inspiring as a demonstration of naval might than the firing of a salvo by one of the giant battleships of the Navy of today such as is seen in this photograph. It was taken during battle practice in peacetime.

Photo, Charles E. Brown
**Poland: The First Phase Ends**

After fighting for nearly three weeks against tremendous odds—of numbers, equipment, and air power—the Polish armies were at last overthrown. Their collapse was rendered inevitable by the last-minute intervention of Soviet Russia.

and resource, and it was hoped that they might be able to hold out until the coming of winter, with its concomitant, that Polish mud which crippled so effectively Napoleon's scheme of empire.

The final stroke was a stab in the back. Russia, which for some days past had been displaying an ominous interest in the fate of its blood-brothers the White Russians and Ukrainians in Poland, now decided that the moment had come to intervene. Without troubling to declare war, Stalin ordered the Red Army to advance across the frontier, and in the course of a few hours huge successes were claimed by the Moscow radio.

Warsaw, the capital, still held out despite the threats of the beleaguerers that unless it surrendered it would be treated as a military objective. To the north the fortress of Modlin kept up a spirited resistance, and it was reported that the garrisons in Brest-Litovsk and Lwow had also refused to surrender. As swiftly as the two invading armies could march—and their speed, be it remembered, was not that of foot-slogging infantry but of motorized columns—the gap between the Nazi and Soviet armies was rapidly closed. Attacked on both sides, the Polish armies continued to resist as long as possible, and particularly about Kutno, in the salient

At the end of the first two weeks of war the Germans in their invasion of Poland had occupied the whole of the western portion of the country with the exception of a small salient opposite Warsaw, and they had crossed those rivers which it had been hoped would have provided the Poles with a line of defence on which they could have dug in for the winter. The situation was obviously critical, as the Polish front gave indubitable signs of cracking; indeed, in many places it had been penetrated by the German motorized columns, who had, for instance—at least, so it was claimed by the German wireless—occupied Brest-Litovsk and Lwow, and had almost succeeded in cutting Poland's communications with Rumania.

Nevertheless, the battle did not seem to be quite lost, for the Poles were fighting with their traditional bravery.

The Nazi invaders did not hesitate to impress Polish civilians into their Labour Corps. Some of them are seen centre, left. Centre, right, is a Polish stretcher-bearer. Below, Polish gunners in action against the German invaders.
In an "appeal to the civilized world," the Lord Mayor of Warsaw, M. Starzynski, broadcast on September 19:

"These Polish men, women and children are not dying in vain, but they are dying not only for the freedom of their own country, but for the freedom of Europe. We know that our friends want to help us and will help us. Our lives may be in danger now, but our souls are undisturbed. We shall fight to the last man if we have to go down fighting. We shall stand at our post imbued with holy faith in our ultimate victory even in this dark hour. The day will come."
west of Warsaw, the Germans had to confess that they were engaged in "one of the greatest battles of extermination of all time." Nevertheless, the enemy were able to claim a total of over 100,000 prisoners, and the Polish casualties were also said to be extraordinarily high—owing, no doubt, to the ruthlessness with which the German armoured car and machine-gun detachments moved down the Polish infantry.

By September 21 serious resistance in Poland had almost entirely collapsed, fighting continuing hardly anywhere but near Modlin and in Warsaw. The Germans had reached the line of Bialystok, Brest-Litovsk, Lwow and Strzy, and at Brest-Litovsk and various other places on the front Nazi and Soviet troops were actually in peaceful contact. Odnia, after resisting for more than a fortnight, had fallen at last. In the south the troops of the Red Army continued to advance until they had occupied the whole of the Polish Ukraine, and cut Poland off from Rumania and Hungary. Until the frontier was closed a stream of Polish troops, airmen and civilians poured into Rumania, trudging along the country roads side by side with lorries, motor-ambulances, tanks, armoured cars, steam-rollers, light artillery, and bullet-marked motor-cars.

Poland, militarily speaking, was down and out. There was truth in Hitler's claim that the Polish war was over.

A few years ago Odynia was little more than a fishing village, but the Poles not only constructed a great port but built around it a flourishing watering-place. Here we see the promenade in peace-time, while in the adjoining photo German troops are marching through one of the city's fine streets. Centre, is the scene of the surrender of the city on September 14 to a German general when it had been cut off from the Polish

*Photos, Mondiale, Keystone and Associated Press*
The Polish Embassy in London stated that "up to September 2, that is, the day on which Great Britain and France found themselves at war with Germany, 30 open cities and towns had been bombed." Here are views of six of them as they were in peacetime. (1) The great monastery church in Czestochowa, now destroyed. (2) The market square in Bydgoszcz. (3) The castle at Grodno from the Niemen. (4) The ancient church at Grudziadz. (5) A street in the old town of Bialystok. (6) The town hall and market square at Olemno.

Photos, E.N.A.
Poland Has Died Before—To Rise Again

Flushed with victory, the Nazi warlords and their Soviet abettors in the rape of Poland have partitioned their prey, just as did the imperialist robbers of a century and a half ago. But the pages of history give us reason to believe that the crime of 1939 will be no more successful than that of 1795.

No country in Europe has suffered, and survived, so many surgical operations of the most drastic description as Poland. Hardly had she emerged from the mists which shrouded her origin, when she suffered her first partition into a number of small principalities. During the Middle Ages, however, Poland recovered her unity, and, allied with Lithuania, became one of the great States of the Continent—for centuries, indeed, she was a bulwark of western civilization against the inroads of the Tartars, the Turks, and the Muscovites.

With the dawn of the modern age, however, a period of decline set in for Poland. Her system of elective monarchy led to the interference in her internal affairs by outside States, and her parliamentary government was rendered useless by the fact that in the Diet every decision had to be by unanimous vote! In the 18th century Poland’s weakness became apparent to the world, and in due course she became the prey of the three neighbouring States.

It was in 1772 that Prussia, Russia, and Austria made what is called in history the First Partition of Poland.

By this act of international brigandage Poland was deprived of about one-fifth of her population and one-fourth of her territory.

Twenty-one years later the Second Partition of Poland reduced the state to about one-third of its original dimensions. In vain the Poles under Poniatowski and Kosciusko resisted the troops of Prussia and Russia sent to seize the spoil, and in 1795 the Third Partition wiped Poland from the map altogether.

During the Napoleonic Age a Grand Duchy of Warsaw was created, chiefly out of the Prussian share of Poland, but this was suppressed in 1815 by the Congress of Vienna. Posen was then left to Prussia; Austria retained Galicia; the eastern borderlands were incorporated with Russia, and Central Poland was constituted as the so-called Congress kingdom under the Tsar of Russia as King of Poland.

Following an unsuccessful military revolt in Warsaw in 1830, the Tsarist regime began the systematic Russification of Poland. This was intensified after a second rising, equally unsuccessful, in 1863. All self-government in Congress Poland was suppressed; a rigorous censorship was maintained; and the whole system of education was Russified with a view to destroying the Poles’ sense of nationality and even rendering the use of their language obsolete. Readers of Madame Curie’s life will remember...
that it was under these conditions that she spent her early years in Warsaw. In 1914 and Austrian Poland the repression was not so severe, but every effort was made to damp Polish national feeling.

For a hundred years and more Poland was a mere geographical expression. Nevertheless, the spirit of her people was kept alive by the passionate propaganda of the Polish writers and artists, by revolutionaries and by the heroes of the ill-starred insurrectionary movements. Then came the Great War, during which Poland was the battleground of the eastern front. In 1916 Germany and Austria-Hungary held out the prospect of the restoration of an independent Poland, and in 1917 the new Russian government promised to set about the creation of a new Polish State. Already President Wilson, in his peace message of January 22, 1917, had referred to a "united, independent and autonomous Poland"—a peace aim of the Allies.

