THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE. Not long since a merchant ship was attacked in the Atlantic by a German U-boat. When the torpedo struck, an S.O.S was picked up by one of our destroyers, which raced to the scene. Abandoning their doomed ship (seen in the background), the merchant sailors on a raft, and in two lifeboats, are nearing safety. Saved from death, they ask only to serve again.

Photo, "Daily Mirror," Exclusive to The War Illustrated
AS the second anniversary of the outbreak of the War will have passed before our next number appears, the occasion suggests some reflections prompted mainly by a recent sojourn at a certain English Spa where I had the refreshment of meeting a number of my compatriots whose opinions on the War startled me in their complete detachment from what I regard as reality.

WHAT shall I say of an R.A.F. officer who wore the rings of a Wing Commander but only in a nominal way, as he has never flown a plane and joined the service at the age of fifty in a strictly technical capacity? A most valuable man, mind you. He looked to an early end of the War—possibly this year, certainly next. Of a retired colonel with distinguished service and 'Poona' experience, who expected the whole business to be over by next Christmas? A sturdy optimist from Glasgow, who has done worthy work in the real spirit of national service, open to wager a large sum that 1942 would see the collapse of Nazism. What of him? And of several dear old ladies who were 'figuring' as the Americans say on returning to their evacuated homes at Eastbourne, Folkestone and St. Margaret's Bay in the Spring?

WELL, I fear they all wrote me down a dismal pessimist, little knowing that I am one of the real optimists: those, who, having faced the stark, staring, staggering facts, decide to march on, chin up. In this I take my cue from no less a person than our heaven-sent Prime Minister, without whose splendid energy and gift of expression I hate to think where we should find ourselves.

No man alive could have guessed beforehand what was going to happen in these two years. As the scroll of the War unrolls it is easier to hazard a guess at the succeeding chapters of its history, though the most crucial not even its most prescient student can forecast. But we have seen enough in the past six months to prepare us for events of early happening such as we only vaguely dreamed of when our imagination was running riot fifteen months ago.

JAPAN (still licking her greedy chops after the jackal meal of Indo-China) might be in the War up to the neck before these words can get into type; Vichy France will be an active and shameless partner of the Hun possibly as soon as sooner; certainly ere long Spain will be ripe—if not already rotten—as an adjunct of Nazi Europe; Portugal might be overrun by Hunnish hordes and have to move her loyal garrison from the Azores; eventually the U.S. must fight, and fight even more thoroughly than they have forged...

BY THE EDITOR

... the tools for us; South America will have to do far more than suppress Nazi agents in her ten republics: Thailand, Turkey, Egypt, Iraq, Arabia may all have to take up arms somehow—and soon! Even that valiant race of neutrals inhabiting the adjacent land of Eire may not for ever elude the maelstrom! Do I exaggerate? Make a careful study of the Nazi conquests before answering.

WHAT has Germany done? In two years she has subjugated Poland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden (don't tell me that tricky country is else than Nazi-dominated), and all the Baltic lands (excepting only Russia), Holland, Belgium, France (and much of the French Empire by implication), Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece... are there any others? Yes, Italy, and her comic-opera 'kings' on the Adriatic, while Spain (with Portugal to follow) is already in Hitler's pocket.

JUST think of that, ye wishful thinkers. And do please forget about next Christmas, or the one after, as a time for... the best wishes of the season... and goodbye to the Nazis for ever! Go on believing, if you like—and I would not dissuade you except as to your dating of the event—in the collapse of Germany from within. Until that takes place there can be no end to the War, but it can take place only when every German, with the exception of the small liberal and communist element that are already anti-Hitler, has been convinced that the War is not going to be a paying business. The millions of Germans who will eventually welcome the Allied armies when they march into Berlin and occupy all the great cities of Hunland, are hoping for Britain's collapse before American aid and Russian resistance can prove effective. The very Jews of Germany would as readily how they implored a victorious Hitler today and take a chance under Nazidom as wait to welcome—and they assuredly will—the triumph of the Allies.

Now, none of this, I insist, is pessimism. It is an unperturbed facing of discernible facts. Don't tell me this vast conquest of Europe, achieved in so large a measure by the connivance of the defeatist French, can be brought to naught in a few months, or a year or so. It cannot; despite our own rapidly growing strength and the solid achievements with which we have offset our earlier losses. All the theorizing one reads about Germany's hunger for oil and metals and grain notwithstanding. I assert, at the end of two years of war, that we are in for a Long War to which these two years are but the opening chapters. And before it ends the profoundest changes will take place in the economic and social life of Britain and every country fighting alongside Britain for the freedom of mankind.

So thinking, I would urge upon every reader the need to orient his life in accordance with the new conditions in which he will have to live it. To cease chattering about an early end to it all. To contemplate in all seriousness the possibilities of having to live for years to come, if not in conditions of actual, active hostilities, at least in a state of war, the end of which few of the older generation will survive to see, and which will potently affect the lives of the younger generation to their last days.

Above all, my reading of the situation demands an unceasing sacrifice from each one of us to help the Allied war effort, so that, although we are still very far from winning the War... "as Mr. Duff Cooper frankly announced on his arrival in America the other day, the cause of freedom—the right to determine the conditions of our own lives apart from State compulsion, concentration camps and subservience to a breed of official bullies—will prevail, and the War and the Peace shall eventually be won.

But certainly that won't be by next Christmas, nor next Spring; possibly next Autumn, or perhaps the following Christmas; but more probably the succeeding winter will at least see the beginning of the end. All which implies for us a tightening of the belt, a gritting of the teeth, and a deep resolve to "finish the job."

And as I am no pessimist, but a firm believer in our eventual victory, my slogan is... "once more unto the breach, dear friends!"
Soviet Women Have Their Place in the Vanguard

During the years of the Russian Civil War, Soviet women worked in first-aid detachments, guarded factories, fought in the firing line, joined guerrilla detachments, and derailed enemy trains. Today they are again in the vanguard as active helpers of their husbands, sons and brothers in the war for the defence of the fatherland.

Housewives are entering war factories to take the place of their menfolk, and are showing a high standard of skill and production. Women are daily achieving new records in many trades. More than a hundred women, formerly housewives, are now working in coal mines. Women are also giving an excellent account of themselves in metallurgical work. At the Lenin Metallurgical Plant women are doing the work of assistant blacksmiths very efficiently.

In the Moscow region alone the Trade Unions have organized during the last few days 177 groups of Red Cross nurses and 250 groups of volunteer Red Cross detachments, in which approximately 20,000 women, drawn from 350 enterprises, are studying in their spare time. The wives of Soviet scientists, artists, teachers, and all sections of the intelligentsia are training to be nurses. Many women have volunteered for blood transfusion. Others are organizing the dispatch of comforts for the troops both at the front and in the hospitals. The women members of the A.F.P. services have already displayed exceptional courage during enemy air raids, both in fire-fighting squads and night patrols.

Klavdia Nikolayeva, leading Russian woman Trade Unionist and Secretary of the Soviet Central Council of the Trade Unions in Moscow.

Comrades-in-arms, this Russian soldier and his girl fought side by side until taken prisoner by the Germans. Like the Amazons of old, many Russian women are taking a militant part in the war.

Wives of the commanders of a Soviet air unit refilling machine-gun belts. Housewives everywhere have left their kitchens and gone into the war factories.

