A SOVIET GRANARY destroyed by the retreating Russian soldiers. Searching the still smouldering ruins are a few Soviet peasants, gleaning what the fire has not reduced to ashes, lest even a handful should be left for the oncoming Nazi invaders. The destruction of all things—grain, houses, machinery—likely to assist Hitler, is one of the greatest patriotic gestures in history. Russia is willing to sacrifice her material progress to preserve ultimately her freedom.
The Way of the War

FROM 14 TO 8: OUR WAR AIMS TAKE SHAPE

FORTY Commandments? Why, le bon Dieu himself had only ten! The French astronomer Camus, commenting on the peace proposals put forward by President Wilson in January 1918, the cynical old freethinker might have been less contemptuous of the "Atlantic Charter" if Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt between them had produced only eight points.

Wilson formulated his "Points" in an address to Congress. Of the fourteen, the first five were expounded in his "open" covenant of peace—open diplomacy, in other words; freedom of the seas; removal of economic barriers; reduction of armaments; and reaffirmation of all previous claims based upon the principle that the interests of the populations must have equal weight with the claims of the governments concerned. This was followed by a list of rectifications of the political map of Europe. Finally, the Fourteenth Point ran: "A general association of nations must be formed for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike."

That was in 1918. Now in 1941 we have the "Atlantic Charter" (see page 110). None of its Eight Points is concerned with frontier revision, whether because the two statesmen who framed them think it is too early to make detailed proposals, or because it is assumed that we shall bear in mind Mr. Churchill's frequent declarations that all the territorial wrongs worked by Hitler in recent years shall be made good. In 1918 the draftsmen were concerned with broad principles. Britain and America seek no aggrandizement, desire no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned, respect the right of all peoples to choose their own form of government and wish to see the restoration of sovereign rights and self-government to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.

Following these expressions of political resolve and intention are two "Points" in the economic sphere. The one declares that Britain and the United States should co-operate "with due respect for their existing obligations"—some have hastened to point out that if this reservation means anything it may well mean danger to our hopes and plans for a permanent improvement in international relations—"to develop the economic prosperity of a great or small, victor or vanquished," shall have equal access to the trade and raw materials of the world for trade and economic prosperity. The other, by way of corollary, expresses the desire that there should be the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field, with the object of securing for all improved labour standards, economic advancement, and social security. "Atlantic Charter"! Eight points, no points.

The next Point expresses the hope that after the destruction of Nazi tyranny there will be established a peace which will afford to all nations the right to live in safety within their own boundaries, which will afford assurance that all men—the emphasis is on the all, as Mr. Attlee was at pains to show when he read out the declaration over the wireless—in all lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want. Here surely we have an echo of Roosevelt's "Four Freedoms" speech of a few months ago.

That the peace shall permit all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance is hardly an improvement on Wilson, since he demanded "freedom of the seas" alike in times of war and times of peace. Then the eighth and last Point declares that all the nations of the world must come to the abandonment of the use of force. Yet since peace cannot be maintained if armaments continue to be employed by the aggressor nations, these nations must be disarmed until a wider and permanent system of general security is established. Wilson could hope and work for a world in which there would be no more war. A quarter of a century later all we may expect is that "all practical measures" will be taken "to lighten for peace-loving peoples the crushing burden of armaments."

Here is the first of the two distinct and marked differences which Mr. Churchill has pointed out between the Atlantic Charter and the attitude adopted by the Allies during the latter part of the last war. The possibility of future war cannot be ruled out; hence, while disarming the nations guilty of having broken the peace, we must remain "suitably protected" ourselves. And the second difference is that whereas after the last war we tried to ruin German trade, now we have definitely adopted the view that it is not in the interests of the world and of our two countries that any large nation should be unpropitious or shut out from the means of making a decent living for itself and its people by its industry and enterprise.

In my opinion it is unlikely that the Atlantic Charter will find a place of high honour among the great documents of the world, among the charters of emancipation of the human race. It has not the ring of immortality. Where in this document is there one line as moving as Mr. Churchill's words at the times that try men's souls," or Jefferson's, "We hold these truths to be self-evident.

But a surety there is here, the suggestion of the gorgeous tapestry of Burke's grand simplicity of Lincoln or Bright, the classic power of Asquith or the joyous pith of Lloyd George. It is a draft rather than a finished document, a bold statement of working principles rather than a clarion-call to the human spirit.

Nevertheless, the declaration has been warmly and widely welcomed, and by none more enthusiastically than by Mr. H. G. Wells, who is himself a pastmaster in the outlining of "things to come." Mr. Wells has called it "the great declaration," and says that we have only to compare its Eight Points with Eight Points of President Wilson to realize the profundity and vastness of the change which has come over the human situation since the draftsmen of the Charter agreed with Mr. Wells' devaluation of Wilson's efforts, but his tribute is all the more remarkable since he himself has been largely responsible for a "Declaration of Rights" which may well have been in the mind of Mr. Churchill—or if not, ought to have been. I have no space here to give it in detail, but it may be pointed out in broad terms that the "guilty"-Mr. Wells' "The Commonsense of War and Peace." Suffice it to say that it consists of eleven main provisions: the right to live, the protection of minors, the duty of every man to give his quota of service to the community, the right to knowledge, the right of freedom of thought and worship, the right to work, the right to enjoy personal property, freedom of movement, personal liberty from violence, and the right to have a part in the making of the laws. In some directions Mr. Wells goes farther than either Wilson or Roosevelt-Churchill. He realizes the vast revolutionary changes which have come over the world during the last few generations, the last few decades. He knows that we live in a world of potential plenty; he realizes the "out-of-dateness" of national boundaries, that "sovereignty" is so old-fashioned as to be positively dangerous. But such vision and understanding are only to be expected in one who is not a statesman but a seer.

Some there are who scoff at this Utopia-building. Why waste time discussing what will do with our victory when we are as yet so far from having won it? But such critics have no conception of the might of words, the magic of ideas to send men's feet clattering adown strange, untrodden and (as often as not) better and brighter paths. So may it be with these Eight Points, whatever their number, whoever their author, may help us to glimpse the light at the end of our present long and gloomy tunnel.

E. Rostow Pike
Stronger Grows Our Life-Line to the West

The Battle of the Atlantic continues, but the total tonnage of British and Allied merchant shipping sunk in July, 1941, was the lowest since April 1940, when it was 135,372 tons. Right, women and children gather on a headland to cheer the safe arrival of a convoy bringing food.

The R.A.F. sends crews out with convoys to gain first-hand experience. Below, a Pilot Officer sits on the bridge of a destructor with the commander. The net is to prevent them being blown overboard.

### ENEMY SHIPPING LOSSES

Tonnage Captured, Sunk or Scuttled since Sept. 3, 1939

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Sep 3, '39</th>
<th>Sep 9, '39</th>
<th>Oct 31</th>
<th>Nov 7</th>
<th>Dec 10, '40</th>
<th>Jan 7</th>
<th>May 18, '41</th>
<th>June 11, '41</th>
<th>July 9</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>German -</td>
<td>423,000</td>
<td>209,639</td>
<td>423,361</td>
<td>122,000</td>
<td>74,539</td>
<td>149,000</td>
<td>180,000</td>
<td>204,000</td>
<td>34,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian</td>
<td>273,000</td>
<td>192,661</td>
<td>274,339</td>
<td>149,000</td>
<td>74,539</td>
<td>149,000</td>
<td>180,000</td>
<td>204,000</td>
<td>34,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under Enemy</td>
<td>14,000</td>
<td>12,190</td>
<td>21,810</td>
<td>18,000</td>
<td>18,000</td>
<td>18,000</td>
<td>(Not)</td>
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<td>Control</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>1,035,000</td>
<td>691,639</td>
<td>1,031,361</td>
<td>419,000</td>
<td>267,539</td>
<td>419,000</td>
<td>360,000</td>
<td>362,000</td>
<td>77,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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Note: In 5-week period July 10 to August 15, Russians claim to have sunk about 200,000 tons (54 ships) in the Baltic and Black seas. Of the remainder in Col. 6, a substantial part was due to the R.A.F. and a certain proportion to British submarines. (See also Table of R.A.F. sinkings in page 28.)

Pre-War Strength Loss

German: 4,992,708 51%
Italian: 3,448,453 44%

For twenty hours these men have been continuously on duty as their ship watches over a convoy. Even now they can only take a cat nap.

