AN ANZAC OF THE LAST WAR, HE LEADS THE ANZACS IN THIS

LIEUT. GENERAL SIR THOMAS BLAMEY, who has been appointed Deputy Commander-in-Chief for the Middle East, was Chief of Staff of the Australian Corps in 1918, at the youthful age of 34. During his four years' service in the last war he was mentioned seven times in dispatches and won the D.S.O. in 1917. In 1928 he was Controller General of Recruiting in Australia; two years later he was in command of the Australian Forces in Egypt and his men formed the spearhead of Wavell's attack across the Western Desert. In announcing General Blamey's new appointment in a broadcast to Australia, Mr. Menzies, the Commonwealth Premier, spoke of his "very skilful and gallant service."
How Britons and Anzacs Fought in Greece

When the Germans, taking advantage of the fatal gap which had developed between the Yugoslavs and the Greeks, pushed south from Monastir across the frontier into Greece, they were opposed by a British armoured force. Although the British were outnumbered by 20 to one, they put up a resolute defence and inflicted the most severe punishment on the Adolf Hitler Division, which constituted the Nazi van. Retreating in good order, they reached a mountain pass to the south of Florina, where the defence was taken over by British infantry while the armoured units passed through to the rear. For 27 hours a furious battle raged as the Germans strove to eject the British from their positions. At length, after a tremendous artillery bombardment—the Germans were now using a new gun of 105 cm.—supported by incessant dive-bombing attacks and an almost continuous onslaught by wave after wave of in battle across the one flat strip of land in World War style, and all the time the German infantry were being mown down in wave after wave, until the Flanders poppies in the field looked dull beside the red earth which these men embraced now." For hours the battle raged at the entrance to the Kozani pass, and it continued as the Australians fell back, bitterly contesting every foot of the way. One Australian unit, we are told, hung on to their position in the heights until they were 20 miles behind the German lines; yet they fought their way back to their comrades.

Then a fresh stand was made on a bridge over the Haliakmon (Vistrirts), to the west of Mount Olympus. "I would not have believed it," said a young Australian machine-gunner to "The Times" correspondent. "They came up the side of the road like flies, shouting something. We were giving it to them from all sides, and they went down like you see in the movies. It was just like a movie."

For some days it had been realized that it was impossible to hold the line which rested on the Pindus mountains and Mount Olympus—more particularly when the Germans thrust through the Metsovo pass and took the Greeks holding the left flank in the rear. "In face of increasing pressure by German forces which are daily being reinforced," said a communiqué issued by British G.H.Q. in the Middle East on April 18, "Greek and Imperial forces on the northern front are gradually withdrawing to a shorter line of defence." More detailed was the story given in a bulletin issued by the Greek Press Ministry on April 20. After stating that along the whole line of the British and Greek fronts the Germans were still attacking fiercely, the bulletin went on to say that the Allied line, although it had been modified at some points at the initiative of the defenders, remained unbroken, and all the violent efforts by the enemy to force a decisive and immediate issue had failed.

"The German losses are enormous. The Nazis are bringing up more and more reinforcements of mechanized units, infantry, and aircraft. But in spite of all their efforts, the British and Greeks fight like lions, still holding their positions." Advancing in waves, the Germans attempted to force the passes at all costs. They failed, and paid dearly for their failure. In the Olympus area the Germans continued to sacrifice the lives of their soldiers by the thousand, without being able to break through. "The heroic exploits of our allies," went on the bulletin, "the Australians and New Zealanders, are weaving new legends round the slopes of Mount Olympus."

But at length the line which pivoted on Olympus had to be abandoned, and the Allies fell back across the plain of Thessaly, and took up new positions south of Larisa. The new line was shorter and easier to hold,
"They Wove New Legends Round Mt. Olympus"

This map shows the approximate lines held by the Allied forces in Greece on April 17, 18, 21 and 23, 1941, during the massive withdrawal from the Mt. Olympus line to the new position near Thermopylae. This line was in turn abandoned, and the Nazis entered Athens on April 27.

Specially drawn for The War Illustrated by Felix Gordon

stretching across the mountain ranges where our big guns were already in position. To it struggled back the Australians and New Zealanders, closely followed by the enemy tanks. At Larisa a body of the Anzacs was surrounded by the German mechanized forces. Some of the enemy strove to cut them off, but the British and Imperial troops turned and fought their way through the streets out of the town.

"The fighting was terrific," said a B.U.P. war correspondent. "Not only were the Germans using their tanks where they could, but their infantry were roaming the town with Tommy-guns, lying in wait for the British and Imperial troops at the street corners. All round the defenders the town was burning, having been set on fire through the repeated bombings from the air, and through this a few of our troops fought their way out."

Here is another picture of the retreat drawn by the same correspondent. "I watched lines of British infantry and artillery and munitions manoeuvre along the mountain roads or along tracks by the sea shore. Every path of the convoys wound along like a snake as far as I could see, throwing up dust which covered the steel-helmeted Aussies and New Zealanders with grey powder. Many of the troops had just left the line after bitter fighting. They lay sprawled out on top of their kit, piled on the hovels. When they could they slept under the warm sun. By them flashed dispatch riders and staff cars, taking 'brass hats' up the line. Tanks lumbered along at a fair speed, while the more nippy Bren-gun carriers moved quickly over the mountain terrain."

Only too often the enemy pilots had it all their own way. If only we had a hundred more Hurricanes, cabled the B.U.P. correspondent, they would give us a margin to break the enemy's domination of the air. But not only in the air were the enemy numerically superior. "The British forces are outnumbered," wrote "The Times" Australian correspondent. "It has been the same since the German push started. More tanks, guns, aeroplanes, men. If the British had equal, or even half, their strength here in men and aeroplanes, this would have been a different story."

Now it was that Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas Blamey, General Wavell's deputy and the Anzac G.O.C., issued an Order of the Day, in which, after a reference to the magnificent way in which the Anzac corps and attached troops had carried out the withdrawal, he declared that "with strong hearts, energy and determination on the part of every officer and man, we can hold this position. I call on every Anzac to set his teeth and to be worthy of his fathers." But it was not to be. Against the thin khaki line the Germans flung fresh masses of infantry, dive bombers, tanks. . . . On April 25—Anzac Day, anniversary of the landing of the first Anzacs on Gallipoli in 1915—the Germans were able to claim that the pass of Thermopylae had been taken by a pincer attack. Nor had it been intended that the new line should be held for more than a brief space, just sufficient space to enable the main body of British and Imperial troops to complete their withdrawal from the Greek mainland. The Greek army on the left had been crushed into capitulation. The German bombers, operating from aerodromes only 20 minutes' flying time away, were smashing the Greek towns and ports. At 9.25 on the following morning (Sunday, April 27) the last British resistance was brushed aside or overcome by Hitler's mechanized hordes, and the swastika, floating above the Acropolis, looked down on the German tanks thundering through the streets of Athens.
The Greeks Fought Nobly to the End

Following the collapse of the Yugoslav resistance in South Serbia, the Germans poured through the Monastir Gap into Greece in a flood of men and mechanized armament hardly to be withstood. The Greeks put up a hard and bitter resistance, but every effort was made by strong German mechanized forces to break through their defenses and to separate them from their allies, the Forces of the Empire, who were holding the right flank of a line pivoted on Mount Olympus. Again and again the Greeks managed to extricate themselves, but only at the price of retreat all along the line.