A lathe-operative can be as useful as a tank-driver in the mechanized war, and many thousands of Russian women, employed as typists and clerks, have turned to making munitions and other specialized work in the war factories. Here is one who was lately a warehouse keeper applying her hand and brain in the great cause of humanity against Hitlerism.

A group of Russian nurses, having just arrived at a forward position on the east front, are receiving final instructions. Note how their keenness is reflected on their faces.

Photos, Associated Press,
British Official, Keystone
To Have or to Hold These, Millions Fight

ODESSA, Russian Black Sea port, is a prime objective of the Nazi drive in the Ukraine. On August 14 it was stated that Marshal Bazeny had left behind him a force of 108,000 men to hold the fortress and naval base of Odessa, and thereby block the German rush towards the Crimea. This photo shows the City Hall.

KHARKOV (above) showing the Dzerzhinsky Square, with a magnificent tenement building. Kharkov, industrial centre of the Ukraine, has been almost entirely rebuilt, of recent years, and is now a most progressive city.

KIEV (below) capital of the Ukraine. On the right bank of the Dnieper, 100 miles above Odessa, it is an important rail centre and air station, and the Nazis have been making desperate efforts to capture it.

Russian coalminers (above) of the Donetz basin, another of Hitler's elusive prizes, descending a pit. In the lower part of the Donetz river, a tributary of the Don, there are extensive coal beds which have helped greatly in the industrialization of the Soviets.

Beneath : tractor parts being placed on a conveyor at the Ordzhonikidze works in the Caucasus. The fine quality and immense number of Russian tanks are inherent in the mass-production of tractors turned out specially to deal with vast areas of agricultural land.

Photos, Planet News, and E.N.A.
**This Is the Ukraine That Hitler Wants**

In the Ukraine, Russia's south-western republic, a tremendous battle is raging as Marshal von Rundstedt strives to defeat—still more important, to annihilate—the opposing armies of Marshal Budenny. Below we give some facts concerning the appearance of this vast country, its agriculture and industries, and of the people who now at Stalin's call are converting the fair and fruitful countryside into a scorched desert.

Dniepro is one of the largest in the world. Manganese deposits are worked at Nikopol.

Kramatorsk has great machine-building plants. Kharkov produces machine-tools and tractors by the tens of thousands. Voroshilovgrad is famed for locomotives. Kiev is earning new renown today as an industrial centre. At Zaporozhia special steels are made. Today the Ukraine produces about 80 per cent of the coal mined in the Soviet Union, 70 per cent of its pig-iron, 50 per cent of its steel, more than 60 per cent of its iron ore, 70 per cent of its agricultural machinery, 72 per cent of its aluminium, and 35 per cent of its manganese.

And the people? They number just over 30 millions, of whom the great majority are described as Ukrainians; the minorities are Jews, Germans, Greeks, Armenians, Poles, White Russians, and many others. They are all citizens of the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic, which is one of the eleven republics constituting the U.S.S.R.

*The Ukraine, towards which the new German offensive is aimed, is shown shaded on this map of S.E. Europe. By mid-August the Russians were on the line of the Dnieper.*
Thailand May Soon Become a Battlefield

Very surprised were most people at the vehemence of a broadcast made from Bangkok on August 10. The Thais have been generally regarded, and with reason, as an essentially gentle folk, light-hearted and easy-going, the very personification of kindliness. But one would not think so from this radio declaration. Here is what the announcer said:

"The Thai forces will not yield an inch of territory. They will use every possible means of defense, and if necessary, will fight to the last drop of blood, and will adopt even the scorched earth policy and, if need be, gas. The Thai will die to the last man rather than surrender their freedom. If we have to retreat, we must burn our houses and destroy everything-food and communications, even the crops in the fields, leaving nothing to the enemy. Any invader who succeeds in over-running Thailand will find only the vast cemetery of the Thai nation."

Thai means "the free people," and the Thais call their country Muang Thai, the land of the free. They pride themselves on their independence; indeed, they are amongst the very few peoples of Asia who have succeeded in retaining their sovereign status. Up to a few years ago, Europeans enjoyed "extra-territorial" privileges in the kingdom of Siam as they once did in China, but these have now been given up, and by a series of treaties negotiated with Britain, America, France, Japan, Germany, and the rest, Thailand has regained her full autonomy. About the same time Siam's absolute monarchical was abolished, and under the constitution granted by King Prajadhipok in 1932 supreme power belongs to the nation, while the legislative power is exercised by the King, with the advice and consent of the Assembly of the

A boat in Thailand laden with rice sheaves taking the crop to a central threshing ground. On the bank are women peasant harvesters waiting to be ferried across the river. Photo Black Star

Council of Regency has the conduct of affairs. The Prime Minister—he is also Minister of Defence, Foreign Affairs, and the Interior—is Luang Bipol Songgram. Thailand has an area of over 200,000 square miles, and is thus almost as big as France and a little bigger than Spain. In the north it is mountainous, and the precipitous thickly-forested slopes should present almost insuperable difficulties to an invader coming, as the Japanese might be expected to come, from Indo-China. The only lines of advance would be along the deep river gorges. In the east is an extensive low-lying plain, sandy and almost barren, subject to floods in the rainy season and to drought in the dry. The heart of the kingdom is the great alluvial plain which slopes down to the Gulf of Siam. Then finally there is a narrow strip of territory in the Malay Peninsula, separating Burma from the Malay States. At its narrowest point, the Kra Isthmus, the Japanese (so it has been reported at intervals for years past) have had in mind the construction of a canal which, when completed, would largely deprive Singapore of its present commercial and strategical importance.

In this country of mountain jungle and fertile plain some 15 million people have their homes. Most of them are Siamese and Laos, but there are about half a million Chinese—in their hands much of the country's trade is concentrated—and numbers of Malays, Cambodians, Burmese Indians, Annamites, and so on. The great majority are peasants, living in the most primitive circumstances. Their needs are few, and those few are easily satisfied. The staple food is rice, which is grown easily enough on the great mud expanses. It is supplemented by fish and sometimes by meat.

The houses are huts, made of poles and brushwood generally built on the edge of
a stream, into which the refuse is most conveniently dropped through a hole in the floor. The principal garment of the Thais, both male and female, is the one-piece panoong, which is passed round the body. But in the towns men may be found wearing coats of European cut and soft felt hats, and the ladies of the upper class—there are not many of them—go in for blouses, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, sometimes even skirts in place of the panoong. Polygamy is permitted, but few men can afford more than one wife. Slavery has not been completely abolished, but there is no system of rigid caste as in India, so that low birth is no bar to advancement. Nor are there any hereditary titles.

In the nineties of last century it seemed likely that Siam would be incorporated by the French in their colonial empire in the Orient, but in 1896 Siamese independence was guaranteed by the British and France. Now her independence is threatened afresh, but this time it is Japan who is the menace—Japan, who having established bases and secured aerodromes in Indo-China, is believed to be striving to obtain similar facilities in Thailand, with a view to hostile action against the British in Burma and Malaya, and against Chiang Kai-shek’s China to the north.

On August 6 Mr. Eden stated that any Japanese move against Thailand must inevitably give rise to a most serious situation, while Mr. Cordell Hull declared that it would be a step menacing American security. On which Thailand remarked through Bangkok radio that both Britain and Japan had pledged their word to respect Thailand’s integrity, and that Thailand trusted both. It added “Thailand is quite strong enough to protect herself, and has no need for any other nation to come to protect her.”