In October, 1918, a free and united Poland was proclaimed; and on November 11—our Armistice Day—the Poles set up an independent government in Warsaw, with Pilsudski as its head.

By the Treaty of Versailles of 1919 the complete independence of Poland was recognized. But the question of the boundaries of the new State required years for its solution. Particularly difficult was the determination of the boundary with Russia. The Curzon Line of December 8, 1919—so-named after Marquess Curzon, Britain’s Foreign Secretary at the time—attempted to make Poland’s eastern frontier coincide with the ethnographical frontier, but in the following year Poland carried it far to the east when she invaded Russia and captured Kiev. Then the Soviet army rallied, and the Poles were driven back to the gates of Warsaw. The counter-offensive under Pilsudski reversed the situation again, and the new eastern frontier of Poland was drawn so as to correspond roughly with the frontier left after the Second Partition in 1793.

With minor modifications Poland’s boundaries then remained as they had been settled by the treaty-makers in the early post-war years. Then, in 1939, Germany and Russia, the heirs of the partitioning powers of the 18th century, decided upon a fourth partition of Poland.

But just as surely as Poland was restored to the company of nations in 1919, so we may well believe that in good time she will have a glorious resurrection from the martyr’s grave into which she has been thrown by the brutal aggression of her traditional foes.

In this war, as in the last one, the soldier’s most welcome luxury is a cigarette. Here a Polish soldier gives a light to a comrade from his own "fag," for matches as well as tobacco have to be carefully husbanded in wartime.
There was an immediate response to the Government's appeal to farmers and gardeners to produce more food. The Women's Land Army got to work without delay in the first days of the war. Children evacuated to the country did any job on the farms for which they were suitable, from garnering potatoes in one place to helping to exterminate a plague of caterpillars in another. All the delays connected with food supplies in the early days were caused by transport difficulties and not by any food shortage; and though ration cards were announced these were only to ensure equality of distribution and the prevention of waste.

These recruits for the Women's Land Army are undergoing training in farm work at an agricultural college in Sussex.

The Government's resolve to prepare for a three years' war has necessitated modifications in food distribution as well as intensive efforts to increase production. Centre, left, is one of the temporary centres of fish supply in a country town just outside London. In the photograph below evacuated children are helping with the gathering of the potato crop. Their gas masks are handy.
Women Take Over in Paris and London

In the last war the women of all the Allied—and enemy—countries proved that when their menfolk went to war there was hardly a man's job that they could not do, and do well. This time the response of the women has been equally fine. In France, where, when general mobilization is ordered, the vast majority of Frenchmen are called to the colours, women are soon required to do their part. Obviously in Great Britain, where the calling up of men proceeds more slowly, the mobilization of "woman power" is slower, but, as Queen Mary's message of appreciation to her countrywomen showed, every call to British womanhood to help has been abundantly met so far, and it will be to the end.

Unusual occupations come to women in wartime. Here a smart young lady has replaced a butcher in a shop at Kingston-on-Thames, while below a woman has taken on her husband's job as a baker's roundman.

In Paris women roadswepers have already made their appearance, and with their besom brooms make a clean sweep of the streets.

Photos, L.N.A., Topical & Keystone
Winning the Fight Against U-Boats

Since the last war the means of dealing with the submarine menace have been greatly improved and new devices for locating them, undreamed of in 1918, are now available. The brunt of the anti-submarine warfare falls upon the destroyers, a class of ship originally developed to deal with a type of now obsolete torpedo boats, and therefore known as "torpedo boat destroyers." They have now earned the proud distinction of being U-boat destroyers.

The fine body of men above are young sailors marching to take up their wartime duties. Such men as these hunt the U-boats with unceasing vigilance.

One of the latest types of motor torpedo boats developed since the last war.

The destroyers' duties include patrolling the shipping routes and conveying merchant ships. Their extreme handiness makes them particularly valuable for this work, and above, right, a destroyer is making a complete turn in little more than its own length. Above, one of Britain's destroyers is firing an above-water torpedo during practice. The newer destroyers of the Royal Navy are both larger and more heavily armed than earlier types.

Photos, Charles E. Brown. Fox and Kenneth
Floating Strongholds of British Sea Power

Though the battleships and battle cruisers of today may lack the picturequeness that characterized the men-of-war of long ago, there could not be a more impressive embodiment of sea power than they present. Here are some of the most modern ships of the Royal Navy seen lying stern to stern. The turrets with the great superstructure above make them appear, as they are, veritable towers of strength.

Photo, Kryston.
The New Watch on the Rhine

For the third week in succession the French and German communiques were agreed on the fact that there had been no fighting on the grand scale on the Western Front. But the artillery and other preparations for the decisive day of battle went on.

But though there was little in the French approach to make a good newspaper story, the army was playing a very definite part in preparing the way for victory. Far behind the German lines the roads and railways were plastered by the French artillery, and the concentrations of troops—including those brought in haste from the Polish front—were subjected to aerial bombing. Then, over the whole front of nearly a hundred miles from the Moselle to the Rhine, the Nazi High Command was held on fencerhooks wondering where the next blow in the Allied attack might fall. The German troops were kept hard at it marching here and there, and digging trenches behind the line; the German population was evacuated from many a village and town in the war zone, and the news they had to carry back to the interior of Germany can hardly have contributed to the support of the home front; aerial reconnaissances above the German lines caused the defending air force to take the air and so use up in futile manoeuvring much of its petrol; in the artillery duels, too, a considerable quantity of the Nazi stores of big gun ammunition must have been expended in an altogether futile fashion.

In other words, Gamelin was engaged in a military blockade of Germany. Just as the British Navy was preventing Germany from receiving the contraband of war, so on shore the French tactics resulted in considerable inroads being made into the German stocks of petrol, oil, metals and explosives—all war material which, as the struggle wore on, Germany must find it increasingly difficult to replace. It was a French general who made a broadcast statement on September 19 to the effect that for the Allies to seek a quick (and costly) decision on the West would be a profound mistake.

Meanwhile, millions of men waited on the event. There was such a watch on the Rhine as had never been kept before in all the ages of history. Perhaps the most illuminating commentary on the situation was the report that Strasbourg, the beautiful capital of Alsace, had been abandoned by all but a thousand of its normal 200,000 inhabitants; and that, at night, through the city’s silent and empty streets, there was no movement save that of the French patrols, who, every now and again, broke the silence with their rifles as they dispatched a stray cat or a dog which had been abandoned by a careless owner to its fate.

In the opening stage of the war all eyes were turned on Poland, where the German military machine was engaged in Blitz-Krieg—lightning war—with a view to ending as soon as possible, and with not the least regard for what may be called the decesses of warfare, the resistance of the Polish army and people. Meanwhile, on the Western Front there was little to report—at least, very little was reported. On each side of the frontier between Germany and France was mobilized an army of several millions of men, occupying a defensive position which, though called a “line,” is really a huge fortified area many miles in depth.

For a week or two the Paris communiqués let it be understood that the French troops were advancing in the most careful and methodical manner across the no-man’s-land between the Maginot and Siegfried lines. Their progress had in it nothing that was spectacular; it was just a grim process of mopping-up, machine-gun positions, destroying tank traps, and wiping out the forward positions of the Nazi infantry.

By the middle of the third week of the war the communiqués had become even less revealing, and there were many who felt that either the press censorship was operating far too severely, or else the Allied commanders were taking an unconscionable time in getting to grips with the enemy.

Such views, however, were shortsighted, to say the least. All who had any real knowledge of the fortified systems on the Western Front knew full well that the first phase of the war must necessarily be one of slow consolidation of quite minor gains.