During the week-end that followed the German pressure increased. British rearguards were driven from Mount Olympus, and the Nazi tanks broke through to the plain of Thessaly. West of the Pindus mountains the Greeks continued their withdrawal; and in Albania, too, the Italians were able to claim a considerable advance—although in this case it was achieved not by hard fighting but because the Greeks had made a strategic withdrawal. Then on April 21 German forces pushed their way across the Pindus, through the pass of Metsovo, thus threatening to take in the rear the Greek divisions still holding on tenaciously to the Albanian front. Attacked from two sides, the Greeks again withdrew; yet even now they turned time and again and bloodily repulsed Mussolini’s troops. Italian war correspondents described the Greek resistance as exceptionally stubborn. The Greeks, they said, made clever use of the ground and their well-prepared defenses. Furthermore, their rearguards systematically destroyed the roads and bridges as they withdrew, so that the Italian triumph was won only by tremendous efforts and sacrifices.

The passage of the Metsovo Pass proved to be decisive. Till then the Greek armies of Epirus and Western Macedonia were withdrawing in quite good order before the Italians. Now, however, this new German

King George to His People

The cruel destiny of war today compels us, and the Heir to the Throne, as well as the lawful Government, to leave Athens and transfer the capital to Crete, where we shall be able to continue the struggle.

Our will, and that of the Greek Government and people, called for the resistance to the end of the Greek forces, which, in spite of the unequal nature of the struggle, have fiercely opposed the enemy with the support of the British Forces that came to our aid. Though exhausted after six months of victorious and hard fighting against a much stronger enemy, our troops, who have written the most glorious pages of our military history, continued the struggle against the German offensive with unheard-of heroism.

We still do not know the real reason why the Army of the Epirus signed an armistice with the enemy without our knowledge and without the cognizance of the General Commander-in-Chief and the Government. This signature in no way binds the free will of the nation, the King, and the Government, which is manifested in the continuation of the struggle with all the forces remaining to us, to safeguard our national interests.

Greek, do not lose heart even in this sad hour of our history! I shall be always among you. The justice of our cause and God himself will help us by every means to win final victory in spite of the trials, the mourning, and the dangers suffered in common, and which until that hour we still have to suffer. Remain faithful to the idea of one country, united, indivisible, and free! Fortify your will! Oppose your Hellenic pride to the pressure of the enemy and his deceitful arts! Have courage, and better days will return! Long live the nation!

Athens, April 23, 1941

Here are men of the Greek Army on the march in Albania, their caps turned around them as protection against the icy wind. Many of them, cut off from their rear communications by the Germans’ eastward thrust, were forced to surrender.

Following the sudden death of M. Korays, the Greek premier (left), on April 18, 1941, King George called upon M. Tanalides, the Greek Foreign Secretary (right), to take over the office.

But surely no excuse was needed for the Greek surrender; no shadow of reproach could rest upon that gallant little people. Right to the end the voice of liberty spoke from Athens. Greeks, stand firm, combine the best of a local April 23, be each one proud and dignified. Have Greece in your hearts! Live inspired with the fire of her latest triumph and the glory of her army. Greece will live again and will be great because she fought honestly for the just cause and for freedom. Brothers! Have courage and patience. Be stout-hearted. We will overcome these hardships. We have been an honest nation and brave soldiers. Only a few hours later the Germans marched in.
The Lion of Judah Rampant Once More

AFTER the fall of Addis Ababa the Italian northern army retreated among the hills in face of the steady advance of Imperial forces and Abyssinian Patriots, and it was not until April 18 that they turned and made a stand before Dessie, in a strong defensive position astride the mountains where a semicircular mountain ridge commands the main motor road. In a battle described as the fiercest of the entire Abyssinian campaign, the Italians were completely routed by the South Africans; and from Nairobi on April 28 came the news that Dessie was ours.

Meanwhile General Wavell urged the Duke of Aosta to surrender, since he could accept no responsibility for protecting and succouring Italian nationals except in places already occupied by British forces. General Wavell's plea was made in the interests of humanity, for reports reached London that in the Jimma area of Abyssinia Italian native troops had got out of hand and were burning houses and looting; in this area there were at that time no British troops.

HAILE SELASSIE, Emperor of Ethiopia, who was an exile for over five years after the Fascists overran his country in 1935, once more trod the soil of his native land when he crossed the frontier on January 15, 1941. After an arduous trek of two weeks from the Sudan with a train of camels, he made his headquarters 200 miles beyond the frontier. He is seen in the top photograph, at his camp, where he had a guard of a few officers and Patriot troops, some of whom, in the lower photograph, proudly display the Emperor's standard emblazoned with the Lion of Judah.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright
Now the Germans Swept on to Egypt

With disconcerting suddenness the situation in Libya was transformed when in a few days German mechanized formations recaptured what the Army of the Nile had taken as many weeks to capture. An account of the German advance to the frontier of Egypt follows below, together with some details of the British counter-measures.

When Benghazì was captured on February 6, the Imperial Army of the Nile moved on beyond it to take El Agheila, some 130 miles to the south-west. There the advance was halted. The campaign in Libya was finished—and a very satisfactory conclusion it seemed to be from the British point of view, since the most fertile region of the Italian Empire in North Africa had been seized at a trifling cost and the Italian army of 150,000 men had been completely destroyed.

True, there were some who argued that General Wavell’s critics did not know what he knew—that the clouds of war were gathering thick and heavy above the mountains of the Balkans. Bulgaria signed a pact with Germany on March 2, and her adhesion to the Axis was considered to be a prelude to a German attack on Greece. The Greeks had deserved well of their allies; and so some of the finest regiments from the Army of the Nile and much of its armoured strength were conveyed across the sea to Greece. Others of General Wavell’s men were dispatched to East Africa, there to aid General Cunningham in overcoming the stubborn resistance of the Italians at Keren and so bring the war to a conclusion before the April rains put a stop to military operations. Moreover, it may be argued that even if Wavell had pushed on to Tripoli, the situation might have been worse in North Africa, instead of better, when, as soon transpired, the Germans began to take a hand in the game.

First news of the arrival of German units in North Africa was contained in a message from Berlin stating that a German African Corps was in action. The military spokesmen in Cairo were inclined to dismiss the matter in a rather light-hearted way; it was not thought possible that the Nazis could have shipped across from Sicily a considerable number of troops, let alone armoured formations. Just a few light units—that was all that the military voice would allow the Nazis to have in Libya.

Soon, however, it was made plain that not just a few units but three divisions, and perhaps four, of German mechanized troops had been got across into Libya. How they got across was not too clear, but it was suggested that the transports had crossed from Sicily to Tunis at night, and then had voyaged through Tunisian waters, hugging the coast all the way.

Soon after they arrived in Africa the Germans demonstrated their strength. Benghazì was evacuated by the British on April 3. Four days later Derna was occupied by the Germans; on April 12 they claimed to have occupied Bardia, and on April 14 they marched triumphantly into Fort Capuzzo and Sollum. Shortly afterwards their advanced units could claim that they were actually on Egyptian soil (see map below).

So swift, indeed, was the Nazi advance, so determined and so heavy, that the British seemed to have been caught unawares. Most of the conquerors of a few weeks before were in Greece or Abyssinia; apparently only a handful of troops and of mechanized units were available to meet the new onslaught. Very early the Germans had admitted that they had taken 2,000 prisoners, and Cairo admitted that the claim might well be true. Still more ominous was the fact that three British generals were among the prisoners—Neame, O’Connor and Gambier-Parry. The Germans also claimed to have put out of action a considerable number of our tanks and motor vehicles. Fortunately, the R.A.F., valiantly supported by their comrades in the South African Air Force, were able to maintain air supremacy over the African desert, and so the advancing Germans were made to pay heavily for their successes.

For a time things looked black, very black indeed; and it was generally realized that this was no mere diversion, intended to dissuade Wavell from dispatching his divisions to the Balkan front, but a large-scale offensive designed to cut the life-line of the British Empire which runs through Egypt and the Suez Canal. If Alexandria fell, then where in the Mediterranean would Admiral Cunningham’s ships find harbour? The fall of Egypt and the evacuation of the Mediterranean suddenly loomed up as grim possibilities.