But how far Thailand’s brave words could be maintained in deed is open to conjecture. Her army consists, so it is reported, of some 50,000 men; she has a tiny air force; and a navy chiefly composed of small craft, several of which were sunk or damaged by the French in the brief hostilities of January.
Our Searchlight on the War

RAIDERS OVER BERLIN AND MOSCOW

DURING the night of August 7 the Russian Air Force bombarded Berlin and Moscow and their outskirts—for the first time. This achievement was said to have been one of the greatest operational feats of the present war, for the raid was under taken from bases and in conditions which made the flight even more difficult than it is for the R.A.F. Moscow was reticent about the damage done; in fact, the first news that the raid had taken place came from Berlin itself. Germany's night attacks on Moscow have failed in their aim to reduce the Russian capital to a second Warsaw, for very few of the enemy planes have been able to evade the city's interception system. Moscow is equipped with the newest detector device, an American invention based on the use of high frequency wireless waves, which makes it possible for enemy aircraft to be located with exactness, despite darkness and fog, at a distance of a few miles. This early warning of their approach allows time for fighters to intercept the raiders. Any that get through have to meet A.A. gunfire made devastatingly accurate by the technical perfection of the detector.

FRANCE GOES FASCIST

IN a broadcast on August 12 Marshal Pétain announced twelve new measures which impose on France what is virtually a Fascist constitution. By these all political activities are forbidden, the powers of the police are doubled and those of the regional prefects strengthened, all secret societies are to be destroyed, sanctions will be taken against Freemasons holding Government or public positions, and a Council of Political Justice is created to speed up the trial of men said to be responsible for the national disaster. The announcement of this programme followed the appointment of Admiral Darlan, already Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, as head of the new Ministry of National and Empire Defence. He is now in supreme control of all naval, air and land forces.

SOCIETY HOSTESS'S WAR MEDAL

MARSHAL PÉTAIN has awarded the Croix de Guerre to Mrs. James Corrigan, widow of the American steel magnate, who, in pre-war years, entertained in London and Paris on a princely scale. When war broke out she was in Paris, and at once threw herself into work for the troops. She became the "marraine" of the 116th Regiment, and herself supplied and packed most of the comforts for the men, as well as for those of the 27th Tank Regiment, of which she was appointed Honorary Corporal. When France collapsed she went to Italy, and from there provided and personally delivered comforts of all kinds to soldiers in neighbouring camps. When the dollar was blocked she set about selling her jewelry and other valuables, in order to be able to stay and continue her efforts on behalf of the soldiers and their stricken families.

BRITISH STILL FIGHTING IN GREECE

FROM the mountain caves in which they live by night and emerge to hit and destroy the Cretans, about a thousand British soldiers and Marines are waging guerrilla warfare against the Germans in occupation of the island. They were cut off from escape at the time of the evacuation; their present chance of rescue or escape is small but, rather than surrender, they snipe and ambush the Germans by day, raid their food supplies and stocks of ammunition by night, and in the caves, which are their home, lead the hardy but romantic existence of outlaws. Many Cretan families fled from the towns into the mountains to escape the German bombers, and amongst these some of the British have found brides, to whom they have been married by a priest in a cave now consecrated to worship. So apprehensive is the youthful Nazi garrison of these tough, desperate men that no attempt has been made to round them up in their mountain fastnesses.

G.I.I. LIAISON REGIMENT

STARTING life as a very small unit in Belgium, this formation began with the colonel who still commands it, one clerk and a motor-car—this new specialized force of the British Army forms a direct link between field formations and the Commander-in-Chief. In Flanders, where normal communications were being constantly wrecked by swift enemy assaults, it was found that the only way of sending news of a battle to units farther north was by Q.T. The British H.Q. was by means of a small motorized detachment. Even under less chaotic conditions this new direct delivery of dispatches avoids an enormous amount of delay, and proved invaluable in Greece. The essential qualities demanded are speed, both of mind and of action, all members of this unit are picked men, and include many expert rough-riders in motor-cycle trials. In addition, the regiment has a fleet of fast little cars equipped with wireless, and even small aircraft which are piloted by the men themselves. All members are trained in map-reading and in military observation. It is not surprising that the exciting, adventurous life attracts speed-lovers from nearly every regiment in the Army.

INDIAN HEROES of the Merchant Navy: Mr. Torabolu (right) and Mr. Abdul Lotifi, leaving Buckingham Palace after having received the Medal of the British Empire.

Photo, Planet News

BRITISH still fighting in Greece.

Photo, Keystone

Indian Seamen who were awarded them for displaying great gallantry when their respective ships were sunk by enemy action. Abdul Lotifi, 1st deck Tindal, employed by the Ellerman City Line, was serving in a ship which was torpedoed in April 1941. "With entire disregard for his own safety he remained with the Chief Officer assisting, until all passengers and crew were clear of the vessel and he was told to leave." Torabolu, an engine-room Seaman, had served with the Ellerman Line for 25 years, and during the last war was torpedoed while in H.M.S. Katiamba. When again torpedoed in April 1941 he showed great devotion to duty, searched the bunkers for possibly disabled men, rescued an engine-room hand who was badly injured, and afterwards stayed at the emergency lighting plant until ordered to leave ship.

A YEAR'S SAVINGS IN A WEEK

A NEW form of War Weapons Week, devised by the Leatherhead and District War Savings Committee and since adapted for national use, has had striking results. Here each Savings Group in road, society, school or business firm runs its own War Weapons Week, aiming at saving enough to buy a particular weapon, such as a rifle (£7) or Bren gun (£50), which it has on show during the Week. In a 12 weeks' drive 144 Savings Groups in this district—which includes Ashtead, Bookham, Fetcham and Leatherhead—saved enough to equip a battalion. Their ordinary savings in one week would have amounted to only £770. They increased this to over £42,000, or over 54 times their normal—equal to more than a year's savings in a week.

BREN AND ANTI-TANK GUN demonstration in a timber yard at Great Bookham, Surrey, to members of the War Savings Group in the yard. It was hoped to provide £95 to purchase these two weapons, but so splendid was the response that this small Group raised £1,61 during its War Weapons Week—enough to buy 15 Brens and 15 anti-tank rifles.

Photo, Keystone
DEEP UNDERGROUND SHELTERS are being tunnelled near London’s Underground Railway stations, and this is one of many which are being made. The shelters will be divided into two storeys and bunks will be provided in each section. Each shelter, when finished, will accommodate some thousands of people, and admission will be by ticket, a large proportion of the accommodation being reserved for urgent cases, such as families bombed out of their homes. The shelter seen above will be finished and ready for use by November.
‘Arabian Tales’: Russia Ridicules the Nazi Claims

In a recent article (see page 58) we summarized the review of six weeks’ war that emanated from the Fuehrer’s headquarters on the Russian front on August 6. Four days later the Russians issued their reply, in which, as will be seen from the excerpts quoted below, the German claims were exposed as absurd falsifications. All the same, by mid-August the Nazis had not been checked in their advance, and particularly in the Ukraine their threat had assumed dangerous proportions.

Is there a Stalin Line? The Germans would seem to have no doubt of its existence. They have breached it time and again, in this place and in that. But the Russians—and they ought to know—maintain that no special Stalin Line exists, or ever has existed.

