LONDON'S GREAT HIGHWAY SCARRED BUT BUSY AS EVER

Oxford Street, one of London's greatest shopping centres, along the north side of which are half a dozen famous stores, was bombed on Sept. 17 and 18. Very considerable damage was done, but Oxford Street carried on, and so did those who shop there. Here is Oxford Circus a day or two later, with Peter Robinson's famous shop on the left. The "alert" may sound again at any moment, but no one worries about that.

Photo, Keystone
‘All the Brigands Are in One Camp’

In these words a Canadian newspaper, “The Toronto Globe and Mail,” summed up the Berlin Pact of September 27, 1940, concluded between Germany, Italy, and Japan. The “tie-up” of the gangsters was indeed the outstanding feature of the Pact which, as Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S.A. Secretary of State, said does not substantially alter the situation already existing.

In Berlin on September 27 Germany, Italy, and Japan concluded a military, political, and economic Pact. It was signed in the Ambassadors’ Hall at the Chancellery by von Ribbentrop, Count Ciano, Foreign Ministers of the Axis Powers, and M. Kurusu, Japanese Ambassador in Berlin, and after the signature Herr Hitler made a solemn entry into the hall and formally greeted the plenipotentiaries. Statements were then read in which it was declared that the Governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan, “recognizing that as a condition precedent to any lasting peace all nations of the world should be given each their own proper place,” had decided to stand by and cooperate with one another in Eastern Asia and in Europe, so as to establish and maintain “a new order of things calculated to promote mutual prosperity and the welfare of the peoples concerned.” The Pact’s terms were then revealed:

1. Japan recognizes and respects the leadership of Germany and Italy in the establishment of a new order in Europe.
2. Germany and Italy recognize and respect the leadership of Japan in the establishment of a new order in Eastern Asia.
3. Germany, Italy, and Japan agree to cooperate in their efforts on the aforesaid lines. They further undertake to assist one another with all political, economic and military means when one of the three contracting parties is attacked by a Power at present not involved in the European war or in the Sino-Japanese conflict.
4. With a view to implementing the present Pact, joint technical commissions, the members of which are to be appointed by Germany, Italy, and Japan, will meet without delay.
5. Germany, Italy, and Japan affirm that the terms do not in any way affect the political status which exists at present as between each of the three contracting parties and Soviet Russia.
6. The present Pact shall come into effect immediately upon signature, and shall remain in force ten years from the date of its coming into force. In due time before the expiration of the said term the high contracting parties shall, at the request of any of them, enter into negotiations for its renewal.

When the document had been signed von Ribbentrop read a long statement on behalf of the Government of the Reich. He began as usual with a reference to the “ineptitudes of the Treaty of Versailles,” and spoke of the “extraordinary modesty” which characterized the demands put forward by Germany, who “felt herself entitled to a share of the good things of this earth....” The National Socialist Government, he went on, was resolved in all circumstances to assure the German people their rights of existence within a suitable living space at a time when other nations had seen fit to claim whole continents for themselves; and this determination coincided with that of other nations, which, like Germany, had been denied their rightful place in the world.

“The Tripartite Pact,” he went on, “which I have just signed on behalf of the Führer, together with the plenipotentiaries of Italy and Japan, constitutes a solemn affirmation of partnership between Germany, Italy, and Japan in a changing world. The purpose of the Pact is to secure a new order of things in those parts of Europe at present engaged in war and to establish that new order under the common leadership of Germany and Italy; it secures also a new order in Greater Asia under the leadership of Japan. The Pact is not only based on friendship but on a community of interests of three nations striving for the same social ideals.”

Later he said that the Pact which had just been signed was a “military alliance between three of the mightiest States of the world,” and served the cause of a just order of things, both in Europe and in Greater Asia. Other States would be welcomed into the bloc if any desired to make its own contribution to the restoration of peace, but any State which endeavours to interfere in the final phase of the solution of problems in Europe and the Far East by attacking one of the three

When the Berlin Pact between Germany, Italy, and Japan was signed on September 27, the Japanese signatory was M. Kurusu, Japan’s Ambassador in Berlin. Above we see him (second from the right) with a number of German notabilities on the occasion of an exhibition in Berlin designed to further Japanese-German friendship.

In the Axis countries and in Japan it seems to have been thought that the new Pact would appear to be as earthshaking as the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939. But those who thought on these lines were disappointed. For long it had been recognized that Japan was practically a Fascist State; it was reasonable to suppose, then, that at a convenient moment she would put on a firmer footing the understanding which existed.

Already, indeed, she had shown signs of a determination to exploit to the full the situation which had arisen in Eastern Asia, following the collapse of Northern Europe and the onslaught on Britain. Before June was out the Japanese were bringing pressure to bear on the French administration in Indo-China both with a view to stopping the flow of war material to China through Indo-Chinese ports, and also securing a permanent footing in France’s great Oriental colony. Towards the end of September both these ends had been achieved. By an agreement concluded at Hanoi, the capital of French Indo-China, on September 22 Japan was granted the right to land 6,000 troops in Indo-China, to establish three air bases in Tongking, to station some troops in Haiphong, and also to send troops across Indo-China to attack the Chinese in Yunnan. At the same time, Japanese emissaries played their part in stirring up Thailand, or Siam, to make demands on Indo-China for the
Germany Italy and Japan Make a Trio In Berlin

the United States, for it is inconceivable that America would suffer the Pacific to become a Japanese lake. Here it is that the Berlin Pact comes into the picture, inasmuch as it was obviously designed to frighten America. As plainly as possible within the bounds of diplomatic language, "Uncle Sam" was told that if he chose to enter the war on the side of Britain, then America would be attacked by Germany, Italy, and Japan.

So far from being intimidated, the U.S.A. regarded the Pact as a challenge, and on every hand there were demands that stronger action should be taken against the aggressors. Nor was there the slightest suggestion—as the Axis plotters no doubt intended—that America's war effort should be diverted to her own needs in view of the threat against her Pacific seaboard; rather, the belief was intensified that Britain was fighting America's war and that it was up to America to give her all the assistance in her power.

At first sight it would seem that if there is any gainer from the Pact it is Germany and Italy, rather than Japan, who in the event of a war in the Pacific could expect to receive little or no help from her allies, while she would be exposed to attack by the American and British fleets in the Near East. But it must be admitted that one of her potential enemies is likely to be immobilized.

Although Clause Five of the Pact carefully preserves the status quo as regards the signatories and Soviet Russia, there can be little doubt that Clause Three has its application not only to the U.S.A. but to Soviet Russia. Japan need not fear an attack by her Russian neighbour, for Russia is given to understand that if she attacks Japan, then Japan's allies in Europe will attack her on the west.

In April 1940 the Japanese Air Force celebrated the fortieth year of its existence, and in honour of the event a film was made glorifying its murderous exploits over China. Above, 120 Japanese planes are making a special flight for the benefit of the cameraman.

restitution of certain territories which, so it was claimed, were once part of the Siamese kingdom; while others were busy in the Dutch East Indies, fomenting unrest.

Indo-China, the Netherlands Indies, Malaya, the Philippines, Hong-Kong and Singapore, and the northern parts of Australia—all these are included in what the Japanese hot-heads have come to regard as their "living space." But it cannot be fully realized until Britain, too, has been driven from the Pacific—and behind Britain stands

Like the Nazis, the Japanese have made liberal use of the camera as an instrument of propaganda, and in the two lower photographs in this page we have illustrations of it—not perhaps very effective ones. They were taken in the course of operations against the Chinese: centre, Japanese troops "mopping up" a Chinese position in Hupeh Province, and, below, a Japanese warship cooperating with troops landing in front of the Chinese Feng-lin.
Singapore—Britain's Strong Point in the East

With Japan's formal adhesion to the Axis Powers, Germany and Italy, Singapore, Britain’s great naval base in the Far East, assumes the very greatest importance. Below we tell something of its setting in time and place.