U-BOAT SURVIVORS clambering to safety up the netting of the British destroyer which they tried to sink. In this case it was the destroyer which did the sinking. Photo, "Daily Mirror."

Photo: "Daily Mirror."
How the Nazi Snake Was Scotched in Iran

In page 106 the circumstances leading up to the Anglo-Soviet intervention in Iran were described. Here is an account of the military operations which led to the surrender of the Iranian forces.

It was on the morning of August 25 that British and Indian troops of General Wavell and Lt.-Gen. E. P. Quinan, launched a three-point attack in Western and Southwestern Iran, while Soviet forces marched into the country from the north.

Starting from Basra in the early hours of that Monday morning, Lt.-Gen. Harvey of the Indian Army, in charge of the forces attacking from the south-west, pushed in three lines of attack. One made a surprise landing at Abadan, where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. has large refineries, machine shops, storage tanks, and shipping facilities for dealing with its oil; the second force made an all-night march across sandy desert and captured Khorramshahr from the north; the third headed towards Ahwaz, an important town on the Persian Gulf. The landing at Abadan was made with the help of naval and air cooperation. After sailing down the Tigris, tugs and sloops landed Indian troops direct at the Abadan wharf. Considerable opposition was encountered here, but after seven hours of hand to hand fighting the town was captured and the Iranian forces retired northwards.

While this was going on, naval units put out of action two Iranian gunboats which opened fire, set on fire the Iranian capital of Babr, and captured several Axis ships found lying in the harbour at Bandar Shapur, in the Persian Gulf, which was occupied by another detachment of Indian troops.

During the first hours of the attack Admiral Beyendor, head of the Iranian navy, met his death while organizing resistance near Khorramshahr.

Spearhead of the Attack

Meanwhile, another force, operating from Khankin, crossed the western frontier of Iran, passed through Qasr-i-Shirin, and advanced along the road to Kermanshah. A British Hussar regiment, belonging to the Indian armoured brigade, formed the spearhead of the attack. Crossing the 180 miles north of Chosroes the Hussars circled round Qasr-i-Shirin, cutting the town's communications with the west and at the same time getting astride the main road between Qasr-i-Shirin and Kermanshah. Here they met a detachment of Ghurkhas and led them towards the Pataik Pass. Another column crossed the frontier at Chosroes and headed south-east towards Gilan, the object of trying to get in the rear of any Iranian force which might attempt to hold the strong defensive position of the Pataik Pass, where the road crosses the Zagros range.

Gilan was occupied after very slight resistance and British troops entered Shahabad within 48 hours of leaving Khankin. These measures taken to counter resistance in the Pataik Pass proved highly successful. Patrols sent out to reconnoitre the approaches to the pass encountered, not Iranian, but Indian army troops approaching them from the opposite direction. To avoid encirclement the Iranian troops had retired. As the British forces continued their advance it became evident that the Iranians were putting up no more than a token resistance, and on Wednesday, August 27, a new Iranian government was set up. The premier of the new government, Ali Furanghi, told the Iranian parliament of his government's decision to cease fighting, and as this was unanimously approved orders were at once given to the Iranian troops to cease fire.

East of Shahabad there was some fighting when the Warwickshire Yeomanry were sent out to take up a position on the Zibrit ridge about seven miles east of Shahabad. The Warwickshires were caught in an ambush and one truckload was captured, though eventually with the support of the Warwickshires held the ridge for the night, being relieved the next day by Wiltshires. The Wiltshires came in for a certain amount of shelling, but just as the British troops were assembling upon the heights preparatory to making a swift dash across the plain, Major Abdullah Massoud of the Iranian cavalry arrived at British Headquarters to ask for a cessation of hostilities. The British divisional general named his terms for a cessation of hostilities and thereafter the British attack was suspended for two hours to enable the Iranians to consider their reply. An acceptance was given to General Quinan and the British and Indian troops marched pincers across the plain of Krukor to Kermanshah, which under the agreement was to be evacuated within two days. Into the town they entered on Saturday morning, the city having lasted only three and a half days. As a special concession the Indian Army Command offered a token indemnity and gave main in the barracks and fly the Iranian flag.

In the south-west the situation remained calm. The people showed themselves friendly and were agreeably impressed by the British action of importing at once into the areas they had occupied 600,000 barrels of flour, 200,000 for the desert, the remainder for the towns. They were also impressed by the discipline and order of the British forces, which were well treated by the Iranians, and thetorch's hospitality and friendliness. The British government had sold for export all the wheat and grain harvest, as well as stocks of tea and sugar, with a total disregard for the welfare of their own people.

In the southern sector the Indian detachments had reached a point only eight miles from Ahwaz when Iranian resistance ceased and the Iranian General Mohamed Shahbakti surrendered. Shortly afterwards the Indians entered the town.

British Air-Borne Troops

During the campaign British air-borne troops were landed in the largest-scale operation of its kind so far attempted by the R.A.F. Several battalions are stated to have been carried from their base in Iraq by plane.

While these operations were progressing, the Russians, on their side, were making equally rapid progress. In addition to the forces moving into Iran from the Trans-Caucasus, Red Army troops made landings from the Caspian sea.

On the first day of their advance the Soviet forces penetrating into Iran from Trans-Caucasia progressed to a depth of 25 miles in the directions of Tabriz and Ardebil, and these towns, together with Dilman and Lissar were occupied by the Red Army on August 26.

On Sunday, August 31, less than a week after the opening of the campaign, British and Russian forces met at Kavzin, 95 miles north-west of Teheran, and Indian forces advancing along the Trans-Caucasian road met Soviet troops at Sehneh. As soon as the Iranian forces gave up the fight British and Russian mobile columns moved swiftly over the country taking over strategic points pending the signature of armistice terms. By September 2 it was clear that an agreement had been reached upon the broad principles which would govern the agreement of the armistice terms; although some difficulty arose over the insistence of the Allies that all legations under German control should be closed and Nazis sheltering in the compound of their legation handed over.
The Gate to India is Now Barred to the Nazis

NEAR TABRIZ, on the road to Marand, Iran. Tabriz, sixty miles from the Caucasian border, is an Iranian keypoint linking the country by rail with Russian Tiflis on the Batum-Baku line and the Turkish city of Erzerum. The Soviet forces entered Iran on August 26.

Oil refinery at Abadan near the Persian Gulf on the Iran-Iraq frontier, where British and Indian troops are now in occupation.

A bridge on the Trans-Iranian railway, which was completed in 1928, the system comprising nearly a thousand miles of line.

THIS GATEWAY, Tahera, one of the twelve covered with glazed brick, was erected in the 19th century. It is in picturesque contrast to the modern industrial buildings in the Iran capital. On the left, the new high road called the Great Western, linking Teheran to Bagdad in the south-west and to Tabriz in the north-west.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," Black Star, Lubinski
Soviet Striking Power

Powerful Modern Weapons of the Red Army and Air Force Shown in Panorama Form

Specially drawn by Havorth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

RUSSIAN MECHANIZATION. This panoramic drawing, showing a number of Russian fighting vehicles making their way along narrow, winding terraces through low hills, gives some idea of the varied and highly mechanized character of the Red Army.

Tanks: Fire Varieties. The tanks shown are:
1. Fast cruiser tanks of 16 tons with 2-inch quick-firing cannon. Bundles of scout branches called fascines are slung on the rear of these tanks and are used to assist the tank over deep ditches or traps.
2. 30-ton tanks whose main armament is a 3-inch gun. Small two-wheeled trailers are pulled behind, carrying drums of oil for replenishing the fuel tanks.
3. Small 8-ton tank, equipped with 45 mm cannon, being carried slung on its own trailer. This saves the tracks and suspension mechanism from needless strain. The trailer can also be used for taking the tank back to the repair depot if it is damaged.
4. Flame-throwing tanks, similar to those used by the Russians in Spain.
5. An amphibious tank, which can cross fords and small streams without having to wait for a bridge.

Mechanized Artillery. Russia has many of these heavy guns (6), which can be manoeuvred over difficult country by means of their caterpillar carriage.

7. Anti-Aircraft guns.
9. Quadruple machine-guns mounted on forlorn to protect troops against low-flying planes.
10. Light field gun and carriage.