Then the situation became, if not better, at least no worse. Tobruk was invested by the Germans, but attempts to take it by storm were repulsed with heavy loss. A convoy of ships taking supplies and reinforcements to Libya was wiped out by the Navy between Sicily and Tripoli on April 15; Fort Capuzzo was heavily bombarded by the Navy’s guns on April 16, and on April 21 Tripoli was fiercely bombarded from both the sea and the air. On the night of April 19-20 a British force landed near Bardia, and blew up an important bridge and destroyed a quantity of stores, particularly valuable to the enemy, although some 60 men were left behind as prisoners.

Meanwhile at Sollum the main German advance was halted. The Germans themselves said that the check was due more to natural difficulties than to British resistance; they pointed out the difficulty of supplying their troops when war material had first to be got to Libya, and then sent across the desert for hundreds of miles. Special tires had to be fitted on to the lorries carrying not only ammunition but fresh water, fuel for field kitchens, and enormous quantities of oil for ‘planes, tanks, and other mechanized equipment. The Junkers 52s, it was stated, were maintaining rapid communication between the German G.H.Q. and the troops at the front, and the machines were stated to be standing up well to the sandstorms and the torrid climate. But, be the reason what it may, the Germans did not cross the Egyptian frontier in force until the evening of April 26.
General Rommel's Men Arrive in Libya

Much of the material that the Germans under General Rommel are using in Libya was transported by Junkers Ju 52/3 transport monoplanes. Above, one of them is being unloaded on its arrival. Reinforcements of men have also been sent to Libya by air. Diagrams of a troop-carrying plane are given in page 491, Vol. II, of this work.

Right, the crew of a tank in Libya are taking their midday meal sitting on the top of their landship. As the German lines lengthen food for the men and petrol for the machines will become an increasingly pressing problem.

In Libya the German airmen will have to meet conditions far different from those which they encounter in Europe, and it has been necessary to give them a course of instruction in the new tactics that the different climate renders necessary. Above, an officer is giving a lecture to some of the pilots on a Libyan airfield. Right, newly-arrived bombs are being examined.

Photos, Krystone
BOMBS FOR BERLIN are about to be loaded up on one of the great Wellington bombers with which the Royal Air Force has shown the Nazis that the British can give it as well as take it. The bombs are carried on to the airfield in trains of four-wheeled trucks drawn by a tractor, and it is not until they are close to the aircraft that the fuses are attached. Here the ground staff are giving that last deadly touch to the missiles. Recent raids on Berlin are believed to have surprised both officials and civilians by their effectiveness and severity. Berlin is far less well prepared than London in the matter of A.R.P., and great efforts are now being made to make up deficiencies in equipment and shelters, for it is recognized that as the R.A.F. reaches parity with the Luftwaffe the attacks will become more and more intense.

Photo, Fox
They're Most Unpopular in Berlin!

When the Battle of Britain was raging in the autumn of 1940 and the R.A.F. was taking an almost incredible toll of enemy machines, independent and impartial observers from the United States verified the British claims and declared that they were if anything an understatement. The same caution is observed by the R.A.F. in reporting its raids upon Germany. The crews of aircraft returning from bombing expeditions give their own accounts of their achievements, and must be prepared with substantial evidence of their claims before they can be officially recognized. That they have never over-estimated them is proved by the fact that information now filtering through from Germany tends to show that Berlin has suffered almost as much as London, while the new bombs which the R.A.F. has recently used in the raids have added a new terror to the lives of the Berliners.

Top photo: As the sun sets on an evening when visibility is good a Wellington bomber is lining up for its night flight over military objectives in Germany and German-occupied countries. The Vickers-Wellington, a long range heavy bomber, is largely used for bombing distant targets.

The Nazis have been reluctant to release photographs showing the damage done to Berlin and other German cities by the R.A.F. That centre left has been received in Britain via America, and it is certain that what it shows might be repeated many hundreds of times.

Photos, Fox and Keystone

British bombers have been met over Germany by such intensive A.A. gunfire as is seen in page 373 as well as by night fighters. Above, a Wellington bomber shows the scars of battle on its wing and rudder, its rear gunner shot down an enemy night fighter.

Pilots and crews of British bombers who have just returned from bombing military objectives in enemy territory are here giving an account of their achievements. They still wear their flying kit, but when they have given full details of their night's work they will go to a well-earned rest.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright
Twice in a Week They Rode the Storm

London’s firemen and A.R.P. workers had their second gruelling test within a week on the night of April 19-20, 1941. Above, firemen who had been on duty all night enjoying a cup of tea. Right, a 45-year-old man rescued after being buried for 15 hours.

Photos, Keystone, and “News Chronicle,” Exclusive to “THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.”

On the nights of April 16-17 and April 19-20, 1941, London suffered raids worse than any since that of Dec. 29, 1940. Both lasted practically from dusk to dawn, and all night long Londoners heard the roar of enemy planes and the thunder of a terrific barrage punctuated by the sound of high explosive bombs. In the first raid eight hospitals, including Guy’s and Chelsea Royal Hospital, were hit; St. George’s (R.C.) Cathedral, Southwark, the City Temple, St. Andrew’s, Holborn, and Chelsea Old Church were destroyed, and St. Paul’s was damaged. Office buildings, blocks of flats, shops, restaurants and public houses were wrecked; cinemas and theatres were struck, and many streets were rendered impassable. In the second raid four hospitals, two museums, a town hall and a grammar school were among the buildings damaged or destroyed. In addition a great deal of destruction was done in residential districts. Among the many casualties were A.R.P. workers and members of the A.F.S.

During the raid of April 16-17 six enemy bombers were brought down by night fighters and A.A. fire; one fell in Kensington and another at Wimbledon. Above, a soldier is examining the wreckage of one of them.

Left, two fire watchers are silhouetted against the sky, lit by the flames of many fires. Right, is the scene outside a famous London tobacco and pipe shop. Trade was carried on at a small table outside the wrecked premises and no one went away unsatisfied.

Photos, Associated Press, L.N.A., Planet News and G.P.U.
London Again a City of Dreadful Night

LONDON'S SKY was flame-lit on the night of April 16-17, 1941, when waves of Nazi bombers, estimated to number between 450 and 500, swept over the metropolis for many hours. This awe-inspiring photograph was taken from a high building at a time when several fires were raging in a comparatively small area. Thousands of high-explosive and more than 100,000 incendiary bombs were dropped, but London's defence services rose heroically to the occasion and none of the fires got out of control.

Photo, Keystone
London's Greatest Blitz: Famous Features of Historic Streets As

The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, that beautiful Wren building, home of the red-coated military pensioners, received a direct hit the night of April 16-17. Above are the ruins of the Infirmary wing. Left, the forecourt before the raid.
Although resistance is still being offered by isolated bands of soldiery in the valleys of the interior, Yugoslavia is now in the Nazis' hands, and young King Peter has found a new home in Plaisance. The story of the 12 days' campaign, which has been victorious in the dispositions of the Yugoslav armies when the battle opened will be found on page 410.

When at dawn on April 6 Field-Marshal von List began his invasion of Yugoslavia he had at his disposal 25 divisions—perhaps a million men—including two Panzer Divisionen, each of some 6,000 men, with 500 tanks and a brigade of motorized infantry. This enormous host marched into Yugoslavia from every frontier at once, from Germany and Hungary, from Rumania and Bulgaria, until the Yugoslav armies were faced by a vast semicircle of battle.

Before the war clouds actually broke it had been generally assumed that the main weight of the Nazi onslaught would fall on Yugoslavia, from the north. It was in this region accordingly that the greater part of the Yugoslav armies had been assembled. But the Germans seldom do what is expected of them; they prefer what seems to be a difficult and unlikely path to one which to others eyes than theirs has the appearance of being easy and obvious. So it was now.