A part of the Forest of Warndt, near Saarbruecken, in which the first French successes were secured.

Photo, L.N.A.

Here one of the big French tanks such as took part in the attack on the Forest of Warndt is seen. Top, it is in the open followed by infantrymen. Below, it is climbing a steep bank after making a successful crossing of a stream.

Photo, Associated Press
To the soldier on active service the greatest of all joys is a letter from home. In the top photograph members of an anti-aircraft battery somewhere in Kent are eagerly receiving the latest news from their loved ones, while below a French Army postmaster is distributing letters to men just behind the line. A distinguished military writer has said that it was the letters from home that won the last war—letters to German troops telling them of unspeakable privations their own folk were suffering. History may yet repeat itself in Nazi Germany.

Photo, Associated Press and Central Press
Among the greatest assets of the Army that fought between 1914 and 1918 were its unquenchable sense of fun and its good humour. These characteristics were manifested even in the direst circumstances, and did much to account for the magnificent morale of the troops on every front and for the friendliness with which they were received by the peoples of the countries in which they were fighting. Today it is the same again. The men of the new B.E.F. have gone to the front with smiling faces, and in France they have won the same golden opinions that their fathers did in 1914.
‘Tiger’ Gort—Commander-in-Chief, B.E.F.

The leader of Britain’s Expeditionary Force in France is one of the heroes of the last war. Below, in brief compass, is the record of what General Lord Gort has managed to contrive in his fifty-three years of life.

Unlike the army which Britain sent to France in 1914, the Expeditionary Force which crossed the Channel the other day is captained by an infantryman. French, Haig, Smith-Dorrien, Byng, Allenby, Plumer—all were cavalrymen and had been brought up in the old cavalry tradition. General Lord Gort, however, has every claim to be regarded as one of the foot-sloggers—the P.H.I. of soldiers’ paroxysm of the last war.

John Standish Surtees Prendergast Vereker was born in 1886, and succeeded his father as sixth Viscount Gort in 1902. As befitted the descendant of a long line of soldiers, young Gort, after leaving Harrow, passed through Sandhurst and at nineteen obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards.

When war broke out in 1914 he was a captain; two years later he was a brevet-major, acting lieutenant-colonel. He won the Military Cross in 1915 and the D.S.O. in 1917—the latter with three bars, representing four individual acts of bravery justifying its award. In September, 1918, he won the highest and most coveted of all military decorations, the Victoria Cross.

How He Won the V.C.

This he gained “for most conspicuous bravery, skilful leading, and devotion to duty during the attack of the Guards Division on September 27th, 1918, across the Canal du Nord, near Flesquières, when in command of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, the leading battalion of the 3rd Guards Brigade.”

“Under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire,” continues the official record in the “London Gazette,” “he led his battalion with great skill and determination to the ‘forming-up’ ground, where very severe fire from artillery and machine-guns was again encountered.

“Although wounded, he quickly grasped the situation, directed a platoon to proceed down a sunken road to make a flanking attack, and, under terrific fire, went across open ground to obtain the assistance of a tank, which he personally led and directed to the best possible advantage. While thus fearlessly exposing himself he was again severely wounded by a shell. Notwithstanding considerable loss of blood, after lying on a stretcher for a while, he insisted on getting up and personally directing the further attack. By his magnificent example of devotion to duty and utter disregard of personal safety all ranks were inspired to exert themselves to the utmost, and the attack resulted in the capture of over 200 prisoners, two batteries of field guns, and numerous machine-guns. Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Gort then proceeded to organize the defence of the captured position until he collapsed; even then he refused to leave the field until he had seen the ‘success signal’ go up on the final objective.

“The successful advance of the battalion was mainly due to the valour, devotion and leadership of this very gallant officer.”

After the War he continued to make rapid progress in the military hierarchy.
Britain's Effort Gains Speed---

Her First Troops Go Abroad

On September 12 it was officially announced that British troops were in France, but that they had not been in action as yet. The men were taken to a southern port by railway, having marched from camp or barracks to the station at which they were to entrain. Troop trains arrived at the port in quick succession from many parts of England and Scotland. There a fleet of transports consisting of ships of many sizes was ready to embark the troops, and the journey across the Channel to France was made without a hitch. The mechanized units mostly made the journey to the port of embarkation by road. No figures were given of the number of men and amount of war material transported, but the task of transportation must obviously have been one of great magnitude. The ease and celerity with which it was carried out speak volumes for the perfection of the organization in London and the Military Commands behind it.

Photos, Paramount News Reel
The secret of the departure of the British Expeditionary Force for France was extraordinarily well kept, and not until it had safely crossed the Channel was any official announcement of the departure made. Yet there were some who knew. The people of a port in the south of England were the first to realize what was happening. The number of trains passing towards the docks increased tremendously. By night and day the streets resounded to the rattle of Army lorries and tractors, while now and again in the bright September sunshine a long line of infantry coming from within marching distance of the port passed towards the docks.

When the British Expeditionary Force landed in France in August, 1914, its equipment was very different from that of the Army of today. Mechanization had then hardly begun. Most of the artillery and transport and even many of the ambulances, were horse-drawn. In the Army Service Corps there were a certain number of motor transport wagons which were later supplemented by motor-lorries and vans commandeered from private firms, while for the transport of troops many London omnibuses were taken off the streets and sent to France. With the original B.E.F. went a Cavalry Division and Horse Artillery, but today, with a few exceptions, all the British cavalry regiments and artillery are mechanized units, and weapons unthought of 25 years ago are employed. Transport is also completely mechanized.

The change in the equipment of the infantry is striking. In the last war steel helmets were not issued until the end of 1915. The horror of gas was to come later, so that no gas masks were carried. Yet the total weight of equipment carried by an infantryman was even then heavy, and by June, 1916, it had risen to about 66 lb., which made it difficult to get out of a trench or to move much quicker than a slow walk or to lie down or rise with any speed. This photograph gives some idea of how completely things have changed.
British Knights of the Air

The Fighter Command, R.A.F., consists of home defence squadrons equipped with aircraft specially designed to intercept raiders at the earliest possible moment. Such aircraft must necessarily be enormously powerful and capable of outstanding performances in climb, speed and manoeuvrability. Their armament, too, must be deadly, and the five-mile-a-minute Hurricanes seen in this page each have in the wings eight fixed machine-guns, aimed by directing the aeroplane at its target. A feature of the Hurricane, now general in aircraft design, is the retractable under-carriage, the landing wheels being withdrawn into the wings, adding appreciably to the speed. All fighters and bombers are now camouflaged in the green and brown "shadow shading."

Hawker Hurricanes single-seater fighters such as those seen above and below are among the fastest machines in the British or any other Air Force of today.

The equipment of air pilots is necessarily elaborate, for at the height to which they climb the air is so rarefied that an oxygen cylinder and mouthpiece have to be worn. In the top right photograph this apparatus is being inspected. Below is the scene at an aerodrome when an alarm has been given and the pilots with their full equipment race to their machines.
I Jumped from the Sinking "Courageous"

Exclusive to *The War Illustrated* is this first-hand story of the sinking of H.M. Aircraft-Carrier "Courageous" on September 17. It is told by R.F.R. 1572 Marine M. Reidy, who was called up from his job in the machine-room of The Amalgamated Press when the reserve fleet was mobilized at the end of July.

A five to eight I was on the flight deck. The submarine attacked us broadside. We were struck about five to eight, and she had disappeared about a quarter past five. The destructor behind us came abreast and dropped depth charges. After one of these the submarine came up out of the water. This was before we had abandoned the ship. We saw the submarine blown out of the water. Everybody cheered. I am firmly convinced that she was sunk.