Fighter Planes. In the lower left corner fighter planes of the Red Air Force are being serviced and refuelled whilst hidden among bushes and trees surrounding the airfield. The planes shown are:
11. The IL-2 Sturmovik single-seat fighter, which is armed with 4 machine-guns and has a speed of 240 m.p.h.
12. The I-16 fighter—speed 320 m.p.h., armed with 2 cannon and 2 machine-guns.
13. One of Russia's latest fighters, heavily armed with cannon and machine-guns, which is reported to have a speed of 350 m.p.h. and to reach 15,000 ft. in four minutes.

The planes seen in the sky are SB-2 medium bombers, which closely resemble the American 'Martin.' Their top speed is 250 m.p.h. and bomb load 1,100 lb. They are powered by Pratt & Whitney engines.

In a later development, the SB-2 has a greater speed and longer range. Most of Russia's aircraft bear signs of American inspiration but the armament of later models has been suggested by British experience.
The Red Army Holds On and Hits Back

On August 26 Berlin authorities, obviously perturbed that they could not promise of rapid victory over the Russians, let it be known that there must be a breathing space. There were difficulties, communications were long, the Soviet armies from one end of the front to the other had remarkable powers of coordination.

To put it simply, the Germans had failed to blitzkrieg Russia into a quick knock-out. They had hoped, by driving great wedges into the three main Russian armies under Marshals Voroshilov, Timoshenko, and Budenny, to roll them up in irresistible outflanking movements.

Critical as was the position of Budenny’s forces in the Ukraine he had saved the greater part of them in his retreat across the Dnieper, and had left large bodies of Russian troops behind to harass the advancing Nazis. Significant was the fact that Odessa continued to remain in Soviet hands, a kind of Russian Tobruk standing like a great rock in the surging sea of Nazi invaders, aided by units of the Russian Black Sea Fleet.

The increasing pressure on the southern sector could only be relieved by a strong counter-attack in the centre, and this had been proceeding for many days. On August 28 the news that General Koniev was near Gomel, accepted at first with reserve, indicated the terrific power of a Russian offensive against General von Bock, a manoeuvre which frustrated the Nazis’ plan to smash between the Red armies operating in the centre and south and turn Budenny’s retreat into a rout. As Koniev’s attack developed it was seen to be one of the most important in the Russo-German conflict so far, and likely to have a far-reaching effect on the whole campaign along the Eastern front. The fury of the thrusts between Gomel and Smolensk was such as to embarrass von Bock, who was apparently unprepared for it, and compelled to withdraw from his advanced positions. It also gave Budenny the opportunity to counter-attack from his positions beyond the Dnieper.

The Great Dnieper Dam Destroyed

The destruction of the Dnieper dam was confirmed on August 28. Having made use of the fine road along the dam at Zaporozhe, Budenny gave instructions for this great work to be blown up. Hundreds of millions of gallons, in a mighty wall of water, leapt forth, causing immense devastation on both banks of the river.

While Koniev and Budenny in the centre and Ukraine respectively were hitting back, a third counter-offensive was developing between Khelm and Toropets in the north in a effort to break through between Pskov and Ostrov, and so threaten the rear of General von Leeb’s army advancing on Leningrad.

On August 29 the Germans claimed the capture of Tallinn, the Estonian capital. It fell after many weeks of fighting, the Nazis losing at least 50,000 in this area. First scenes in the burning city were among the most horrible and violent since the war against China began. Continuous air bombardment was punctuated with lesser explosions as the retreating Russians blew up the port’s quays and warehouses. Soviet planes were using sky bridges to the flaming town while Russian warships and transports, with 50,000 men aboard, fought their way out to sea. Though Soviet casualties were heavy, the Russian Baltic fleet was reported to be intact as a fighting unit, and was acting as an important auxiliary in the defence of Leningrad by shelling the Germans advancing along both sides of the Gulf of Finland.

A diversion in the campaign on the East front began to manifest itself at the end of August in rumours of peace between Finland and the Kremlin with American and British mediation. It was also announced that Voroshilov had withdrawn from Karelia. Popular opinion in Finland was said to demand peace as soon as the Finns drew near to their 1939 Soviet frontier. The Russian move was thought, at first, to be a political one, but it is far more likely to have been a purely military measure to concentrate the strongest possible force in defence of Leningrad. The Nazis had been gradually drawing nearer to the second city of the Soviets, and claimed on September 2 to have begun to storm the outer defences, but official Russian sources expressed the greatest confidence that Leningrad would not be taken. As a proof of the city’s powerful defences in fighter squadrons and A.A. guns 500 Nazi planes had been destroyed round about Leningrad during the fortnight ending September 2. Voroshilov’s armies were fighting against von Leeb’s storm divisions with indefatigable heroism, and six dictators, including the Marshal himself, had been appointed to defend Leningrad to the last.

While the situation on the East front is still obscure, and decisive battles have yet to be fought, one thing at least is clear. The Russians have thwarted and are still thwarting the enemy in his main objectives. His territorial gains are large, but the destruction of material and the deliberate ruin of vast industrial works as a result of the ‘scorched earth’ policy have left the Germans in possession of a no-man’s-land which may well become more of a liability than an asset.

Germany has, in fact, little to compensate herself for the losses she has incurred. That these are colossal may be gathered from the fact that she has had to draw on her western reserves. Prisoners captured by the Russians say that they had been transferred suddenly from garrisons in France, Belgium and Holland.

On September 2 Moscow announced that in two months fighting 170 German divisions had been wiped out, the enemy’s casualties in the series of battles amounting to 2,500,000 killed and wounded. In the first three weeks of August the Nazis lost 12 armoured divisions, 37 infantry divisions, 8 motorized divisions, 17 infantry regiments and several storm troop divisions. The losses in machines—tanks, aeroplanes and guns—have caused an appeal in Germany for more and better weapons, an admission that Hitler’s military might has been seriously damaged by the Red armies.

Approximate German front, Aug. 12

The Eastern front, showing the approximate position of the front line on Sept. 1. The dotted line shows the approximate German front on August 12.

By courtesy of "The Times"
Our Searchlight on the War

MISS IOAN STAVRIDI, daughter of a London banker, was visiting her sister in Athens when Greece was invaded. She at once volunteered as a nurse and, at the fall of Greece, was evacuated to Crete. Here she became Superintendent of "Hospital 7," situated in a non-settlement between two strategical points. Three times during the campaign the hospital changed hands. All the regular doctors were killed by German machine-guns while out swimming. They were replaced, but Miss Stavridi, till that time the only nurse in Western Crete, remained unrelieved. On one occasion, while marked, the hospital was bombarded for two and a half hours, and at last she ordered the evacuation of patients to the only available place, caves on the Aegean shore. The injured included German paratroops with broken limbs, and by that time only one vial of morphine remained for hundreds of acutely suffering cases. Food and water were also running very short. Miss Stavridi spread sheets on a slab of stone in a cave, a few mouth and stood by while operations were performed. She saw enormous red crosses on to other sheets in an attempt to stop bombardment of the caves. But the shells continued to come over. When after 10 days' heavy fire she was discovered by German staff officers, they insisted on putting her on a plane taking wounded to Athens—where she is still nursing.

Farewell to 300,000 Listeners

EARLY August the inhabitants of towns and villages along the north-west coast of Crete were compelled to hand over their wireless sets to the Nazi authorities. Mr. Olaf Ryttjer, Director of the Norwegian State Broadcasting Corporation in London, gave a farewell broadcast to the wireless sets of 300,000 listeners who are thus cut off from truthful news. From all Norwegians,' said he, 'working on Allied soil and sailing on all the oceans, we send greetings, the last until we can once more meet in some way or other, saying that the bond which, during this year of struggle and suffering, has been strengthened between Crete and the front and the front abroad, can never be broken. The enemy are now trying to break the tie between the two fronts. That is why this time they have complicated the wireless receivers. . . The whole world is in the field, morally, for the enemy. It is an admission that the truth is not to their cause, and at the same time an admission that their own propaganda has failed."

THE VOICE

On August 21 a new irritation was inflicted upon the British wireless authorities, already harassed by R.A.F. interference and illicit listening to foreign broadcasts. That evening musical pro- grammes on the long-wave station Deutschiensender were heard for the first time. The Voice which denounced Hitler, the war and the suffering of the Soviet people, filled the air. German troops in the Ukraine, many of whom were mentioned by name, sometimes the music drowned the Voice but, in the softer parts it was clearly heard. The next day official announcements of the new development were made on the radio, and the Voice was heard. The method was to send out an interrupter by non-stop transmission, one item following immediately another, with intervals so short that the listener could not take in the meaning of the words when the tails began to overlap.