"German propaganda," said the Soviet Information Bureau in an announcement issued on August 18 under the heading, "Arabian Tales of the German High Command, or the First Six Weeks of the War," "while concealing from the German people the real losses of the German Army in the war against the U.S.S.R., feeds them on absurd lies. In its endeavour to explain the heavy losses suffered by the Germans, and the reason for their protracted marking time, German propaganda attempts to create a legend about the existence of a powerful, fortified Stalin Line. It is to be noted that the Stalin Line appears wherever German troops encounter the stubborn resistance of the Red Army and suffer particularly heavy losses."

Of course, went on the announcement, the Soviet Government have created fortified points wherever they were deemed to be necessary, but these did not and do not constitute anything which may be described as a line. The enormous German losses are attributable not to the existence of a Stalin Line but to the Red Army and the Soviet people are defending their native country with the greatest bravery and gallantry, and are transforming every inch of their native land into a fortified zone."

No less absurd, continued the statement, are the Nazi "estimates" of the number of prisoners taken and the amount of booty captured by the German Army on the eastern front. The German High Command has claimed that the Soviet losses during the first six weeks of the war were 895,000 prisoners, 13,145 armoured fighting vehicles, 10,388 guns, and 9,082 aeroplanes. "Here, Nazi propaganda has spoken for itself. The technique of these mendacious 'estimates' is as follows: after occupying a Soviet area, the Nazis immediately proceed to forcibly mobilize for all kinds of hard labour the entire population of peasants, Soviet workers, and women, or they drive them to the rear, declaring that they are prisoners of war. Certainly in this way one might count not only 895,000 prisoners of war, but very many more."

The same clumsy trick is resorted to by the German propaganda department when it publishes data about the number of war trophies captured—guns, tanks and aircraft. In concocting this data the Nazis apparently take first of all their own losses, add to this the Soviet losses, and then add to these extraordinary figures any other number they care to think of.

Since Hitler’s G.H.Q. has shirked giving the truth about these losses, the Soviet Information Bureau in Moscow is ready to fill the gap. "During six weeks of war, Fascist Germany has lost over a million and a half soldiers killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. These enormous losses account for the fact that the Germans are more and more often throwing into the battle soldiers of over 45 and youngsters of 17."

The Russian losses in killed, wounded and prisoners (the Russian statement goes on) amount to about 600,000 men. The Red Army has seized or destroyed over 6,000 German tanks; its own losses are about 5,000 tanks. The Red Army has captured or destroyed over 8,000 German guns as against a loss of about 7,000. The losses of the Germans in aircraft amount to over 6,000; the Red Air Force has lost about 4,000 aircraft.

So much for the Russian statement. But mendacious as their claims undoubtedly are, the Germans have made great progress in their invasion of Russia. The third offensive which was launched at the end of July carried the German armies well into the Ukraine. The Russian "front" at Belaya Tserkov, to the south-west of Kiev, was penetrated, and Marshal von Rundstedt’s troops swept down the corridor between the rivers Dnieper and Bug, so that the Russians on the southern sector of the Ukraine front were in imminent danger of being cut off. But Marshal Budenny is a masterly strategist, and he succeeded in extricating most of his divisions from the German trap, while leaving a considerable force to hold Odessa. The Germans claimed to have isolated Odessa and they succeeded in taking Nikolayev, but they did not succeed in their main object—the annihilation of the Russian armies in the Ukraine. Fighting tenaciously, Budenny withdrew his troops to take up fresh positions on the Dnieper; much valuable territory had to be abandoned in particular the great iron- and steel-producing region of the Donetz basin. But still great Russian armies barred the way to Kharkov and the Donetz basin, vital centre of Russia’s war production, and the as vital oil-producing region of the Caucasus. Elsewhere on the 1,500-mile front, the Germans were still pressing hard, but their progress was not so marked.
KING CAROL BRIDGE across the Danube near Cernavoda is reported to have been destroyed by Soviet aircraft on August 11. About 80 planes under Comrade Kukikov took part in the attack and direct hits were scored, one huge span disappearing into the river. The entire railway communications with the Rumanian coastal areas were paralysed as a result, and a pipeline which ran along the bridge was also broken.

In the German photograph below, two Russian soldiers are seen inspecting a giant statue of Lenin corn from its pedestal by Nazi.

This photograph, radioed direct from Moscow to London, shows a Red Army soldier lying in ambush with "Molotov cocktails"—bottles full of benzine—waiting to hurl them at an approaching Nazi tank.

RUSSIAN ARMoured TRAIN moving up to the front. A soldier scans the sky, ready to turn his multiple machine-gun against hostile aircraft.

The end of a German raid, brought down by Soviet air defences. Russian soldiers and collective farmers stand by as the plane burns itself out.

Photos, E.N.A., Associated Press.
It Was ‘Blenheims, Blenheims All the Way’ When the R.A.F. Bombed G

Here are some of the men who bombed the power stations at Quadrath and Knapack on August 12. The pilot on the extreme right of the photograph above went over the target at a height of only 30 feet. In the oval is the crew of one of the Blenheims. The pilot (left) is a 19-year-old Canadian.

Photos, "News Chronicle," Extensive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

The great daylight raid of August 12 on the power stations of Quadrath and Knapack, near Cologne, was one of the best organized raids in the history of the R.A.F.

Scores of Blenheim bombers, roaring low over fields and villages, often flying within fifty feet of the ground, dropped their bombs with precision right in the middle of the targets, leaving them, to quote the words of one pilot, "looking pretty sick."

The Blenheims flew in at a very low level to surprise the Germans and their tactics proved highly successful. A Canadian who took part in
Wherever I Go, Bright Eyes and Smiling Faces

THER MAJESTIES IN BERMONDSEY, during a tour of East End air-raid shelters on August 1. Wherever the cruel horrors of war have afflicted their people, they have, by their sympathy and by their own devotion to duty, cemented the bond between Crown and commoner.

H.M. THE QUEEN, accompanied by the two Princesses, presenting a miniature sword to the most efficient cadet (A. H. Taylor), after the "Passing Out" parade of a company of Sandhurst Cadets at Sandhurst College.

Accompanied by King George, the Queen passed through some of the worst of Hull's bombed areas. She has seen at first-hand what, in her broadcast, she termed "the bitter but also proud sorrow of war."

We, like yourselves, love peace, and have not devoted the years behind us to the planning of death and destruction ... It is only now that we are beginning to marshal around us in their full strength the devotion and resources of our great British family of nations, which will in the end, please God, assuredly prevail.

Through these waiting months a heavy burden is being borne by our people. As I go among them I marvel at their unshakable constancy ... Yet hardship has only steelled our hearts and strengthened our resolution. Wherever I go I see bright eyes and smiling faces, for though our road is stony and hard it is straight, and we know that we fight in a great cause.

It gives us strength to know that you have not been content to pass us by on the other side; to us, in this time of our tribulation you have surely shown that compassion which has been for 2,000 years the mark of the good neighbour. ... To you tyranny is as hateful as it is to us; to you the things for which we will fight to the death are no less sacred. To my mind, at any rate, your generosity is born of your conviction that we fight to save a cause which is yours no less than ours; of your high resolve that, however great the cost and however long the struggle, justice and freedom, human dignity and kindness, shall not perish from the earth. — From H.M. the Queen's broadcast to the Women of the United States, August 10, 1941
See the Americans Made Welcome in Iceland

UNITED STATES MARINES in Iceland make friends with British soldiers amid the congenial surroundings of the ubiquitous Y.M.C.A. Right, American naval men chat with a member of the R.A.F. beneath the monument to Jon Sigurdsson, Iceland's national hero, in Reykjavik.

