A PALPABLE HIT, BUT RICHARD'S SWORD UNBROKEN!

Marochetti's famous bronze statue of Richard Coeur de Lion in Old Palace Yard received very slight damage during a recent raid. A "palpable hit" by a Nazi bomb bends but does not break King Richard's sword. The bomb exploded in the courtyard of the House of Lords, and only slight damage was done to the windows. Glass was blown out and walls were chipped by flying debris, which also covered the golden thrones of the King and Queen. The bomb exploded between the building and the statue.

Photo, Planet News
France is Now Robbed of Food and Freedom

Whatever the French leaders who gave in to Hitler expected from him, they have been disappointed. Both in occupied and in unoccupied France, according to accounts by neutral observers and escaped French and British nationals, conditions are appalling, with a slight bias for the better in the occupied region. With the example of the treatment of Poland before them, the renegades of the Pétain Government should have known better. Doubtless they expected special treatment, but, except that the full savagery of Hitler's policy has not yet fallen on the French, the fate of Poland and France do not differ greatly.

"What a city to loot," Blicher is reported to have said on gazing from St. Paul's upon the City of London. The same sentiment must have entered the mind of his twentieth-century imitator when the Fuhrer ascended the Eiffel Tower (now a national German monument, of which models stand on thousands of mantelselves in the Fatherland) and gazed upon the wealth of Paris and northern France. Certainly plunder was the first thought of the German occupiers of the fair land of France. The German plan for that country is to reduce it to a nation of peasants—"peasants without pigs," as one observer laconically reports. With Germany as the industrial centre of Europe, the rest is to be a raw material and food producing reservoir, inhabited by serfs who will labour to the greater glory of the Herrenvolk. The plan is applied very simply. All movable industrial equipment of value and all skilled workers are being transferred to Germany from occupied France. To feed the Supermen of the Fatherland the country is being systematically robbed of crops, stocks, cattle, poultry and all farm produce. What the French have left to them—and it is very little—is doled out in miserable rations, amounting to about one-eighth of the amount consumed by the average Frenchman before the war. And to obtain these tiny quantities of food, long queues wait from dawn to dusk outside the shops, while well-fed Nazis roll by in luxurious cars, or great lorries, loaded with plundered provender, rumble eastwards.

Little Food, No Free Speech

The loss of his food is probably the hardest cross the Frenchman has to bear; next to it must come the loss of his political liberties and the rights of free speech. The word "Boche" is verboten and harsh punishment is meted out to anyone heard using it. In its place the word "dorphore" (potato bug) has emerged as the general term for German; doubtless this, too, will be a forbidden word when the Nazis realize its new application. The curfew means that the Parisian can visit his favourite café for only three short periods in the day—at breakfast, lunch and dinner times; entertainment is almost dead except for a few inferior Aryan cabarets brought over from Berlin; friendly visiting is forbidden (no parties of more than eight or so are allowed to forfagar); private travel by car or train has ceased; bicycles, being the only mode of locomotion remaining except pedestrianism, are almost unobtainable. The shortage of soap may be endurable, but it is annoying. Less bearable is the shortage of fuel—coal, wood and oil—which with autumn breezes blowing already and a hard winter in prospect, makes all France shiver in anticipation. There were great stocks of coal and coke in France, gathered together at the Government's request before the surrender; these have been consumed.

When the occupation began the French were pleasantly surprised to discover how friendly and urban and the billeted soldiers were, and to observe how generous the authorities seemed to be in the matter of censorship and individual liberties. They were soon disillusioned; within six weeks the velvet glove was removed and the grip of the iron hand was felt. The invaders' attitude entirely changed; whereas at first the French were smiled at and their children's heads patted for the benefit of photographs by Hitler's men, those same soldiers changed into their natural character of blond beast almost overnight. Herded along side streets because their favourite boulevards are reserved for the mighty ones, forbidden to walk in the Bois de Boulogne or along the Avenue Kléber and other famous thoroughfares, the Parisians were now received with hostile stares, curt, contemptuous phrases, and personal cruelty. The mask was off.

Germans Flock From the Ruhr

Into the Paris area have flocked the well-to-do families of the Ruhr and Rhineland, fleecing from the nightly visitations of the R.A.F. These, and the 2½ million soldiers in the occupied zone, together with 250,000 on furlough in Paris, also have to be fed luxuriously, while the semi-starved Parisian looks on.

Letters to New York, printed in the American newspapers and reprinted in Britain, tell of the impotent anger of the ordinary Frenchman when he has to witness this degradation of his country. The soldiers he could bear—even admire; but these swine of civilians using Paris as a funkhole—pff! Further, the cunning with which the Nazis have rigged the currency has rendered every German visitor wealthy and hopelessly impoverished even well-to-do French people. The French currency still exists, but with the franc at twenty to the mark a small fortune is required to purchase even minor luxuries. These same letters—and reports brought into Spain and Portugal by neutral travellers and diplomats—all stress the same point. The mask of acceptance has worn off. The Frenchman may be compelled to helpless silence, but he boils with suppressed rage.

Many of military age, required to enrol at the local kommandat and firmly invited to volunteer for labour in Germany, have disappeared. Tyranny of this and other varieties is making the people realize at last the extent of the betrayal—both of France and true democracy. They wait the opportunity and the signal for revolt against their masters, of Berlin and of Vichy, knowing that their only hope lies in a British victory. They have lost all faith in Pétain.

These residents of the famous French port of Le Havre are seen receiving an allowance of tinned ersatz soup from a depot run by the sisters of the N.S.V. or National Socialist Assistance. To judge from their expressions Nazi food does not appear delectable!
In Conquered Paris the Velvet Glove is Off

Refugees' street depôts, above, have become tragically frequent in occupied France. Notes pinned to the board ask for information concerning missing relatives and friends.

Women and children make a primitive camp by the roadside on their trek back to conquered Paris after their hasty flight in the early days of invasion.

Photo, E.N.A.

The famous Paris church of Sacre Coeur, which dominates the city from Montmartre, attracts Nazi soldiers as an object of special interest. They are seen on the steps. The Germans have been pouring their supplies into the French capital, and supply columns are seen, right, entering the deserted Paris streets.
What Has Fate In Store For Portugal?

Far from easy is the situation of Portugal, now the only remaining really neutral country in Western Europe. Here we have something to say of the past and present state of Britain's oldest ally and hint at the possibilities of tomorrow.

For more than five and a half centuries, since 1386 when our Edward III concluded the Treaty of Windsor with King John, England and Portugal have been allies, and it was in honour of this, the oldest alliance in history, that the Duke of Kent was the nation's guest at the celebrations in Lisbon last summer of the eight centenary of Portugal's independence and the fourth centenary of her last liberation from Spanish rule. Her last liberation: were long since may be once again brought under the dominion of Spain.

For Portugal is small and weak, and 1940 is proving a bad year for small and weak countries. "Portugal is such a little country," wrote Ralph Fox, the young English writer who gave his life on the battlefield, fighting for the Spanish Republic. "Its spare, swarthy peasants, in their black homespuns, with the black tasselled caps like woollen nightcaps, have to work so hard on the brown, burned-up earth, to pay so much for the little water to irrigate their parched fields, and the fields themselves are so tiny, hardly bigger than a middle-class Englishman's suburban garden. They work, with a little bread, a little fruit and wine, sometimes a little meat, to produce port wine and cork for exports. And the fishermen fight the Atlantic storms to get you sardines. That's all this little country gives the world—port, cork and sardines."

Long ago, when Europe was discovering the Indies and the Americas, Portugal was a Great Power and Lisbon, the capital, was perhaps the world's richest and most thriving port. But history showed that Portugal was too tiny and the Portuguese too few to discover new worlds, to colonize them, and to conduct their trade. Moreover, the great mass of the people were ever ignorant and miserable, the dupes of the Inquisition, the slaves of the Jesuits, the prey of their royalties and rulers. The monarchy, restored in 1640 after a forced union with Spain which had endured for sixty years, lasted until 1910 when the young Manoel, who had succeeded his father, Carlos I, brutally murdered two years before, was sent into exile—to spend the years until his death at Twickenham in 1932 for the most part in England, in extremely comfortable and pleasant circumstances.

When Manoel left, Portugal became a republic, and in little over twenty years witnessed twenty-four revolutions and coups d'état of one kind and another. The attempt to construct something that might be called a democracy was an utter failure. "Electors meet in vain where want makes them the slaves of the landlord or where superstition makes them the slaves of the priest," wrote Macaulay, and the great Whig would have found in modern Portugal abundant proof of the truth of his dictum. The last vestiges of a parliamentary regime were swept away in 1926 by a group of army officers, headed by Generals Carmona and da Costa, who at least showed some acumen in appointing to the post of Finance Minister Dr. Salazar, the Premier and virtual dictator of Portugal, as seen in the plain clothes he prefers to any uniform, making an inspection of an underground ammunition store.

While Europe has been in a state of turmoil the people of Portugal under a benevolent dictatorship have changed their mode of life very little. Here is the scene in the market-place of a small Portuguese town where the women make their purchases, sure at least that the other dictators will not rain death upon them from the skies.