HOLIDAY CAMP AT GIBRALTAR

Gibraltar Garrison has been provided with a few thousand men with a three-hundred-man capacity. They have been able to repair the three thousand V-2 rockets that were destroyed during the war.

A.B.C.A.

"Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die," is an attitude of mind regarded by the German public with disapprobation. However, the high esteem in which General de Gaulle is held by his compatriots has confirmed nearly dead. The last nail is knocked in its coffin by the creation of a new branch of the Army the Army of Current Affairs, known as A.B.C.A. for short. The government has thus created the "Army of Current Affairs," which is at the disposal of the state. This new formation is under the direction of the Minister of Defense, General Feiss, and will be equipped with the latest technology. The government has been forced to take this step due to the political situation in the country.

Churchill flying at the upper yard of H.M.S. Prince of Wales and made to the convoy which is returning to mid-ocean. Photo, British Official

CHURCHILL'Ssignal flying at the upper yard of H.M.S. Prince of Wales and made to the convoy which is returning to mid-ocean. Photo, British Official
Where Nazi Gains Are Bought at Fearful Cost

Two Nazis hammering their way into other people's property, an incident on the East front that perfectly expresses the eternal Hunnish spirit.

When the Russians cannot stop the Nazi tanks with shells they just ram them with their own tanks. Here is a German machine (left), one of three crushed by Captain Kukushkin's tank.

Nazi motorized units impeded in the waters released by the Soviet's destruction of a dam higher up the river. On the right, a Russian soldier escorting prisoners of the 94th German infantry regiment to headquarters.

HITLER and Field-Marshal von Rundstedt after a conference somewhere on the southern sector of the Nazi front against Russia. Hitler's headquarters are now a fleet of lorries in which he and his staff camp, generally near a wood. On the right, Soviet submarines which were under construction in the naval yards at Nikolaev, near Odessa. They were destroyed prior to General Budenny's retreat across the Donetz.
There's Another Russia Beyond the Urals

Even if Hitler succeeds in taking the Ukraine and the Caucasus, Soviet Russia will not necessarily be knocked out. Far to the east beyond Moscow, in the Urals and the vast plain that stretches across Asia to the Pacific, a great new Russia has been made in recent years—a new Russia which is largely independent and capable of the most prolonged and determined resistance.

Not so many years ago Asiatic Russia—that vast mass of territory extending from the Urals on the eastern edge of Europe to the Pacific facing Japan, from the icebound waters of the Arctic to the torrid mountains of the "roof of the world" close to India—was lumped together as "Siberia." The very word was a symbol of barbaric backwardness. One had visions—there was plenty of substance for them in actual fact—of a barren expanse across which staggered the chain gangs made up of the Tsar's political prisoners, men and women sent to labour in the forests and mines because they had dared to suggest reforms, even to work and agitate for them. Very different is the Siberia of today. It is Siberia no more, not even in name; instead, it is a second Canada in the making, a land where cities have sprung up almost overnight, where large-scale industry flourishes and agriculture is making the desert blossom, where people whose fathers were unlettered nomads go to up-to-date schools and have a literature, even a drama, of their own.

Since the Soviet Union, under Stalin's guidance, became the subject of the Five Year Plans, there has been a marked tendency for industry to shift eastwards to the Urals and beyond. The regions about Leningrad and Moscow, the Ukraine, and the Caucasus are still the prime centres of Russia's power and mineral production, but they are too near the western frontier to be really safe and comfortable—to near, that is, to Hitler's bombers and tanks. So new industrial centres have been deliberately constructed hundreds of miles, even thousands of miles, to the east. Not only the question of safety has dictated this decentralization.

"The Soviet Union," writes Hewlett Johnson in "The Socialist Sixth of the World," "aimed at immediate and radical distribution of industry. Russia thrust north, south, east and west to the districts where raw material was found. Agriculture penetrated into lands hitherto neglected. Marshes were drained, deserts irrigated, forests removed, controlled or replanted, and soil enriched. New industrial centres sprang into being overnight, coexisting with the old in the same district. This has been the policy of the Russian nation."

The most important of these new centres of economic life is in the Urals Mountains, which lie where Europe and Asia meet. Here there are being worked vast deposits of iron ore, and already the Urals are the most important centre of Russian iron ore production, yielding 60 per cent of the total Soviet output. Sverdlovsk (pop. 426,000) and Chelyabinsk (pop. 273,000) are two of its most important centres; a third is Magnitogorsk, which is surely one of the most romantic creations of recent years. As recently as 1929 its site was occupied by the obscure village of Magnitaya (Magnet Mountain), inhabited by Cossack peasants, and herds of cattle browsed on the slope of the Atach mountain, which has been described as one vast lump of iron ore. Today a great city of 150,000 people stands there, with huge power plants, batteries of coke-ovens, and tremendous blast-furnaces. Great ledges have been cut in the mountain, and the ore has been extracted—the raw material of tractors, as of tanks. Where so recently there was a squatted village, there are now, we are told, 17 great blocks of workers' flats, each with its own department store, school, restaurant, and its own theatre. Roads of running water, electric light, gas, and central heating.

Although there is coal in the Urals, there is not sufficient, or rather, it is not of the right coking quality for the iron works and their chemical subsidiaries. Hence now Kuznetsk (Kuzbas) at the foot of the Altai Mountains on the borders of Mongolia comes into the picture. It is 1,400 miles from the Urals, but it has excellent coking coal. So the Urals-Kuznetsk Combine has been formed; while coal from Kuznetsk is carried by rail to Magnitogorsk, ore from Magnitogorsk is taken to Kuznetsk, and at either end are a number of metallurgical undertakings. Another source of coal is Karaganda, on the steppes of Kazakhstan, some 700 miles from the Urals; still other coalfields lie to the north of Kuznetsk on the banks of the Yenisei, and even at Pechori in the frozen Arctic. In addition to pig iron, steel and coal the Urals-Kuznetsk Combine also produces non-ferrous metals, both zinc and copper, of high quality. It is a model industry of a new kind. The entire region has been electrified.

From one end of the Urals to the other stretches a chain of oil wells, sited on an extension of the oil-bearing strata running north from Baku in the Derricks tower above the ice at Pechori, and they break the skyline at Cherdyn and Perm, line the banks of the Kama and the Emba, are prominent at Syzran and Samara, at the head of the Caspian Sea. Altogether this district bids fair to become what it is sometimes called, a second Baku," since already it is producing 2,000,000 tons of oil a year—about half the production of the Rumanian oilfields before the war.

South of the Ural-Kuznetsk region lies Kazakhstan, a huge, dry, woodlandless plain, with an area five times that of France. Only a decade or two ago the Kazakhs were nomads living in felt tents. Now they work in collective farms, in the coal mines, and at the oil wells on the river Emba, in copper smelting works and railway yards. Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan's capital, is a garden city, linked by railway with Kuznetsk and Tashkent.

From Squalor to Modern Industry

Tashkent is another city which of late years has been transformed out of all recognition. It is the capital of the Uzbek Socialist Soviet Republic, in what used to be called Russian Turkestan. This is the land of Bokhara and Samarkand, famed in history and romance. Until after the Great War they were ruled over by emir and khan; the women went veiled, polygamy was the custom, ignorance was universal, poverty supreme. Behind the façade of oriental glamour was a life of sifting squalor. How different is the picture today! In 1928 the first of the cotton mills were erected in Uzbekistan, and Tashkent and Ferghana are now busy centres of industrial life. Nitrogen is extracted from the air to fertilize the fields, since the development of agriculture has kept pace with that of industry. Uzbekistan is now Russia's chief cotton producing area, and perhaps its most rapid development is the complete emancipation of the Uzbek women; the veils with which they used to cover their faces have been discarded, and women and girls go to school and work side by side with the men.