AT REYKJAVIK, capital of Iceland, some of the first Americans to land come ashore. The secret of the landing was well kept and was first publicly announced by President Roosevelt in a special message to Congress on July 7, 1941. In his message the President declared that the United States could not permit "the occupation by Germany of strategic outposts in the Atlantic to be used as air or naval bases for an eventual attack against the Western Hemisphere." The action was arranged in the most friendly way with the Icelandic Government.
Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, AUG. 10, 1941 78th day
Sea.—Admiralty announced that H.M. destroyer Defender had been sunk.
Air.—Day attacks on enemy shipping.
Russian Front.—Germans advanced near Kiev and threatened to turn the line of the Dnieper. In north, Kehkholm still in Russian hands and Karcian defence unbroken.
Soviet aircraft bombed Berlin by night. Moscow raided by German planes, five of which were destroyed.
Africa.—Post on outer perimeter of Tobruk routed Italian troops attacking by night.
Home.—During night bombs fell at a point in Scotland.
General.—The Queen broadcast to the women of America.

MONDAY, AUG. 11 79th day
Air.—RAF made night raids on Ruhr towns of Krefeld, Rheinl and Munchen-Gladbach. Rotterdam docks also attacked.
Russian Front.—Moscow reports referred to fighting in Uman area, in Southern Ukraine. Germans claimed to have advanced to within 40 miles of Black Sea port of Nikolaeiv. Germans thrust east of Lake Ladoga and in Estonia were halted.
Red Air Force destroyed important bridge over Donube, cutting communication between Buharest and Black Sea ports. Night raid on Berlin.
Africa.—RAF made very heavy attack on Benghazii during night of 10-11. Fleet Air Arm attacked Bardia and Tripoli.
Mediterranean.—RAF bombed chemical works at Crotone, S. Italy, and military buildings at Cariati. Enemy collier sunk off Lampedusa. Fleet Air Arm sank ship in Syracuse harbour and bombed Gerbini aerodrome.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12 7th day
Air.—Heaviest day raid of war made by Blenheim and Fortress aircraft on Cologne power stations and other targets in N.W. Germany. Other forces attacked railways near St. Omer and power station at Gosnay. Fortress aircraft bombed aerodrome at De Koer and port of Emden. We lost 12 bombers and 8 fighters.

Widespread night raids over Germany, main targets being objectives in Berlin, industries in Magdeburg and Hanover districts and Krupp works at Essen. Aerodromes at Holland and Le Havre also attacked.
Russian Front.—Main German effort concentrated in Ukraine in attempt to capture Donetz industrial area. Russians reported that fighting continued in Uman area. Lull on Finnish front.
Africa.—During night of 11-12 R.A.F. bombed Gazala, Bardia and Derna. Sustained raid on Tripoli harbour.
Home.—Few bombs fell in scattered night raids over Midlands and east of England.
France.—Admiral Darlan appointed head of new Ministry of National and Empire Defence.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13 71st day
Russian Front.—Soviet High Command reported no important change on any front. German claim to have reached Black Sea and encircled Odessa not confirmed. Russians admitted that evacuation of Smolensk had taken place.
Africa.—During night of 12-13 R.A.F. bombad Bardia and Tripoli.
Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm bombed aerodromes at Catania and Gerbini. Home.—Few bombs fell on N.F. coast.

THURSDAY, AUG. 14 72nd day
Air.—R.A.F. made day attack on docks at Boulogne. Fourteen enemy fighters destroyed for five British. Fortess aircraft bombed Brest docks.
Main targets of night raids were Cologne, Duisberg and Duisburg-Docks at Chemnitz.
Large forces of night bombers attacked Hanover, Brunswick and Magdeburg. Smaller raids on docks at Rotterdam and Boulogne. Supply ship off Frisian Islands left sinking.
Russian Front.—Moscow officially denied German claim to have encircled Odessa, and stated that there had been no important operations on any front.
Africa.—Heavy bombers attacked Tripoli. Tobruk patrol wiped out enemy strong point.
Mediterranean.—During night of 13-14 R.A.F. heavily bombed Corinth Canal. Heralnd airfield damaged.
Fleet Air Arm attacked submarine base at Augusta (Sicily) and barracke at Syracuse.
Home.—Night raiders dropped few bombs in north-east, east and Midlands.

General.—Announced that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt had had a 3-day conference at sea, at which a joint declaration of peace aims was drawn up.

FRIDAY, AUG. 15 73rd day
Russian Front.—Moscow reported stubborn fighting in four main regions of Rzeczpol, Staraya Russia, Smolensk and Estonia.
German High Command repeated that Odessa was encircled and Iron ore centre of Krivoi Rog captured.
Africa.—Aerodromes of Berka and Benina and ports of Bardia and Benghazii bombad on night of 15-16.
Mediterranean.—R.A.F. attacked two tankers and two schooners, hitting all and probably sucking tankers.
Fleet Air Arm made night attack on convoy; two merchant vessels and one destroyer sunk, and another vessel damaged.

SATURDAY, AUG. 16 74th day
Sea.—One German bomber destroyed and two damaged when they unsuccessfull attacked a British convoy.
Air.—During two daylight offensives R.A.F. bombad railways and aerodromes near St. Omer. Nineteen enemy fighters destroyed for four British. Fortress aircraft bombed Brest docks.
Main targets of night raids were Cologne, Dinseldorf and Duesseldorf. Docks at Rotterdam and Ostend also bombad.
Russian Front.—Soviet communiques reported continued fighting all along front. Russians withdrawing east of R. Dnieper. Germans admitted large pockets of Russian resistance in southern Ukraine.
Frans claimed capture of Sortavala.
Mediterranean.—Night raids on Cassalla and Syracuse.
Home.—Night raiders dropped bombs in eastern and south-eastern areas. Enemy bomber shot down off S.W. coast.
General.—Stalin accepted proposal of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill to hold 3-power conference at Moscow. British and Soviet Governments signed trade agreement.

MOBILE POST OFFICES are among the new experiments now being tried out in order to overcome some of the difficulties resulting from heavy air raids. The object of the scheme is to provide postal facilities in any part of London where the local post office has been put out of commission through enemy action. Each of these post offices on wheels will have a staff of counter clerks, and messenger boys will be in attendance to take telegrams to the nearest telephone office. The first, seen above, was opened experimentally in the City on August 6, 1941.
They're Ready for War in Tropical Malaya

For Malaya's defence the anti-aircraft batteries of the peninsula, manned by British and Indian troops, have been constantly strengthened. Here are men of the Hong Kong-Singapore Royal Artillery.

Aid from the U.S.A. has been sent direct to Singapore under the Lease and Loan Bill. An American ship, which has just discharged war material, is seen with the Stars and Stripes on its hull.

JUNGLE WARFARE has been closely studied in the Malay Peninsula, and the fieldcraft is now of a high order. The R.A.S.C. in Malaya recruits almost entirely Asiatic drivers, Malays and Indians, for transport, and Asiatic dispatch riders are here seen making their way over the densely wooded country of the peninsula. In the circle is Lieut.-General A. E. Percival, British G.O.C. Malaya. He knows the country well, as he was G.S.O., First Grade, Malaya from 1936 to 1938. Gen. Percival was on the General Staff of the 1st Corps, B.E.F. from 1939 to 1940.