Lying off the very tip of the finger-like mainland of Malaya is the little island—it is only 27 miles by 14—of Singapore. It is at the cross-roads of southeastern Asia, and the sea traffic of half the world converges on its quays. As great cities go it is a younger, for in 1819 when Sir Stamford Raffles obtained the grant of the island from the Sultan of Johore it was a tropical jungle inhabited only by a few miserable fisherfolk. For many years it has been one of the world's great ports, but since 1923 it has developed into something more: today it is Britain's stronghold at the gateway of and 75 feet deep, and can lift a 50,000-ton battleship. The dock was built on the Tyne in the Walisend yard of Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Ltd., and was towed to Singapore in two sections in 1928, the voyage of 8,500 miles taking four months; it was a tight squeeze going through the Suez Canal! Authorized by the British Government in 1923, cancelled by the Labour Government in the following year, and again authorized in 1930, the Singapore Base has cost more than £9,000,000; and in its construction 6,000,000 cubic yards of earth were excavated in moving the hills which happened

infantry battalions. There is also the Straits Settlements Volunteer Force, consisting of a battery of artillery and four battalions of infantry, together with signal sections and detachments of the Royal Air Force.

Close to Singapore city is the civil airport, one of the most important on the route from Britain to Australia, and on the north side of the island, a few miles from the naval base, is the headquarters of the R.A.F. Far East Command, which before the war consisted of two bomber and two reconnaissance squadrons, together with an anti-aircraft cooperation unit.

Some years ago it was stated that the total Service population of Singapore—the military garrison and the men on the naval base and air force—numbered with their dependants some 12,000 persons, but there is no doubt that of recent months this number has been greatly added to. So successful have been the sanitary and anti-malaria precautions that Singapore, if not exactly a health resort, is a garrison station with quite a good health record.

Singapore city has a front of handsome clubs and grand hotels behind which are stifling narrow streets and close-packed blocks of native dwellings, where hundreds of thousands of coloured folk pass their lives in huddled squalor.

Cosmopolis of the Orient

Compared with, say, Penang, Singapore it drab and colourless enough; all its buildings are modern, and there is none of the charm of the immemorial East. Yet the human scene is one of endless fascination. Chinese merchants, sedate, bespectacled, leaning back in rich cars; Chineserickshaw boys in blue dungarees and with perspiring faces beneath their peaked straw hats; bearded Sikh policemen directing the varied traffic, Indian coolies, lithe and unsmiling; Malay artisans and Japanese shop-keepers, Islanders from the Dutch Indies, Eurasians of indeterminate breed—all these mingle and go their ways with that silent concentration, that secret intensity of purpose, which is so typical of the East. As for the Europeans they too are largely of international stock, though, of course, the British greatly predominate—merchants and civil servants, soldiers, sailors, and airmen, mechanics and tourists. For them—the European community, for the British officials, the staffs and garrison—life may be pleasant enough, for the clubs are models of their kind, and somewhere in the neighbourhood are a golf course, a cricket ground, a racecourse, and a polo field.

But late months Singapore has had little time or inclination for these distractions of a peacetime existence. Although prior to Japan's adhesion to the Axis the war seemed very far away, the defence works have been extended, local volunteer services have been embodied, and numerous exercises have been performed in order to familiarize them with their wartime duties of mine-sweeping, local patrols, and so on.

Last summer the war seemed to come quite near when the Governor announced that further defence works were in hand which would necessitate the removal of some of the shark-proof bathing centres established on the south coast and their replacement by barred-out buildings.

Now the foresight of those who proposed and planned the Singapore Base has been fully justified. Singapore stands out against the new menace in the Orient as the base for Britain's, and perhaps America's, fleets, and as the outlying fortress of India's defence.
This Is the War of the Unknown Warriors

For the first time in the history of Britain—at least since the days of the Civil War—war is being fought on the very doorsteps or rather over the very roofs of the British people. How magnificently they, “the ‘Unknown Warriors’ of this war,” as Mr. Churchill describes them, have met the challenge, stood the strain, is told here.

The front line runs through the factories. This was one of the diamond phrases in which the brilliant oratory of Mr. Churchill has crystallized the war since he acceded to the Premiership on May 10 and masses. Ten thousand civilian casualties against three or four hundred military since the “blitzkrieg” began is the evidence. It is even possible to put a date to the day when it became a people’s war. It was on the much discussed poster put out by the previous Government—“Your Courage, Your Cheerfulness, Your Resolution, will bring us victory”—became for the first time apparent. No longer was this a private fight run by the Gorts and Ironsides, Gamelins, Chamberlains and Daladiers; everyone could join in—and everyone did.

And rightly is this burden borne by the people. For while Lord Haw-Haw has nightly proclaimed for a year that the war was wished upon the peaceful British public by their bellicose ruling circles, the exact contrary is the truth. It was not so much Chamberlain, the Conservative, who declared war, as Greenwood, the Socialist, whose magnificent words, when he “spoke for England” in the Commons on Sept. 2, 1939, rang with the authentic tones of the people. It was not the “appeasing” ruling circles but the exasperated working classes who decided that a time had come to call a halt to Hitler.

It is just, then, that the people, who called for the war, should have to wage it and to bear its brunt. No one can call “Coward” to Britons. The townfolk of Dover, daily bombed and shelled, buy themselves tin hats and go out to the shops with a smile; the gradely lads of Hull, of Middlesbrough, of Newcastle and all the north-east, whose nightly terrors for months Londoners are now only beginning to appreciate, carry on with that famous “grim determination” which some orators have praised without knowing what it means. The slow-thinking men and women of Somerset and the braw folk of Aberdeen have alike come to regard nightly bombings, with the destruction of their homes, as part of their ordinary life.

Such are the heroes and heroines of this war—the nameless multitude for whom there

The children of the East End have stood up bravely to bombing and the next morning are at play as usual. Here are some of them lending a hand with clearing up. A great find is a piece of shrapnel, and such relics of an air raid are greatly prized—the bigger the better.

Photo, Planet News

last. He might have added that the front line also runs through the homes—through every suburban villa, every slum tenement, every country mansion, in Great Britain. For this is a People’s War: no affair of clashing armies or remote conflicts by sea, but an all-in wrestling bout of the millions that May 10, when the leadership of the British people was taken over by the one man great enough for the task, and big enough to jettison party interests and “bring Labour in.” On that day the complacent murmur of the drones was exchanged for the angry buzz of the workers. On that day the truth

Many workers in the City of London have arrived within walking distance of their offices only to find that the usual ways of approach are blocked. Here, steel-helmeted policemen are directing them by a safe way, but even the walking is made difficult by a network of hosepipes.

Photo, Central Press
The War Illustrated

October 11th, 1940

Courage and Cockney Humour Go Well Together

is no V.C. or D.F.C. Every air raid borne by them without giving way to fright or defeatism is a defeat for the enemy. For an "air war" is above all a war of nerves. The prime military objective is the civilian morale; whichever side cracks first is the vanquished, whichever holds out against the bombs the victor. However greatly its army, however potent its air force and navy, a nation is defeated if its people lose heart; there is every reason to hope that the German nation is already losing heart, but none to suppose that the British will fail first.