Photos, Leicester Cotton and Pinedo News

With its long coast line Portugal has produced a hardy race of fishermen who besides fish for home consumption are responsible for one of their country's most important exports—sardines. The others are port and cork.

a professor at the University of Coimbra, one Dr. Antonio d'Oliveira Salazar. The don resigned after five days in office, but in 1928 Carmona, now ruling alone, appointed him again to the same post, and since 1932 Salazar has been premier and virtual dictator. Salazar in himself is a very pleasant change from the common run of present-day dictators, and in his appointment and his subsequent career there has been displayed many a deviation from what has come to be accepted as the dictatorial norm. As a man he is intensely retiring though hardly modest in his estimate of his own importance; hardly a Portuguese would recognize him if he met him in the streets. He hardly ever appears in public and never wears a uniform; he does not rant over the wireless or review goose-stepping troops, or make spectacular appearances at great party demonstrations; his photograph is seldom seen in the shop windows, although a press photograph, such as the one above, is occasionally permitted. If he has enemies, he knows how to get rid of them without employing such clumsy weapons as the bullet and the axe.
A new development in dictators, his dictatorship is not inspired by any revolutionary enthusiasm, any burning zeal to right the wrongs of the world by wiping out men and institutions and frontiers with ruthless gusto. The Nazi and the Fascist are like the Communist in believing that the success of their "movement" would liberate their peoples from the stranglehold of an outworn political system, from the chains of what they describe as "plutocracy" (or should it be "demopluocracy"?). Salazar and the men who put and maintain him where he is have no sustaining belief in the virtue of revolution; their blessed word is restoration, and they look not forward to a new order of society based on an all-powerful State, operating through a single party, but back to the "good old days" in which family and wealth and inherited influence are the things that "pull."

Salazar has no party of his own; his movement strives to be genuinely national and his first success was in the complete suppression of the parties and factions which made Portuguese politics a foul disgrace. True, there is a Salazar militia for boys between eight and twelve, a Salazar youth movement; true, Portugal is a police state, one in which spies are everywhere and the policemen are ever on the search for anything which to their not over-bright intelligence may appear subversive. But at least the uglier aspects of the dictatorships of Hitler and Mussolini are absent from that wielded by the one-time professor who is that well-nigh unique character, a dictator who shuns the limelight.

And some very solid achievements lie to his credit. He has balanced the budget and brought order into the national finances, although there are critics who whisper that the balancing has been achieved by omitting to include some inconvenient items, while the comparison between now and a few years ago is somewhat affected by taking the escudo at different par of exchange. But Salazar has succeeded in doing what none of his predecessors of the republican era managed to do; he has remained in office for twelve years and may well remain there for many years to come.

But in that he will not have the determining word; maybe that will be Franco's or Hitler's. Portugal today is the last independent neutral country in Western Europe, and how long she can continue such is problematic. Both Germany and Italy would like to have the line of her coast and the Azores for submarine and fleet bases whence they might threaten Britain's route to the Cape and South America and turn the flank of Gibraltar. Amongst the Falangists—the predominant party in Franco's Spain—there are many who are of the opinion that the whole of the Iberian peninsula should be under one flag, and that Spain's.

If the Axis Powers have not yet seized the whole of the Atlantic seaboard it is because Portugal is more valuable to them, at present, as a door through which may come supplies from America, than she would be as a base of attack against Britain. But some day, any day, they may decide otherwise, and then Portugal will follow so many other little countries of Europe in the Axis prison. As likely as not, there would be no military resistance, for Portugal's army has a peacetime strength of only 30,000 men.

And then? Then history might well repeat itself. When Napoleon lorded it over Europe, it was to Portugal that Wellington's Expeditory Force was dispatched. Portugal proved to be Napoleon's heel of Achilles; it may prove to be Hitler's too.
Here Are Prisoners of War of Three Nations

This photograph of British officers who are prisoners in Germany was received through Lisbon. The camp is known as Oflag IX A. Two of the officers have been recognized. Bottom line, fourth from left: L.t. A. H, Bishop, R.A.D.C. Top, sixth from left: Capt. P. Scott-Martin, M.C., Royal West Kent Regt. Others will no doubt be recognized by friends and relations.

Left, German airmen taken prisoners in England at the end of September are entraining on their way to an internment camp. Nazi prisoners in Canada (above) do voluntary work for which they are paid 20 cents a day. The chance to earn is eagerly taken.

A good haul of Italian prisoners has been made by the British during the operations in Libya. Above is the scene in a prisoners’ camp. Naturally swarthy, the Italian soldiers baked by the desert sun have all the appearance of “men of colour.”
British Fleet Sweeps the Mediterranean All Clear

During a patrol in the Mediterranean, a British destroyer attacked an Italian submarine with depth charges. Gunfire having destroyed the conning tower, the enemy ship surrendered. Top left, the submarine draws alongside the destroyer. Above is seen the captain’s bridge on board a battleship while at sea.

On July 7 British naval forces in the Mediterranean made contact with Italian battleships, cruisers and destroyers. An enemy battleship was hit, but the enemy retired behind a smoke-screen and sought the safety of shore defences. Two shells are seen exploding (circle).

Photo, Associated Press
British Official Crown Copyright

These sailors have reached their home port. A sing-song accompanied by a piano accordion testifies to the high spirits of this battleship crew. White cap covers, white jumpers and shorts, instead of the heavy serge trousers of the ordinary uniform, are new warm in hot weather, adding greatly to the comfort of the ships’ companies.

Photo, Central Press
We have lately been told in official communiques that in mass attacks upon this country the Germans have encountered Polish fighter squadrons which have operated with marked success; indeed, the magnificent dash and determination of this allied force has made people think that their psychology would be less adapted to bombers. That this is not so I have learned in the course of a recent visit to a bomber aerodrome, part of which is allocated to the Poles. Not only do they speak enthusiastically of the British machines they fly—Poles began to participate in bombing expeditions, so that it was rather foolish of Goebbels to declare on the wireless that during the night of September 2-3 a Polish pilot accompanying a British raid to Berlin had flown on to Warsaw and given himself up. The Poles are anxious to reply to such a calumny when they receive the order to bomb Berlin.

The squadron-leader was likewise astonished and delighted that a young airman in this country has to pass through exactly the same curriculum now as in peacetime.

"As to our work," he said, "I believe that we are giving satisfaction." This, I afterwards ascertained, is an understatement, for the Poles have been doing splendidly. For instance, the squadron-leader had just received a letter from a young comrade of his temporarily in hospital, whom he had known very well in Poland. There he shot down four Germans himself and, with another pilot, two more. Here, after a week's training, he went up, brought down one and was himself brought down and, as this happened at a height of less than 600 feet and he could discover no flat landing-place, his machine crashed, but the damage to himself was not serious. Going up on the next day, he shot down four Messerschmitts and a Heinkel, after which his machine caught fire and he was obliged to bale out, a proceeding rendered difficult—in fact, he said in his letter, it was the most difficult undertaking of his life—because his 'plane was in a diving position. This resulted in his being struck by the tail and he was pretty severely wounded in the leg. He is now hoping that this and the burns on his hands and face will not keep him in hospital.

While the squadron-leader had been talking three Polish officers (one of them a chaplain who, like his companions, was in the uniform of the R.A.F. with the word "Poland" as a shoulder badge) had come in from a neighbouring base. As it happened, they had all been so busy in various ways that they had not had time to pick up much of our language, but the two air forces, said the squadron-leader, understood each other perfectly. He then translated for my benefit an incident which had occurred in the other squadron. A gunner was helping to take the flares out of a bomber on its return early one morning. The fourth one which he handled started to burn. He feared that it would explode and injure the two men still in the 'plane and the 'plane itself. So he grasped it in his arms, ran across a field and was gravely wounded when the explosion took place. The first question he put on recovering consciousness in hospital was with regard to the condition of the aircraft and his two comrades. The C.O., who told us of this affair remarked with a smile that "I would not have got it out of the man himself." The Polish airman, like ours, he said, considered that the most harassing part of the day's work was the description of their exploits to the intelligence officers on their return. All they want to do then is to rest and go up again.

On October 1 the Polish Minister of Information, Prof. Stronski, contrasting the events of Warsaw and London, declared the Polish fighting pilots were very happy to share in the Battle of London. The Polish Squadron No. 303 had shot down in September 1940 over 100 Nazi aircraft and by their successes then were repaying the German Air Force for the tragic fate of Warsaw in September 1939. The squadron-leader of this No. 303 was wounded in a fierce battle over London and was decorated with the Virtuti Militari Cross on August 8 by General Sikorski.
They Are Ready in Thousands to Avenge Warsaw

The King shaking hands with a Polish airman when he visited one of the Fighter Command Stations to which a Polish squadron is attached.

Left, a Polish Sergeant-Pilot makes his report to the Intelligence Officer of the R.A.F. Fighter Station after earning the right to do a victory roll. Above, a Polish airman listens to a lecture with an English dictionary to help with the difficult words.

Polish airmen have come to Britain in thousands eager to avenge the ruthless destruction the Nazis caused in Warsaw. They are now completing their training in the N.W. of England. Left, a Polish airman carries a bomb of which he hopes later to make good use. Right, another airman practices with the type of machine-gun with which his 'plane will be fitted.

Photos, Keystone, Central Press, Topical and Chas. K. Brown
London Carries On in the People’s War

October opened with new variations of the air war on London and the country generally, but incidents were fewer and attacks on a smaller scale, though more prolonged. No large-scale victories could be recorded for the R.A.F., but in no way had Goering advanced towards his objective.