Not in the north but in the south List made his principal attack, through the passes that lead from Bulgaria into the heart of Old Serbia. Each thrust was a punch packed with terrific power, of men and planes and mechanized armament. Dive-bombers led the way, coming over in wave after wave, pounding every village, every line of resistance, every gun emplacement and fort. They were followed by troop-carrying planes, again in their hundreds, that dropped behind the Yugoslav lines walking arsenals of determined men. Most of the paratroops were wiped out, but not before they had blasted into ruin the forts that constituted the Yugoslav line of defence. Then up and down the valleys, over mountain tracks which heretofore had seen hardly any traffic beyond flocks and herds and lumbering ox-carts, great columns of tanks and motorized infantry made extraordinarily rapid progress. The light detachments, which were all that the Yugoslavs could muster to oppose them in this region of rugged gles, were crushed or swept away in hopeless rout.

At least four thrusts were delivered from Bulgaria. The most strikingly successful was that up the Struma valley to the highlands which had been granted to Yugoslavia after the last war because they dominated Bulgarian territory, but which were now overrun by the German troops in a few hours. Then, swiftly developing their advantage, the invaders swept to the left, some down the road to Doiran and others, somewhat farther to the west, down the Vardar valley, but both converging on Salonika. The great port fell on April 9; but even more important strategically was the outflanking of the Greek army which was making such a magnificent stand at the head of the Struma pass. At the same time some of the units which had made their way along the Strumitsa turned up the Vardar valley and made straight for Skopje (Uskub).

At Veles, stormed by 200 tanks, they made their way into the hills, which had thrust their way from Bulgaria through the Bregalnitsa pass. Yet a third thrust at Skopje was delivered from Kystendil, to the south-west of Soha. Along these three roads poured a vast mass of German might, which shortly overwhelmed the Serbs in Skopje, although the town was taken and retaken several times before the defenders' resistance was finally overcome. From Skopje one German column rushed westward along the road to Tetovo with the object of linking up with the Italians in Albania, who were now being attacked by the Yugoslavs from the north as well as being contained by the Greeks in the south. Contact with the Italians was soon established; but even more important was the isolation of the Yugoslavs from their allies, the Greeks and British, operating in Greece to the south. In these operations the Germans claimed already to have taken 20,000 prisoners, including six generals, and a large number of guns and other war material.

Uskub, Veles and Tetovo were all occupied by the Germans on April 9, and on that same disastrous day Nish, too, fell to General von Kleist, whose divisions attacked it not only from the south but from the direction of Sofia, through Pivovar on the east. Then from Nish a column plunged westwards across the mountains into Albania, to the rescue of the Italians who had been driven from Scutari.

On the next day, April 10, the German advance through South Serbia reached Bitolj (Monastir), and continued onwards through the Monastir Gap against the Greek positions at Florina. This advance was referred to in the first communiqué from British G.H.Q. in Greece, issued on the afternoon of April 11; it briefly stated that German forces advancing into northern Greece came into contact with the British and Imperial forces on April 10 (Thursday).

With Nish, Uskub and Monastir, all three, in their hands, the Germans controlled all the lines of communication in southern Yugoslavia, and the Yugoslavs' third, fifth and sixth armies had been practically destroyed. Their comrades elsewhere had had no better fortune. The main (First) Yugoslav army, which had taken up its position behind and on either side of Belgrade, was outflanked by the Nazi columns which raced through Nish to Kragujevats, and was forced to fall back into the mountains. A special communiqué issued by the German High Command on
How Marshal List’s Tanks Thrust to Victory

The photographs on this page are the result of a remarkable journalistic enterprise. They were taken during the Nazi advance into Yugoslavia, which began on April 6, 1941; they were then radiographed to New York and brought by Clipper plane to England, where they arrived on April 24. Above, a Yugoslav outpost taken by a Panzer division has been set on fire by the troops holding it. Left, a Yugoslav soldier, taken prisoner by our forces, is being guarded. Right, other prisoners, overwhelmed by huge odds, lay down their arms. Below, German tanks advancing. The map shows the principal stages of the campaign.

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Sunday, April 13, stated that "German troops, commanded by General von Kleist, occupied the Serbian capital and fortress of Belgrade from the south at dawn today." This followed the penetration of the city from the north across the Danube on Saturday afternoon by a small detachment of the S.S. division, commanded by Captain Klingenberg. The Yugoslav Government retired to Sarajevo, capital of the province of Bosnia, and the headquarters of the Yugoslav Second Army, which was now flung into the battle. To little avail, however. Sarajevo itself was mercilessly bombed by the Luftwaffe, and on April 16 the Germans claimed the fall of the town and the capitulation of what was left of the Second Army. Some 50,000 men and eight generals had been taken by one German division, boasting Berlin radio; "the roads," it went on, "present a picture of a complete military rout. They are strewn with abandoned and broken-down tanks, as well as rifles and machine-guns."

Sarajevo’s fall in effect marked the end of organized resistance in Yugoslavia. All the northern parts of the country, which had been evacuated since they were so obviously indefensible, had been overrun. The Italians, attacking from the west, had occupied Ljubljana, and, pushing down the Danian coast, had seized town after town in an almost uninterrupted progress; Split fell to them on April 16. On April 11 German troops under Colonel Baron von Weichs forced the passage of the river Drava, and armoured troops captured the Croat capital of Zagreb; so rapid and overwhelming was the German advance that the Serbian Fourth Army was soon broken. On the same day Hungarian troops marched into the territory between the Danube and the Tisza, and on April 12 occupied Novisad.

In a communiqué issued on April 16 the Germans declared that the remnants of the Yugoslav Army were on the verge of disintegration. Then at 11 o’clock on the night of April 17 the official German news agency issued this statement: "All the Yugoslav armed forces which have not been disarmed before laid down their arms unconditionally at nine o’clock tonight. The capitulation comes into force at 12 noon tomorrow."
Ups and Downs in the Battle of the Atlantic

Describing in a speech at Tottenham on April 20, 1941, the progress of the Battle of the Atlantic, Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, said:

"This battle has its ups and downs, but I can assure you that neither the U-boats nor the Germans' long-range aircraft are having it all their own way. We continue to take a toll of both, and as the strength of cooperation of the Navy with the Coastal Command increases, and as the number of escorting destroyers and corvettes expands, that toll of the enemy will increase until the Battle of the Atlantic is won."

Captain Schepke, German U-boat ace (above), went down with the U-100 when she was sunk by our Navy. The map, right, shows the threat to our communications in North and South America if Hitler gains control of Spain and at Dakar.

Against the deadly U-boat menace our destroyers, which are among the hardest worked of any class of vessel afloat, do magnificent work. Above, depth charges ready for release over the stern of a destroyer. Left, the deck of a destroyer seen from the crew's nest.

Members of the crews of British ships sunk by the German battleships Gneisau and Scharnhorst are seen after landing at Brest. Photos, Planet News, Associated Press and G.P.U.
America Knows How to Deal with Sabotage

A lieutenant of the U.S.A. Coast Guard, left, is examining the propeller shaft of the 8,000-ton Italian liner Ada O., which was partially sawn through. Right, a coast-guard is investigating damage done to the Italian S.S. Alberta, lying at Port Newark, New Jersey. Below are three Italian ships seized in Philadelphia harbour to prevent sabotage. Top, the Mar Gialuce; bottom, left to right, the Santa Rosa and the Antoinetta.