Still farther to the east has spread the wave of progress. Where in Tarasist days lived tribes of miserable natives, amongst whom were dumped from time to time batches of political prisoners—there industry expands, minerals are worked, towns are born and grow to vigorous life. Yakutsk, only a short time ago a wretched village of a city of 25,000 souls. The same story of rapid development can be told of the Far East. The Russian colonies of the Pacific have been revolutionized. Immense lumber combines have been set up; the fishermen go to sea in motor-boats, and fish-canning factories have opened, while saw-mills and collieries have been started, together with engineering and shipbuilding industries. Sakhalin has a flourishing oil industry. Here Siberian cities with names that are increasingly famous: Khabarovsky, for instance, and Komsomolsk on the edge of the forest near the mouth of the Amur. And everyone is heard of Vyborg, Russia's principal gateway on to the Pacific.
In Asia the Soviet Builds a Second Canada

Mongolian Cavalry, part of the army of Outer Mongolia, where, after the death of the last theocratic ruler in 1924, was set up the Mongolian People’s Revolutionary Government run on Soviet lines. The photograph at the top is of the Soviet Siberian port of Vladivostok, through which United States’ supplies for Russia are passing in spite of Japanese protests. Beneath, on the left, a Kazakh of the Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan are curious about a railway switch on the Turkestan-Siberian line. Circle: Russian guard on the Soviet-Manchukuo frontier.

Photos, Pana News
The Soviet Union stretches from the Baltic in the west to the Pacific in the east, from the Arctic in the north to India in the south. Its total area is over 8,000,000 square miles, and the population revealed by the census of 1939 is over 170 millions. Far to the east of Moscow a great new Russia has come into existence - a Russia where many cities have sprung up and industry and agriculture are making the most of the enormous resources of the Russian soil. Should Moscow fall - should the Ukraine be lost - Russia beyond the Ural could still put up a prolonged resistance. Russia in Europe is seen in greater detail in p. 102.

Heavy industry (cars, farm machinery, munition, tool, transport and general machinery)

Oil fields

Aluminium

Oil refineries

Copper

Coal

Iron

Water power

Shipbuilding

Railways
The ‘Churchill Convoy’ Comes Safe Home to Port

FOOD FROM CANADA arrives safely in Britain. In page 117 is a striking photograph of the convoy which Mr. Churchill inspected at sea passing the Prince of Wales, and also an eye-witness account of the episode. Since then every ship of that eight-mile-long convoy has arrived safely in British ports, and above are scenes at the unloading. Left, bags of Canadian wheat being loaded into a barge. Top right, a crane-load of cheeses from Canada. Circle, girls examine a consignment of orange juice, while bottom right, another girl gapes gleefully at stacks of chopped ham. The Battle of the Atlantic still goes on, but it is being won by the British Empire.

Photo, "News Chronicle," Planet News and Keystone
In France Today: Patriots Defy the Quislings

In France the spirit of resistance grows ever stronger, and ever larger grows the body of Frenchmen who repudiate the "collaboration" policy of Vichy and the quislings there assembled. The photograph on the left is one of a series smuggled out of France by an escaped Belgian prisoner of war. It shows a manifestation at Marseilles in front of the monument to the memory of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Louis Barthou, who were assassinated in that city in 1934 by terrorists instigated by Ante Pavelitch, now the Croatian quisling. This manifestation took place on March 28, 1941, when it was learned that King Peter, the murdered Alexander's son, had decided to resist German aggression.

Despite the orders of the Germans, who, when they learned of an intended manifestation, closed all the florists' shops, scores of wreaths were placed at the foot of this monument in Marseilles (see panel, right). Courtesy of "France."

The Nazis having confiscated France's stocks of petrol, Paris takes to electric cars, of the kind seen above.

The parvis of Notre Dame, Paris (right centre), once crowded with sightseers from all over the world, is today deserted save for a few Nazi soldiers. Above right, two of the first French sailors, prisoners of war, to be repatriated. Above left, M. Laval, who was seriously wounded by a young Frenchman on August 27 while attending a parade of the Anti-Bolshevik Legion at Versailles, is seen at an exhibition seated with (right to left) Consul General Quiring, M. de Brinon, and Gen. von Stuelpnagel, General Military Commander of Paris.

Photos, Keystone, Wide World and Associated Press
**Our Diary of the War**

**WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29, 1941**

Air.—Defence patrols over northern France and Rotterdam docks attacked and much damage done. Heavy night raid on Duisburg. Many other raids, including revised German plan.

**Russian Front.**—Main weight of German attack transferred to north, but enemy still held up south of Lenigrad.

**Moscow N.**—Russian casualties heavy in frontline area.

**Iran.**—British having penetrated 100 miles from west, and Russians 100 miles from south. Kusar ordered “Cease Fire.”

**Africa.**—S.A.A.P. heavily attacked enemy dump near Barka.

**Mediterranean.**—Two enemy vessels attacked and hit by R.A.F. Powerful night raid on island in Crete, over 30 tons of bombs being dropped.

**Home.**—Few bombs from night raiders at points; shorter than usual.

**General.**—Menyes resigned Australian premiership. Mr. A. W. Fadden succeeded.

**FRIDAY, AUG. 29**

Air.—Ten enemy aircraft destroyed during offensive operations over northern France and off coasts of Low Countries. Ten British fighters missing.

**Rosenbaum Front.**—Germans claimed capture of Tallinn and port of Baltiki; Russians counter-attacked between Kholm and Torpeta. Widespread floods reported in Ukraine following destruction of Dnieper dam.

**Moscow N.**—Night raid on Tripoli; five ships set blazing and harbour damaged. Bengazi and Bardia also bombed.

**Mediterranean.**—Flt. Air Arm bombers based on FBs in Sicily. GB. Aerodrome at Rome.

**General.**—Assured that Hitler and Mussolini had had 5-day meeting.

**SATURDAY, AUG. 30**


**Rosenbaum Front.**—Stubbm and shipping along entire front, but few indications of definite trend of battle. Messia still holding out. Finns claimed capture of Viipuri. Berlin claimed 57 Russian ships trying to escape from Tallinn had been sunk.

**Africa.**—Another heavy night raid on Tripoli, causing fires among shipping. Flt. Air Arm bombs destroyed Bardia.


**SUNDAY, AUG. 31**

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced further successes of submarines in Mediterranean Fleet, which included sinking of two enemy schooners and two supply vessels.

**Air.**—Day targets included railway communications and aerodromes. Night raids on objectives in Rhone and Rhineland, particularly Essen and Cologne. Docks at Boulnoise also bombarded.

**Russian Front.**—Fierce fighting continued along entire front. Finns claimed advance beyond Viipuri; Germany admitted Russian counter-attacks north and south of Kiev.

**Home.**—Sharp night raid on Hull. Slight damage elsewhere. One raider destroyed.

**MONDAY, SEPT. 1**


**Iran.**—Armistice terms reported signed. British and Russian troops met at Seheh and Khiran before separating.

**Africa.**—About 100 enemy aircraft made dive-bombing attacks on Tobruk, but damage and casualties were negligible. Tripoli and Bardia heavily raided on night of 31-2. Considerable enemy shelling in frontier area.


**Home.**—Night bombers attacked north-east coast towns, causing damage and casualties. Two raiders destroyed.

**TUESDAY, SEPT. 2**

Air.—Daylight raid on Bremen. Low-level attack on heavily guarded supply ship off Duppitz; two hits made.

**Sea.**—Heavy night raids on Frankfort and Berlin. Lesser attacks on Mannheim and other towns in Germany and on Ostend and Dunkirk.

**Russian Front.**—Fierce battle raging near Leningrad. Reported that during past three days Russian aircraft bombarded enemy Black Sea ports, troop concentrations and supplies.

**Reported that Finns were negotiating for separate peace with Russia based on restoration of 1939 frontiers.**

**THURSDAY, SEPT. 4**

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced that H.M. cruiser Hermione had rammed and cut an Italian submarine in half.

**Air.**—Fortress aircraft bombed Rotterdam. Eleven enemy fighters shot down during day.

**Russian Front.**—Voroshilov launched counter-attack at centre of German advance on Leningrad. Finns claimed to have reached old frontiers at all points except near Murmansk.

**Mediterranean.**—Nine enemy aircraft shot down over Malta; many others damaged.

**Sea.**—Admiralty reported that H.M. battleship on way to Messina, torpedoed large liner and sunk tanker and supply ship.