"Following the two explosions, "Courageous" took a definite list to port. I jumped from the flight deck on to the C.P. (control) position platform and waited a while for orders and to see what would happen. The next order came about five minutes after the torpedoing. It was "Abandon Ship," sent by word of mouth along the decks. The broadcast which normally gives orders had been ruined, so an order was passed from man to man. The only boat they could get out was the cutter, and directly they got down to the water she sank. Then they lowered the motorboat on the after end of the port side. The marines ran out from the mess deck, and directly the order came through "Abandon Ship," most of us jumped right over. The rafts were cut adrift and some of the men jumped on to them. But very seriously hit as she did not stop. The explosion partly collapsed the bridge, because it hit just under the bridge.

"Some of the men kept their money in their pockets and left their trousers on. When we all jumped over the side these men got away so far and then found that they could not keep up with their trousers on. Then they tried to kick them off and..."
destroyer was dropping depth charges until they were sure the submarine was gone. A Dutch and an American ship were also in the vicinity and helped to pick up the survivors.

"I got into the water at ten past eight and was picked up about 9.15."

"I should like to pay a special tribute to the captain of the destroyer for his fine seamanship in keeping his ship to the rollers, and to the seamen for the way in which they worked to rescue us. They emptied their kit-bags for us, and I was dressed in two blankets strapped round me with a belt and an oilskin jacket when I arrived on shore."

We Were on 'Courageous' When She Was Hit

The first loss sustained by the Navy in the war was the sinking of the aircraft carrier 'Courageous,' by a German submarine on Sunday night, September 17. Below are survivors' accounts of the catastrophe reprinted by the courtesy of "The Daily Telegraph."

Paymaster Sub-Lieut. I. F. Westmacott, the Captain's secretary, was having his supper in the "Courageous" when he heard two explosions which seemed to lift the ship.

"All lights went out and crockery fell over," he continued. "I got out of the wardrobe and made my way to the sea-plane platform on top of the quarter deck. People there did not seem to realise that the ship would sink so soon. Suddenly an order was given for everyone to get into the water. Some men went to the floats and others got boats out. I stripped and jumped into the water. I was in it about 40 minutes, swimming all the time, until I reached one of the destroyers."

"Everybody behaved with calm, and the men cracked jokes. There was no panic or disorder."

"Almost immediately after the attack the "Courageous" began to list to port, and within five minutes the captain gave orders to abandon her."

"Her bows submerged, her stern cocked up into the air, and she foundered within 15 to 20 minutes of being hit."

"Some of the boats on the starboard side were got out, but those on the port side could not be used as they heeled too quickly."

"There were two distinct bangs at an interval of perhaps a second. I believe there were a few minor explosions when she actually foundered. Part of the ship's crew were below decks at the time."

One of the most dramatic accounts was given by Naval Writer Tom Hughes, 18, of St. Anne's. When the first explosion occurred, he said, he was in the canteen. He made a rush for the deck, and as he was going up the companion-way there was another explosion and a sheet of flame. He found men were throwing overboard pieces of wood, cars and anything that would float.

As an officer gave the order, "Swim for it," he clambered down a rope and dropped into the sea, which was "so thick with oil that we might have been swimming in treacle." He reached a raft, and was eventually taken aboard a destroyer.

"When we realized we had been torpedoed," said Naval Writer Hughes, "our men were so infuriated that they threw overboard depth charges in an effort to sink the U-boat."

"I was swimming when I heard a dull roar. Suddenly the submarine lifted clear out of the water and fell back like a stone. There is no doubt she was sunk.

"Hundreds of us who were swimming in the water for our lives raised a cheer. While we were swimming someone shouted, 'Are we downhearted?' and there was a resounding 'No!' in reply."

Hughes said one of his most vivid recollections was that as he was in the water he caught a glimpse of the commander of the "Courageous," Capt. Makeig-Jones, standing at the salute on the bridge as the vessel took her final plunge.

"As for myself, I just swam and swam. Those three hours in the water seemed much longer. I must pay tribute to the handling of the destroyer that saved us. She was so navigated that the swell created by her progress helped us to swim towards her."

"As I got fairly near her a fellow swim alongside me and said 'Help me.' I gripped him by the hair and when a man off the destroyer caught me to pull me aboard I was still hanging on. That chap's long absence from the barber's saved his life."

"Another impression which will live in my memory is that of a Royal Marine sergeant who seemed to cover an enormous distance swimming from man to man and making such remarks as 'Keep going, my lad, and you will be all right. Keep your heart and your head up.' There were heroes in plenty, but that sergeant was the greatest I saw."

John Desmond Wells, aged 16, a boy seaman, of Seaton, Devon, said he was reading in his hammock waiting to go on duty when an explosion stunned him.

"After groaning about I managed to get to the upper deck," he added. "Many men were running about but there was no panic."

"I slid down a blaster [a form of protection on the ship's side] to within six feet of the water and stayed there for 10 minutes. Other men did the same."

"It was apparent that the ship was sinking, her bows being already nearly under water. I jumped clear and swam in the direction of a destroyer which was standing about a mile off. There were also two other destroyers and two merchant vessels."

Wells said that at no time was there any panic, and when the men were in the water they sang "Roll Up the Barre."

FOR THE LOSS OF H.M.S. COURAGEOUS

You have given all. Fate has no more to ask.
But we, for whom you died, do here renew
Our sacred promise to complete the task
For love of England—and because of you.
Humbert Wolfe

A 17-year-old Exeter survivor said:

"I helped to lower a boat which got stuck, and a couple of us climbed down over the side of the ship to push her off."

"About 30 men were in her, but there was a rush of water into her stern as she reached the sea. She sank and the men were forced to swim.

"Meanwhile, I waited on deck and smoked a cigarette. Then I heard a shout, 'Every man for himself,' and I went down the ship's side on a rope."

"I reached a float with a number of men on it and they helped me aboard. Everybody was cheerful. Somebody said, 'Let's have a song, boys,' and we struck up 'Rolling Home' and 'Show Me the Way To Go Home.' After about 45 minutes a destroyer came alongside, and she was handled so beautifully that she hardly disturbed the float."
'Courageous'—the Navy's First Wartime Loss

Above, the list of survivors of H.M.S. "Courageous" is being studied by those who had relations or friends on board. Left is the commanding officer, Captain W. T. Makeig-Jones, R.N., who went down with his ship while saluting the flag.

Photos, Wide World, Sport & General, Fox Photos, and Charles E. Brown.

The "Courageous" (centre) was built as a shallow draft cruiser in 1915-16 to operate in the Baltic, and was afterwards converted into an aircraft carrier. The lower photograph was taken in 1937 at Gibraltar, when officers of the German battleship "Deutschland" were being entertained by the officers of the "Courageous." The officer at the piano is a German—and so was the man who launched the torpedo that sank her!
‘Tommy’ Lands in France Again

On September 11 it was announced that a British Expeditionary Force had been conveyed across the Channel without the loss of a single man. Here is the story of the landing of the British troops in France, as reported in the “Daily Express” by Geoffrey Cox.

In a Channel port I have been watching columns of steel-helmeted British troops landing quietly and smoothly as if on manoeuvres, and tramping over the cobbles from the ships to their billets.

At street corners and house doors French people crowded to watch them, sometimes clapping, sometimes breaking into “Vive les Anglais.”

But the landing of these Young Contemptibles was no affair of flags or flower throwing. This is ruled out by the need for secrecy in these days of air raids.

The attitude of the men seems to be: “We’re here to do a job we think worth doing and we don’t want any unnecessary fuss.”