Photo, Wide World, Planet News and Associated Press

At the end of March 1942 the U.S.A. Government discovered that the crews of five Italian ships lying at New Orleans and Newark had attempted to damage the machinery. Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary to the Treasury, immediately ordered the Coast Guard to seize and examine 27 Italian ships in American ports to prevent any further acts of this nature. The motive of the sabotage was not clear, but it was probably due either to instructions from Rome or to the fear of the crews that they might be ordered to put to sea. The Axis Powers made a protest to the U.S.A. Government against the seizures, but this did not affect in the slightest the American attitude. The lead of the United States in this matter was soon followed by other American nations.

Strikes at U.S.A. armament factories have caused delay in arms output. Above, outside a plant in Milwaukee a disturbance has arisen and a motor-car has been overturned and wrecked by the strikers as they clashed with the police.
Our Searchlight on the War

Eyes and Ears of the R.A.F.

In future, by approval of the King, the Observer Corps is to be known as the Royal Observer Corps, in recognition of valuable services rendered over a number of years. The Corps is a civilian organization consisting of some 30,000 watchers, all volunteers, most of whom do this work of "plane-spotting in their spare time. There are observer centres over the entire country, each controlling a number of posts, some in very isolated parts of the area. At these posts, day and night watch is kept for sight or sound of aircraft. Every aeroplane, whether hostile or not, is subjected to careful scrutiny. If it is an enemy airmen the alarm is quickly given by telephone to headquarters, and the course of the aircraft is plotted by means of a special instrument. The Fighter Command, acting on this information, sends up its 'planes to meet the raider. If the night shift of Observers are made aware by their sound locator of the presence of an aircraft they determine its position and inform the searchlight unit, which speedily picks it up. Then the A.A. batteries come into action, and a more raider has run the gauntlet of Britain's defences all set in motion by the lonely and devoted civilian watchers in their far-flung outposts.

Salvage Great and Small

Bomb-damaged buildings are furnishing many tons of steel scrap which will be melted down to provide new war weapons. But minor raid debris is also being put to good use by at least one group of workers whose skill and ingenuity are only equalled by their sympathetic understanding. The staff of Fulham A.R.P. depot have become toy-makers in their spare time. Answering an appeal made some six weeks ago by the Nursery School Association on behalf of evacuated children who have nothing to play with, they set to work to convert valuable odds and ends from the dumps into dolls' cradles, horses and carts, trains, ships and aircraft, as well as small-size chairs and tables for the children who would otherwise have nothing but the floor on which to sit and to play. Nurses at the First Aid Post attached to the depot have scrounged bomb-damaged bed linen, and with this they have equipped the toy beds that will soon delight the eyes of little children in the reception areas.

Help from U.S. Doctors

The British Red Cross recently sent a telegram to the sister society in America pleading for 1,000 doctors to serve in Britain with the R.A.M.C. and the Civilian Emergency Medical Service. Mr. Roosevelt, as President of the American Red Cross, launched the appeal, which had an instant response. Within 24 hours 200 doctors had applied. One who flew to Washington was among the first to volunteer. Another wired, "Bags packed. Ready to leave. When and where shall I report?" For service with the R.A.M.C., the Red Cross offers doctors under 40 years of age. Doctors up to 45 will be taken for Emergency Medical Service. Applicants are asked to serve for a minimum of one year and will return to the United States as American citizens. They will be given British registration and parity with British medical men. It has been pointed out how vastly greater are the demands on the medical services in British today than in the last war.

The Nazis May Miss It

One more London landmark, the single remaining tower of the Crystal Palace, disappeared on April 16. The Palace, a glittering monument of the Victorian Age, constructed mainly of glass and iron, was originally the habitation of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, opened by Queen Victoria on May Day, 1851. It was designed by Joseph Paxton, garderner's architect, who used as model the conservatory he had designed for Chatsworth. The great water towers at either end were built by Isambard Kingdom Brunel. Removed and rebuilt on Sydenham Hill in 1852, the Palace became the home of great musical festivals, animal shows and educational exhibitions of many kinds, including a permanent one depicting the architecture of all ages and countries. There were rare plants in the indoor gardens, and in the elaborately laid out grounds, where the startled visitor encountered antediluvian monsters, the firework displays originated by Brock became famous. In 1914 the Palace was taken over by the Admiralty as a recruiting centre for the R.N.Y.R. and other units, and over 125,000 men were trained there. In June, 1920, it became the property of the nation, and here, on June 9, King George V opened the Imperial War Museum, later removed to South Kensington. In 1936 the Palace caught fire, and all but the North Tower was burnt out. Now, because of its prominent landmark for enemy airmen, and also on account of the valuable metal it will have to furnish, this gaunt survival of a peaceful and prosperous epoch was brought crashing down to earth in a matter of some ten seconds.

Girls in the Firing Line

Girls of the A.T.S. are now to be found behind the A.A. guns helping to fight the Battle of Britain. In their charge are the range-finders and predictor calculating machines, on the skilled use of which the accuracy of the gunfire largely depends. All these girls are mathematical experts who have taken a special course in range-finding and other scientific observations relating to predicted fire. Women may also be taking over the balloons, and the North Midlands area is to make the first experiment in this scheme. If it is successful, large numbers of men will be released and replaced by girls of the W.A.A.F. As the work is arduous—it will include driving the winches and trailers and hauling on the ropes—only the strongest and fittest recruits will be accepted.

Bombs Ready for Rome

His Majesty's Government announced on April 18 that, in view of the German threats to bomb Athens and Cairo, it must be clearly understood that if either of these two cities are molested a systematic bombing of Rome would begin. Moreover, the Government was perfectly well aware that an Italian squadron was being held in readiness to drop captured British bombs upon the Vatican City should a British raid take place. As the strictest orders had been given that the utmost care must be taken to avoid any damage to the Vatican City, it was necessary to expose in advance this characteristic trick of the Italian Government. Rome's reaction to this disclosure was one of great annoyance, and the whole of the Axis radio and press embarked on a new campaign of vilification against Mr. Churchill,
Tangier (Now Spanish) Greets the Nazis

Another blow to French prestige in North Africa was struck by the Nazis when the swastika was run up over the Mendoubia, formerly the official residence of the Sultan of Morocco's representative in Tangier. The authority of the Mendoub was abrogated, and Dr. H. Neeshring, who arrived with no fewer than 200 "assistants," took up his abode, as German Consul-General, in the ancient residence of the Sherifian representative evicted by the Spaniards under Axis pressure. More "assistants" will soon be on their way from Germany, and Nazi penetration of France's vast North African domain will thus be facilitated.

Axis Pressure on Spain manifested itself at the end of March when Germans in Tangier, the Spanish-dominated "international zone" in N. Africa opposite Gibraltar, took over the Mendoubia. Above, the new consul, Dr. H. Neeshring (photo inset), entering the Consulate.

Posters hurriedly put up after the Nazis had entered the Mendoubia, from which the Mendoub, representative of the Sultan of Morocco in Tangier, had been evicted.

No enthusiasm can be seen on the faces of this crowd of Spaniards and Moors as they watch the Nazis' theatrical display outside the Mendoubia. Right, Dr. Heberlein, Counsellor at the German Embassy in Madrid, shakes hands with Gen. Ponte, Commandeer of the Spanish troops in Morocco.

Photos, Associated Press
They Have Won Honours in Freedom’s Cause

Sig. E. R. Savidge, R.N.V.R., D.S.M., for displaying outstanding courage and devotion to duty on active service.

Lieut. H. West, bar to his D.S.C. for great courage and conspicuous bravery on active service against the enemy.

Skipper Lieut. Grace, D.S.C., for displaying great courage in successfully bringing down enemy aircraft at sea.

Cmdr. J. Bull, D.S.M., D.S.C., for fine leadership and recovering from the sea an enemy mine for examination.

Capt. N. Rice, O.B.E., for saving his ship containing valuable cargo from attack by enemy submarine.

A.B. N. Stringer, D.S.M., for displaying outstanding courage and unswerving devotion to duty on active service.