**Russian Front.**—Germans still 50 miles from Leningrad, but enemy counter-attacks continued here and in Ukraine.

**Africa.**—During night of 4-5 bombing raids were made on Tripoli, Durres and objectives at other points.

**General.**—Announced that U.S. destroyer Greer had been attacked by submarine while carrying mail to Iceland.
A DAYLIGHT ATTACK provides opportunity for explaining a confusing matter. In page 85 bombs dropped on Knapsack seem to be going nose upwards. Here, in a series taken during a raid by Short Stirlings on the Potex aircraft factory at Mésauite, near Albert on the Ancre, the sequence is clearly shown. Top, bombs have just left the plane. Centre, the bombs are half-way down and the target appears on the right. Bottom, the target is hit: (1) machine-gun shoes; (2) shops and main assembly hangars; (3) assembly shops.)
This is What Tobruk is Like Today

Since the middle of April Tobruk has been besieged, though it is in no sense cut off from the world as the approach to it by sea is still open. Recently it was visited by a number of War Correspondents, and here we have an account, largely based on Richard Capell's dispatches to the "Daily Telegraph," of what they saw.

Lucknow, Mafeking, Ladysmith—these are three of the beleaguered places in our Imperial story where "ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England flew." Now to the heroic company is to be added the name of Tobruk.

Judging from the descriptions of the people who have been there, it is not exactly a pleasure resort. Even in peacetime, when it was just one of a chain of Italian towns scattered at intervals along the Libyan shore, it had few attractions, and now it has all the drawbacks of a place in the war's front lines. It is usually approached by sea, since on the landward sides, on the east and south and west, the ring of Italian and German troops is drawn tight. "Tobruk, as seen from the sea at night," Richard Capell reports, "rather suggests the Ypres salient in the old days, with an elaborate display of rockets. Very lights, gun flashes and bursting ack-ack shells." Daylight reveals the spacious harbour as a graveyard of ships; the wrecks number the best part of a hundred, including the old Italian cruiser "San Giorgio." Tobruk town itself is in process of being demolished by daily bombing, not to speak of occasional shelling; and the white city, with its hospital, school, wine shops and shady arcades, now lies battered and wrecked. For the rest, the 100 square miles—about the size of the Isle of Wight—contains within the perimeter presents hardly a landmark. From the harbour one ascends to the first plateau, where thousands of motor vehicles left by the Italians last winter lie stranded. In the sheltered valleys near the sea occur a few palms, fig trees and prickly pears, but on the windy plateaux, scorched by driving sand, only camel thorn struggles for life.

In this unpropertose place a little garrison has stood by since last April, and still stands, and is determined to stand until the wave of British victory for the second time washes its walls. "Although Australia is the predominant partner in the defence" (to quote Mr. Capell again), "many British counties are represented too, and the coming years will hear yells of tawny Cyrenaica, its tyrannical sun, its withering sandstorms, its flies and fleas and its invariably ultramarine brilliant meltings, told in the pageants of the North Country, the Midlands and East Anglia."

"Tobruk," he goes on, "is an epic of intercontinental comradeship. Australian infantrymen call the gunners incomparable, and while our men equally admire the grit and daring of the Australians who sortie into the unknown, these men in their turn thank that the Australians, bred in North-West Frontier experiences, are the supreme masters of patrolling."

So there the little army live, with their backs to the sea and their faces to the illimitable desert where the enemy lies in wait. Some of the defenders have their quarters in the ruined houses of the little port, while others live in caves in the hillside or in trenches cut in the rock, in the open desert or in the beds of dried-up streams. Yet others are stationed in the outer perimeter, in the line of Italian-constructed fortifications which makes an arc 30 miles long in the desert at an average distance of eleven miles from the port. Air raids are a daily, almost hourly, occurrence, and the A.A. guns are almost constantly in action. The log-book of one battery records some 3,200 incursions and alerts. Between April 9 and July 31 there were 437 bombing raids—277 in daylight, including 48 carried out by dive-bombers, and the remaining 160 at night. It was estimated that during this period the raiders dropped some 350 tons of bombs. Yet the casualties have been remarkably light, thanks in large measure to the caves with which the district is literally supplied.

There is No Beer in Tobruk

Save for the saving, life in Tobruk is uneventful enough, but it is far from easy. There are none of the amenities of garrison life. There is sufficient food, but the mainstay is bully—bully—but fresh vegetables and fruit are hard to come by, and tinned herrings are not particularly appetizing in that torrid climate. There are no girls, no cinemas, no canteens. The water comes from deep wells or from the distilling plant which the Italians left behind them; it is apt to spoil the whisky—when whisky is to be had. And as for beer—well, there is no beer. That, perhaps, is the garrison's chief grievance. Sweetering in the blazing sun they think longingly of the bars they used to know. One of them, an Australian lieutenant, has been moved to write an ode which runs as follows:

Oh, sleek brown shape, thou prize of my despair,
Mine inner man cries out for thee;
Mine eager lips, my thirsty throat aspiring
To taste thee, brew sublime and fine.
In dreams I see thee held aloft and shining;
Thy sparkling fluid throbeth near;
Ah! bliss divine, what need now my repining?

A British naval rating on duty at Admiralty House, Tobruk. This Libyan harbour is a veritable graveyard of ships, some of which can be seen in this photograph.

Soon, soon I'll taste thee, precious beer.
Thus dream I soon that it will be my lot
Beneath thy lips to hold mine eager pot.

Books and papers are sadly lacking, though the men print and publish several news-sheets. One is "The Tobruk Truth Dinkum Oil" (Australian slang for "the real truth"), whose motto is "always appears." Another is a very lively production known as "Mud and Blood." After ten days in the line the men are given two days off. Occasionally the more fortunate may spend a few days in Cairo; but for the most part the leisure hours are passed in Tobruk or lazing on the beach.

Since Tobruk is one of the dustiest places on earth, sea-bathing is very popular. Sometimes it has its excitements. "One moment," writes Richard Capell, "the whole land steamed in a deep hypnotism under the Libyan sun. The next it was spitting fire like an irritated dragon. We bathers wriggled as best we could into the sand, meanwhile gazing fascinated at the swooping aircraft, the tracer bullets and ack-ack shell bursts, a spectacle stranger than all those ancient lands' mythology could afford."

Then the men have their competitions, e.g. a flea-catch contest, on which it may be commented that it was not confined to fleas but comprised all kinds of vermin. "Mud and Blood" printed a table of comparative values: 1 bug equals 3 fleas; 1 rat, 10 fleas; 1 gazelle, 300 fleas; 1 Italian prisoner, 200 fleas—all plus all fleas found on him. William Forrest, Special Correspondent of the "Western Chronicle," tells of a cartoon in "Mud and Blood" depicting an Italian surrendering to an Aussie. "Don't kill me!" cries the Italian. "Kill you, be" replies the Aussie. "You mean about 700 fleas to me?"

This is a sample of the more mild instances of humour that is rife in Tobruk. But "Mud and Blood" is not a family newspaper, and as an excuse for not publishing some more vigorous specimens, William Forrest reminds us that there are no ladies in Tobruk!
Their Backs to the Sea, Their Faces to the Desert

The Italian cruiser, San Giorgio, lies battered in Tobruk harbour. She was damaged and beached during a bombing attack by the Fleet Air Arm at Tobruk, June 11, 1940.

"Cave-men" who have put a spoke in the Axis wheel in North Africa, these Australian soldiers round about Tobruk live and work thus protected from Nazi bombs.

Australian reinforcements making their way towards the outer defences of beleaguered Tobruk. The area still in British hands is about 100 square miles.

A FULL HOUSE for amateur theatricals at Tobruk where men of the R.A.F. and A.I.F. are entertaining comrades. On the wall is a piece of Italian rant about Fascism.

Photos, British Official
Home Guards Show a Really Offensive Spirit

A realistic attack by "German" paratroops operating from behind a smoke screen against a railhead. Porters, gendarmes and signals of the Home Guard rush to action and score a local victory over the "enemy." On the left, an "invader" is captured by a Home Guard and threatened with his own revolver. Tanks were used by the defenders in driving off the parachute troops.

SHORT SHRIFT FOR LOOTERS in a Home Guard exercise at Birkenhead. An incident in the "battle" between Home Guards and Dutch Army troops who played the part of the "invaders." Though the Home Guards accounted for 50 per cent of the attackers, and stubbornly resisted them everywhere, the "enemy" captured the town. In the circle above, a Home Guard crew with their Northover Projector in ambush post during similar manoeuvres on Epsom Downs. The Northover Projector is used for throwing Molestov cocktails at advancing tanks and enemy blockhouses.