The French, too, share this feeling of not wishing for heroics, but the people of this port were moved by the sight of the khaki columns landing on their soil once more.

One old Frenchman who had been standing silent suddenly rushed forward to seize the hand of a great, gaunt Highlander heading a platoon.

He shook it, tears streaming from his eyes. The Highlander grinned, then carried on marching.

Out in the grey Channel I saw the dark shapes of the British and French destroyers which had escorted the latest ships to the port.

Above floated an observation balloon, scanning the port approaches for submarines. From the coastal forts great guns pointed out to sea, covering the approaches from England. Not a man was lost on this crossing.

Through the gate of their temporary barracks swung a detachment of sappers, shovels on shoulder.

Other troops, waiting for trains and lorries, crammed the bakers’, the wine-shops and tobacconists’. Veterans of the last war acted as interpreters, but little interpretation was needed.

These men were taken right into French life. I saw infantrymen sitting on doorsteps like the members of any French family, with babies sitting on their knees, while hordes of little boys examined their buttons, caps and uniforms.

These men displayed the same attitude as the French towards this war—a quiet determination to see crushed once and for all this thing which has disturbed our natural life. One man told me: “A fortnight ago I was working on a building job in a remote part of Devon. I would never have believed I should find myself in France now.” Two of them wore stripes from the last war.

While we were talking a whistle blew, the motor-cyclists hopped on their cycles, slung their rifles over their backs, and off went these troops, moving through villages and small towns and getting the warmest French welcome.

I Bombed a U-Boat from the Air

The sinking of a German submarine by a young South African pilot, laconically announced by the Ministry of Information, has stirred the imagination of the British people. Below is his own modest account of the achievement reprinted by permission from “The Daily Telegraph.”

I sighted the submarine on the surface and two miles away.

It was travelling pretty fast—at about 12 knots—in an easterly direction.

I took cover in a cloud to approach the submarine from astern. As I came out of the cloud, flying at 1,500 feet, I tried with my binoculars to identify the submarine. Flying closer I saw those characteristics which made me sure she was a German.

To make absolutely certain I fired some rounds of ammunition near her to give her a chance to identify herself.

She did not, so I proceeded to dive, at the same time firing my front gun at someone wearing a white hat who was standing on the conning tower. At 500 feet the man on the conning tower disappeared and the submarine started to dive. By the time I dropped my first salvo of bombs, the nearest of which hit the water 15 or 20 yards directly ahead, the submarine was half under water.

The explosion of the bombs blew her back to the surface. That gave me time to turn round, and I then carried out an attack from the port beam.

The nearest bomb of my second salvo landed 6 feet to the side of the conning tower. It was a direct hit on the submarine’s port side and there was a colossal explosion and her whole stern lifted out of the water. She dived into the sea at an angle of 30 deg.

For 20 minutes afterwards I remained over the spot watching the large whirlpools caused by escaping air coming to the surface of the water. By that time I assumed the submarine to be out of action on the bottom of the sea and returned to my base.
Paravanes Spell Safety in a Minefield

One of the most valuable inventions perfected during the last war was the paravane, which made it possible for ships of deep draught to pass through minefields in comparative safety. The apparatus consists of a torpedo-shaped body fitted with various devices to ensure that it keeps a straight course and maintains a certain depth. Paravanes are used in pairs, one being towed on either side of the ship. The tow-line is fitted with an apparatus that cuts through the mooring line of any anchored mine it encounters. The mine then floats to the surface and is exploded by rifle or gun fire. A pair of paravanes renders a ship practically immune from injury, even when passing through a field thickly sown with mines. The paravane was not perfected until the closing months of 1918, but it was then so effective that after September, 1918, only two ships, both light cruisers, were struck by mines, one of them in the Baltic after the Armistice. It is believed that the Germans never knew the secret of the device that had rendered their minefields ineffective until long after the war.

The paravane is used also by minesweepers. Most of the minesweeping in the last war was done by fishermen, among whom were men of sixty years of age or more. During the crisis of September, 1938, a volunteer minesweeping service was formed, and old trawlers were taken over to give the men training in this form of work.
Hitler's S O S to the Jews

One of the most illuminating sidelights on Nazi Germany's readiness or otherwise for the waging of a long war was the appeal to the banished Jews to come back and work for the country which, under Hitler's leadership, cast them out with every kind of ignominy.

From his early days in the Vienna of pre-War days Hitler has hated the Jew with an intense, all-consuming hatred. His movement has been built up very largely on anti-Semitism. Since he has come to power in Germany he has done his best to eradicate entirely the Jewish element from German life.

Jewish professors, bankers and industrialists, Jewish journalists, artists and musicians, Jews of insignificant place and name and Jews whom the world at large has delighted to honour—such Jews as Einstein, Ehrlich, Bruno Walter, Freud, and Thomas Mann—all have been driven into exile or subjected to the most intense and bitter humiliations.

The Nazi press has descended to the gutter in search for its terms of abuse of the Jew. Jews have been forced to march along the street carrying offensive placards; they have been assaulted in their houses; their shops have been picketed by Nazis. One of the first things the Nazi conquerors did in Vienna was to compel members of the Jewish intelligentsia to go down on their knees and scrub the streets.

Who is the enemy of the German race! Who sapped the strength of the German people in the War and ensured their collapse at the end of it? Who as capitalist exploits the worker? Who as Communist inflames and then betrays him? Who corrupts and corrodes the nations with his vile and vulgar pseudo-culture? Who is the enemy of the entire human society? These are some of the questions posed in Hitler's "Mein Kampf." He gives the answer, and in every case it is the same—the Jew!

No task has been too degrading for the Nazi taskmasters to set the Jews of Germany, no abuse has been too foul, no accusation too revolting. Julius Streicher's "Der Stürmer" built up a weekly circulation of 500,000 on pornography and blackmail of the Jewish people.

Yet only a few days after war broke out in 1939, posters were displayed in the German consulate in Antwerp urging all doctors, engineers and other technical experts of German nationality, no matter what their race, to return home and work for Germany again. The posters went on to promise that the fortunes which had been confiscated from such refugees would be restored if only they returned now in the hour of Germany's need.

But the Jews have long memories, and in that vast, world-wide front which has been built up against Hitlerism those Jews who were once a mainstay of German prosperity are finding their place. "We are anxious to put all our skill and knowledge at the service of those who are fighting the Nazis," said one Jewish spokesman.
Himmler—The Man Germany Fears

In the circle of Nazi chiefs, Heinrich Himmler occupies a unique place, and particularly since war began has the importance of this arch-spy, super-terrorist of the Nazi people become clear for all to see.

If there is one man in Nazi Germany whom everybody fears it is Heinrich Himmler, the chief of the two great terrorist organizations, the Gestapo and the S.S.

Of lowly birth, and in early days a school-teacher, he early allied himself with Hitler and was the Fuehrer’s standard-bearer during the unsuccessful Munich putch of 1923. Since 1929 he has been commander of the S.S. (Schutz-Staffeln, defense corps), the black-uniformed private army which is so much in evidence in the Nazi Reich. These Black Guards are the army of the home front; 200,000 of them are trained as regular soldiers, serve for seven years, and live in barracks. They are selected with particular care, for it is intended that they should constitute a kind of Pr Activian Guard such as surrounded the emperors of Imperial Rome, or the janissaries of the sultan at Constantinople. Trained in special schools set up in castles in various parts of the Reich, they are permitted to marry only after a thorough investigation of the pedigree of the proposed bride. They are even forbidden to smoke. It is said that two of the Black Guards are always in attendance on Herr Hitler to protect his life with their own; even when he sleeps one is on guard inside the room while the other keeps watch between the double doors leading to it.