There was a seven-hour daylight raid on Wednesday, October 2, and London had no fewer than six "alerts." In small lots of forty to eighty the Nazi machines crossed the Kent coast, but only odd machines got near London. Attacks were also made on South-western England, South Wales, and Essex. Swift retribution overtook a Dornier 17 which machine-gunned the streets of an Essex town—a trick which the Nazis have too often played of late. A few minutes afterwards it was shot down by a Hurricane.

At night the enemy aircraft came over in waves from two different directions, skirted the suburbs, and then turned in towards the Metropolis. As usual, they did some damage, but were prevented in their major object by our barrage. As Mr. Ernest Brown, Secretary for Scotland, well said in a speech made at this time, London was scorched by the nightly attacks but was undaunted. Hitler had failed to disrupt the life of the City.

Nine London districts were bombed by daylight on Thursday, but though there were many aircraft a few were engaged and it was generally lone raiders who flew over and dropped bombs at random. There were

---

The selection of Air-Marshall Sir Charles Portal to succeed Sir Cyril Newall as Air Chief Marshal (on the retirement of Sir Cyril to become Governor-General of New Zealand) may be taken as a significant portent of Britain’s intention to intensify the air offensive against Germany. For since March last Sir Charles Portal as C.-in-C. of the Bomber Command had directed the work of our bombers in blocking the enemy’s transport, slowing down his munition production and checking his plans for the invasion of Britain. The Bomber Command was taken over by Sir Richard Peirse, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.

Bad weather—it was even bad enough to prevent the R.A.F. on two nights from making their customary raids on German objectives—may have accounted for the slackening of the enemy air attacks on Britain in the early days of October. But it is possible that the slowing down of Germany’s assault may have been due to a realization that the blitzkrieg had failed, and to the withdrawal of aircraft for use in quite another theatre of war. Nor must there be left out of account the heavy losses suffered by the Luftwaffe since the war began. Air Ministry figures to the end of September show that in combat between British and German air forces 3,644 German aircraft were destroyed against 1,417 British lost—316 of our pilots were saved. As to the total German aircraft losses in all theatres of war, the Air Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" worked out a figure of 6,500, more than half being bombers. This would mean that the Nazis had lost about 13,500 air personnel.

In daylight raids on the first day of October only a few enemy aircraft got through to London. Attacks in the South of England proved unsuccessful and the Nazi machines were repulsed near the coast. Five raiders were destroyed, three of our fighters being lost. Six "alerts" in all were given during the day and night. Soon after the first evening alarm was sounded the "Raidsers" P.A.S.E.D. was given, but after an hour’s lull there was another warning. Generally the Nazis came over singly, making swift runs to the central area and then scurrying off as soon as bombs had been dropped. The North and North-western suburbs were attacked, and bombs fell also in East London. Many fire bombs fell, but were smothered and put out with little difficulty. Our A.A. gunners shot down one raider before it had time to drop its load; bomber and bombs exploded together.

---

This clock on the mantelpiece of a London house which was bombed has been chiming regularly. A member of the A.R.P. is seen removing the time-piece from its lonely perch.

---

All that remained of an A.R.P. lorry which was blown out of the street into this back garden when a bomb fell in a South-Western London street during a recent night raid.

Photo, "Daily Mirror"
They Go to Deep Shelters with High Hearts

On a short branch line of one of London's tube trains have been stopped and the current cut off, and there between the rails many Londoners spend a safe night. The tunnel, about half a mile in length, is lit throughout by electric light.

Photo, Planet News

One of the first acts of Mr. Herbert Morrison after becoming Home Secretary and Minister of Home Defence was to visit air raid shelters and see the conditions for himself. Below, he is talking to mothers and children in a shelter in South-East London.

Photo, "News Chronicle"

The people of North-East England who suffered severely from air raids before London was touched have never quailed. The words in the photograph, left, were chalked in front of a house wrecked by a bomb.

Photo, Keystone

Part of the crypt of London's famous church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, is reserved as an air raid shelter for women and children only, left. Above, a sand cave used as a deep shelter by people of a Kentish village.

Photo, Keystone and Planet News
Guns Roar Glorious Defiance to Nazi Bombers

low clouds over London and people below could see nothing of what was happening in the air. Gunfire was heard, and the noise of aircraft engines, but life went on as usual in the busy City and Central area. Two warnings were given during the night. Our fierce barrage prevented much mischief. Such raids as got through did so by shutting off the engines and making a long and silent glide over their objective.

Low cloud on Friday enabled raiders to sneak in over London and drop bombs here and there during an "alert" lasting some hours. Apart from Central London, bombs fell also in Northern and Eastern districts and in suburbs on the South-west. A Hurricane pilot flew out of the clouds and found a Junkers 88 on mischief bent; the enemy was shot down. This sort of cloud hunting was common. A German communiqué gave the number of their losses as five machines, two more than claimed by the Air Ministry, who had not counted in two "probables."

All day Saturday fierce battles were fought in the air, and the enemy came over in big formations again. By 7.30 p.m. 23 raiders had been shot down. In an hour 18 Messerschmitt fighters were shot down over Kent and the Thames Estuary. Other raiders crossed the Dorset and Hampshire coasts but met with little success. Bombs fell in East and South-east London, dropped by isolated enemy machines flying very high. The barrage at night reached a new intensity and was continuous for long periods. Only at two points were bombs dropped in the London area, neither near the Central district.

A score of places in the Home Counties were bombed on Sunday, in hit-and-run raids made possible by cloudy conditions.

At night, after a brief "alert" early in the evening, probably when an enemy reconnaissance machine came over, there was an "all clear" until morning. Nevertheless the Nazis claimed that "London and numerous other targets in the South of England were again successfully attacked in spite of very difficult weather conditions. . . . In London a big gasworks exploded". A very clear proof how the Berlin communiqués are concocted.

At daylight on Monday there began big attacks on London and the South-east, the raiders coming up the Thames Estuary and over the coast of Kent as usual. Nearly 500 Nazi machines were involved, and there were five separate attempts on London. Only in two cases did enemy aircraft penetrate the London defences, and even then very few bombs were dropped. A number of incendiary bombs fell in the Central area during the night, but the trouble was soon localized and the fires quickly extinguished. Attacks on a large scale, tactics were completely changed yet the military results were negligible.
London’s Defences Are Beating The Night Bomber

Soon after the intensified murder raids on London began the increased fury of the A.A. gun barrage gave much satisfaction to the millions compelled to endure the indiscriminate Nazi bombings. Other defence methods were also operative, and here an acknowledged authority discusses the problems of night defence and forecasts increasing success in grappling with them.

One feature of the air war which showed a steadily increasing importance from the beginning until the time of the intensified aerial attacks on Great Britain of August and September was night bombing. And in countering it the greatest ingenuity was exercised.

Night bombing was begun by the Royal Air Force, the British who carefully prepared for it and trained for it. The German air force, in so far as official statements from Berlin revealed its beliefs, held that military effect, which is the only kind of effect worth thinking about in war, could be secured only by day bombing.

Actually the Royal Air Force had evolved a method of night bombing which enabled it to hit at military targets by night with as great certainty as by day, the only difference being that the targets had to be chosen in relation to their position and also in relation to the weather.

Nights do occur occasionally when the illumination is so good that targets can be recognized almost as readily as by day. But on most nights the targets chosen must be of the “self-illuminated” variety if they are to be found without the use of parachute flares or the starting of fires at near-by points.

A good example of a self-illuminated target is a blast furnace. Another was the seaplane base at Sylt, which was one of the first land objectives attacked by the Royal Air Force during the war. Water can be distinguished from land on most nights, and when the shape of the shore or coastline is distinctive a target can be recognized by the confusions with as great accuracy as by day.

Any Target Was Permissible

The German air force had made many night raids before the main attacks on London began in August and September; but they had been directed at military objectives, and as those objectives are extremely well camouflaged and as England is a country over which it is exceedingly difficult to find the way even by day, the German pilots in most cases missed their objectives altogether and dropped their bombs more often than not in open country. These small raids were the subject of many official communiqués and in all cases the damage was slight or even altogether non-existent.

But when the order was given to attack London both by night and by day the method selected was very different. It seems, from the results, that any big building which could be seen by the German night pilots was to be regarded as a permissible target, and that, supposing the buildings could not be distinguished at all owing to the darkness, any cluster of houses was to be regarded as a permissible target.

Thus the East End of London received a great many heavy attacks and vast numbers of dwelling houses there were destroyed. In addition, many big buildings in the West End were hit and much damage done to them. But there was no evidence that anything approaching a military target was selected by any pilot. Sometimes it did seem that power stations and railway stations were being selected, but then a large series of raids would intervene in which no bomb dropped near such objectives.

The fact that this random or semi-random method of bombing was adopted by the Germans made the problems of defence more difficult than was originally believed. It was bound to find some part of London if he sets out for it even on the darkest night. To try to prevent enemy aircraft getting to any part of London or other large cities, while at the same time maintaining adequate protection for the population and for objectives such as munitions works, was the essence of the defence problem.

London’s Magnificent New Barrage

The solution, in so far as it had been arrived at by the beginning of October, was to obtain a high degree of coordination between the anti-aircraft guns, the balloon barrage and the night-flying fighters. The searchlights, which were used extensively at first, were used in a much reduced degree later for reasons which will appear.