C.S.M. Davies, Cheshire Regt., D.C.M., for displaying conspicuous courage and devotion to duty.

Mr. T. H. Newton, Home Guard, B.E.M., for securing a mine and rendering it safe. Served with distinction in last war.

Pte. Goodwin, Gordon Highlanders, M.M., for displaying outstanding courage, initiative and devotion to duty.

C.S.M. Shaw, Seaforth Highlanders, D.C.M., for displaying conspicuous courage and fine leadership on active service.

Lieut. J. M. Muir, M.B., R.A.M.C., D.S.O., for saving the lives of wounded at Sidi Barrani, though badly hurt himself.

Troop Sgt.-Maj. Shelton, Royal Artillery, D.C.M., for displaying great courage and devotion to duty.

Sgt. A. Halfpenny, D.F.M., for successful flights over Germany and enemy-occupied country.

Sgt. J. N. Dowland, G.C., for removing an enemy bomb from a steamship and performing similar duty on a crawler.

Flight-Sgt. E. Thorne, bar to his D.F.M., for helping to destroy 12 enemy aeroplanes in a single afternoon.

Sgt. E. Barker, bar to his D.F.M., for helping to destroy 12 enemy aircraft. Sgt. Barker was his air gunner.

Lt. D. McKay, D.F.M., for having shot down 29 enemy aircraft and 12-15 aircraft.

Lt. P. Stevens, D.F.C., for having shot down 2 night raiders in the London area.

Miss D. M. White, G.M., for rescuing an injured nurse from a first-aid post which had been badly bombed.

Mrs. M. Farr, of Portsmouth, O.B.E., for protecting a patient at risk of her own life during an air raid.

Miss Meikle, R.A.F. Nursing Service, R.R.C., for displaying great courage, gallantry and devotion to duty during raids.

Miss Wilson, R.A.F. Nursing Service, R.R.C., for conspicuous bravery and outstanding qualities as a nurse in grave danger.

Sister I. Jones, of Swanse, A.R.R.C., for displaying courage, gallantry and devotion to duty during enemy action.

Miss M. F. Thomas, Woolwich A.R.P. Casualty Service, G.M., for rescuing workers and 2 people in bombed house.


Cmdr. A. N. G. Firebrace, R.N. (res.), Chief Officer, London Fire Brigade, C.B.E., for leadership and devotion to duty.

Chief Officer W. Woods, Twickenham Fire Brigade, G.M., for conspicuous courage during violent raids.

Mc. Jackson, London Fire Brigade, M.B.E., for courage, daring and devotion to duty in raids.

Dist. Officer R. W. Green, London Fire Service, M.B.E., for conspicuous courage, leadership and devotion to duty in raids.

Fireman B. Evans, O.B.E., for rescuing a comrade from blazing building in the course of a bombing attack.

Mr. G. Williams, Chelsea A.R.P., O.B.E., for rescuing from shelter menaced by fire.

Mr. H. F. Shimmings, Supt. Twickenham A.R.P., G.M., for rescuing a woman trapped by debris.

Mr. G. W. Whitehurst, L.N.E.R., Hull, G.M., for helping to rescue a wounded soldier.

Mr. A. Harrison, L.N.E.R., Hull, G.M., for his work in assisting Mr. Whitehurst.

Air Cadet H. R. Smith, C.G.M., for rescuing a woman from a bombed house.

Miss M. B. Haldane, of Glasgow, M.B.E., for rescuing people from her ambulance in heavy raid.
I Was There!....Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Saw the Germans Well Beaten at Tobruk

On April 12 German and Italian forces besieging Tobruk launched a series of attacks by tanks, aircraft and infantry, which were all beaten off. The following graphic account of some of these attacks was sent from inside Tobruk by John Yindrich, special correspondent of the British United Press.

Under cover of darkness on April 14 about 30 German tanks penetrated the wire defences of Tobruk from the direction of El Adem and advanced about a mile and a quarter inside the perimeter defences. Lorries carrying about 200 infantrymen followed them.

British tanks dashed across to meet the advancing German and Italian tanks. Firing started about 4 a.m., and an intelligence officer told me later that he had seen about 12 burning tanks.

Then, about 8.30 a.m., 30 big black German Junkers dive-bombers, escorted by Messerschmitts, staged the biggest raid on the perimeter defences as well as the town itself.

For over an hour they were flying over the semicircle of Tobruk and its defences. I saw eight in line dive-bomb the harbour and then swoop over the outer line of defences with their machine-guns blazing.

The infantrymen manning the machine-guns and Bren guns stood up to the attack wonderfully and brought down three of them. Hurricanes brought down two others in a series of whirling dogfights.

Two days ago German troops launched their first infantry attack against Tobruk in a duststorm so thick it was difficult to see a yard in front of your eyes.

Australian infantry and British artillerymen and machine-guns, wearing celluloid eye shields to protect them from the grains that pierce every conceivable opening, strained their eyes to try and spot the enemy’s movements. They remembered how a dust storm helped the British at Sidi Barrani.

While the dust storm was blowing not a single thing could be seen, but about 5 p.m. the wind dropped and the dust fog fell.

Then I saw about 800 German infantrymen get out of about 30 trucks and advance in close formation on the outer semicircle of defences from the direction of El Adem.

Our artillery laid down a heavy barrage to prevent their retreating, while machine-guns opened a withering fire. In the words of a gunner: “We just mowed ‘em down.”

At the same time Blenheim bombers and Vickers bombs dropped about 60 German tanks making formation about five miles to the south of the defences. The planes dive-bombed and machine-gunned them until they withdrew.

Twelve tanks moving towards the defences a little further around the perimeter were dispersed by British artillery fire, while two other tanks sitting on the barbed wire near two machine-gun posts were also forced to withdraw.

I saw two wounded German pilots with bandages on their heads being taken to hospital in a lorry. Then lorry-loads of German prisoners, wearing the grey-green peaked cap with the German eagle, went by.

An Australian, a former commercial traveller from Sydney, told how he and five others of a patrol had routed 40 Germans and brought back one prisoner.

“We had repulsed the fifth attack on our post by 300 German infantrymen, supported by tanks who got within 1,000 yards of our position,” he said. “Then, about 10.30 p.m. we got word that about 40 Germans were inside the wire.

“I took about six men, so as not to weaken the post too much. We were under machine-gun fire all the time, so we went at the double and then lay down about 100 yards from where they were.”

“Our people behind us were blazing away over our heads when we tore into them with our bayonets. I got the shock of my life, because not one of them failed to fight.”

“It was only when I came to the fifth one that I found them showing any fight. He grabbed my rifle and pulled me down on top of him. There was another German coming up behind him, but my corporal saved my life.”

“I used my rifle on several other German heads until it broke. Then I picked up a sten gun. The rest of the Germans, probably thinking it was a hand grenade, grovelled there, one shouting, ‘I’m a soldier of Germany, don’t kill me!’”

Another was shouting, “Peace, it is peace, I’ll vous plait!”

“I must have accounted for about 12 Germans. My opinion now is that when it comes to hand fighting the Germans are a lot better a par with the British.”

“In a scrap where it’s every man for himself they go to pieces. Perhaps it’s because they’re so well trained.”

My Men Got Sick of Killing the Germans

German shock troops attempting to force a passage in a vital sector of the Mount Olympus front were beaten back with heavy losses by Anzac troops. These eye-witness stories of New Zealanders to a British United Press correspondent.

The Germans sent armoured cars to reconnoitre. Then at dawn next day they launched an attack with boats, which we could see dimly in the half-light.

We sank one boat after another, in spite of a barrage of covering fire from German armoured cars. After two hours the river was teeming with sunken boats, from which men were swimming.

Amazement at the absolute disregard of the Germans for their losses was expressed by the New Zealander, who continued:

“My men got sick of killing. It was mass and slad nights. When the order came to withdraw, we obtained mules and loaded our guns on them.