As commander of the Black Guards, as the person primarily responsible for the safety of the Fuehrer, Himmler wields a tremendous power, but the hate with which he inspires is due to his reputation as chief of the Gestapo (Geheime Staatspolizei, secret police). He is the Fousch of the Nazi régime, and he performs his duties with an efficiency of the most sinister kind. His agents—spies is the better word—are everywhere. The concierges of most of the great apartment houses with which the German cities are filled are suspected of being in his pay, and he has informers (not to say, agents provocateurs) in all the factories and big business houses, in the universities and the schools, in newspaper-offices and in the beer halls. So widespread are the ramifications of his spy system that conversation in Germany is becoming a lost art, for even the most careless gossip may be reported by the Gestapo and call down upon the unhappy speaker’s head the most dire consequences. For lapses of speech as well as of conduct the doors of the concentration camp are ever open—and the concentration camps are under Himmler’s control.

With typically Teutonic efficiency and zeal he has built up a colossal card index system recording the names and particulars of all those persons in every rank of life who are suspected of being even lukewarm in their attachment to the Nazi system. No one knows how many millions of the German people are included in this vast dossier—and it is not intended that anybody should know.

To Himmler’s headquarters are reported the names of all those who in the heat of the moment have let out an unguarded statement, or those who are believed to be not satisfied with the news given by the German official wireless, but in the silent darkness of their own homes listen in to the news bulletins given over the air by Paris and Brussels, Moscow and London. When you put through a telephone-call in Germany you can never be sure that an agent of the Gestapo is not tapping the line; and when you open your letters at the breakfast-table you have an uneasy feeling that someone has opened them before you.

Fearful in peacetime, Himmler casts an even more monstrous shadow now that Germany is at war. By his regimentation of the home front, he strives to maintain the people’s morale. But it may be doubted whether morale can flourish in the forcing-bed of terrorism.

In appearance Himmler is the typical German bureaucrat; some people would call him insignificant—until they look into his eyes. He is by no means a great speaker—indeed, he is not a believer in speeches, but rather in action of the underground variety. Essentially he is an organiser, a ferret-out of secrets, one who has an excellent ear and nose for the slightest suggestion of disaffection. Although those who have made his personal acquaintance aver that he has considerable charm, it is probably true to say that he has no friends, for even Hitler may wonder if his allegiance to him is based on personal affection or on cool calculation. During the “blood purge” of June 30, 1934, it was Himmler’s Black Guards who despatched in cold blood Roehm and scores—perhaps hundreds—of the Nazi personnel whose continued existence their Fuehrer had decided was inconvenient to the maintenance of his power.

Those who hold high place in the Nazi movement today may well remember the callous competence displayed by Himmler and his agents in the mass executions.

Master spy, executioner in chief—no wonder Himmler is hated and feared.
Russia's unprovoked aggression on an unoffending neighbour, life made a most unfavourable impression on world opinion, and of speculation as to the motives which impelled the struggling for her gave rise to a flood move.

A t four o'clock in the morning of Sunday, September 17, 1939, large bodies of troops of the Red Army crossed the frontier of Poland at many points, and proceeded to attack the Polish armies, then fighting desperately for their existence against the overwhelming numbers of the Nazi invaders. Taken thus in the rear, the Polish front rapidly disintegrated, and in the course of a few hours practically the whole of Poland had been successfully overrun by the combined armies of Germany and Soviet Russia.

Although the way for this extraordinary development had been paved by the German-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact, signed in Moscow on August 23, the world received the news with a thrill of disgust and horror. That the alleged ideological opposites should agree on a non-aggression pact was one thing; for the Soviet to add in the words of an American commentator, "as the jackal to the Nazi lion," was quite another.

The ostensible reasons for Russia's military invasion were given in the Soviet note handed to the Polish Ambassador in Moscow by Assistant Foreign Commissar Potemkin on behalf of Premier Molotoff at about the same time as the first Russian troops crossed the frontier.

'Poland has Ceased to Exist'
The note read as follows:
The Polish-German war has shown the internal bankruptcy of the Polish State.

During the course of ten days' hostilities, Poland has lost all her industrial areas and cultural centres. Warsaw, as the capital of Poland, no longer exists. The Polish Government has disintegrated and no longer shows any sign of life.

This means that the Polish State and its Government have, in point of fact, ceased to exist. In the same way, the Agreements concluded between the U.S.S.R. and Poland have ceased to operate.

Left to her own devices and bereft of leadership, Poland has become a suitable field for all manner of hazards and surprises, which may constitute a threat to the U.S.S.R. For these reasons the Soviet Government, which hitherto has been neutral, cannot any longer preserve a neutral attitude towards these facts.

The Soviet Government also cannot view with indifference the fact that the kindred Ukrainian and White Russian people who live on Polish territory and who are at the mercy of fate should be left defenceless.

In the circumstances, the Soviet Government has directed the High Command of the Red Army to order the troops to cross the frontier and take under their protection the life and property of the population of Western Ukraine and Western White Russia.

At the same time the Soviet Government propose to take all measures to extricate the Polish people from the unfortunate war into which it was dragged by its unwise leaders, and to enable it to live a peaceful life.

In a broadcast to the Soviet people delivered at 9.30 a.m. the same day, M. Molotoff declared that the events arising out of the Polish-German war had revealed the internal insolvency and obvious impotence of the Polish State. After repeating his statement concerning Poland's loss of her industrial and cultural centres, M. Molotoff went on to say that the population of Poland had been abandoned by their ill-starred leaders to their fate, and that the Polish State and its government had virtually ceased to exist.

"In view of this state of affairs," he proceeded, "the treaties concluded between the Soviet Union and Poland have ceased to operate. A situation has arisen in Poland which demands of the Soviet Government special concern for the security of its State. Poland has become a fertile field for any accidental and unexpected contingency which may create a menace to the Soviet Union... Nor can it be demanded of no doubt noted Herr Hitler's conviction that Germany's true field of expansion is to the eastward, where he considers most in Europe is the granary of the Ukraine. Like most monomaniacs, Herr Hitler has been true to himself if nothing else; and there's point in M. Molotoff's insistence that Poland's White Russians and Ukrainians are under Red protection."

This argument is based on the assumption that Hitler remains a National Socialist and Stalin a Communist, but a situation may well be envisaged in which the ideological line of separation is completely erased. Indeed, for some time past there have been some critics who have asserted that the present Soviet régime is most certainly not Communism, but has many points of resemblance with State Capitalism of the Fascist variety. Some have gone further, and say that Stalin has become infected with the virus of militarism, and is now prepared to play the game of power politics with the best.

'Trump of Communism'

On the other hand, those who still cling to a belief in Soviet consistency find consolation in a statement broadcast from Moscow late in the evening of September 17, which declared that the Soviet action in invading Poland was aimed not only at the protection of the White Russian and Ukrainian minority in Poland, but at the opening of a new road for the worldwide triumph of that Communist creed whose spread was arrested by Pilsudski at the gates of Warsaw in 1920 and by the 'Fascist state of Poland' in subsequent years.

The reason for Stalin's unleashing of his legions, there was no hesitation once the order had been given to march. Led by Voroshiloff, the Soviet Marshal, the Red armies poured across the frontier in a vast flood, seemingly determined to occupy as much Polish territory as possible before still further appropriations could be made by the Nazis. Particularly in south Poland a race developed between the German and Russian troops to obtain possession of the rich oilfield between Lwow and the Carpathians.