The first point which had to be taken into account was that interception by night was a matter of extreme difficulty and could only be achieved on nights of good visibility and with a certain amount of luck. The night-flying fighter, in fact, had very severe limitations. It was imperative, therefore, to build up the defence by gun and balloon barrage for night work.

The guns made the first step. One night Londoners heard the night raiders met with a tremendous barrage of fire, more intense and more continuous than anything they had heard before. It was the outcome of the working of the first part of the new scheme.

Instead of waiting for “seen targets” only, the gunners had been instructed to fire on sound alone and also on certain new instruments and new methods.

These included a new system of prediction. The ordinary predictor, used with the anti-aircraft guns, is a calculating machine which quickly produces results from certain figures which are fed into it by the gun crew, the resultant figures giving the gun position officer the information for sighting and fusing that he wants.

Now it is evident that the accuracy of the predictor’s results is of two orders; first, it makes the predictions correctly without exception and, therefore, in one part achieves 100 per cent accuracy; second, the usefulness of its results in the actual firing depends upon the accuracy of the figures which are fed into it.

That is where the difficulty still lies. The height of the approaching aircraft must be correctly estimated, its speed and its course. Moreover, the predictor can only work on the assumption that that speed, course and height will remain the same or will be subject to alterations which are pure guesswork on the part of the gun crew. No gun crew and certainly no predictor can tell what an enemy pilot will do with his machine during the appreciable number of seconds a shell is in the air travelling towards its target.

The new barrage system was instituted for the defence of London by night, the limitations of the predictor were taken into account and a wider system of prediction, based on certain probabilities, was adopted.

In addition, the firing of the guns was grouped according to phases, so that the barrage would not only be increased but would be increased still further the probabilities of a hit.

The entire system is one of probabilities. As such it was shown at once to be a great success. The searchlights were not used so extensively as was expected, so that the enemy night pilots no longer could be identified by their reflected light, but the sound locators came into more extensive play and enabled a barrage to be put up which did very effectively hamper the movements of enemy machines.

It did not bring them down in large numbers. Indeed, this was not expected. It is known that a fairly large number of anti-aircraft rounds must be fired—the number has been estimated at between 5,000 and 6,000—in order to shoot down a single enemy machine, but the barrage effectively held off the enemy.

Concurrently with the adoption of the new prediction system for the guns, there went an improvement in the effectiveness of the balloon barrage. This consisted in the use of new balloons and cables which could be flown higher, yet with the same lethal effect on any enemy machine which chanced to strike a cable.

Higher Balloons And Other Methods

Barrage balloon height is determined by cable weight. Cable weight is partly determined by lethal effect. It is of no use to fly a balloon very high if, in order to do so, the cable must be so light that it can easily be cut by a fast-flying aeroplane. Research into the properties of cables had been going on since the beginning of the war, and the result was the possibility of flying the balloons higher with the same protective effect.

An enemy machine was brought down by a high-flying balloon early in the series of night raids on London, and in general the balloon barrage may be said to have added its effect to that of the guns in limiting the area in which the enemy machines could work with any chance of getting away safely.

Guns and balloons were not the only methods being tried during the period of night raids in August, September and October in order to counter the night raiders. Enormous numbers of devices were constantly under review by scientific workers and technical experts. Some of these were found to show successful results when the preliminary work on them had been completed.

No more difficult type of attack to counter exists than the night-flying bomber which is seeking to escape the military targets, but any cluster of buildings it can find. But to every form of attack there is an appropriate defence, and it was recognized throughout the Royal Air Force that this form was no exception.
The Man and Woman in the Street Answer the Call in Their Own Linda

These unique photographs were taken within the remembrance period of two minutes from the fall of a bomb, in a London area. Air raid ARP workers, themselves living in the district attacked, go on to work, though more bombs may fall. Above, they are dealing with a steep ledge, while, left, is a rescued kitten.
Women On Active Service in the Battle of Britain

The Battle of Britain has brought women for the first time into the front-line everywhere.

Even when several hundred of the Auxiliary Territorial Service—the A.T.S.—were in France in the spring of 1940, they were confined to areas on the lines of communication. The "Soldieryettes," as the French people called them, took the places of men, except in the fighting line; there, the men had to cook and drive for themselves.

As a matter of fact, being in the front line has made less difference to the A.T.S. than to women in the civil services. They did everything for the men before, except fight. The only difference now is that when the men who usually work in the cook-house and orderly room at night go to their Action Stations, women take their places. At one unit in the South where women work in the cook-house during the day and men at night, some of the A.T.S. clerical staff take the places of the men in the cook-house when they go to their Action Stations. Certain commanding officers have had the A.T.S. trained to work the stirrup-pumps for fire-fighting.

The Battle of Britain has also perhaps speeded up the recruiting of the A.T.S. Over 30,000 women are already at work; practically wherever there are soldiers in the British Isles, there are A.T.S. helping them; but still more are wanted—about 10,000.

One of the best aids to recruiting occurred when the A.T.S. Unit returned from France. The Director A.T.S. inspected them after church parade. The remark of a man at the crossroads, obviously an old N.C.O., when Dame Helen Gwyne-Vaughan was Parliamentary Candidate for South London, came to mind as D.A.T.S. went carefully down the lines: "It's something to have a soldier, even if she is in petticoats!"

The woman who was Chief Controller of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps, British Armies in France, from its formation in February 1917 until she was appointed in September 1918 to lead the Women's Royal Air Force, is in her element in the Army. She is a soldier's daughter.

Proudly she looked at the A.T.S. who had proved themselves. They seemed indeed old soldiers with B.E.F. on their tin hats and recruits who were present were tremendously impressed by their smartness.

They had the experience of old soldiers, for they had been bombed and machine-gunned as the men had been in France. They were women picked for their efficiency before they went to France.

The success of the A.T.S. cooks has made the demand for them the greater. There have been complaints about the Army cooking since war began, but never of the cooking that the women do. It should be even better now that a woman Inspector of Catering to the Auxiliary Territorial Service has been appointed. Senior Commandant M. S. Froodo will visit the cook-houses where women are working and see that the best use is being made of the rations. Until recently women were getting four-fifths of the men's rations, which were found to contain too much meat and too few eggs, milk, and vegetables for women's health.

Most of the caterers in the A.T.S. have domestic science certificates, but some ordinary cooks have done so well in the cook-house that after further training they have been promoted to officer rank. There is a Messing Officer, for instance, whose husband before the war was in charge of a block of flats where she did the catering.

It has been found that women cooks work better with their own section leader. There was a sergeant-cour who thought that the women should do the same shift as men, which was from 4 a.m. to 11 p.m., whereas the women worked in two shifts. There was also a sergeant-cook who did not like having women in his cook-house because he "couldn't swear at them!" Incidentally, the women liked working for this man.

Experts in other directions than cooking have been promoted to the charge of a platoon, including teleprinters and telephonists. Pay Experts have emerged, as women who are good at figures have learned the special system used in the Army. In the Records Office also women have proved themselves worthy of promotion. Many women in the A.T.S. were trained for this office before the war, so that they have been able to help with the extraordinary work which the evacuation from Dunkirk alone...
In Navy, Army & Air Force They Do Men's Jobs

The signals branch of the Royal Air Force is of immense importance, and some 1,200 of the Women’s Auxiliary Air Force are engaged as teleprinter and telephone operators. Two of the girls are seen above at work. Right is a woman dispatch rider of the W.R.N.S.

In October 1940, the War Illustrated magazine featured an article about the work of the Women’s Auxiliary Services in the Navy, Army, and Air Force. The text describes various roles and responsibilities of women in these services, including teleprinter and telephone operators, dispatch riders, and other secretarial and administrative tasks.

The article highlights the importance of women’s contributions during the war, emphasizing their critical role in supporting military operations. It notes that women were involved in a wide array of tasks, from communication services to direct support of combat units. The text also mentions the A.T.S. (Auxiliary Territorial Service), which was responsible for organizing women for service in the military.

The article concludes with a note on the women’s roles being highly valued, with their efforts being recognized and appreciated. It reflects on the challenges and experiences faced by women serving in the war effort, underscoring the immense contributions made by women during this time period.
London's War Ambulances are Always Under Fire

Many a time last winter the men and women who had volunteered for the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service must have asked themselves, as they turned up at their stations day after day or night after night: "Isn't all this rather a waste of time?"

I went out the other evening to one of those stations, in Greenwich, S.E., and spent the whole night there.

Phoney war? Waste of time? Indeed! We were sitting, eight women and six men, in a sandbagged shelter erected in the playground of an L.C.C. school. Drawn up outside the shelter were seven ambulances, two Green Line coaches and six cars—the station's entire transport fleet.

Since the very first day of the blitz the town has sustained the savage blows of the Luftwaffe, and its A.R.P. workers have been tested as sternly as any in the land.

Before September 1940 many of them had never seen a bomb: twenty-five days and nights of intensive bombing have given them the confidence of veterans.

They have passed through the fire—literally so. I met two young men who one night drove an ambulance through a wall of flame to the scene of a bombing.

"Funny thing was," said one of them, "we never thought of the petrol. All I was worrying about was my trousers. I was afraid they would catch fire. But we got through unhurt."

"After that our only bad moment was when we picked up the casualty we'd been sent to fetch. The stretcher was so hot we could hardly hold it."