Goebbels likes to imagine Britons "cowering in their shelters" while the glorious Luftwaffe rains indiscriminate fire and explosive upon our island. His mental pictures must be inspired by what he sees in Germany, for certainly none of his spies could report having glimpsed any such thing here. We have read how the Berliners shake their fists and impotently curse the R.A.F. In London shelters community singing is the order of the day—or rather night. The Cockney, armed with humour, bears the long hours with what almost approaches grim amusement, and the spirit of the Old Contemptibles lives on in every basement, cellar and "Anderson" in the old city. Toiling 12 hours or more by day on essential work, sleeping perhaps less than 4 or 5 hours by night—they are tough, these Britons; their pride will not be broken.

Praise, too, the womenfolk of this island. Young London typists fight traffic chaos for hours to reach offices that may have been demolished overnight. In their flats and houses suburban wives and mothers struggle with the problems of rationing, cooking without gas, managing the children when the sirens go, making the same housekeeping allowance cover a 25 per cent increase in the cost of living—fighting the bogey of worry with every mental weapon they can call to their aid. No one who witnessed it will ever forget the courage of the mothers of London's East End during those terrible days and nights of the second week of September. Their houses were not palaces, their belongings few, but they spelt home to them. Their worlds came crashing round their ears on those awful nights, but, with grim faces red with crying but alive with righteous anger, they marched on—soldiers all.

A young man named Michael Foot, one of a famous line of workers and speakers for freedom, has become, in the last few months, the spokesman of the people, the articulate voice in which the murmurings of the multitude are heard. He is, oddly enough, the leader of a Conservative journal, the "Evening Standard"—a fact which demonstrates how the classes of Britain have become, like Britain and the U.S.A., in Mr. Churchill's phrase, "mixed up together." Thus Michael Foot wrote on Friday, September 13, a day of terror in London:

The story of the East End of London is a terrible, tremendous story: a story of anger, hate, love, defiance; a story of whole streets where you can see women's eyes red with tears, but women's hearts overflowing with kindness towards their neighbours.

A woman sits on a rickety chair in the middle of a shattered row of dolls' houses, her family about her. She waves her hand at the pile of ruin which was once her own home and her neighbours'. "We don't care about all this stuff," she says. "Our only feeling is for the lives of our folk." "How do you like this sort of life?" says a passer-by. "Well," she replies, "it's nice and airy." She ties up in a paper bundle the last remnant of her possessions in this world. She hoists her child into her arms. She is off in search of shelter for the night. She is the mother who in "The Grapes of Wrath" stood up at the end after suffering afflictions beyond those of Job and boasted, "You can't lick the people!"

That is why the defection of France can never be repeated here. French courage rested on the Maginot Line; when it was overturned, the rulers failed the masses. British courage rests on no system of defence, not even on the sea; it is rooted in the hearts of the people. Our rulers dare not fail us. Out of the colossal defeat of Flanders we plucked the glorious victory of Dunkirk. Today, out of the raging hell of the Dunkirk of Dockland, rises the proudful shout of the ordinary Briton: "You can't lick the people!"
WHEN Holland was invaded by the Germans many units of the Royal Dutch Naval Air Service flew to this country and at once began cooperation with the British Coastal Command on patrol work. In the messes they share with the R.A.F. they are very popular and many of them speak excellent English, while in their work they are ideal allies and trusted friends. In addition to escorting convoys the Dutch airmen have attacked several U-boats in the Atlantic, and they have a fine record of air combats in which they have shown themselves superior to the Nazis. Many of the pilots are using the planes in which they flew to Britain. They are Fokker T 6 W float planes, fitted with Wright-Whirlwind engines. The Fokker aeroplanes designed by the famous Dutch engineer were used by Germans in the last war and had a great reputation.

The Royal Dutch Air Force, now in Britain, has taken a valuable part in convoy patrols. Above, Dutch planes are flying down the coast to meet a convoy. Right is one of the gunners who have already accounted for several Nazi aircraft.

The Commander of a Dutch squadron gives final instructions to his pilots before starting off. The uniforms are the same as those of the British Navy, with distinguishing badges.
Triumphs of Fighter & Gunner in a Week's Air War

The story of the air battles over London and air- and sea-ports for the period September 25 to 30 reveals a continuing success in the fight against murderous Nazi attacks on civil life.

The land mine, utterly useless for military purposes, was repeatedly employed.

Once again, in the story of the air battle for London and our Southern airports, the salient features were (1) the outstanding success of our fighter pilots, and (2) the triumph of our A.A. barrage. When Nazi aircraft have managed to evade our defenders the civilian casualties have been grievous, both by day and by night; but save for some not important interruption of our transport network the enemy achieved little of military value.

Four-engined bombers have been used in night raids and have been tried out by day, but during daylight operations these unwieldy monsters have needed such a big escort of fighters that there would seem to be little advantage in their use. Another try-out was to drop "mines" on land objectives; here the aim seems to be the use of a very large body of explosive, enclosed in a case of aluminium alloy, designed to explode on light contact without penetration of the surface. It has been a long-standing scheme of the Nazis to develop aerial bombs for use against "personnel"—in other words, for the murder of civilians and the destruction of their dwellings. The "land mine" is useless for real military purposes. Its rate of fall is slowed down so that it makes a sort of gliding flight, and when it detonates it spreads destruction and death over an area far wider than that affected by even a heavy bomb of the ordinary sort.

The work of our fighter pilots has been consistently splendid: to give a few examples, on September 25 the score was 26 for 4; September 26, 31 for 8; September 27, 133 for 34. The wonderful achievement of Friday, September 27, brought from the Premier a well-deserved message of congratulation.

In raids on London on Wednesday, September 25, the Nazis returned to the use of large bomber formations—for the first time since the colossal defeat of ten days previously, when they lost in all at least 232 aircraft. Twenty-six of their machines were shot down—twenty between Bristol and the English Channel—and nearly two-thirds were bombers. The Luftwaffe adopted a tight formation of bombers in an attempt to balance Coastal towns from Hastings to Southampton were raided late in the afternoon on Thursday, September 26. Two bomber formations approached the Isle of Wight at 4 o'clock; in thirty minutes they lost 31 aircraft. A German communique claimed that the Spitfire works at Southampton were bombed. In one of two London alarms a Nazi airman who had baled out came down over a S.W. suburb of the capital. In the usual nightly attack incendiaries and high explosive bombs fell in the East End and the West and in Northern suburbs.

The tale of Nazi losses was carried well over the thousand mark on Friday, when 133 were shot down. One of the series of daylight battles in the London area was watched by the King and Queen while on a tour of bombed areas. Three waves of Nazi raiders made for London and S.E. England, while a fourth attacked Bristol. Only thirty out of 180 which crossed the Kent coast just before nine in the morning reached London, all the rest being frustrated by our fighters and A.A. gunners. Those that did get through were mostly fighter-bombers with a limited power of offensive. All round the outer fringe of the Metropolitan area they were shot down. South-western suburbs suffered most in the bombing which took place, and workers in a factory shelter were killed and injured; what looked like a deliberate attack was made also on a residential area in the same quarter. Deaths were caused by bombs that fell in a South London district that had previously suffered. At East Grinstead a Nazi four-engined bomber was shot down by our fighters.

Before the sirens sounded in the London area on Friday evening, September 27, there had been bursts of A.A. gunfire, and when raiders approached the Central area a very
No Thanks to the Nazis that They Escaped Death

Unexpected disasters and miraculous escapes have occurred during the night bombing of London. Left are a London woman and her daughter who escaped by lying under the kitchen table on which a mass of debris fell, only the mother sustaining a slight injury to her head. Right, a man, who was pinned in the house for nearly twenty hours by a beam which held him by the ankle, is being removed by A.R.P. workers. The only injury he sustained was to his ankle.