Perhaps it is this scramble for Polish territory which gives the key to the situation. It is hardly to be doubted that in the talks which led up to the German-Soviet Pact a month before, some portion of Poland had been resolved upon, and it may well have been decided that the German approach to a given line should be the signal for Russian intervention. The Nazis made speedier progress than had been anticipated, and Stalin may well have feared that unless he made haste Germany would have no hesitation in occupying territory which according to the agreement was to form part of Russia's share of the spoils.
Beginning of the Great Russian Betrayal of Poland

Here we see Russian armoured cars entering the territory of a country with which the U.S.S.R. had signed a non-aggression pact. The full military value of the mechanized Soviet army has yet to be proved. The effort to turn Russia from an agricultural country into a manufacturing one was not wholly successful, for the Russian does not take kindly to mechanical things.

Photo, Planet News
Monday, September 11
Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for the Dominions, in a broadcast address relayed to the United States and to the Empire:

"You may remember the famous story of the Roman envoy who went to Carthage before the Punic War. Confronted by the Carthaginian Senate their spokesman said: 'I have here two gifts, and peace and war, take which you choose. No such grim alternative was given to Mr. Eden. Every incentive was offered to enter the way of peaceful negotiation. The Polish Government has accepted. It is a triumph of negotiation. Heretofore Hitler deliberately and with set purpose made negotiation impossible. Instead, he chose to embark upon a war of naked aggression, and this country and France have in consequence fulfilled their undertaking to Poland. . . ."

"The German Chancellor carried cynical disimulation as far as to invite Poland to negotiate, as if Poland had failed to accept peace proposals which she had never even received from the German Government. There has been no more flagrant mockery of international good faith.

"Poland was ready to negotiate, as Czecho-Slovakia was ready to negotiate a year ago. Herr Hitler has, with this, the choice; he must suffer the decision. For us now there will be no turning back. We have no quarrel with the German people, but there can be no lasting peace until Naziism and all it stands for, in oppression, cruelty, and broken faith, is banished from the earth. This is an issue that admits of no compromise."

"Herr Hitler has claimed that his sole aim was to remedy the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles, which, he contended, was the root of all evil. This it was, we are told, which had forced him to break faith with the British and French Governments, and throughout his whole recent and so solemnly rehearsed "peace offensive," subdue Czecho-Slovakia and to attempt to reduce her people to the status of serfs of wood and draught of water.

"This was that left Herr Hitler—we are assured—with no alternative but to turn against Poland, with whom some five years ago he had solemnly signed a pact which was to last for 10 years.

"Faced with such a catalogue of broken vows and empty threats, how can it possibly escape the conclusion that the Treaty of Versailles was not a grievance to redress but a pretext for the use of force? Five times in the last 10 years the rulers of Germany have embarked with only the slightest pretext upon a war of aggression. Against peaceful Denmark in 1914, again in 1916, again in 1920, against ancient Frisia in 1923, against Poland in 1939, against the whole world in 1914 to 1918, and now against France, Poland, and Great Britain in 1939."

"With such a record, men and nations, had they been honest and sincere, might well have thought that they should accept to negotiate with nations who wanted nothing more than to live at peace with Germany, and who, as the documents which have been published show, excluded no subjects from peaceful discussion."

"Herr Hitler and his Nazi associates would have none of it. Flouting all the lessons of history, ignoring or deriding even their own countrymen, British character, they preferred yet once more the path of lawlessness, the path of misery and of bloodshed, the path of anarchy and want. Let the Nazi leaders ask themselves whether they are not now in the very world Germany the people.

"Our conscience is clear. Our memory is long, and our determination is unshaken."

General Smuts in a message to the people of South Africa:

"Germany's policy of force extends to her former colonies. The oldest and the foremost of these is South-West Africa. This constitutes a threatening danger to the Union. If she remains neutral, South Africa cannot expect the help of other Powers in holding Great Britain, when she is attacked over a Mandate which has 20,000 Africaners among its population. It would be a breach of faith to leave these people to the danger of falling under such a hell as the Nazi regime.

"Moreover, this is no time for displaying our separateness. Commonwealth which is our best friend and customer. In taking sides against Germany the Union is also participating in a struggle which touches deeply the basis of Christian values and our most valued political and civic rights."

Tuesday, September 12
Second message from the Independent Socialists of Germany to the British Independent Labour Party, smuggled through a neutral country:

"The Gestapo, the German secret service, is now in control over the workers in Germany. The fortification workers, who have been forced to leave their homes and their families, are watched by the Gestapo. Storm troopers and blackshirts are everywhere. The word of the Gestapo is spoken. Guards drive them to work for long hours without a chance of rest."

"This is a pamphlet which our fortification workers are spreading in spite of the persecution of the Gestapo; in spite of the terror of Hitler's storm troopers:

"'Comrades of the , fight from canteen to canteen. Fight against Hitler's policy of aggression and war. We want shorter hours and more food. Give us butter and bacon, eggs and fat. We do not want war. We want to return to our families.'"

"In spite of the terror of the Gestapo, the illegal fight goes on in Germany. Starved, exhausted, the workers of our country will win the battle for Socialism, inside or outside the frontier, in peace or in war, in liberty or in prison. The fight goes on to the last breath."

Wednesday, September 13
Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons:

"The people of France and the people of Great Britain are alike determined not only to honour to the full their obligations to Poland and their treaty obligations to Poland, but also to put an end once for all to the intolerable stranglehold of living under the perpetual threat of Nazi aggression. Our French allies are, like ourselves, masters of the seas; but we are not so convinced that we are there can be no peace until the menace of Hitlerism has been finally removed. Il faut en finir."

Thursday, September 14
Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons:

"His Majesty's Government have noted this announcement [the German decision to bomb open towns], which on the face of it is in flat contradiction of the German Chancellor's recent statement to the Reichstag when he dismissed any desire to make war on women and children.

"The restrictions we—or the French—have imposed upon the operations of our own Forces were based upon the condition of similar restraint being observed by our opponents, and H.M. Government must, of course, hold themselves free, if such restraint is not in fact observed, to take such action as they may deem appropriate.

"But I wish to add that whatever be the length to which others may go, H.M. Government will not resort to destruction of children and other civilians for purposes of more terrorism. . . ."

Monday, September 18
 Rt. Hon. A. Greenwood in a message to the Labour Party:

I realize to the full the feelings of members of the Movement about yesterday's news.

The U.S.S.R. has invaded Poland. She has done so on grounds which cannot be justified and which have been used previously by Hitler as excuses for his monstrous crimes.

No one can foretell what may happen next. It is idle to speculate, but what we must do is to face realities. The situation, however it may develop, will gravely increase our difficulties.

It is folly to pretend otherwise. The struggle may be stern, but whatever may befall cannot alter the issue by one iota.

The British working-class Movement has adopted a definite and unalterable attitude against aggression wherever and by whomsoever it is committed.

It has accepted the challenge thrown out by Germany. It will not now turn its back on the Polish people who are the latest victims of aggression, alas, on two fronts.

However the forces of the world may be aligned in the immediate future, the spirit of those who stand unflinchingly for freedom will be victorious.

Therefore I say, do not let base passions get the better of steady judgment. Do not let hatred obscure our minds and deflect us from our moment from the greatest task in the history of mankind—the final downfall of militarism, dictatorship and tyranny. It may be that in the ebb and flow of war Poland will for a time be wiped off the map of Europe, but there will be a glorious resurrection.

Labour says to the Poles, therefore, bitter and tragic though your struggle may be, we will not desert you. We cannot desert the basic principle of our Movement without being traitors to ourselves.

We shall never be guilty of treachery. Loyalty to a cause is in every fibre of our being. Our message of hope to Poland is that in the days to come she will stand as an imperishable monument to steadfastness and faith in freedom when dictatorships have been swept from the face of the earth.