The strength of this ambulance unit is 68—34 women and 25 men. They work in 12-hour shifts, and they are paid the usual A.R.P. rates—£3 3s. 3d. for men and £2 3s. 3d. for women. The women include typists, factory workers, housewives and spinsters.

By day the unit occupies the infants' department of a school, the main school building being taken by the A.F.S. At night, as soon as the siren sounds, the men and women on duty take up their quarters in the shelter.

And there they sit and wait for the calls that come to them from the district A.R.P. control:

"One ambulance and one car (for sitting cases) wanted immediately at ———".

The drivers, men and women alike, go out in rotation, the car drivers alone, the ambulance drivers accompanied by an assistant—out under the splinters and the bombs, to pick up the casualties, take them to the nearest hospital and then return to the station.

If the telephone line that connects the district A.R.P. control with the ambulance shelter should break down, the messages are brought by dispatch rider.

All the ambulances and the cars already bear the scars of battle—dents and holes made by falling debris or falling splinters. I fancy the unit is secretly proud of them.

As a sideline to their ambulance work, two of the women members of the unit look after an 'animals' detention post.''

Every morning after the "All Clear," they go round the bombed houses and pick up the pets that have been left homeless.

The post itself—located in a garage—was bombed one night, and another garage had to be requisitioned. Now the flat above the second garage has been burned out by an incendiary.

No, it's anything but a phoney war out Greenwich way.

Story by William Forder and photos by "New's Chronicle" staff photographer, Ross White, exclusive to "The War Illustrated."
Through London's Battle the Railways Carry On

The great London railway termini are prime military objectives—
the nerve centres of the nation’s transport—and in spite of air raid
alarms and bombs the railways "just have to carry on." Here is
a vivid description of the wartime working of "Metropolis" Station
which William Forrest wrote for the "News Chronicle."

In the first three weeks of September the
booking office at Metropolis Station took
as much money in passenger fares as in the
whole of a normal September. And the
parcels traffic one week was equal to that of
pre-Christmas week.

Fifteen coaches used to be about the
maximum for main-line trains. Now you
can see the giant locomotives regularly pull-
ing 17 coaches out of Metropolis, and some-
times even one or two more. And every
compartment is loaded to the limit.

The stationmaster was loud in his praise of
the child evacuees. "They're grand," he
said. "The other day I watched them
during an alarm. When the guns began
to fire they all got terribly excited, but not
with fear—no, they were arguing furiously
about the sort of guns that were being fired!"
"Not once," he added, "have I seen
a case of panic at this station. I'm a
Northerner myself, but I really must take
off my hat to the Londoners."

The loud speaker broke in on our talk:
"An air raid warning has just been sounded.
Passengers can go to the shelters or proceed
by their trains."

We walked out to the main departure plat-
form. It was a daylight raid, but one of the
more exciting ones, with the planes already
over London and the guns firing briskly.

There were the booking offices still open—at
first they used to close during raids, but
now they carry on. There were the collectors
punching the tickets at the barrier and for-
going that they ought to be wearing their
steel helmets during a raid.

Here was the guard urging passengers to
get aboard the train, where they would be
safe from falling shrapnel. And at the far
end of the platform I could see the tin-hatted
heads of the driver and fireman protruding
from the cab of the engine.

The driver had already arranged the special
headlight code which tells the signalmen
on the route that the train has already been
informed of the raid.

In a few minutes—while the guns were still
firing into the clouds—the whistle blew, the
green flag waved, and the 4:10 for Somewhere
in England steamed slowly out of Metropolis.

Until the train reached the limit of the
air raid zone it would keep to a maximum
of 15 m.p.h. Then, on entering the All Clear
zone, it would be stopped at the first signal
and the driver informed of the All Clear.
The normal headlight would at once
be restored and the train proceed without
speed restrictions. If it should later run into
another air raid it would be stopped again,
notified of the raid, change the headlight,
and reduce the speed.

Inevitably the trains in and out of Metro-
polis run late. But they keep on running.

While the Alarm was still on I looked
in at one of the signal cabins near the station.
Like all the other railway personnel, the
signalmen were still at their posts.

Besides their steel helmets they have been
provided with steel boxes—one for each man
and just big enough to hold him—in which
they can take temporary cover if the bombs
begin to fall perilously near...

Darkness, and the night alarms. The buses
stop, the taxis quit the streets. But pas-
sengers still make for Metropolis Station by
Underground, and the trains are there to
take them on their way.

Photos, "News Chronicle." Exclusive to The WAR ILLUSTRATED.
They Were The First To Win The George Cross

Supper George Cameron Wylie, Royal Engineers, the third recipient of the Cross, was a member of the Bomb Disposal Section engaged upon the recovery of the bomb which fell in the neighbourhood of St. Paul’s Cathedral.

The actual discovery and removal of the bomb fell to him. Supper Wylie’s untiring energy, courage, and disregard for danger were an outstanding example to his comrades.

The George Medal was awarded to the following fourteen men and women for individual or concerted acts of gallantry:

Ernest Herbert Harmer, Executive Chief Officer, and Cyril William Arthur Brown, by flamin’ from burning petrol. Their clothes were thus soaked with petrol and might have caught alight at any moment.

Miss Sonia Vera Carlyle Straw, Air Raid Warden, Carshalton.

An air raid she volunteered to give assistance to the wounded. While the raid was in progress she attended a number of cases of badly injured women and children and treated several persons suffering from shock. She carried on entirely by herself without assistance for a considerable time until help came, and showed great courage and resource.

Two other women members of Civil Defence organizations, Mrs. Dorothy Clarke, Ambulance Driver, and Mrs. Bennie Jane Hepburn, Ambulance Attendant, both of Aldershot.

They showed courage of a high order and devotion to duty in rescuing a man badly injured in an explosion.

William Fisher, Dock Labourer, of Southamptom, displayed great gallantry during an air raid.

He rescued Gunner S. W. Jones, of the 21st Light A.A. Battery, from the Bofors gun-site on the roof of a building about 50 ft. above ground level. In the early part of the raid one man of the gun team was seriously wounded in the face and head.

Fire quickly broke out, and in addition to the ammunition which began to explode, ammonia gas fumes were released from a cold storage chamber below. The sergeant in charge of the gun realized the danger to his men and rightly ordered them to abandon the post. It was found impossible to get the wounded man over the parapet wall and down the ladder on to the crane platform.

Fisher then came up, and without hesitation made a rough seat of a sling rope and fastened it to the hook of the jib crane. After obtaining the assistance of the crane driver, he allowed himself to be hoisted on to the roof of the building. He then attached the sling under the arms of the wounded soldier and waited on the roof until he had been lowered on to the quay. The sling was then detached and returned once more to the roof for the rescuer himself to be lowered.

During such time as Fisher was on the roof he was in constant danger from the fire, the gas fumes, and the almost continuous explosions of shells. His conduct throughout was a fine example of initiative, bravery, and coolness.

Patrick King, Air Raid Warden, of Seaton Delaval.

During an air raid King was in his shelter when he heard a bomb explode. He ran towards the place where it had fallen and found that two semi-detached houses had almost collapsed. One of

Lance-Corporal G. C. Wylie, of the Bomb Disposal Squad (Royal Engineers), volunteered to remove the one-ton unexploded bomb that menaced St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Photo, Planet News
Fourteen Men & Women Gained the First Medals

Second-Officer Cyril William Arthur Brown, of the Dover Fire Brigade, is on the extreme right of this group. The Dover firemen and A.F.S. fought fires in ships and oil stores.

these was empty, but in the other was a blind lady who had sheltered under the stairs. King managed to get through the front door and ascertained by shouting that the blind woman, Miss Hannah Wilson, was alive but buried under the debris. He borrowed a fireman's axe from a fireman who was on the spot and pulled some of the debris out of the way with it. Some of the roof timbers were obstructing him so he sent for a saw with which he sawed off lengths and used them as supports to prevent further debris falling as he progressed. He had to struggle for a considerable time through the debris, meanwhile encouraging Miss Wilson and telling her what to do. He managed with considerable difficulty to reach her and to clear the debris off her body, and eventually to bring her out into the open. The house was in imminent danger of collapse and King showed great courage and presence of mind.

Frederick Ernest Rose, Maintenance Engineer.

He was in charge of the salvage party at the factory at which he is employed. Although a raid was in progress and bombs and debris were still falling, Rose led his two assistants into damaged buildings and, though hampered by flood water and darkness, personally extinguished fires which had been started among some magnesium. He then led his men on to another affected area and assisted to check fires which had also broken out there. By his personal courage and coolness he was an outstanding example to others.

Mrs. Bessie Jane Hepburn (right) and Mrs. Dorothy Clarke, ambulance workers, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, who rescued a man injured in an explosion.

Miss Sonia Straw, Air Raid Warden, of Caterham, whose courage and resource during air-raids has been exceptional.

The New Honours for Civilians

Broadcasting to the nation from Buckingham Palace on September 23, at the height of the Battle of London, King George VI announced the creation of a new honour for civilians in the following words:

Many and glorious are the deeds of gallantry done during these perilous but famous days. In order that they should be worthyly and promptly recognized I have decided to create at once a new mark of honour for men and women in all walks of civilian life. I propose to give my name to this new distinction, which will consist of the George Cross, which will rank next to the Victoria Cross, and the George Medal for wider distribution.

Mr. Patrick King, Air Raid Warden, who rescued Miss Hannah Wilson—a blind woman—from a wrecked house. He is seen receiving Miss Wilson's congratulations.