The young soldier, right, is Gunner W. Stafford, R.A., whose twenty-one year old wife and his nineteen months' old son were trapped in an Anderson shelter, one of five which, as the photograph above shows, were buried when a bomb fell near them. By heroic efforts he saved both.
intense barrage opened up. Caught in a searchlight beam, one enemy machine was almost at once blown to bits in the air. The stiff barrage caused most of the visitors to find targets in the suburbs so that London received many high explosive and fire bombs.

Combats between British and German fighter aircraft distinguished Saturday's daylight raids, September 28. Early in the day a few out of many attackers got to East London and dropped a small number of bombs, one falling on an L.C.C. block of flats. No raider penetrated to London in the second attack, made about midday, but bombs were dropped on a South coast town, the Dornier's crew machine-gunning shoppers. Portsmouth was the objective of the enemy's third raid, later in the afternoon. The enemy forces consisted very largely of fighter aircraft, and the combats were mainly between fighter and fighter; as a result, losses on both sides were practically the same.

On Saturday night there were raids on London, South-east England, Merseyside, and the East Midlands. West and South London, and suburbs in those quarters, were bombed. Between midnight and Sunday morning three bombers were destroyed; one by fighters, one by A.A. guns, and the third by fouling a balloon cable. Four more were shot down before Sunday was out.

During Sunday, September 29, lone raiders took advantage of cloudy skies to approach towns and villages in S.E. England. In the Midlands and at Edinburgh also there were raids. Three times the "Alert" sounded in the London area during daylight, and soon after the last warning there began the most terrific barrage yet put up. Many thousands of rounds were fired and the guns never ceased to roar at Nazi planes which, singly or in twos and threes, tried to reach the Metropolis. As a result many of the raiders dropped their bombs and "mines"—on towns and villages in the South and South-west and the Home Counties. The South and West of outer London came off worst and moderate damage was widespread.

On Monday, September 30, the Luftwaffe wound up the month with six massed attacks in daylight. Over 500 raiders crossed the coast. Few, however, reached London, and all attacks were smashed by the R.A.F. between 9 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Their losses amounted to 47 machines brought down by our fighters and two bombers shot down over the North Sea by Blenheims. It was calculated that the enemy lost nearly 150 personnel compared with only 10 British. A particularly fine achievement was the chase by a R.A.F. Polish squadron of 30 Dornier 215's from Beachy Head to France. The Poles shot down three of the Messerschmitt escorts and one of the Dorniers over France itself. This squadron had then exceeded a score of 100 enemy 'planes destroyed.

Major Walter Elliot of the Western Command stated on September 30 that the R.A.F. figures during the months of August and September meant that one German aeroplane had been brought down every 42 minutes; this was equivalent to their present output. It was also satisfactory to note that as the month went on the A.A. gunners registered increasing successes. Out of ten Nazi machines destroyed over South-east England on Sept. 29, six were due to gunners.

Here is the usual scene at one of the shelters under big blocks of London offices that are now being blown up as well as in the suburbs. With prams parked, mothers and children wait until the office workers leave.

Photo, Fox

The unconquerable spirit of the Londoner is something beyond the comprehension of all Nazis, for it is based on a great sense of humour. That spirit is very apparent in this photograph. These people have saved from their wrecked homes an harmonium, and a laughing crowd gives voice to "There'll always be an England."

Photo, "Daily Mirror"
Lying Nazi propaganda often cuts both ways and here is an example. The photograph purports to show German workmen in a shelter during a British air raid and their masks suggest that the British have used gas—a palpable lie. An interesting feature is the shelter in which the Germans squat; if this is typical, then the German shelters compare very unfavourably with the soundly constructed British shelters. As will be seen, it consists only of a wooden framework against which sandbags are piled.
The Incessant Bombing of Germany in September

The Royal Air Force visited Germany, and German-occupied territory on more than 440 occasions in September, striking fierce blows at every variety of military objective, as shown in the analytical table on page 377. The story is continued from page 262.

This month's tabulated analysis of the Royal Air Force's raids on German military objectives (printed in page 377) tells a marvellous story of incessant blows struck at vital aircraft works and armament factories, at power stations and at all the enemy's complex transport and communications system. It also discloses the gigantic and paralysing operations against concentrations of vessels massed for the invasion of Britain. In some quarters a demand has been made for what are termed "reprisals" against Germany for her bombing of non-military objectives. The best answer to Nazi terror tactics is an unceasing assault on the enemy's war machine—such as is being delivered, in fact, by our bombers.

Every Briton who steadfastly holds to his task despite the daily and nightly Nazi air raids is contributing to the success of the air war on Germany. If we all bear the burden without complaint there will be no call for the diversion of our striking force, and our bombers—mainly by night at present, but soon also by day—will be able to continue and increase their attacks on the objectives in Germany that really matter. The nature of these objectives is shown by the Table opposite. During the period September 1—30 more than seventy attacks were made by the R.A.F. on aerodromes, airfields and seaplane bases; more than one-hundred and fifty on harbours, ports and naval depots (including, of course, the "invasion" bases); more than a hundred on railway junctions, goods depots, distributing centres and marshalling yards (by September 12 Hamm had been bombed for the sixtieth time); and over twenty on oil refineries, oil storage depots and convos of oil tankers. To bomb the oil tanks at Regensburg (Czechoslovak frontier) our pilots had to make a 675-mile trip each way!

On September 3 Berlin was raided for the fifth time in nine days; two power stations, a gas works and an armament factory were bombed; main line railway tracks and others near the capital area were also attacked; wooded areas in which arms factories were likely to be concealed were set on fire. On the 6th "a power station, oil targets and railway yards were hit." The B.M.W. Aero engine works at Spandau were set on fire; the Salzhof oil reservoir on the banks of the Tegel lake was "apparently badly damaged."

Four days later the Potsdam railway station in the heart of Berlin was repeatedly hit with heavy bombs and several hundred incendiaries. On September 11 it was the turn of the Anhalter station; at the same time a large railway yard south of the Potsdam station was bombed. An A.A. battery in the Tiergarten was attacked, while both incendiaries and H.E. bombs were let fall on the Tempelhof airport.

Men from the Dominions figured in the raid on Berlin carried out on the night of September 15. A New Zealand wing commander lost his temper when one of his engines froze up at about twenty minutes' flying distance from the German capital; he had to let his bombs drop on an alternative objective and make for home, at first on a single engine. Other pilots had similar trials, but bombs were nevertheless dropped on the Tempelhof airport again, and on a power station damaged in a previous raid. A raid "on a much larger scale than any yet carried out" was made on September 23. The West power station and others at Wilmersdorf, Charlottenburg, Klingenberg and Moabit each came in for a steady hammering; many fires were seen to break out—one aircraft alone started five large fires, which were visible from eighty miles away. Another aircraft reported a power station alight at four different points. Among other hits were the B.M.W. aero engine works, the Siemens cable works, and a railway junction. The attack was kept up for several hours, the raiding force being much the strongest so far sent to the German capital.

For the second night in succession Berlin was raided on September 24. The first of the attackers appeared over the city shortly after 10.30 p.m., and, evading the intense barrage of the ground defences, they swiftly located and bombed the great Siemens and Halske factories, which produce a large proportion of the electrical equipment used by the German armed forces. Soon after midnight it was the turn of Berlin's electrical power transformer and switching station at Friedrichsfelde—the plant which supplies much of the German capital's industrial current. About the same time the blast
442 Raids on Enemy Military Objectives

One Month's R.A.F. Raids on Germany and Enemy-Occupied Territory
(Compiled from Official Air Ministry Communiques)

Numbers following place-names denote the days in September on which raids were made.