With Poland's rise from the ashes of the war in full-fledged freedom there will also come freedom for other peoples now dwelling in the dark shadows of cruelty and oppression.
Czechs Raise Standard of Revolt

"Protected" by the Nazi Reich since the spring of 1939, Czechoslovakia has become ever more restive under alien domination. With the military occupation of the country consequent upon the invasion of Poland, the temper of the Czechs was tried to breaking-point, and on Sunday, September 17, a revolutionary movement broke out. From Bohemia and Moravia the revolt spread to Slovakia, and despite the most ruthless measures taken by the army of occupation the fight of the oppressed peoples, driven to desperation, went on with determination and courage. Thousands of arrests were made, and hundreds of demonstrators and insurgents were shot. Still the fight went on, and it became clear even to the Nazis that the rising, though premature, symbolized a nation's determination to win liberty or die.

Dr. Karl Bidor, leader of a small independent force which has been maintaining guerilla warfare against the Nazis in the Slovak mountains.

One of the cities of the former Czechoslovakia in which the revolutionary movement broke out in September, 1939, was Pilsen. Famed for its breweries, it is also the site of the Skoda great armament works (above).

Tabor, in Bohemia (above), and Brno (top right), capital of Moravia, are two of the towns mentioned as the scene of revolt against the Nazi suzerain. The map on left shows these and other centres affected.

As soon as war broke out between France and Germany the very large Czech colony in the Republic rallied as one man to the cause of freedom. Crowds of young men flocked to the Czecho-Slovak Legation in Paris (below) with a view to enlisting in the Czech legion then being formed. For though the fight be on the Rhine, Czecho-Slovakia's ultimate liberty is one of the causes at stake.

The War Illustrated

October 7th, 1939

President Roosevelt addressed Congress on the neutrality statutes, urging the repeal of the arms embargo.

The Poale continued to resist in Warsaw, Modlin and other areas, despite ruthless bombing attacks.

The German army has now lost 150,000 men was maintained by M. Giraudoux, French Commissioner-General for Information, in a broadcast from Paris.

Reports from the Western Front stated that French detachments had reached the outskirts of Zweibruecken, in the Siegfried Line.

Steamer "Arkside" reported sunk by U-boat.

A Grimby trawler was reported to have sunk by accident an enemy submarine for which two British warships were searching.

The assassins of the Rumanian Prime Minister, and many other members of the Iron Guard, were executed in Bucharest.

The Allied Supreme War Council met "somewhere in Sussex."

Saturday, September 23

Polish troops still resisted desperately near Modlin, north-west of Warsaw, and in the capital itself. In South-East Poland the Germans claimed to have captured Lvov.

German High Command announced that 450,000 Polish prisoners had been taken, and 500 aeroplanes destroyed or captured.

Mussolini, in a speech to Fascist leaders at Rome, declared that the moment had come to cease hostilities with the enemy, since Poland was now liquidated and Europe not yet effectively at war.


Sunday, September 24

Bombardment of Warsaw continued incessantly. German troops claimed to have crossed the Vistula between Modlin and Warsaw, thus cutting off the latter.

On the Western Front local attacks by the enemy were repulsed. Several successful air actions were fought.

It was stated that the British Expeditionary Force in France was still moving up to its positions preparatory to going into action.

Swedish steamer "Gertrud Illat" sunk by German submarine.

British cargo boat "Hazelwode" was sunk without warning during the night by an enemy submarine. Twenty three of the crew were picked up six hours later by a fishing boat, but eleven were reported missing.

Oil wells at Drohobycz, centre of the Galician oilfields, were taken over by Soviet troops.

It is Said That...

New York police are making a minute survey of cells in the city's office buildings for possible use in air raids.

A rumour current in Paris was to the effect that the ex-Chancellor of Austria, Dr. Schuschnigg, has been shot.

Grammes of pages given by Hitler in his public speeches have been broadcast from France—and jammed by the Germans.

Hitler's protective squadron in his flights to the Front consists of one saloon aeroplane, five transport planes, 15 chasers, 15 scouts, and one refueling plane. ("Freedon" Station Broadcast.)

One result of petrol rationing is that Mayfair fashion houses are designing cycling skirts for their patrons.

Of thirty-four "Hitlers" in a lunatic asylum in the Saar district, only twelve maintained this lunaticity when evacuated.

Handbags designed to hold a miniature first-aid kit, tiny pocket torch, powder, lipstick, and gas mask, are selling in Paris.

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A Grimby trawler was reported to have sunk by accident an enemy submarine for which two British warships were searching.

The assassins of the Rumanian Prime Minister, and many other members of the Iron Guard, were executed in Bucharest.

The Allied Supreme War Council met "somewhere in Sussex."

Saturday, September 23

Polish troops still resisted desperately near Modlin, north-west of Warsaw, and in the capital itself. In South-East Poland the Germans claimed to have captured Lvov.

German High Command announced that 450,000 Polish prisoners had been taken, and 500 aeroplanes destroyed or captured.

Mussolini, in a speech to Fascist leaders at Rome, declared that the moment had come to cease hostilities with the enemy, since Poland was now liquidated and Europe not yet effectively at war.


Sunday, September 24

Bombardment of Warsaw continued incessantly. German troops claimed to have crossed the Vistula between Modlin and Warsaw, thus cutting off the latter.

On the Western Front local attacks by the enemy were repulsed. Several successful air actions were fought.

It was stated that the British Expeditionary Force in France was still moving up to its positions preparatory to going into action.

Swedish steamer "Gertrud Illat" sunk by German submarine.

British cargo boat "Hazelwode" was sunk without warning during the night by an enemy submarine. Twenty three of the crew were picked up six hours later by a fishing boat, but eleven were reported missing.

Oil wells at Drohobycz, centre of the Galician oilfields, were taken over by Soviet troops.
Making the Best of a Black Business

After many hundreds of years Great Britain once more knows a curfew, for at sunset, nearly an hour before it is completely dark, all lights must be put out or screened, while street lamps are never lit. Even in remote country places this regulation has been strictly observed, though in small towns and villages not usually well lit the difficulties of pedestrians and motorists have been far less than in the big cities. Such safety devices as those seen in three of these photographs have helped to make the path of the pedestrian safe.

All possible precautions have been taken by this man and woman, even to white stripes round an umbrella.

This small girl wears a white cloak and her dog has a white collar for safety's sake.

As a result of the black-out, some of the devices so useful in peacetime in making the roads safe have now become a positive danger. This car was found abandoned the morning after colliding with the posts of a "roundabout" island.

Since the outbreak of war Great Britain, France, Poland, and Germany have had a complete black-out every night in their capitals and over large areas in the provinces. Left, is one of the principal streets of Berlin photographed at dusk, when usually it would be a blaze of light. Right, a woman in South London makes safety doubly sure by wearing a white coat and carrying a newspaper.

Photos: Sport & General, Fox Photos, and Central Press
Cartoon Commentary on the Conflict

"BOMB THEM, BURN THEM, GAS THEM, ENGLAND - BUT SPARE THEM THIS."

From the "Star"

"HEILY RUSSIA"

From the "Star"

THE CARTOON is of the highest value in graphically registering public opinion on events of urgent interest. With a swiftness far beyond the pen of the ablest writer, the pencil of a gifted cartoonist can tell a whole story and comment upon it so that it passes to the mind of the beholder in a flash. From time to time we intend to offer our readers a choice from the most striking cartoons of the day.

"A.R.P. IN GERMANY"

From the "Evening Standard"

GERMAN MURDERER: It's all right—he's dead now!
RUSSIAN BODYSNATCHER: Then I shall rob the corpse—fearlessly!

From the "Daily Mirror"

"STRANGE BEDFELLOWS"

From the "Evening News"