Section-Officer A. E. Campbell, of Dover A.F.S., who is seen being cheered by his colleagues after the announcement of his award of the George Medal for bravery in returning to a blazing ship containing explosives.

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

British on the Turkana Front

West of Lake Rudolf, which lies mostly in Kenya but partly in Abyssinia, is the semi-arid Turkana country, remote from civilization and inhabited by a warrior tribe. It has now been revealed by a "man in the know" that for several weeks past South African troops, complete with all auxiliary services, have been holding the Turkana front, thus protecting the desert routes into Kenya. Important water supplies and safeguarding the tribesmen from Italian raiding parties. The inhabitants are aware of the danger threatening from the Abyssinian frontier and not only are they on the best of terms with the British troops, but they are themselves building defensive positions and helping to patrol the whole area.

Japanese Double Dealing

It is said that Japan's treaty with Indo-China was made not solely in order to give her a back way into China, but also to enable her to have access to the great mineral and natural wealth of the French dependency. These include iron ore, of which Indo-China has exported about 90,000 tons to Japan in recent years; coal, of which over two million tons a year are produced annually; zinc, wolfram or tungsten, and tin. All of these would be of use to Japan in her manufacture of war supplies, and the man who is the country's chief crops would provide a valuable source of edible fats.

They Can't Have It Both Ways

On October 2 the announcer on the Bremen radio stated with satisfaction that German airmen raiding London had already caused 13,000 civilian casualties. The next evening, with still greater pride, he asserted that the aim of the bombers was so accurate that only military objectives were hit and no damage inflicted upon houses. "German airmen," he said, "take a great pride not only in hitting their targets but also in not allowing their aim to be interfered with by Austrian firing conditions. After hitting their targets, warehouses and the like, the airmen return home with the gratifying knowledge that they have not destroyed or even damaged a single dwelling-house."

Dakar Under Martial Law

Reports from French West Africa show that in spite of the attitude of the Vichy French authorities, the British and French population is favourable to General de Gaulle and his Free French Movement. The people of Dakar appear so determined that the German forces will not annex the port that the local authorities have taken alarm, have declared a state of siege, and have placed machine-guns in position round the town in order to counteract any popular movement. The Dakar municipality has been dismissed and a permanent court martial is dealing with a number of arrested persons. For fear of hostile demonstrations, the memorial services for the victims of the naval clash of September 23 were held on board the cruiser "Georges Leygues." Instead of in the cathedral. All of which tends to prove that the inhabitants are more and more inclined to see in General de Gaulle the only possible defender of the interests of the French Empire.

Berlin's Voluntary Evacuation

The scheme now in progress in Berlin for the evacuation of women and children to safe areas may be termed "voluntary" by the authorities, but actually it is one in which priority is being given to wives and children of members of the Nazi Party, and it is subsidised by party funds. This has all come to light since the issue of a denial by the Regional Governor of Berlin that a comprehensive official evacuation was taking place. The refuge zone is in the protecorate of Bohemia and Moravia. Private houses have been commandeered and public buildings requisitioned; and in one district, that of Olcott, 1,000 inhabitants will be housed. In the Vyskov district the Czechs have been ordered to vacate 28 villages, and in the Brda district 22 villages must be placed entirely under the control of the Berlin population before the end of the year.

The Nazis Could Not Hold Him

LANCE-CORPORAL GILBERT DONALDSON, a young soldier of the Queen's Royal Regiment, has reached his home in Scotland after a series of exciting adventures in France. On May 20, when his section was hopelessly surrounded at Abbeville, Mr. Donaldson saw that it was time to withdraw, and, having discovered an abandoned battery, he captured two wounded comrades and started off. Very soon, however, he found himself in German hands, of 14,000 prisoners with whom he marched from Beauvais to Doullens, and thence to Beaucourt-sur-Ancrè. Here he acquired a set of civilian clothes and, on May 27, having evaded his captors, he set off northwards and walked for some days. Then for six days he was hidden and fed in a railwayman's hut, but, hearing on the wireless that the Dunkirk evacuation was completed, he abandoned his plan and helped other English civilians to escape. When he found a bicycle, he made for Etaples. He was put in contact with two officers who were hiding in a deserted lighthouse. They planned to sail for England in a small boat he had discovered miscarried, and after searching in vain for another boat in both Boulogne and Calais and losing his bicycle, he was finally picked up on the beach in the small boat he had discovered at Etaples and crossed into Le Touquet. Here he was arrested and again imprisoned, but on June 23 he managed to escape and once more became a free man. A French N.C.O. doing farm work gave him a new bicycle in exchange for a promissory note for 1,500 francs, payable after the war. In this city he picked up a sergeant-major from the Gordon Highlanders and, with 500 francs given him by these British officers, he eventually reached Marseilles. After a fortnight in Marseilles endeavouring to obtain an expedition, and on other days making a desperate attempt to find a route which brought him to safety.

No More Children Going Overseas

The recent tragic sinking of the "City of Benares," when 77 children bound for Canada as "Little 400" children, has caused the Government to suspend its Children's Evacuation Scheme during the present season. This action has been reluctantly taken out of consideration of the best interests of the children themselves, for the dangers to which passenger vessels are exposed in the Atlantic, even when sailing in convoy, are enhanced by the gales and heavy seas prevailing during the winter months. Already 2,650 children have reached their temporary homes in other countries, but up to July applications in respect of some 200,000 children had been received by the Children's Overseas Reception Board, and the Government nowfeel a great disappointment which will be felt by parents who hoped in this way to send their children to safety. It is, however, possible that operations may be renewed next spring if the conditions then obtaining make it desirable.

Captured Planes Tell Their Tale

When a Nazi aircraft falls into the hands of the R.A.F. in comparatively good condition, technical experts make exhaustive examination of its equipment and test its performance. Much information has been obtained from Lenz, such as that the Messerschmitt is noteworthy that more armour and armament are now being used, presumably in an attempt to reduce the great toll taken by our fighters. For instance, a Junkers 88 dive bomber bearing the date August 7, 1940, was found to be equipped with six free machine-guns instead of the more usual three. On the other hand, one Messerschmitt shot down carried no armament of any kind, nothing but cameras. One fact that has come to light is that, although machines are good and sound, the performance of the German 'planes is inferior to that of their British counterparts. Thus Messerschmists have less speed than Hurricanes and are less easily manoeuvred. When the superior skill of our British pilots is also taken into account, it will be seen that there is much here to encourage optimistic views on the outcome of the air war.
I Saw London Firemen on the Job

A fine tribute to the men of the London fire services, who "think nothing of bombs" was dispatched to the "Chicago Daily News" by Helen Kirkpatrick, and here, by arrangement with the "Daily Telegraph," we publish her experience of a night with London's fire-fighters.

Our first alarm of the evening had been caused by a handsome combination of a few high explosives and a "Molotov breadbasket," and it was a pretty good blaze even in the eyes of the A.F.S., who do not consider anything less than a five-alarm fire worthy of mention.

Strictly speaking, it was not the first alarm that had been sounded, but it was the first our fire-fighting friends in the gigantic control-room, feet underground, thought we should bother with. So we piled into a fire car and dashed off to a well-known Central London street.

About 30 pumps were working on it when we got there, but it was already making its way along the glass-covered street.

A building opposite to the one afire had been razed by explosive, and we had to climb over broken glass to get up to the front line where hoses were playing on the top of an office building.

"Watch it, Hose coming up," and we jumped aside as another powerful stream leapt into the air. The accumulation of hoses, firemen and police in the small area suggested that we had better make way, so we stood on the steps of an adjacent building. Just then came the now familiar whizz of an approaching bomb and someone yelled, "Down flat, everybody!"

Our fireman guide stuck out his foot to trip me up, but I was already flat by then inside a door. A thud and boom sounded down the street and everyone picked himself up. An instinctive dusting off of hands revealed a slight sticky warmth and a flash light showed cuts from glass on the floor.

Everybody had them, and then someone thought of a bucket of water in a corner. It was passed around, and we all dipped in, wiped our hands and concentrated on the fire again.

It was well under control and only smoke with an occasional flicker poured from the top floors. It occurred to someone that an old-fashioned gas street light was going as merrily as in peacetime. "Anyone got a piece of soap?" A policeman disappeared into the building and returned with a cake. As it snuffed the gas out he called, "Hey, mate, don't forget to return it. I might want to wash my hands."

There wasn't much more to be seen there, so we moved off to the nearest fire station to find out if there were any more outbreaks requiring a visit. As we drove up to the station three distinct and successive whizzes sounded. We three back-seaters buried our heads in our hands, but not the firemen, who never turned a hair.

When the explosions sounded, hours later so it seemed to us, they were 50 yards away, and the car rocked like a ship in a storm. As we came out of our ostrich positions a sharp blow on the back of the car sent us to the exit with unparalleled speed. But it was only a bit of hot shrapnel, which dented the fender.

Behind us we saw a deep red glow, and without waiting further information we

It was not only the damage that fires cause but the fact that a big fire is a beacon light for the airmen who follow often lights up whole districts. For this reason when a conflagration starts, the London fire services pour such a cataract of water from many hose pipes on the flames as is seen above.
We Found Ourselves in a French Prison

Two English girls—Miss Bessie Myers and Miss Mary Darby—who drove an ambulance in France, arrived in England in September 1940 after being prisoners of the Germans for three months. The story of their work under terrible conditions among French wounded and refugees, and of their imprisonment in Paris, is told here by Miss Myers.