Aerodromes
Abbeville, 3, 6
Baguley, 9
Bergen op Zoom, 19
Berlin, 11, 13, 25
Bolingen, 2
Borkum, 11, 18
Brussels, 7, 12
Cala, 4, 6
Celle, 2, 9
Colmar, 2
Cuxhaven, 9
Delft, 9
De Kooy, 3, 1, 14, 18, 20
Delmendorf, 23
Deurne, 14
Dunkirk, 6, 8
Gand, 7
Gelsenkirchen, 6, 14
Goa, 24
Hannover, 24
Hoy, 9
Husum, 11
Karlsruhe, 5
Krefeld, 7
Lettrop, 4
Le Touquet, 3, 6
Maastricht, 17
Munster, 19, 26
Nordhausen, 5, 11, 12
Quatre, 7
Schipol, 1, 9, 20
Soesterberg, 7, 23
Stads, 11
St. Omer, 3
Tolxel, 9, 20, 23
Traray, 20
Voet, 3
Wangergonz, 11
Weis, 7
Wiesbaden, 10
Wurzburg, 5
Ypres, 17
Zeebrugge, 1

Power Stations
Berlin, 3, 9, 23, 25, 28
Frankfurt, 24

Railway junctions, Marshalling Yards, Depots
Aschen, 14
Ahaus, 14
Barntorf, 9
Berlin, 11, 23, 25
Brake, 30
Brussels, 9, 10, 14, 17, 18, 20, 24
Celle, 9
Chemnitz, 11, 19, 29
Cologne, 11, 28, 29
Dusseldorf, 22
Duisburg, 10
Eindhoven, 6, 7, 11, 12
Emmerich, 12
Hamburg, 15, 28
Hamm, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12
Hannover, 27, 28, 29
Hanover, 27, 28, 29
Hopen, S.E. of Dortmund
Jerichow, 3
Jülich, N.E. of Aschen
Krefeld, 6, 9, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20
Linden, 25
Magdeburg, 24
Mannheim, 1, 6, 7, 11, 14, 18, 19, 20, 25, 27, 28
Munich, 1
Neckarsulm, 28
Neckar, ruh, of Mannheim
Osnabrück, 12, 14, 15, 18, 20, 25, 29, 30
Rheine, 14
Schwerin, 12
Sondershausen, 14
Torgau, 22
West-Elbe Inst., 14
Westphalia Inst., 14

Main distributing centres:
OIl Refineries & Depots:
Hydrogenation Works
Breslau, 25
Flushing, 2
Frankfurt, 28
Gelsenkirchen, 7
Hamburg, 5
Hanover, 9, 19, 29, 30
Kiel, 5, 9
Leuna, 30
Ludwigshafen, 2
Magdeburg, 3
Mannheim, 11
Münster, 19
Nordhausen, 11
Poznan, 11
Raben, 11
Regensburg, 5
Salzkammergut, 6
Zemlin, 13

Naval Bases, docks
Barnef, 7

Airports, etc
Barnsford, 7
Berlin, 3, 6
Bremen, 10, 11
Eins, 7

The analytical table (above) of R.A.F. objectives in Germany successfully attacked in the month of September gives all possible proof of their military nature. It is a continuation of the impressive list for August given in page 253. Below, with the distances from London, are shown the principal aerodromes in Germany and German-occupied territory known to be used by the enemy.
Once Under the Stars and Stripes They Will Help to Win the
They Make Strange Hauls Today

This skipper of a trawler is one of over ten thousand fishermen who have joined the Royal Naval Patrol Service, and are now engaged in the dangerous work of minesweeping.

The man in the engineroom of a trawler, above, watches the signals from the engineroom telegraph on the bridge. On the promptitude of his response to the skipper's orders the safety of ship and crew may depend. The crew have their moments of relaxation from their exacting duties, and enjoy a game of cards (left).

The "skipper," now a Lieut. Commander in the Royal Naval Reserve, is busy in his cabin with his charts (circle), for he is his own navigating officer.

The fishermen turned mine-sweepers have proved very handy men in changing to handling machine-guns. Right, some of them are keen learners at a Lewis-gun course on the East Coast. Photos, Fox
'Food' for the Navy's Men and Guns

No praise can be too high for the fighting efficiency of the men of the Royal Navy, but it is not always remembered that without the work of the commissariat branches of the Admiralty the ships could not sail nor the guns be fired. Vast, indeed, are the responsibilities of the departments presided over by the Directors of Naval Ordnance, Naval Equipment, Naval Stores, Victualling and Contracts.

While the guns of one of Britain's monster battleships point menacingly to the sky, a fresh batch of 6-in. shells is unloaded from the ammunition ship and run across the deck to where the lift will lower them to the magazines. Circle, a 16-in. shell is being lowered on to the battleship's deck; it weighs a ton and will carry over ten miles.

Men as well as guns must be fed, and, right, beneath the shadow of the great bridge superstructure, Jack Tars are bringing aboard some of the food that will keep the ship's company of 1,500 men going for three months.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright
Here’s To the Men Who Clear Up the Mess!

Amongst the brave men who are in the very front line of Civilian Britain in its fight against the Nazi air raiders are the members of the Demolition Squads and the Rescue Parties. Below we learn of what a district surveyor told a reporter on the "Evening Standard" of the responsibilities of these men and of the really splendid way in which they are shouldered.

When bombs are dropped, unless they fall in the middle of a vacant field or in the sea, there is always an aftermath of desolation and destruction to be cleared away. If men and women have been buried underneath the fallen buildings, then they must be dug out and attended to without delay; if masses of debris block the streets they must be cleared away; if the vital services are hit which term includes not only railways and tramways, but gas mains and electric cables, water-pipes and sewers, they, too, must be put right. All these dangerous and difficult jobs are entrusted to the demolition squads and rescue parties of the Civil Defence organisation.

Generally speaking, these are raised from the outside staff of the various councils and they are under the control of the district surveyor. To take a typical instance, there are four squads operating from this south-west London district.

"They come on duty at eight o'clock in the morning, and are supposed to be relieved at eight o'clock at night—but recently there have been so many demolished buildings to cope with that they have not always been able to relieve each other promptly," the district surveyor in charge told me.

He said that the men were paid a little over £3 a week, and that when they worked overtime they did so without any extra wage.

"And, on their part, without any thought of it," he added.

Crawling about wherever a bomb has torn its path of terror and destruction, these indomitable mercy men burrow and dig through mountains of debris to free children and women and men.

Most of the rescue brigade have been recruited from the building trade.

They are the type of navvy whom before the war you saw springing about the beams and joists of half-erected buildings, eating their lunchtime bread and cheese perched in the most precarious positions, and endlessly wisecracking with their mates.

They don’t wisecrack any more. The things they have seen since the bombardment of London have stopped that.

Now, when they’re out on a job, do they stop to eat—except if a Women’s Voluntary Service mobile canteen should come near enough for them to grab a sandwich or cup of tea?

There are ten men in every squad: foreman, carpenter, plumber, bricklayer, and six labourers, four of whom have been trained to give first-aid.

"Sometimes," said the district surveyor, "it is rather a long time before the debris can be cleared enough to let the ambulance men and stretcher parties through to where people have been trapped.

"That is why our boys must know how to be able to alleviate suffering right away."

When a call is made at headquarters there was no one in the downstairs room where the men sit waiting till they are called on duty; there was only a pile of their impediments—picks and shovels and drills and the hooded torches which, when the bombs are overhead, are the only light they have to work by.

All of the squads were out; some still working on the ruins caused in the night, others at home on their 24 hours off duty.

Up against the walls of the little office were propped such relics as the fin end of a 500 lb. bomb, dug out of the ruins of a house; a jagged piece of metal, eight inches long, which had "come hurtling from a wrecked upper floor and missed one of our foremen by an inch."