Photos British Official
The Royal Marine Forces in Crete consisted of heavy and light anti-aircraft batteries, a searchlight battery and coast defence batteries for the defence of the naval base at Suda Bay and the aerodromes at Maleme and Heraklion. A signal company 200 strong also landed. Although specialist units, each man had his rifle, since it is customary for troops that have had training should be that of infantry, and this includes, of course, training in the use of the rifle and bayonet. They were not, however, in the first line of organized infantry battalions.

After the main attack broke on May 20 the searchlight battery in the Suda Bay area was organized as an infantry battalion and put into the line south of Canea. The areas in which these troops were holding positions were in olive groves with small fields of fire, and the shortage of wire and digging tools had not enabled proper positions to be prepared. It is difficult to portray the situation at this period, when there was a complete absence of our own air support and formations of German bombers and fighters kept up a continuous "blitz" of the front and back areas, flying very low.

Worshipping the Parachutists

By day, no movement of any sort was possible. Motor transport and dispatch riders were immediately shot up, and any area which showed any activity was strafed. Communications were difficult to maintain, and all supplies had to be delivered to units by night. Two platoons of Royal Marines improvised from signallers and service gun crews, gallantly led by Captain A. L. Laxton, distinguished themselves on this day by driving a large force of parachute troops out of a 37-in gun position south of Canea which had been captured by the enemy.

Some of these small local actions required great courage and leadership, as in all cases the Germans were armed with Tommies, hand grenades and mortars, and when once they had taken up a defensive position were very difficult to dislodge, especially by troops armed only with a rifle.

The A.A. batteries, like those of the Army, were heavily strafed by low-flying aircraft during the whole attack and suffered corresponding casualties. The guns were in action in improvised sites up to the times of withdrawal. At Maleme, where air-borne troops landed close to the A.A. batteries and drove the gun crews from the guns, these crews remained to fight as infantry soldiers for the rest of the day and until they retired, when the position was evacuated. At Heraklion, where there were some light and heavy A.A. batteries, these guns had great success in the preliminary stages in shooting down German fighters and troop carriers.

Later, when parachutists in large numbers landed and were dropped near and in the gun positions, the detachments had to man their rifles, and succeeded in killing large numbers whilst still in the air. One Royal Marine named Lewis gun himself brought down two aircraft and killed many parachutists even before they reached the ground. The closeness of the fighting was further increased by the fact that the Royal Marine officer commanding this battery shot two Germans with his revolver.

In this area it is estimated that at least 2,000 parachute troops were definitely killed on the first day of the attack. In the later stages German reinforcing troops were dropped outside the main defences, and in one case surrounded an Australian patrol, who nevertheless fought their way back with the bayonet and brought in a large number of prisoners.

All these A.A. positions at Heraklion were successfully held until May 28, when all the troops, totalling 4,000, were evacuated by sea. During this period the enemy repeatedly attacked our positions both by air and from the ground, and on several occasions the Royal Marine A.A. guns were used in a direct fire role against ground troops. When the line broke in the Canea area on May 26, the Royal Marine searchlight battalion near Mournies was the last battalion to remain in the line and marched out in good order. Thereafter the credit for the rearguard action belongs to the New Zealand and Australian units, who fought magnificently throughout.

Caused many casualties. Contact with the main rearguard position was again made by the enemy later in the day, when a further attack was not pressed. From then onwards the Royal Marine battalion had contact with the enemy and, with the Australian Infantry battalion, who had been in action throughout the rearguard operations, were able to retire from the hills overlooking the beaches.

When the final order to withdraw to the beaches was given, the Royal Marine battalion was still under heavy machine-gun fire. Only twenty minutes' notice was given to withdraw. In order to distract the enemy's attention, so as to enable the main party to disengage from the action, a diversion was carried out by the heavy guns, and an infantry ravin in which it was known a force of the enemy had infiltrated. These grenades were sent to the full length of the line, used, and the grenades exploded amongst the enemy force down in the ravin. Long-range fire was also used to keep the enemy at a distance. This enabled our infantry to draw the battalion to withdraw according to plan.

The terrain over which this rearguard fought was alpine in the extreme, and ill-suited for evacuation. There was only one road, which dropped for more than 3,000 feet down through the mountains about 2,000 feet high to a narrow plain below in a series of acute hairpins, the lower half of the road being unfinished and covered with loose road metal, ending in a abrupt end on the hillside about 500 feet above sea level. The plain below was of the roughest scrub and limestone, crossed only by a few ill-defined tracks. The supply of rations and water to the rearguard was of the utmost difficulty, and during the last two and a half days the force was on reduced rations.

It was unfortunate that the Royal Marines and Australians who held the rearguard positions to the end were unable to be re-engaged on the final night of the evacuation, by their actions they enabled large numbers of British and Imperial troops to be successfully evacuated. This composite Royal Marine battalion, under the command of Capt. R. A. Garret, consisted of a searchlight battery, parts of an A.A. battery, two coast batteries and a number of signallers. All these men had been trained in the use of a rifle and light machine-gun and gave a good account of themselves as an improvised infantry battalion. A senior officer present remarked that they were a tribute to the versatility of the Corps. Thus ended the rearguard action in Crete—although in August there came stories that some of the men left behind were engaging in guerrilla war against the Nazis. (See p. 80.)

Great Traditions Maintained

The splendid achievements of the Royal Marines in Crete were recognized by Mr. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, in a speech on June 27. "I shall not readily forget," he said, "the thrill which I felt when the signal came through that the Royal Marines had been chosen for a part of great danger. Once again they had maintained the great traditions of the Corps. They displayed remarkable courage, which enabled us to evacuate Crete more troops than otherwise could have been done." Then General Wavell told me how magnificently your Marines fought, and of your own grand work." (See page 671, vol. 4.)
Waiting for the Next Round in Libya

INDIAN REGIMENTS are still playing a splendid part in the forays of the Western Desert. Here Indian troops are seen on parade at an Indian reinforcement camp. Their drill is impercable.

RED FLAG INDICATES
AIR RAID
DISPERSE—TAKE COVER
DO NOT ENTER TOWN

AR.P. IN THE DESERT. This notice is erected on the outskirts of Tobruk, where air raids are incessant. The red flag is hoisted because transport drivers and dispatch riders cannot always hear the noise of aircraft above the noise of their own engines.

Circle, Gen. Ettore Bastico, Italy's new C-in-C in N. Africa and Governor of Libya in succession to Graziani. He commanded the Italian Volunteer Force in Spain in the Civil War.

"Tin Can Alley," right, leads to a small desert camp; without the lines of empty cans which mark the roadway, even the most experienced driver could easily get lost in an attempt to locate the site of the camp.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright; Sport & General
Bombs on Egypt: Alexandria’s Worst Raid

ALEXANDRIA was heavily raided by Axis bombers on the night of June 7, 1941, the second severe raid on the city in four nights. Hundreds of civilians were killed or injured and considerable damage, some of which is seen above, was done in European and Arab residential quarters. Below, an Italian bomber, brought down by ground defences at Alexandria, is shown to the Egyptians.

Photo, Associated Press, Fox
I was there! 