In June 1940 five women ambulance drivers who were attached to the French Army ran into a column of German tanks and were captured. When the Germans moved on after halting in a village square, however, three of the women drivers turned their wheels quickly and by accelerating in the opposite direction managed to escape. Miss Myers and Miss Darby were unlucky, for, telling her story, after her return home, Miss Myers said: "Our ambulance was firing on only two cylinders, and it was hopeless to try to get away. At first the Germans treated us as a colossal joke—though actually I do not think they knew quite what to do with us. We were well treated and were passed on in charge of various officers.

At Soissons the Commandant spoke of sending us to Germany, but we asked to be allowed to work among the wounded at the French hospital, and permission was given.

"I can't begin to describe the incredible filth and squalor that we found. Water supplies had been cut off by the retreating army, and a small bath three-quarters full of dirty water was our daily allowance to tend the whole of the French wounded.

"There was no organization at the hospital, and terribly wounded men had lain there three weeks with the grime of the battle still on them, and their blood-stained clothes lying at the foot of the beds.

"We set to work to do what we could, but it seemed little enough. We were given a piece of cottonwool and a small bowl of water to wash three patients at a time. The food—soup and bread—came from the German kitchens, and there wasn't much of it.

"Then there were the refugees, in a huge camp near by. Some of the women were expecting babies, but there was no provision for them. We found one woman having her baby on a stretcher, without any attendance. We organized some sort of ward for the expectant mothers, and a midwife was found among the refugees. She stayed only two days, and when I saw the last of the ward the women were in the charge of one elderly Poilu.

"Suddenly we were arrested and ordered to move at half an hour's notice. I found out afterwards that one of the French doctors had denounced Mary Darby as a spy, and, of course, I was implicated.

"We were taken to Paris by car, and put in solitary confinement in the Chercce-Midi prison with other women political prisoners. Conditions were filthy, and we were eaten alive with vermin. We were not allowed to speak to other prisoners.

"For a month we were not allowed to see anyone but the warders—German soldiers convicted of minor 'crimes.' Then a civilian Gestapo agent came, and soon afterwards we were examined. Mary Darby answered questions for three and a half hours. She was very pale and exhausted, but insisted on standing by me while I was questioned for an hour.

"We were moved to the Fresnes prison, with others, and there we were able to talk. A Polish woman had been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment for hiding Poles in Paris. Another woman had been held two years for saying 'Sale (foul) Boche!' in the hearing of a Gestapo agent. Another was serving six months for pulling down a poster depicting a German soldier nursing a French baby.

"After two days and nights we were released, and our belongings returned to us. We got in touch with Mr. Herman Huffer, who had been driving, and by his help got into Vichy, where we were presented to Marshal Petain. He thanked us for our service and told us that he was going to France for what we had done."—Daily Telegraph.

Our Squadron Helped to Bring Down the 232

The air battle over London on Sunday, September 15, in which it was estimated that 232 German aircraft were shot down, has already been described by eye-witnesses on the ground (see page 332). Here we give an account of the fighting from the point of view of a Hurricane Squadron Leader, who broadcast his story on September 23.

At lunchtime on Sunday, September 15, my squadron was somewhere south of the Thames Estuary behind several other squadrons of Hurricanes and Spitfires. The German bombers were three or four miles away when we first spotted them. We were at 17,000 feet and they were at about 19,000 feet. Their fighter escort was scattered around. The bombers were coming in towards London from the south-east, and at first we could not tell how many there were.

We opened our throttles and started to climb up towards them, aiming for a point well ahead where we expected to contact them at their own height.

As we converged on them I saw there were about twenty of them, and it looked as though it was going to be a nice party, for the other squadrons of Hurricanes and Spitfires also turned to join in. By the time we reached a position near the bombers we were over London—central London, I should say. We had gained a little height, too, so when I gave the order to attack we were able to dive on them from their right.

Each of us selected his own target. Our first attack broke them up pretty nicely. The Dornier I attacked was the first, and after several seconds began to turn to the left away from his friends. I gave him five seconds and he went away with white smoke streaming from him.

As I broke away and started to make a steep climbing turn I looked over the side. I recognized the river immediately below me through a hole in the clouds. I saw the bends in the river, and the bridges, and idly wondered where I was. I didn't recognize it immediately, and then I saw Kennington Oval.

I noticed the covered stands round the Oval, and I thought to myself, 'That is where they play cricket.' It's queer how, in the midst of a battle, one can see something on the ground and think of something entirely different from the immediate job in hand. I remember I had a flashing thought—a sort of mental picture—of a big man with a beard, but at that moment I did not think of the name of W. G. Grace. It was just a swift, passing thought as I climbed back to the fight.

I found myself very soon below another Dornier which had white smoke coming from it. It was being attacked by two Hurricanes and a Spitfire, and it was still turning North, and turning slightly to the right. As I could not see anything else to attack at that moment, I went to join in. I climbed up above him and did a diving attack on him.

Coming in to attack I noticed what appeared to be a red light shining in the rear gunner's cockpit, but when I got closer I realized I was looking right through the gunner's cockpit into the pilot and observer's cockpit beyond. The red light was fire.

I gave it a quick burst and as I passed him on the right I looked in through the big glass nose of the Dornier. It was like a furnace inside. He began to go down, and we watched. In a few seconds the tail came
Our Hudson Tackled Seven Messerschmitts

The Coastal Command was specially commended by the War Cabinet in September 1940, both for its steady performance of "often unspectacular tasks" and for its more recent successes in offensive action. The following story, broadcast by the pilot of a Hudson, is typical of the work of this branch of the R.A.F.

As we switched back and skinned over the waves. Each time we turned the wing-tips were against the waves; then a pair of Messerschmitts came up, four on one side of us and three on the other. They were a good deal faster than us and kept flying in tight at our beam, delivering withering attacks. Our guns were blazing away and I remember looking behind me into the smoke-filled cabin to see how things were going. Our carrier-pigeon, slung from the roof in its basket, was looking down at all the racket with a very upstage expression. The pigeon seemed to be saying, "I suppose all this is necessary, but please finish it as soon as possible."

However, the fighters were still going strong and so were we! I kept track of their approach by glancing at the compass. Each time a Messerschmitt approached I gave a slight movement to the controls which lifted us out of the line of fire. I could see the cannon shells and bullets zipping into the water, splashing and churning up foam. Not that we were unscarred! Four holes suddenly appeared in the window above my head, and shrapnel and bullets were coming into the cabin pretty steadily. I was flying in my shirt sleeves and had hung my tunic in the back of the cabin. When I took it down afterwards there were four nice clean bullet holes through the back, sleeves and side. I was glad I hadn't been in it!

From the continuous rattle of our guns I thought we had sustained some damage. After 20 minutes, when I looked back, I found that the wireless operator, a veteran of the last war, had a bullet wound in the arm. But he carried on until the enemy broke off the engagement.

Up till then I hadn't had much chance of using my front guns. But a change in tactics by the Nazi fighters gave me a chance of getting in some bursts. The seven Messerschmitts weren't getting much change from side attacks, so they began to come from behind. That was just what I wanted. By turning my Hudson at them I got home several hundred rounds.

By this time we were climbing up towards the scattered clouds, where the fighters still continued their attacks. The Hudson, into a grim sort of hide and seek. At last we shook them off and were able to take stock of our position. The fight had then lasted just over half an hour.

The wireless operator came to have his wound dressed by my navigator and the rear gunner asked permission to leave his turret. When he came forward he had been wounded in the leg, but, like the wireless operator, he had carried on without saying anything about it.

They had seen most of the fight and as their wounds were being bandaged above the noise of the engines, "Any luck?"

The gunner held up one finger and then pointed straight downwards and grinned. Then he held up another finger slanting down. This meant that one Messerschmitt had gone down for certain and he had seen another gliding down to the sea apparently out of control. The wireless confirmed our successes.

We had a long slog back to England—about two hours in a damaged aircraft. In spite of the hard tousling the engines were behaving perfectly, but I knew we would have trouble with the undercarriage. Sure enough, when we tried to put it down to land it wouldn't go down. We signalled to the aerodrome staff that we were going to make an emergency landing. I sent all the crew to the back of the machine to ease the trim. Then we came in. The wheels supported us a little and we landed quite sweetly.
From East and South Come the Troops of Empire

In the British Army in the Middle East British, Dominion and Indian troops are serving. Recently reinforcements have been sent from India as well as from Britain. Above, Indian troops are lined up on the quayside after disembarking.

ONE possible result of the meeting of Hitler and Mussolini in the Brenner Pass is a great offensive in the Middle East. If it should come about the Axis Powers will find themselves faced by very formidable armies, for the sweep of the British Navy in the Eastern Mediterranean early in October enabled a large convoy of reinforcements to be landed, while more have come from Australia and India through the Red Sea.

Australian reinforcements, including a complete squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force, have also recently arrived at a Middle East port. Centre is the scene when the last stage of the R.A.A.F.'s journey had been completed by train. One of the men is taking his first lesson in the new currency from a small boy from whom he has made a purchase. Below is the scene after the arrival of a British troopship with troops disembarking by a pontoon bridge.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright
War Personalities—G.O.C.s of Home Commands

Maj.-Gen. D. G. Johnson, V.C. The new Commander-in-Chief of the Aldershot Command is fifty-six years of age and began his military career in the South Wales Borderers, attaining his present rank in 1938. In this war he commanded a division of the B.E.F. In the last war he served in France and Gallipoli and won the V.C. at the crossing of the Sambre Canal on November 4, 1918, in command of a battalion of the Royal Sussex. He got a bridge across the river and twice led the assault which turned defeat into victory.