"They are great men, these navvies," said the district surveyor quietly. "They work through raids, with bombs crumbling round them and the continual danger of houses collapsing on top of them, without turning a hair.

"And they’re not all young men either—the best foreman we’ve got is a man of 70, who’s quicker on the job than any of them."

He told me that the men were standing the terrific mental and physical strain of their work with grand staunchness.

"Of course, it’s no good pretending that some of them don’t suffer from shock—they’ve got to be robots not to, seeing the things they do. And when that happens we try to get them an extra hour or two’s rest, but that’s not always easy to arrange these days and nights of blitzkrieg."

I went with him to a row of houses two blocks away, where a squad was working on the havoc caused by two bombs which had fallen, one on each side of the road.

The men were shoring up gaping walls, knocking ragged ends of glass from windows, digging a path through the mountainous pile of bricks and rubble strewn over the road.

Two men, their faces white with dust, looked out of a hole in a wall and shouted a cheerful greeting.

"They’re light-hearted about this particular job—by a miracle there were no casualties, for the people living in the houses most badly hit had got out of London only a day or two ago," said the district surveyor.
Every Hour Demolition Squads Risk Their Lives

A perilous job—disconnecting pipes from a heavy cistern in the roof of a bombed house. Circle, a car wrecked by a bomb in an area close to Oxford Street.

An A.R.P. squad is pulling down the dangerous wreckage of a block of flats. The photographs in this page were taken after the raid of Sept 22-23.

Photos, L.N.A., Wide World and Planet News
Out of the Frying-pan Into Spitfire

WHEN Lord Beaverbrook made an appeal for aluminium to build more Spitfires and Hurricanes, the housewives of Britain made a magnificent response and readily gave up favourite cooking utensils to go into the melting-pot. The photographs in this page show what became of them. (1) Another contribution from the housewife's kitchen is added to the pile. (2) When the contributions are received at the dump, those parts that are not pure aluminium are hammered off. (3) In the next process the pots and pans, after being cleansed, are put into the smelting furnace. (4) After being smelted, the aluminium is thrown from the furnace into ladles. (5) An asbestos-gloved workman pours the molten metal into standard-size moulds. (6) Before the ingots cooling in the moulds are quite cold, they are stamped with the words "pure aluminium." (7) Finally, the frying-pans and saucepans will form part of a Spitfire, such as this, or a Hurricane. The housewives who gave their pots and pans in response to the appeal have the satisfaction of knowing that they have made a very direct contribution to aircraft production and to the defence of their own homes.

Photos, For, Keystone, Central Press
New Flags for Old: Britain Takes Delivery

One of the 50 U.S.A. destroyers that have been taken over by the Royal Navy is here being brought out of dry dock at the Charlestown Navy Yard. She is "Aaron Ward," No. 113, but will receive in the British service a place-name common to Great Britain and the U.S.A.

When the destroyers were taken over by the Royal Navy at North American ports the American crews showed the British crews "the ropes" before they left. As the photograph proves, the two Navies were on the best of terms.

It was a memorable and historic moment when the Union Jack and the White Ensign were hoisted on the first batch of destroyers to be taken over. Here, the British flag is being broken simultaneously at the bows of the transferred destroyers.

The officers and crews that brought the American destroyers across the Atlantic were shipped from Britain to Canada as soon as the agreement was ratified. Ratings are here seen taking their kits on board their new ships. The accommodation for the crew differs considerably from that of British destroyers, but the standard of comfort is equally high.

Photos, International News Agency, Sport & General, and Krypton
Our Searchlight on the War

The first member of the Home Guard to win a military decoration is Mr. Glyn Jones of 391, The War Illustrated October 11th, 1940

First Award to Home Guard

The first member of the Home Guard to win a military decoration is Mr. Glyn Jones of 391, who was awarded the Military Medal. His job was to defend a vital point. The post in question was bombed, one man being killed and another badly wounded. Young Mr. Jones, fortunately unhurt, first carried his warden bag of comrade to safety and then returned to his post and continued on guard, heedless of further bombs and much debris which fell around him. For his devotion to duty he has been awarded the Military Medal.

Londoners' Steadfast Confidence

Awards made to a number of Londoners for their courage and perseverance during the war are, according to the London Daily Mail, a great source of pride to the people of the capital.

Mr. H. Willink, M.P., was appointed Special Commissioner for the Care and Rehousing of the Homeless of the London Region. He has many problems to face, one of which is to find suitable housing for many people who do not want to be moved out of their homes, even though better quarters may be found for them in another part of London.

British Airmen Saved After 84 Hours

A search lasting three and a half days, Hudson and Anson aircraft of the Coastal Command, working in close cooperation with British naval units, found the crew of a British bomber which had come down in the North Sea. During these 84 hours, they had been adrift in a rubber dinghy in rough seas.

Will There Be a Holy War?

 Mussolini's attacks on their sacred places have inflamed the Moslems in Egypt, Palestine and India that their leaders are seeking to declare a holy war against Fascism. The movement started from the invasion of Egypt by Italy, Libya, and the British and other places in Syria. On September 29th, the Muslim Sahib of Buhar, Peshawar, India, issued a call to action, and this has been taken up by the Moslems in Egypt. The Supreme Moslem Council in Palestine issued a manifesto expressing its determination to resist the abominable attack on the mosque of Cherchell, the grave of the Prophet and the cemetery there. Great resentment against Italy has been stirred up in Syria. In Egypt the Grand Senussi has also called for vengeance against the invaders. As there are over 200,000,000 Moslems, the possibility of a religious war should certainly give Mussolini something to think about.
How We Saved Our Burning 'Plane

The official story of the heroic feat over Antwerp which won eighteen-year-old Sergeant Hannah of the R.A.F. his V.C. is given opposite. Here is his own account of the incident, making light both of his heroism and of his injuries which, unhappily, resulted in serious illness.

Writing to his mother from hospital, Sergeant Hannah said:

Dear Mum,—At last I have managed to get a rest. As you see by my address, I am in "dock" (hospital). I suppose you will have had some official news that has got you all worried. Still I am O.K., and would have written sooner but only managed to get my eyes open this morning. Well, to tell you all about it, I am lucky to be alive.

We got caught in a terrific "ack-ack" barrage over A. Our plane went on fire. At the time it had singed my whiskers. I realized that we were liable to blow up any minute, so I made for my parachute, only to discover that it was on fire, too, so you can guess there was some panic.

By this time the navigator and gunner had baled out, and the plane was a blazing mass and a terrific target for the "ack-ack" and they were still letting away.

Still I did some quick thinking and started throwing all the flaring mass overboard. During this, ammunition on the kite was going off ten a penny with the heat.

Finally I got the fire out and the pilot and I limped home.

They rushed me to hospital right away, but I heard since then it caused a great sensation. They have "ack" and bomber command chilies, and many more big noises having the kite photographed from all angles. I have had so many C.O.s and big shots visit me that I feel a big shot too!

I have had a telegram from an officer in command congratulating me on my conduct. Apparently it was the first time that a fire has been put out in the air.

My pilot is getting the D.F.C., so I expect that I will be getting something too. But, if you feel the way I do, you will be quite thankful that I am alive, without worrying what I am getting or am going to look like.

Well, if you could see me now I'm sure you would burst out laughing. They have my face all covered with a black plastic stuff, and my hair is still black from the smoke, so I look like a nigger. The nurses won't believe I have got fair hair. I am quite happy here. If what they tell me is true, my face should be practically clear when the stuff comes off. It is a new pattern stuff, and if it works I should be as good as new.