The Norwegians Gave Us the 'V' Signal

A sergeant-pilot from a Beaufort torpedo-bomber squadron of the R.A.F. Coastal Command broadcast the following account of a successful patrol off the Norwegian coast in August.

I knew I was going to have a good trip that morning. The Beaufort torpedo-bomber which I was piloting is called the Wreck... W-R-E-C-K. It is the aircraft which torpedoed a German pocket battleship a few weeks ago. Its own crew were on leave and I was told to take their Beaufort on Norwegian patrol.

It was still fairly dark when I climbed on board, and the flight across the North Sea was monotonous; we didn’t see a thing until we made landfall at the extreme southern tip of Norway. It was daylight by then, and I turned and followed the coast for a minute or two. I could see for miles.

Then I spotted a ship in the distance, just off the Norwegian coast. I put the nose of the aircraft down, and as we dived on the ship I saw it was heavily loaded. There were crates stacked all over the deck and it looked a pretty good target. From mast height I laid a stick of bombs across the ship. I didn’t see the bombs drop, but Mac, the rear-gunner, yelled over the inter-comm in a broad Scots accent—"There’s one on the deck."

I banked and turned and saw the ship’s crew climbing into their lifeboats. They couldn’t get away fast enough. They just rowed like mad in the direction the boat’s nose happened to be pointing. I let them get away. Then we shot up the vessel from stern to stern. Every gun on the plane let rip. After that we decided it was time to get on with our patrol. As we left the ship I saw it drifting on to the rocks, while its seamen were still rowing away like a boatrace crew. Then we flew farther along the coast.

Everything looked very quiet and peaceful in the early morning light. Suddenly I was deafened by a short yell from the rear turret—"Messerschmitts!"

Hard on the warning came the rattle of the rear-gunner’s guns. There was one long burst of fire—then another excited yell from the turret—"I’ve got him! I’ve got him!" There was a short silence. Then came the news: "He’s in the drink!" I heard the navigator ask where the other fighter was. "I don’t know," Mac shouted back. "I can’t see a damn thing. I think he’s gone home!"

The whole incident was over in a few seconds. When I got the rear-gunner’s warning I turned to port to make the Beaufort fall on a more difficult angle. At that moment I saw a few tracer bullets whizz past over the wing, but that was all I saw of the scrap. The fighter had dived down on us from astern. The rear-gunner held fire until the German filled his wing sight—then he pressed the trigger. The Messerschmitt never pulled out of that dive. It ploughed straight into the sea.

We weren’t the only ones to have a good bag that morning. One of my companions Beauforts got a 1,500-ton oil tanker just off the north of us. The pilot dropped one of his bombs slap on the tanker and smoke and flames shot up. The Beaufort which the crew was trying to beach the blazing ship. It won’t carry any more oil for Hitler.

I must tell you of another interesting event which happened the same morning. During our patrol we flew over some Norwegian fishing smacks. My navigator picked up his signalling lamp and flashed the letter "V" in Morse. Down below I saw lamps winking back the answer—three dots and a dash. It was repeated several times—"V for Victory.

Our 10-day Voyage from Crete to Sidi Barrani

Here, as a postscript to the story of the Royal Marines in Crete (see page 90), is the account of the hazardous escape to North Africa of 139 Marines and other units, told by Major R. Garrett.

The Royal Marines in Crete fought until dusk on May 31, when, under cover of darkness, they were able to get to the beach at Sphakia Bay, on the south side of the island.

There they found men from many different units, as well as a boat which had two petrol engines and twin screws, but was like a flat-bottomed lighter built up with screens fore and aft.

Into this piled 139 men, Marines, Australians, New Zealanders, Maoris, Poles, Maltese, Military Police, and other Army details and Naval ratings.

On June 1, said Major Garrett, I got away on one engine, the port screw being jammed by wire. We stopped at the little island of Podovupa, 20 miles south of Crete, where I had every reason to believe the container was filled with water. For food we had bully beef and biscuits, but, not knowing how long we were going to be at sea, I restricted the rations to inch-and-a-half cubes of bully beef and half a biscuit twice a day.

With every drop of water we could load we only felt safe in issuing one-third of a pint per man each 24 hours. It was enough to tense the mouth every four hours.

Having cleared the port screw at Podovupa, we tried to put as much distance between ourselves and the enemy by using both engines. We covered about 80 miles by June 2 when the petrol was exhausted from the port motor. Efforts to get it to fire while it was still hot on a fuel called Zieselte were ineffective. Then the starboard clutch began to slip so badly that recourse was had to sail—improvised from blankets sewn together with spun yarn.

At this time we had a fair wind and we made about a knot, but later the vessel, flat-bottomed as she was and with this built-up stern, was the game of every puff.

Once she got under our course, neither rudders nor improvised oars would pull her back. So we had to send men over the side, and as they swam their combined efforts were able to push her stern round until we were on our course again.

Meantime, inside the boat exhausted men were labouring at the engines—because we had discovered that tins which were thought to contain water proved to contain eight gallons of petrol. We didn’t know whether we were glad or sorry, for our water position was then desperate.

Still, by bullying the mechanics, I fear, I managed to get the gearbox of the port engine in place of the starboard one, whose clutch was slipping. By the morning of June 5 we were completely out of petrol.

That day and the next we turned to make an improvised craft which would proceed
more swiftly than our miserable 20 miles a day. First we tried a raft made of oil tins, but it was too buoyant, and threw the men off. Next day we rigged up a canvas canoe, but it would only hold one man—and all of us were too weak to risk being the one to be sent ahead in the canoe for aid.

Finally, on the 7th, we concentrated on making more sail with blankets, and rigging up some sort of jib. This left us bitterly cold at night. On the 8th two men died.

By this time we would all have died had we not rigged up apparatus for distilling sea water. This consisted of two petrol tins joined together with piping. We boiled sea water in one, using the hitherto despised Zieselite as fuel, and condensed the steam by wrapping it in blankets until it dripped pure water into the second tin.

Finally, we sighted land 12 miles off, and at 1.30 a.m. on the morning of June 10 landed west of Sidi Barrani.

Within a quarter of an hour two Maoris, by what they called "Maori instinct," discovered a well of fresh water. This enabled the crew to sustain a march of five miles. Then we were picked up by a unit of the Western Desert Army, and given a hot meal of bully beef and potatoes, which tasted wonderful. The disappointments of the journey included two occasions when they thought they were sighted by British aeroplanes.—"Daily Mail."

It Seemed as if Our Whole Hospital Was Lifted Up

Badly wounded and shocked by a bomb explosion at the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road, London, the staff remained on duty until all the patients had been removed to safety. Their story is told by Miss Catherine McGovern, Assistant Matron, who, with Dr. Bathfield and Staff Sister Marmion, was awarded the George Medal.

It was between three and four in the morning. I was sitting in front of the fire with two Sisters in the board-room of the hospital on the ground floor. Dr. Bathfield (see page 160, Vol. 4) was standing talking to us. It was no night for bed; the Alarm had gone, we had heard bombs exploding, and were ready to receive casualties.

It came all of a sudden—it seemed as if the whole hospital was lifted up and would fall down on top of us. The blast threw us all in a heap. Electric cables, gas and water pipes were broken. Everything went black; the air was full of choking dust. The ceiling had come down; the walls and windows had come out. We were hit by everything that could move—the glass from the windows, the frames of the windows, the plaster from the walls, furniture and medicine bottles. There wasn't one of us who wasn't cut, mostly in the head, arms, or legs, and eye injuries, and afterwards everyone wondered how we managed to get out of the heap of stuff that poured on to us.