Lt.-Gen. Sir G. C. Williams, C.M.G., D.S.O., has been G.O.C. in Chief of the Eastern Command since 1938. He entered the Army in 1900. In the last war he was mentioned in despatches seven times, promoted Brevet Major and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel, and was awarded the D.S.O. and C.M.G. He was promoted Brigadier-General in 1918, Major-General in 1934, and Lieut.-General in 1938. From 1920 to 1923 he served in India and in the latter year came home to take up the appointment of Deputy Military Secretary at the War Office. He was Army Instructor, Imperial Defence College, 1926-32, Chief Engineer and Commandant of the Aldershot Command 1932-4, Staff College, Quetta, 1934-7.

Gen. Sir R. Gordon-Finlayson, C.M.G., D.S.O., is G.O.C. of the Western Command. Fifty-nine years of age, he entered the Army in 1900. During the European war he was mentioned eight times in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. and C.M.G., and promoted Brevet-Colonel. In 1919 he served in North Russia. After the Great War he held several important staff appointments and subsequently commanded the Rawalpindi District, India, 1931-34, and from then until 1936 was Commander of the 3rd Division. From 1938 to 1939 he commanded the British troops in Egypt, and on his return to England assumed the appointment of Adjutant-General to the Forces up to June 1940.

Lt.-Gen. R. H. Carrington, D.S.O., has been G.O.C. in Chief, the Scottish Command, since February 1940. He is fifty-seven years of age and entered the Army in the Royal Field Artillery in 1901. He immediately saw active service in the South African war, 1901-2, and has five clasps to the Queen's medal. In the last war he was mentioned in despatches four times, awarded the D.S.O. and promoted Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. He was promoted Major-General in 1936 and Lieut.-General in 1940.

Maj.-Gen. C. J. E. Auchinleck, D.S.O., who took over the southern Command when Sir Alan Brooke left it to command the Home Forces in July, 1940, has served during most of his career in the Indian Army, his last command before returning home being the Meerut District. In the last war he served in Egypt, Aden and Mesopotamia, was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. and Croix de Guerre, and was promoted Brevet Lieut-Colonel. His last appointment in India was that of Deputy Chief of General Staff, Army Headquarters.
Our Diary of the War

Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1940

359th day

On the Sea—British liner "Highland Patriot" sunk by U-boat in Atlantic.

In the Air—RAF bombers attacked munitions factory at Berlin; power stations at Duisburg and Cologne; oil plants, goods yards, railway junction, canal docks in N. Germany; several enemy aerodromes and bases at Rotterdam, Flushing, and along the Channel coast, particularly Boulogne harbour and gun positions near Cap Gris Nez.

Coastal Command flying-boat fought 20-minute battle with three Messerschmitts off Ushant, damaged them and drove them off.

Home Front—Several abortive day attacks made on south of England. Small number of aircraft reached London and dropped bombs in streets in S.E. London machine-gunned by Junkers bomber which was later brought down. Two Welsh coastal towns raided.

Night raiders flew over Central London in spite of intense A.A. barrage. Incendiaries and high-explosive bombs fell in N.W. and northern suburbs. Large hospital in E. London damaged. Heavy bomb struck houses in W. London and there were many casualties. Church burnt out in N. London.


Enemy lost five planes, Britain three.

Wednesday, Oct. 2

396th day

On the Sea—C-in-C Mediterranean reported that British naval forces carried out sweep in western and central Mediterranean from Sept. 29 to Oct. 1 and landed additional military forces at Malta. Fleet was attacked on several occasions from air, but only losses were on enemy's side. Naval and air forces, especially at Stampa, Dodecanese Islands, were bombarded.

H.M. trawler "Recol" reported overdue and must be presumed lost.

In the Air—RAF bombed oil plants at Stettin, Hamburg, and Boppard, Krupps' works at Essen, goods yards at Cologne, railway junction near Hamm, and several aerodromes. Other forces attacked docks at Hamburg and Wilhelmshaven, ports and shipping at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Flushing, and Channel ports.

Home Front—Series of daylight attacks made on London, all being broken up by British fighters. Bombs fell on coastal towns in Kent and Sussex. Damage done to housing estate in S.E. London.

Night raids were widespread and included Scotland and N.W. England, as well as S.E. areas. Bombs were dropped indiscriminately in London area. Buildings damaged included famous public school in N.W. London, a Saxon church, a police station, many houses, flats and shops.

Ten enemy aircraft destroyed. Britain lost one fighter.

Dover was shelled from French coast.

Thursday, Oct. 3

397th day

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. yacht "Sappho" had been sunk, probably by enemy mine.

In the Air—RAF bombers made daylight raids on coastal objectives, including Rotterdam harbour, shipping off Dunkirk, and oil depots near Cherbourg. Weather conditions prevented night-bombing operations.

Home Front—Several fighting forces were engaged in daylight attacks. Bombs dropped at random in London, Thames Valley, Essex, Kent and Cornwall. Midlands city and small town were damaged. Train machine-gunned.

During small-scale night raids bombs fell in two S.E. districts of London and in south and west districts. Bombs also fell on a Welsh town, town on S.W. coast and a village in S.E. England.

Enemy lost two aircraft, Britain none.

Mr. Chamberlain resigned. Sir John Anderson succeeded him as Lord President of the Council. Sir Kingsley Wood and Mr. Bevin joined War Cabinet, and other changes were made in the Government.

Friday, Oct. 4

398th day

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that within the last few weeks seven German and two Italian U-boats had been destroyed and others damaged.

Stated that H.M. submarine "Osiris" had sunk an Italian destroyer in Adriatic on Sept. 22.

Reported that aircraft of Fleet Air Arm had destroyed two supply ships off Norway.

In the Air—R.A.F. operations precluded any bombing operations by R.A.F.

War against Italy—R.A.F. made successful attacks on railway and rail junctions in Abyssinia and Eritrea. Extensive aerial reconnaissances over Libya and W. Desert.


During night raids bombs were dropped in Central London and in N.W. district, but on limited area and on restricted scale.

Enemy lost three aircraft, Britain one.

General—Hitler and Mussolini and their Foreign Ministers met on the Brenner Pass for a 3-hour conference.

Saturday, Oct. 5

399th day

On the Sea—Air Ministry revealed that recently U-boat was destroyed by bombs dropped from Sunderland flying-boat.

In the Air—British fighter and bomber aircraft and Coastal Command aircraft engaged in bombing raids on oil plant at Gelsenkirchen, Krupps' works at Essen and other targets.

Coastal Command attacked stocked shipping and warehouses in Brest harbour and barge and motor transport concentrations at Gravelines.

War against Italy—R.A.F. raided Italian port and depot at Benghazi and fired warehouses and shipping. Raids also made on Tobruk and Bardia.

Night battle over Malta. One enemy fighter brought down and another disabled.

Home Front—Air battles took place over Kent and Sussex coasts. Hastings twice attacked, Le Havres twice hit by night-storm force. Night attacks directed mainly against London and adjacent areas. Many fires caused but were quickly under control. Bombs were also dropped at number of places in eastern counties and in S.E. England. Enemy lost 23 aircraft. Nine British fighters missing, but pilots of seven returned. Charles Portal became second in R.A.F. vice Sir Cyril Newall, appointed Governor-General of New Zealand.

Sunday, Oct. 6

400th day

In the Air—R.A.F. carried out daylight bombing raids on ports of Ostend, Calais and Boulogne, shipping and barge concentrations at Dutch bases, and Diepholz aerodrome.

Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command attacked two armed merchant vessels off Dutch coast. One Hudson was hit by ships' barrage, but pressed attack home, afterwards plunging in flames into the sea.

Home Front—Enemy aircraft flying singly attacked coastal areas nearly 20 places in Home Counties. One raider dropped bombs on a Midland town, and another in Central London. Houses were demolished at Folkestone and Atherstone. Enemy lost two aircraft, Britain none.

Night was quietest since attacks began on Sept. 7. Few bombs fell near London.

Monday, Oct. 7

401st day

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Comet" had been sunk by enemy mine.

Naval sources at Alexandria disclosed that two Italian submarines were sunk in Mediterranean recently. One was lost by Italy since she entered war up to 22.

In the Air—RA.F. made day attacks on barge concentrations on Dutch coast and shadowing fleet. Bermuda Lissie and Longueville forces bombarded military objectives in Berlin, including three main power stations.

Other forces bombed Fokker works at Amsterdam; goods yards near several aerodromes; harbours and shipping at Lorient and Channel ports; gun positions at Cap Gris Nez.

War against Italy—Reported that vital supply line had been cut by R.A.F. bombing of Aisha, station on railway line between Abu Dhabi and Jibuti.


During night high explosive and incendiary bombs fell on London. Damage reported from ten districts in London area. Elsewhere enemy aircraft were reported over N.W. and W. England, Midlands, Welsh coastal town, S.E. Scotland and Liverpool.

Nazis lost 27 aircraft. Sixteen British machines missing, but pilots of ten safe.