How We Found the 'Benares' Survivors

Forty-six survivors of the "City of Benares," including six evacuee children, were brought safely to port on September 26 after eight days' ordeal in an open lifeboat described, was primarily due to the commander of the warship which brought the survivors to port said:

The lifeboat was found eight days after the "City of Benares" was lost. All that time the crew had been moving, keeping their boat safely going through the storm, sometimes by sail and sometimes by a "pedal screw"—by which a propeller can be turned by pedals in the boat.

The boys had been simply heroic. Not a complaint through the long days and the freezingly cold nights. Miss Cornish, the only woman in the boat, had been a perfect Florence Nightingale.

As darkness fell and the cold grew more intense, she set to work massaging the boys' legs to keep them from being frost-bitten.

The boys welcomed their turn at driving the lifeboat along with the pedals. It helped to keep them warm. So far out in the Atlantic the provisions and water had to be carefully rationed. Only enough was allowed to keep them alive.

A "plane of the Fleet Air Arm that was escorting our boat spotted them. The boys told me that they saw the "plane—just a speck thousands of feet above them—but they knew what it was, and they waved.

They reported to us what he had seen, and we soon had them safe. It will take more than a Hun torpedo and days in an open boat to crush the spirit of lads like these.

It has been a happy task for us. Would that we could have brought more of them safely home.

It was cooperation by two Sunderland flying-boats, one belonging to the Royal Australian Air Force, which led to the rescue.

The captain of the second aircraft said:

The Sunderland we were relieving sent up a message just before going off patrol. The captain said he had sighted a boat.

We went straight to the place he indicated and found the boat at once. All the people in the boat were sitting or lying down except one man, who was at the tiller. Some amishhips seemed to be in rather a bad way.

They had hoisted sail and were making what speed they could. When we got there we dropped a parachute bag filled with all the...
These boys have just been rescued from the Atlantic after being eight days adrift in an open boat. They are five of the six children who with 40 adults were the last survivors from the "City of Benares" to be picked up. The number of children lost was thus 77 and not 83 as first announced (pages 360-4). Extreme left is Kenneth Sparks, hero of the rescue; and circle, Miss Mary Cornish.

Photos, Keystone

food we had on board. We attached a life-jacket to keep it afloat.

We circled round and made them a signal that we were going to get help, but they had only a semaphore which we were travelling too fast to read. However, we made them understand that we were going to fetch a ship, which was about forty miles away.

Before leaving them I went down very low on the water and saw that it would be possible to land and take them on board if they could not be rescued otherwise.

Then we went to fetch a ship. We found a warship and signalled that there was a boatful of people and indicated their position. We flew back to the boat and then to the warship.

But she was not on the right course, so I signalled: "Follow me," and then flew directly over the ship towards the lifeboat. When I was getting near the lifeboat I dropped a smoke-flare which the warship saw and signalled "O.K."

We watched until we saw the warship actually stop alongside the lifeboat, and then, as we had received a signal telling us to return to base before dusk, we left.

Among those rescued, in addition to the six children, were British and Lascar seamen, Bohdan Nagorski, Polish director of a shipping company, Father O'Sullivan, a Roman Catholic priest, and Miss Cornish. The last two were acting as escorts.

Mr. Nagorski said:

We had made up our minds that there was no hope of our being rescued. We had been at sea in the open boat for eight days. We had no water and our food was practically gone. Suddenly we heard the roar of aeroplane engines. We looked up, and to our joy saw the flying-boat appear from the clouds. The pilot signalled to us and dropped food.

The flying-boat went up again and returned some time later simultaneously with the appearance of the British warship. We were taken aboard and revived by the crew.

Telling of his experiences after the ship had been torpedoed, Mr. Nagorski said:

We expected to pick up one of the other ships but we never saw a sign of one. The six children on our boat behaved magnificently. After we had been two days on the sea we discovered a sail in the lifeboat, and between sailing and rowing we managed to make good headway. The officer in the boat decided to steer an easterly course, in the hope that he would ultimately reach the coast.

The next two days passed like a nightmare. Heavy seas burst over us time and again. It took us all our time to save the children from being carried overboard. Weather conditions improved but we had to weather other storms.

Without doubt the boys owe their lives to the heroism of Miss Mary Cornish, of London, one of the escorts and the only woman on board the lifeboat. Crouched in the pitifully confined space in the bows of the boat, she massaged the limbs of the boys and made up muscle exercises to counteract the terribly cramped position and bitter cold.

Thirteen-year-old Kenneth John Sparks, of Wembley, said:

The worst of it was rowing all day and night. We ate ship's biscuits, sardines and tinned salmon and had condensed milk and a little water to drink.

I was the first to see the flying-boat. I shouted and then we all prayed. We had to be lifted up the steps of the warship, as none of us could walk.
How We Torpedoed a Nazi Troopship

The sinking by H.M. submarine “Sturgeon” of a 10,000-ton German transport believed to be carrying between 3,000 and 4,000 troops took place on September 2 off the northern tip of Denmark. The exploit, which was carried out in spite of very difficult conditions and weather of a particularly heavy nature, was described as follows by an officer of the “Sturgeon.”

We went up the Skagerrak and got into a position early in the morning of September 2. It was blowing quite hard and we saw nothing until an aeroplane came into sight just as it was getting dusk. About half an hour later the hydrophone operator reported that he heard very faintly the sound of a ship. The “Sturgeon” was brought right up and two or three minutes later two destroyers were sighted and just afterwards a very large transport.

Conditions were not very good. We were some distance from our quarry when we first saw her and were on her beam. She appeared to be steering a course for Oslo. Fortunately she was silhouetted against the light of the setting sun. We went to diving stations and brought the tubes to the ready and as soon as we could fire our torpedoes. The transport was going away from us.

As soon as we had fired a torpedo we submerged, but after a short time the commanding officer came up for a look. Everything was quiet, with the transport steaming on with her escorting destroyers. A moment or two later we heard a great explosion and the commanding officer, looking through the periscope, saw a gigantic column of smoke coming up from the transport. The smoke must have gone up some 2,000 feet. We went farther away from the transport and once an aeroplane came swooping around right over us, but we were not spotted.

After about ten minutes the transport burst into flames and became a blazing mass from stem to stern. It was a terrific sight. After an hour and a half she was settling down low into the water and quite obviously she was finished.

We went down to re-lay our torpedoes and when we came up to the surface again the transport had gone. There was nothing left but the two destroyers, with their searchlights on, picking up the survivors.

We had one bad moment, for as we came to the surface it was not realised that the searchlights were on and we came right into their beams. The destroyers were about three miles away and luckily they did not see us.

It was an extremely lucky shot at that range. The ship, he said, was a single funnel, low-built Diesel vessel of about ten to twelve thousand tons. She was making north for a Norwegian port.

He added: Danish reports have stated that she had between three and four thousand troops on board. Whether these troops were intended for a possible invasion of Great Britain can only be a matter of speculation.

Though the crews of submarines say it is a great life, it is certainly a cramped one, and one of their first desires when they come ashore is to stretch their legs. Bicycles give a good opportunity for this and also lessen the difficulties of transport, so when the “Sturgeon” arrived in port several bicycles went on board ready for ship’s leave, but they will be landed before she puts to sea again.

The ship’s cook of the “Sturgeon” cooked 100 eggs for breakfast on the morning that the transport was torpedoed. Like that he is eating here, they were all hard-boiled.

The officer remarked that the day which ended so well started rather badly. He said:

We were not feeling too well because we had some extraordinarily hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. An A.B. does what cooking can be done, and when I asked how long he had boiled the eggs he replied: “Two and a half hours, sir.” There were a hundred eggs to cook for three minutes each. He therefore multiplied one hundred by three, made a few other calculations, and boiled our eggs for two and a half hours!
Women in the Front Line of Britain's War

Above, nurses and students of the Great Ormonde Street Hospital help to build shelters for the roof-sitters. Oval, A.F.S. girls clearing the pavement in Oxford St.