Photos, "Neue Zürcher Zeitung," Sport & General, Keystone and Associated Press
LEUTENANT KLEINLEIN's story begins when he is flying out from Greece in a Junkers transport plane. He says: The crew had set their watches to 7:45 a.m. and we left Maleme airfield at 8 a.m. to land at Heraklion. It was a beautiful day, with clear skies and a few scattered clouds. The pilots briefed us on the mission, and we were all ready to go.

The plane was a Junkers Ju 52, a robust and reliable aircraft. We had a late start, but the pilots were confident that we would make it on time. The Junkers was a four-engine aircraft, and its performance on long flights was exceptional.

The flight was uneventful until we neared Heraklion. Suddenly, we were attacked by a group of German fighters. The Junkers was immediately vulnerable, and the pilots did their best to defend us.

The attack was intense, and the Junkers started to lose altitude rapidly. The pilots managed to land safely at Heraklion, but our mission was compromised.

Since then, Lieutenant Kleinlein has written about the events of that day in his memoirs. He has shared his story with fellow pilots and historians, hoping to preserve the memory of that fateful day.

Will the English Fighters Come?

The Junkers was a symbol of German power and prestige. However, the German forces were not entirely immune to the attacks of the British fighters. Kleinlein recalls seeing a lone Spitfire dogfighting with a Junkers, and he watched in amazement as the Spitfire managed to evade the German fighter.

NAZI PARATROOPS, three of whom are seen in the foreground, with others coming down on the island of Crete. A detailed description of the German air-borne invasion of Crete appears in this page from the pen of a Nazi lieutenant of the First Division of Parachute Troops, it is published here by arrangement with "Life."
The German Officer Shot Me in Cold Blood

In a special hospital in Moscow for men severely wounded in the head and face lay V. Dolgin, a 26-year-old Ukrainian, who was maltreated and left for dead by the Germans on the Smolensk front. Here is his story, as reported in "Soviet War News."

It was on July 16, and we had received orders to occupy the village of Demidovo, near Smolensk, and to advance to the highway. When we had gone a little way the Germans opened fire on us, but we answered them. It was in this battle that I was wounded in the arm and leg. The commander urged me to go back, but I was a machine-gunner and wanted to turn my ammunition over to the other gunners. As I was trying to reach them, something crashed on my head and I was knocked unconscious.

I lay where I was for about four hours and regained consciousness only when I felt someone kicking me. I opened my eyes and saw a German officer and two soldiers standing over me. The officer ordered me to stand up, but I could not. The two soldiers pulled me to my feet, but when the officer hit me in the face with his fist I fell down again. Then the officer demanded that I tell him where the rest of the troops and how many tanks we had. I refused, and he became angry and hit me again. I still remained silent, and then he took a gun from one of the soldiers and shot me twice. The second bullet tore through my tongue and knocked out several teeth. Thinking I was dead, they left me. I was very weak, for I was bleeding badly. I wanted to dress my wounds, but I was afraid that, if they saw the white bandage, they would know I was alive and come back again. Finally, I decided to remain as I was until the night and then try to reach the village. The whole day I lay on the ground in a semi-conscious state. I had illusions that I saw my comrades, and I wondered why they did not come to my rescue. I tried to call to them, but I could not speak, and I could not stand up.

Finally, it grew dark and I began to crawl to the village. I was terribly thirsty, and I thought it was the thirst that saved my life, for every time I fell down the thirst drove me on again. At last I reached the village and found water, and then I felt better. I met two old peasants and asked them to direct me to the Soviet troops. My tongue was so swollen from the wound that I could only mutter and they could not understand me. They thought I was a German soldier. Refusing to be left thus to sleep on the highway near their house, I stayed there until the morning. When the morning came I heard firing, but I did not know whether it was our troops or the Germans. I crept out of the hay, and after I had gone a little way I ran into a Red Army man from the signal corps. He took me to the hospital, where my wounds were dressed, and then I was sent to Moscow. That is all.

Nobody, if they have never experienced the torture that I did, can imagine that men can be so cruel and do the terrible things that the Germans did to me. It is horrible to recall it now, and every time I think of it I feel as if I am beginning a second life.

I Posed as a Traitor to Get Out of France

A young French infantry officer, who volunteered for service in Syria in order to have a chance of getting out of France, here gives a revealing account of the attitude of the people in the Occupied zone towards cooperation with the Germans.

In June I was garrisoned with an infantry regiment near the border of Occupied France. Like many comrades who left the military school at the same time as myself, I hoped to find some hope of joining the Free French. A heaven-sent opportunity arose when a secret circular arrived, asking for reinforcements in officers and N.C.O.s for the Free Corps. I signed on immediately, and towards the middle of June I was left, 700 of us, by special train.

Every time our train stopped in Occupied France people, often in the presence of German officers, did not hide their contempt for the "volunteers," brandishing a threatening fist at us, calling us "traitors" and shouting all sorts of insulting epithets.

At Mulhouse groups of people, notably women, gathered in front of the train windows shouting "Shame! Shame!" and pelted us with stones. Many windows were broken. The police had great difficulty in moving hostile groups from the platform. An aged peasant shouted in front of my carriage window: "You traitors! I hope you will be killed by the Free French or drowned in the sea." Many of us tried to buy cigarettes and refreshments at the station buffet, but no one would serve us.

All the places through which we passed bore signs of the real feeling of the population, like the immense "Darlan has sold himself" chalked up on the wall of a factory beside the railway line.

We were particularly disgusted when we arrived at the German frontier. Then it became clear whom we were about to fight for. The Nazis, officers and men were most polite, almost obsequious. The clanking of boots and spurs, the shaking of hands, the robot-like salutes, the refreshments specially prepared for us, the toasts to German victory and the new order in Europe—if some credulous or misled people were taken in by them, most of us felt more like crying. The same day we were marched to the crossing of Germany and the occupied Balkans.

My First Six Months as a Land Girl

By the summer of 1941 it was hoped to raise the total of recruits for the Women's Land Army over the last war figure of 16,000. Here E. M. Barraud, who was one of the first thousand, tells the story of her first six months on the land.

O ne September morning my employer led me, with what I knew to be mutual doubts, out to his orchards to start picking plums; and there he left me, with a completely uncontrollable ladder, two picking baskets, and a pile of empty half-sieves. I had no idea of the lay-out of the farm, and when he disappeared into the blue, I felt more alone, lost, desolate and incompetent than ever in my life before. Apart from anything else, I have a horror of heights, and ladder-heights in particular! I can laugh at that day now, but at the time it was almost unmitigated horror. I nearly killed myself lugging that ladder about. I could never find the right place or angle in which to set it, and when I had managed to coax it into position, as soon as I set foot on it, it lurched ominously, with cracking and cracking of branches. I had no idea how many baskets of the wretched plums I was expected to fill, or by what time. But the
I WAS THERE!

Stable my horse, and ended up, after a hectic (twenty minutes, with his collar round my neck and the harness a glorious tangle at my feet.)

Summing up those first two or three weeks, I can only say that had anyone realized how utterly ignorant and inept I was, I might never have survived. As it was, I was taken for granted I could do this and that—and, to save my face, somehow I managed to do it! I hasten to say, however, that there was no lack of friendly help and advice when I did ask for it. I have the deepest gratitude for all the patience everyone has shown me as I have been learning. But I have always preferred to learn by 'watching points' rather than by asking questions, and in the rush of those harvest days I was allowed to give full rein to my preference.

My farm is one of some 200 acres, mainly arable—wheat, barley, oats, beans, potatoes—with just enough cows to supply the house and one or two cottagers with milk, and some couple of dozen calves running on, upwards of fifty pigs, about seventy head of poultry and some thirty rabbits. At first I had nothing to do with any of the young German refugee trainees attended to these, with occasional assistance. Early in November, when the harvest work proper was really at an end, and I began to wonder how soon I, in common with the other already dwindling team of harvest workers, should be 'stood off,' I would mention then the German boy found he was not suited for farm work, and left.

I shall not forget that bitter November morning, when I was half-way up my legs in water, wrestling with a hedge and ditch which had not been touched for three years, and my employer came down to tell me the boy had left and ask me if I could take on the milking. It meant I had my chance to go on the staff.' I started milking that afternoon. Within a week I had charge of the feeding of the calves, poultry and rabbits, and the shadow of being 'stood off' on wet days was lifting rapidly. My proving handy with a saw and hammer banished it for good. I did not have one day at home all through the winter.