“We were often lost in the tracks of the German light tanks in this photograph, published in Germany on March 30, 1941, are returning to barracks in Libya. The Nazis are reported to have two armoured divisions in Libya, but, as the eye-witness’s narrative on this page shows, heavy toll of them has been taken by British artillery and bombers of the R.A.F.
desolate fastnesses of Mount Olympus, and
we slept for an hour or two in the snow
when we were too tired to go on. And we had just
come from the desert.

We reached the pass near the railway
by the sea to the east of Mount Olympus and
fought with the Germans until nearly mid-
night the next night. Then we took up our
position with New Zealanders.

We used our tommy-guns, while our anti-
tank guns pumped at the Panzers. The
enemy infantry were picked mountain troops.
They crept along with tanks and tried to
cross the river to our left, but got a terrific
blasting from our machine-guns. Whenever
one of the tanks was hit the infantry
behind it hopped off—pretty quickly.

In the afternoon we heard the rumble of
tanks on our left flank. German engineers
had blown them up to the top. We were
in the wreck of a railway tunnel which our engineers
had demolished.

The fighting went on all the afternoon and
evening until we pulled out about 11 that
night. We swung to the right and then to
the left in an effort to stop the tanks. The
New Zealanders manning the field guns and
anti-tank guns did their stuff marvellously.

One tank went up like a foundry explosion.
It seemed as if our shells went through their
armour like cheese.

The mountain troops scrambled up the
hillsides and we gave them everything we had.
The blazing went on through the night.
There was a hell of a din as the artillery on
both sides smashed at each other.

The tanks were blowing up like small
cranes, the machine-guns crackling and
the other guns pouring a continuous chain
of flame. The path was strewn with dead and
dying, but the Australians and New Zealanders
picked their way through. We carried the wounded to lorries, but most of
our fellows had to keep marching.

In the Balkan war, as in the Battle of France,
assault boats for the rapid crossing of streams
training with one of these boats on the pontoon can be
seen behind them. Photo, Fox

One lorry-load got bogged, so we moved
the wounded to another lorry. That got
bogged, too, and we lost our tracks in the
darkness. A Greek, then a New Zealand
colonel, led us out eventually.

Finally we made our way to Larissa. But
we found the enemy had already taken it.
We made a detour round the town, and began
trekking south again. In the last part of the
trek we saw three Hurricanes meet eighteen
German 'planes. They shot down seven of
them.

Another Australian said:
We thought Larissa was still in our hands.
Suddenly we ran into an ambush. The
streets were strewn with wreckage of the place
was blazing and Germans seemed to be
everywhere. Luckily we had our tommy-
guns, and we blasted our way through as we
advanced single file, sheltering in the ruins.

We Chased Nazis Over the Fields on My Tractor

A motor-tractor can be put to many uses, and here is the story of one which
while sedately engaged in ploughing, turned into a kind of tank and engaged
in offensive operations against the enemy. It was told by J. Paterson of
the Women's Land Army in "The Land Girl."

So often people ask me if it is not dull
going up and down the same field
all day long, and it is no use trying
to explain. But last week adventure dropped
on me out of the sky.

I was on the ground setting my plough,
when a 'plane rushed into sight, coming at
me over trees, very low and on fire. I just
started, and then suddenly I saw the black
crosses and realized it was a German, and
that the cracklings I had heard a few
seconds earlier were machine-guns; and I
remembered our old ploughman, who had
been shot up the day before when ploughing
with his team of white Polish horses. I wanted
to creep under my friendly little red
tractor, but instead of
coming down in my
fields the pilot must have seen the electricity
pylon in it and lifted his 'plane on
southwards.

I felt I must do
something, so I unhitched the plough,
put the tractor into top
gear, and went as hard
as I could across the
next three fields; as
exciting as any fox
hunt and nearly as fast.
I was lucky in knowing
gaps and gateways, and
there were no queues!
I knew I must get to
a lane which crossed
our little railway line, and on the way I picked
up a special constable and a Home Guard with
his rifle, who perched on the tractor as best
they could, holding on to me rather like the
Gordon Highlanders holding the stirrups of
the Scots Greys at Waterloo.

At the railway bridge we sighted our
quarry down in a field just over the boundary of
"our" land; and on we chased, passing
several other men on their way. We heard a
big explosion, and when we got to the field
there was the 'plane—a Junkers 88—blazing.
Four A.F.S. men were already there, and
other people came from all sides. Many
Home Guards arrived, but not all fully
uniformed; and quite soon police, who
quietly took charge and kept people away
from the temptation of picking and stealing
souvenirs.

But the Germans had disappeared—a
woman had seen them—four men in uniform.
Two small coverts were searched by the
Home Guard without success, and then some
of us were formed up in line to beat the big
covert—armed and unarmed alternately—
when suddenly we heard a whistle and a
shout, and running round to the far side of
the wood we saw the Germans, who had
surrendered themselves to two farm hands:
four fair boys rather like Norwegians, dazed
by their own narrow escape from the death
they were trying to bring to our people, and
unaware of the treatment in store for them, but
dignified and calm.

By this time we were quite a large crowd,
about fifty people, and the police took their
prisoners as quickly as possible to the road
and their cars. I was sent back to guard the
wreckage, shutting a lot of gates on the way,
and when soldiers arrived I was saluted and
dismissed. I started up my tractor and drove
back at a more sedate pace and went on with
my job. All that day and the next we were
pestered by people wishing to see the wreckage;
apparently they had no jobs to do, and
did not mind what harm they did to fences
and crops in satisfying their idle curiosity.
I WAS with London’s A.R.P. that April Night

London was the objective of the German air raiders on April 16, when the capital suffered the heaviest bombing it had so far endured. Here are some extracts from the dramatic article in the “Daily Express” by William Hickey, who visited the scene of a big “incident” during the night.

"We hear they’ve hit the ——," said the news editor, naming a Big Building. "Could you hurry along there? It’s apparently a pretty big incident."

They hadn’t hit the Big Building. But it was certainly a big "incident." A hundred or more yards from it the air smelt charred; drifts of dark smoke began to obscure the tints of flames that Hovered above us, as in some infernal hells of firework.

As usual, all the burglar alarms had been set ringing; nothing would stop them for the rest of the night. Scores of shops were wrecked; as I got near the incident I had to step over doors and window-frames that had been hurled bodily into the road.

Wading through an ankle-deep purridge of glass and water, I looked at the shag heap that had, an hour earlier, been a block of —— fortunately —— empty offices. Less fortunately, one corner of it had been a pub: "there was usually 20 or 30 of ‘em in there about that time," said a copper.

I was glad of living human company — glad when the A.R.P. people stopped me, took me to see their Incident Officer.

Half-sheltering in a ruined shop that was his office-for-the-moment (two blue lamps and a wooden flag mark it), he was a shadowy, lean, quickly-moving figure under a white tin hat. Henry, they called him. He used to make Savile Row suits. Decision and a clear head are needed. Henry had them. To the half-light of flame and smoke there were even forms to be filled up and signed.

Stretchers-parties were waiting. It would be many hours, perhaps daylight, before they could be used.

The men waiting made the usual simple cracks. — Just like old times. — He ain’t half cross with us tonight. — They coughed a good deal in the acid smoke. One had been gassed in the last war. — You all right, chum? — they asked him. All right. — he would gasp. — It’s only me old complaint.

All this time, intermittently, more bombs were swishing down. As each fell, or as a "plane sounded like diving, we stepped back a pace or two into the gaping shop, crouching instinctively, in unison, hardly needing to say. — Here’s another. — Again instinctively, with a protectiveness that might have been pathetically futile, the men would shield each other’s bent shoulders with their arms. Twice, as we crouched, the blast—a foul, hot giant’s breath—swept sighing through the shop, tore its way through glass at the far end.