Berwick Street Market, close to the shattered shops of Regent Street, still does business, but the girl in charge of the meat stall wears a steel helmet as a precaution while she serves.

The pavements of Bond Street, in which are many world-famous shops, are usually crowded in the busy hours with those who buy of the best. Today a novel fashion has appeared there—women who wear the A.R.P. uniform surmounted by a steel helmet; the new Civil Defence badge is embroidered on the sleeve of the uniform (centre). Below, nurses at the Children's Hospital are clearing up a damaged ward.
They Have Won Honour in Freedom’s Cause

Capt. A. J. Biggs, who carried unexploded bombs a distance of several miles to a quarry, where they were destroyed.

Lieut. R. Davies, G.C.M., who, with members of Bomb Disposal Unit, saved St. Paul’s Cathedral from the menace of a time-bomb.

Wing-Com. F. V. Beamish, A.F.C., D.S.O., for displaying courage in the air. He destroyed 2 Messerschmitts and a Dornier.

Squadron-Leader C. E. R. Tait, D.F.C., for conspicuous daring and courage during air operations against the enemy.

Squadron-Leader J. R. A. Peel, D.F.C., for displaying bravery and outstanding qualities as a leader during air operations.

Pilot Officer Whelan, R.A.F., D.F.C., for bravery and courage in the course of air operations against the enemy.

Squadron-Leader Charles Pearce, R.A.A.F., D.F.C., for bravery and devotion to duty in the course of air operations.

Pilot Sergt. H. J. L. Holloway, D.F.C., for destroying 21 enemy aircraft and for his resolute daring.

Flight Lieut. J. F. Newman, D.F.C., for displaying great gallantry and devotion to duty in the course of air operations.


Sub-Lieut. R. W. Timbrell, R.C.N., D.S.C., for displaying conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty while on active service.

Sub-Lieut. J. W. Golby, R.C.N.V.R., D.S.C., for displaying great gallantry and devotion to duty while on active service.

Volunteer Glyn Jones, M.M., for carrying a wounded man to safety. First Home Guard to receive a military decoration.


Comm. H. Shee, R.N., D.S.C., for displaying conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty while on active service.

Squadron-Leader Strange, a bar to his D.F.C., for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in the air.


Flight Lieut. J. Sample, D.F.C., for displaying bravery in the air. He shot down 2 enemy aircraft.


Squadron Leader the Hon. M. Aitken, D.F.C., for gallantry and devotion to duty. He is Lord Beaverbrook’s heir.

Col. Gordon Johnson, O.B.E., for displaying bravery and conspicuous devotion to duty while on active service.

Maj. F. Clarke, R.A.S.C., O.B.E., for displaying outstanding courage and devotion to duty while on active service.

Lieut-Col. E. J. Medley, R.A., D.S.O., for displaying conspicuous gallantry and courage while on active service.


Maj. Henry Hopkins, The Suffolk Regt., O.B.E., for displaying courage and gallantry while employed on active service.
Our Diary of the War

Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1940

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Thames" was overdue and presumed lost.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed enemy machine gun positions in the Channel.

Cecil B. de Mille's aircraft attacked Zeebrugge and naval station at Bruges.

During the night R.A.F. heavy bombers successfully bombed military objectives in Berlin. Other forces attacked railways and goods yards, power station near Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, gun emplacements at Cap Gris Nez, many aerodromes and invasion ports.

Two morning attacks by enemy fighters over Kent coast and area of Thames Estuary. Minor forces penetrated to London. Bomber field in N.W. of London attacked.

Fifteen enemy fighters lost, brought down by guns.

Dover was shelled for over an hour.

The Poets & the War

For the Towns of the S.E. Coast

By Edward Shank

Since Britain rose above the seas,
The seas have beaten on her shore.
An endless battery prolonged
For half a million years or more.

The waves at sedge, sand and chalk
Have clawed with endless energy.
And still the islands remain,
Mistress, not vassal, of the sea.

We shall not fear this puny foe,
Though he with poisoned talons strike,
We hold the coasts. The fate of all
Who come against us is alike.

Remember, though, the faded bells
Of Dunkirk, that below the wave,
Ring for the victims of that war
Out of her ancient, sea-drowned grave.

Remember, now, the little towns
On which the raider throws his hate,
Which stand the brunt and keep our land,
Impregnable, inviolate.

They shall not sink, like Dunkirk down
Under a final conquering tide,
But when those yellow waves receede,
Shall rise again, new-glorified.

When from our skies these storms are swept
And earth and ocean both are free,
Margate and Ramsgate, Folkestone, Dover,
Your bells shall sound above the sea.

—Daily Sketch

Friday, Sept. 27, 1940

British and German guns fought artillery duel across the Channel. Germany, Italy and Japan signed 10-year military, political and economic Pact.

Saturday, Sept. 28

The Sea—First flotilla of 50 transferred American destroyers arrived in British waters.

In the Air—R.A.F. again raided Berlin power stations and AA guns positions were bombed. Elsewhere in N. Germany targets included railway centres and aerodromes. Fires and explosions caused serious damage. Hanover airfields were attacked.

Channel ports and enemy bases at Lorient again attacked.

Against Italy—S. African Air Force successfully raided Birikau, Italian Somaliland, for third time.

Home Front—During morning enemy aircraft, chiefly fighters, crossed S. E. coast and a few reached E. London. Bombs fell but damage was slight. Bombs also dropped on S. coast town. Enemy force attacked Portsmouth area, but was repelled. Shop in I.S. London district extensively damaged. Wardens' post hit and none perished. Hospital and other buildings damaged in S.W. suburb. Six Italian aircraft destroyed. Britain lost seven fighters.

Sunday, Sept. 29

The Sea—Reported that survivors of British ships "Blair Angus" and "Elmwood" torpedoed on September 21, had landed at S. John's, Newfoundland.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed railway bridges at Magdeburg and Hanover; aluminium works at Bitterfeld; gas works at Stuttgart; goods yards at Osnabruck and Cologne; and many enemy-occupied aerodromes.

Home Front—During daylight raids bombs dropped at points on Thames Estuary, a S. coast village and one in Home Counties. Garage fired in Kent. Attacks also made in Midlands and in Edinburgh area.

Night raids were widespread. Many fires started in London, including serious one in City. In Home Counties attacks were heavy in both north and west of London's home and hospital in western suburb badly damaged. Large fires on Merseyside.

Ten enemy bombers destroyed. Four British fighters lost, but pilots of two safe.

Monday, Sept. 30

In the Air—R.A.F. delivered big attack on German bases, particularly Calais and gun positions near Cap Gris Nez.

Military targets in Berlin bombed for four hours, including power stations, railways and factories. Other forces attacked oil refineries, munition factories, goods yards and railways in Germany, docks at Cuxhaven and Amsterdam and many enemy aerodromes and Channel ports.

Coastal Command and Fleet Air Arm attacked docks, shipping and petrol stores at Altdorf, Ostend and Antwerp.

War Against Italy—R.A.F. attacked Libyan bases, main damage being done at Marawa.

Home Front—Six large daylight attacks launched against S.E. England and Berlin. All were broken up after crossing coast, but one formation reached London. Bombs fell in western suburbs. Attacks made on Rouen, Le Havre, Caen, South-East, notably Bexhill and Hastings.

In night, incendiaries fell in central London. Suburbs in N.W., N. and N.E. were bombed. Fires caused on Merseyside.

Enemy lost 49 aircraft. Britain lost 22 fighters, but 12 pilots safe.

Two artillery duels with long-range guns took place across Straits of Dover.