London friends wrote to me, 'I suppose there is not much doing on the farm this weather.' Not much doing? Hedging and ditching (one of my favourite jobs), muck-carrying, all the concentrated high-speed work of threshing and chaff-cutting, artificial manure distributing, fence repairs, barbed wire, dressing, oats, potatoes, thatching, and all the other endlessly different tasks that crop up in the farming year.

And in October my employer wondered, 'Could I manage the tractor?' He worked with me for an hour—then strode away and left me to go on ploughing a ten-acre stubble. Since then I have done my share of ploughing and drilling and harrowing and rolling, too.

I am afraid I laughed a little bitterly when I heard a broadcast about the training of Land Girls—how they were given I don't know how many hours technical instruction, etc. I laughed still more bitterly—though there was some triumph in it, too—when I heard a Dorset farmer enumerate some of the jobs you couldn't ask a woman to do. I had done them all! And the triumph was definitely on top next morning, when my employer commented on the broadcast, and our foreman added, 'As well, master, we've got one in a hundred!' I

Well, there it is, the record of my first six months. I still say to myself, 'Gosh, you're being paid to do this!' Because, having started a typewriter into a ploughshare, I know I shall never now be able to bear going back...''\r

The Land Girl'

Empress of Abyssinia has flown home to Addis Ababa.

New Liberators bomber crossed from Newfound-land to Ireland in 21 hours.

Bags of tea sent from Dutch East Indies, were dropped by R.A.F. over Holland.

Wing Cmdr. J. W. Gillan, who in 1939 flew at speed of 400 mph, was reported missing.

Hitler has presented Mussolini with a great astronomical observatory, to be built near Rome.

Germany has appealed to Rumania for loan to help the Reich to carry on the Holy Crusade of liberation."

In Plymouth, 12,000 bomb-damaged dwellings have been repaired, some of them two, three or even more times.

One hundred and eighteen air officers and airwomen from New Zealand have already won awards.

Hard-rock miners of Royal Canadian Engineers reported rapid progress on engineering project deep in Rock of Gibraltar.

Estimated that during first eight weeks of egg collection from New Zealand, 370,000 eggs out of 350,000,000 delivered were bad.

Rioters at Goering Steel Works, Linz, Austria, being refused in wages, blew up two main blast furnaces.

A New Zealand torpedo-bomber squadron is to be formed in Britain. Three citizens of Liege sentenced to death for concealing shot-down British airman.

Canadian Air Force has lost a total of 552 reported killed and missing since war began.

Quelling, sufferer from insomnia, has been gravely ill after overdose of sleeping tablets.

Nazi leader at Sandefjord, Norway, was thrown into the harbour by crowd singing Norwegian National Anthem.

"Berlin slaughters the Red Army with an x-ray machine," commented New York evening paper P.M.

Dutch Boy Scouts defied Nazi ban on their camp at Putten and police had to use arms, wounding one.

Five members of Yugoslav Cabinet will set up H.Q. in Montreal, operating with rest of Government in London.

During first week of outward Airgraph service 370,000 letters were photographed and dispatched to Middle East.

Nearly one in ten of population of Australia—600,000 men—will soon be in fighting services, and another 159,000 in munitions.

Argentine Committee investigating Axis activities discovered Gestapo index of 3,000 prominent anti-Nazi Argentines,

Paddy Coleman has exchanged typewriter for tractor and now works on a farm not fifteen miles from Piccadilly Circus.
SURELY not even the deepest attachment to the democratic right of free speech can justify any government in time of war in compelling a self-advertising citizen to broadcast notorious untruths about a friendly state. Isn't this hot-airman Lindbergh just getting too much rope? ... Happily, we know about that sort of thing later on.... His latest reported distortion of truth—truth which no future historian will ever dare to question—was "turned against France" and "turned against Finland," so that Americans have no guarantee she may yet "turn against" the U.S.A.!

Such mischievous vapourings leave one gasping: leave one, indeed, with the feeling that Lindy's little admirer Goebbels would gladly have supplied the script of some of these speeches for him to broadcast. Goebbels certainly has invented nothing more foolishly false: not even his big Athenia lie, doubtless accepted by America's anti-British propagandist as a statement of fact. Has the man forgotten that Norway and Sweden were barred, by the laws of a strict but futile neutrality, all plans and proposals for effective help to Finland when the Allies could have given it that help and might have remained able to do so? Does he know that Finland "turned against" Britain when she joined with the Nazis in attacking the Soviets, for whom the strangely changed conditions of the War demanded Britain's utmost measure of help? Has he forgotten Churchill's passionate appeal to a corrupt and confounded government of France to stand in with Britain on a basis of equal citizenship----perhaps the most daring gesture ever made by one valiant and undeterred ally to another, stunned, stupefied, vacillating, disintegrating? A self-sacrificing offer whose rejection should shadden all Britons today, for it fell on ears unworthy and hearts untuned to its greatness. We turned against them! What are the rulers of America going to do about this dangerous fascist---this lucky airman whom the Nazis have flattered into posing as a violent leader of America's minority of Anti-British factions?

"OPHELIA, the Ages, decked in woeful weed and daisy"—thus Meredith of his Victorian age, and so many another poet of the place, in varying words, but to the same purpose, of his own age. To the moralist his own particular age is always decked in woeful weed and daisy, merging into madness. I was tempted so to ruminate last night at the Player's Theatre, where I was the appreciative guest of Mr. Leonard Sachs with the presentation of "Ridgeway's Late Joys," which originated, if I'm not mistaken, in Covent Garden some time before the War. The entertainment was exclusive of the wit, as surgical, entirely charming. Yet let me add, for I saw it—just like listening to the Wireless in these days—the end of an era. I'm an old playgoer, who has seen the early days, the heyday and death of the Music Hall, that peculiarly British institution which went out—nor will it ever come back—with the rise of the so-called "revue," which has never, save under the aegis of C. B. Cochran, approximated to the French original, and then only when it was associated with that other dramatic form known as "spectacle."

HAVING seen Lottie Collins do "Tar-a-ra-boom-de-ay" with an abandon and a vivacity that the very title of the song can still bring to life in memory's movies, there was a tear in my applause for the young lady who faintly revived for me at the Joys last night that picture of a distant past. The days of the Korry dancers "did not come back to me".

I HAVE seen all the old favourites: Jenny Hill, Dan Leno, Arthur Roberts, T. E. Dunville, Vesta Victoria, Marie Lloyd, Bessie Bellwood, James Fawn, Chirgwin, John Jolly Nash, George Formby (with Harry H. Corbett, Harry Weldon, aye, and a hundred more, some of whom are still surviving" and "in every good ear," notably Harry Lauder, George Robey, Charles Coburn, but it is sad to see so much genuine talent in the younger generation being spilled away in good reproductions instead of exploiting new ideas, new personalities, of the quality and the style of a new and totally different age. An age in which the art forms are all looking back for inspiration and not knowing how to come to an end instead of an advance. In the thing that is new there is always a vein, an enthusiasm, that no subsequent reproduction can recapture. Look forward, Mr. Leonard Sachs (who might be a reavenus Lewis Waller), not back! But no less for a bitter-sweet evening.

I'M told by the Binding Department of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED that, despite their stipulation that only loose numbers unbound, and not disfigured by gum or tape, can be accepted for binding, some subscribers ignore this condition. This is especially the case since I've remodelled the publication in order that the whole of each number can be bound in one volume. It is obvious, since the paper restrictions have forced us to abandon the original wrapper pages, that readers who intend to bind should take extra care in the handling of the loose numbers, and ought not to make marks on any of them. Fortunately, we consider the large number of volumes that are being bound, these instant supplies being extremely few, but as it is not always possible to ensure that each set when bound goes back to the original wrapper page which explains why "only loose numbers in good condition can be accepted for binding," I do hope that binding subscribers will take greater care than was previously necessary to preserve their loose numbers.

APROPOS of this, I have this very day received a letter from a Scottish subscriber who tells me that he keeps the cardboard box in which the bound volume is posted to him by our Binding Department unopened and places his current numbers, after he reads them, into the box to preserve them for eventual binding. What an ingenious idea! Nothing could be simpler. I will try it. So I pass on the idea without delay to all subscribers who look to binding their loose numbers in volume form. When the total for each box is fulfilled, the box has been left in the cardboard box, all that need be done is to send it and its contents with the necessary postal order, and adequate blank of the binding, name and address of sender, the whole securely tied up and directed to our Binding Department, and in due course back comes your lovely and valuable volume!