At first we didn't know what had happened. It was quite plain that the face of the hospital was blown out. I thought as I got to my feet, "What has happened upstairs?" There were also the maids to think of. They were sleeping on mattresses in the basement, and what a miraculous escape they had! That big bomb went straight down just in front of and under the main stair. It exploded on the ground floor. These maids were brave; they came up the broken stairs bringing stretchers and the porters with them.

Dr. Bathfield was bleeding all the time from wounds in his face, but he thought only about the patients and how they could be taken out of their beds. Staff Sister Marmion (see page 620, Vol. 4), in charge of the men's ward, had a terrible time. Wounded as she was by glass, she first of all had to deal with a poor fellow who had lost his whole family two nights before. He went crazy when the bomb struck us, and, calling out, "It's finished—this isn't going to happen to me again!" he was making his way to throw himself from the great hole in the wall where the window had been, when Sister Marmion caught him. She thinks it was the sight of the blood streaming down her face that brought him back to his senses. He said to her, "Let me be. You look after the others," and then made his own way downstairs.

She then went to a man who was pinned down by a heavy window-frame. His legs had already been broken in another raid. She got him to put his arms around her neck, and so lifted him on to her back and
August 29th, 1941
The War Illustrated

I WAS THERE!

Three of the film crew—the first pilot, the Scots navigator, and the sergeant gunner with a shock of black hair—were together in one aircraft over Mannheim. Here is the story of the navigator:

We saw the coast and got a pin-point there. There was some anti-aircraft fire as we crossed the coast, but we soon left it behind. After that we flew through cloud. Then we came into perfectly clear weather, and from that point just map-read the way to the target. It was so light that I didn’t even need a light to read the print on the map. I could pick out the different colours of the fields below. We picked up the Rhine, but we didn’t fly down the river because it was lined with searchlights.

When we started the run-up I could see the target all right, but when we had got halfway drifting cloud hid it. When we came out of cloud again I heard my pilot say, ‘There it is down below as clear as day.’ But by that time we had lost sight of it, and over open field, so we did another circuit. This time we ran up into the moon, and you could see things on the ground more clearly. There were three cones of searchlights, each of about 30 lights. When I first saw them there was a bomber caught in each of the cones and the guns were firing at the cones with flak, flying up into the air and down again. We ourselves got a clear run in and weren’t attacked. I put the bombs right on the dot.

Then the searchlights caught us. The guns opened up and we started dodging and trying to avoid them. We came down to try to get away. There was a banger and rattling all round the aircraft. Shrapnel was hitting against the fuselage and in the rear seat. Wellington there was a smell of cordite from exploding shells. We were held in the searchlights for four minutes; then, when we got clear, the wireless operator shook everybody by calling up and saying, ‘Hello, captain, do you know the port engine’s on fire?’ Apparently one of the pipes had been split up our minds that if anything worse was going to happen it would have happened already. The flames were still coming out of the cowling when we landed, and they only went out when the engine was cut off. We counted 37 shrapnel holes in the aircraft afterwards.

The pilot of the new ‘F for Freddie’ which has now replaced the one in the film was also over Mannheim. He said:

Over Germany the moon was so bright that you could see for 30 miles all round. I’ve never had a trip like it before. You could see the hedges and the roads, even the smallest streams and railway lines as well. We had been to Mannheim before. It was empty. We picked up the Rhine and then…

This "still" from the R.A.F. film "Target for Tonight" shows, smoking his pipe, the first pilot of the Wellington bomber, "F for Freddie," which is featured in the film. He took part in the big attack on Mannheim on July 5, and his story is told in this page.

We laid our bombs across the docks. Then, coming home, we gave the two gunners a night out. First we had go at the railway station in a fair-sized town just west of Mannheim. We went down to 500 feet to wake the stationmaster up, and to give the gunners some exercise. There were three rows of trucks on the sidings and some warehouses beside them. We raked them with fire from both turrets. The station had a glass roof and we made a mess of it; you could see the bullets smashing the glass. As soon as we began to fire the Germans started on us with pom-poms, so we thought we’d get along to the next place. We found some goods yards and warehouses in another town and machine-gunned them from 300 feet. There was no opposition at all there. All the time we were in Germany the gunners kept calling me up whenever they saw a town.

"There’s a likely-looking place, sir," they said, "there must be a railway station there." But we had to save some ammunition in case we met fighters, so after the second town we came quietly home.

The pilot of another bomber which attacked a large chemical factory at Ludwigs-haven on the same night said:

We saw a great explosion, and enormous orange-red flames leaped up hundreds of feet into the air. My rear gunner said he could see the glow in the sky when we were a hundred miles away, and we only lost sight of it because we ran into cloud."
The Editors Postscript

August 20th, 1941

A book society to which I subscribe sent me a "choice" volume just as I went off on my brief holiday. It is by an author of repute none of whose limited writings I had read: Richard Hughes. It is entitled "In Hazard," a phrase that means no more to me now than I have read the book than it did before. I must have been thinking on something, new, moving, great, after I had read a few pages and regretted that I had not read the author's earlier work, "A High Wind in Jamaica,"... I have been struck by the description of a modern shipment: the soul of the ship analysed and laid bare, as it were, vivid, instant with the actuality of things; as I read on and on the suggestion of a terrific hurricane was developed... until I got seasick of ship and hurricane and didn't care a bean what happened to either.

But why do authors who don't know the Scots language attempt to write it? There are passages in "In Hazard" that are laughably grotesque; as grossly untruthful. I had attempted to write a line or two of colloquial German, knowing mighty little of the mother tongue, and the Scottish readers to listen to this: "Wool, noo. Are we to tak' it that a human Christinan is compound body, mind, 's an' its spierit?" "The body does, the spierit leaves!"...

That's nather spierit nor body. Yet it's vea boon up wi' the body. A disease o' the body causes the body to owerblow on the body can blot out the min'. The min', like the body, grows auld an' decays. The dairth, that's the body, is it? Is that the daith o' the min' tae?"

"Allovin' it be," said MacDonald.

"And in the future life canna be of a vera paisonar nature, A'm thinkin'; it's a saft, imbuckle sort o' thing ma spierit would be wi'oot ma min'..."

Never have I heard a Scot speak like that. Nor can I approve. No, I think that when he makes MacDonald say of the Chinese, "They dinna min' daith, wha wit a whit', mon's min', an' every Englishman may think so, no Scot ever, ever said 'mon' for 'man' ("mon' would be "man"), or no whit' ("which implies a question") when he would surely have said "th' wey,' and when I read "In the next World Man (not Mon this time) casts reason, Mr. Soutar, as I taw'd ye," I can neither accept the needless capitals nor "taw'd," and when he has said the whole passage is absurd to any Scotsman. I'm sure that all the interesting and fascinating things about a ship in a hurricane are truer to life than his "Scott" is to the Scots with which I am familiar. Apropos of this, I had to point out to many people that F. Frankfort Moore when he attempted some Scottish dialogue (which ought to have come easy to an Ulster man) in one of his many popular novels on the Scots equivalent of "Lord." He had written "By the Laird I hae ye the noo," Which being English would read "By the Squire I have ye now."