A rosy, judgement-day glow shone down on us. Some of the men moved over the road to a darker place. — It’s funny," said Henry, "when it’s bright moonlight and they’re overhead, you instinctively walk in the shadow...

It was time for the Incident Officer to go and look at some other incidents; wardens, sometimes girls, had turned up, panting but collected, to say. — Incident in —— St. between —— and —— Sts. — They want help badly round at —— Buildings.

His blue lamps, his flag, were moved to another street. We set off swiftly but circumspectly, skirting the buildings to dodge the tinkling shrapnel, passing in doorways when we heard the death-whistle.

We looked in at several public shelters. None of these had been hit, nobody in them was worse than shaken. They all seemed to know Henry; the sight of him reassured them. — What’s it like outside? — they would ask. — Oh, not so bad," he would lie.

For the raid’s fierceness had been suddenly intensified.

A fire that had seemed quenched flared up again. New fires began in every quarter of the sky; they even lit up pinky the balloons floating high above.

We turned a corner. Henry ran on quickly. Ahead was a tall house, nearly every window alight with a cozy, crackling, Christmas flame.

His face was drawn, agonized, in the leaping light. — God! — he said. — That makes me feel bad. There’s a lot of old ladies live in these chambers—retired nurses and such.

As good wardens do, the wardens of this district know pretty accurately how many people are sleeping in a building each night. Henry reckoned there would have been 63 here.

"About 30," we learned, had been brought out alive, taken to hospital, some able to walk. Two, still in there, had been certified dead by a doctor.

Arguing fiercely that it must be possible to reach that room or that, where the fire didn’t yet show, Henry dived straight into the house. The sparks danced about him; he vanished behind fallen, flickering timbers.

It was five anxious minutes before we saw him again, on the stairs, helping two firemen undo a knot in the hose they were playing up the lift shaft. Their figures stood up darkly against the evil red light—three men walking unharmed in the midst of the burning fiery furnace...

Before we had begun to think that this night could be nearly done—so timeless seemed its incidents, so endless the treadmill of its grim routine—we looked up... and the light in the sky was not all from the fires. The chill dawn wind fluttered burned paper in our faces. Already men were sweeping up the crunching glass. A big lorry switched off its lights as it stole past us: — That’s the street-barriers arriving," said Henry.

As thousands have said after a bad raid night, Henry said, — It doesn’t seem so bad by daylight, does it? —

There was time to visit his snag post, where a kitten played perilously with the iodine that was being dabbed on a warden’s cut hand; time to relax in a canteen over a cup of tea...
Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, APRIL 19


War against Italy.—R.A.F. made heavy attacks on enemy troops and material in Cyrenaica and Tripolitania. Bengazi and Tripoli raided during night of 18-19, and on 19 Derna, Bengazi and Gazala.

Home.—London suffered heavy night attack; casualties and damage being severe. Two raiders destroyed.

Over 200,000 women of 1920 class registered for service under the Employment Order.

Balkan War.—Greek and Imperial troops continued planned withdrawal, covered by rearguard action. Despite enormous losses, Germans pushed up reinforcements. Athens stated that in Kalabaka area Germans failed to force passage.

General.—Announced in London that Imperial forces have arrived in Hasara to open up lines of communication through Iraq.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21

Sea.—Admiralty announced torpedoing of three enemy ships in Mediterranean. Free French naval H.O. announced that submarine Minerve had torpedoed large tanker off Norway.

Air.—Daylight attack on supply ship off Norway and a minesweeper. Two night raids on Brest.

War against Italy.—During night of 20-21 Australian troops made two successful raids on Tobruk, capturing about 450 prisoners.

Air battle over Tobruk in which enemy lost four planes.

Malta had its worst night raid; heavy damage but few casualties.

Home.—Some daylight activity, mainly in S.E. England. Another heavy night raid on Plymouth, South coast town and other places also bombed. Enemy machine destroyed in Channel.

Balkan War.—Empire Forces, now occupying new defensive positions south of Lania, contact maintained with Greeks whose left flank is in danger from German thrust across Pindus Mts.

German aircraft repeatedly raided the Piraeus, Eleusis, Megara and district of Attika. Ship hospital Punikos attacked.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

Sea.—Admiralty announced that H.M. armed merchant cruiser Raja Putana had been sunk by torpedo off Casablanca.

Air.—Daylight attacks on targets in N.W. Germany and shipping off Dutch coast. At night heavy bombing on sea raiders in Brest.

War against Italy.—R.A.F. attacked Derna and other pockets. Eight enemy aircraft destroyed over Tobruk.

Heavy raids on Bengazi and Tripoli during night of 22-23, and on aerodrome at Calato (Rhodes).

Reported that Italian defending Dessa had been routed. Maji, near Sudan border, occupied.

Home.—Daylight activity mainly near East Coast. Night bombers again attacked Plymouth. Two raiders destroyed.

Balkan War.—Empire Forces consolidating new defensive positions at Thermopylae. Announced that King of the Hellenes and Government had gone to Crete.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21

Sea.—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine Urga had sunk 20,000-ton tanker.

Air.—Enemy tanker set fire on fire off Norway. Night attacks on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven.

War against Italy.—Attack on Toluk repulsed with heavy enemy losses. R.A.F. bombed mechanized units and aerodromes in Cyrenaica. Night raids on Tripoli and Bengazi.

Home.—Bombs fell during day in Kent. Night raids on southern England and East Anglia. Two enemy aircraft destroyed.

Balkan War.—German aircraft raided districts of the Piraeus, Aegina, Eleusis and Megara. Two hospital ships, Polikros and Andros, sunk. Corinth bombed.

Empire Forces continuing ordered withdrawal.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23

Sea.—Daylight sweep over Holland. Supply ship hit, railways damaged, iron and steel works at Ymuiden bombed. At night raids centred on Kiel, Berlin, Bremerhaven, Rotterdam and many other targets also attacked.

War against Italy.—R.A.F. bombed oil tanker and other vehicles between Derna and Harce. Night raid on Bengazi.

Home.—Night attacks on towns in N.E. England and on one in Northern Ireland.

Balkan War.—Air defence claimed that Pass of Thermopylae had been captured; also that troops had crossed from Thessaly on to island of Evia, and thus to Salonika.

General.—British troops reported in Mosul. Lord Gort appointed Governor and C-in-C, Gihilzar, succeeding Sir Clive Liddell.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24

Sea.—Admiralty announced that H.M. armed merchant cruiser Raja Putana had been sunk by torpedo off Casablanca.

Air.—Daylight attacks on targets in N.W. Germany and shipping off Dutch coast. At night heavy bombing on sea raiders in Brest.

War against Italy.—R.A.F. attacked Derna and other pockets. Eight enemy aircraft destroyed over Tobruk.

Heavy raids on Bengazi and Tripoli during night of 22-23, and on aerodrome at Calato (Rhodes).

Three supplies ships off Norway attacked. Big night attack on Hamburg, Emden, Bremerhaven and Cuxhaven, and at Le Havre and Ymuiden.

War against Italy.—In Sollum area enemy crossed frontier at several points. In Abyssinia British captured Dessa.

Home.—Mersey side attacked at night.

Balkan War.—Empire troops fighting tenacious rearguard action N.W. of Athens. German parachutists captured Corinth.

REGISTRATION OF WOMEN for war service began on Saturday, April 19, 1941. Above are some of those born in 1920 waiting to register at a Westminster Labour Exchange. Over 500,000 women registered, and some of them were married on that morning and went on to the exchange to register. A large number of young women in later categories did not wait to be called up but enlisted in one of the uniformed services, the W.R.N.S., the A.T.S. and the W.A.A.F., during the week-end.