IN ACTION IN RUSSIA, these Nazi machine-gunner are operating in a town fired by the retreating Soviet troops in accordance with the policy of leaving nothing of use to the enemy. A few snipers, however, remain to harass and delay the Nazi advance. A remarkable action photograph this—one in which the tense attitudes of the man firing the gun and the one feeding it are vividly expressed.  Photo, Kevline
DO WE REALLY NEED AN ARMY OF MILLIONS?

NEVER in the long history of Britain have we made so great a military effort as today. Our Navy is the largest and most powerful in the world. Our Air Force cannot have it all its own way, and V for Victory means also the Luftsflaffe in numbers, as it surpasses it already in spirit. Our soldiers, here at home and on many a distant field, are to be counted in millions. But in the end, it is not that no other Great Power is attempting: we are trying to be supreme in three elements at once. And not content with this, we have embarked upon a colossal industrial effort, designed to supply not only our own needs but those of our allies.

About the necessity for a great navy and an air force as great in its own field, all men are agreed. But there is not the same unanimity all about the necessity for a great army. Outside Downing Street and Whitehall there are few who know the actual strength of our present-day British Army, but Mr. Churchill told us nearly a year ago that it numbered two and a half millions (or four millions including the Home Guard), and there can be no doubt that today it is far larger.

Every male British subject in these islands between the ages of 18 and 41 is now liable for military service and training. The Schedule of Reserved Occupations has been revised so as to enable more and more men to join the colours. So extensive are the powers granted to the military authorities, and so drastically have they been exercised, that there is hardly a department of our national life which has not been adversely affected in consequence. We are likely to suffer in our homes this winter—and, much more important, our public utilities and communications are likely to be most seriously hampered—because thousands of coal-miners have been drafted into the Army.

In vain it has been urged that some considerable percentage of them should be returned to the mines. The War Office is adamant; once a soldier, always a soldier, is its argument. Industry, however, is not in a position to make so fine a stand, so men who left the mines years ago because there was no work for them and secured jobs elsewhere are now being compelled to return to the mines at a lower wage.

Again, tens of thousands of agricultural workers have joined the Army and must remain there, even though the harvest rots in the fields because of the lack of workers, even though good ships and gallant seamen are lost bringing food to Britain which ought to have been, and could have been, produced within our own shores. The building trade is crying out for craftsmen, and the construction of aerodromes, aircraft factories, armament works, soldiers' camps, and homes for munition workers is held up because the carpenters and joiners, the plasterers and painters are forming threes on the parade ground. Our A.R.P. services are being compromised by week since the powers-that-be have decided that the defenders of our lives and property against air bombardment can be better clad in khaki.

Worse still, never a day goes by but one reads of complaints that highly skilled engineers, who ought to be making aeroplanes and tanks, shells and bombs, are pushing pens in battalion orderly rooms, washing up crockery or cleaning the barrack windows.

There would be fewer complaints about this misdirection of the nation's man-power if the necessity for the huge army was more clearly apparent. But there is a widespread belief that our military mandarins have been so bitten by the bug of their own importance that they consider that the Army's needs are the only needs worth consideration.

But surely it is reasonable to ask, if we have this great army, why? "Oh," reply the mandarins, "but we are using it. We have to maintain an enormous force in these islands, ready to repel the Nazi invaders. We have an army in the Western Desert and the Middle East, another in India. We have to maintain garrisons in Singapore and Gibraltar, Iceland and Abyssinia.... Besides, the time will come when we shall be able to take the offensive in real earnest, and then we shall need all the men we can get."

To which the ordinary man responds with a shrug of the shoulders. To put it plainly, there is a widespread scepticism concerning the ability, and the intention, of Hitler to launch a large-scale attack on these islands at an early date. Even the Prime Minister's eloquence, even his warning that the defence services should be ready to meet an invasion by the beginning of September, have become less and less convincing. Of late weeks, since the invasion of Russia, criticism of our military policy (or lack of policy) has become even more loud, ever more widespread. Why don't we do something to help Russia? is the question asked in the railway carriage and the salon bar, in the club lounge and the suburban parlour. Why don't we raid the 1,500 miles of coastline which lie so invitingly in front of us? Why don't we make a dash on Beren one day and on Boulogne the next, then ring the changes on Ostend and Oslo? Why waste any more bombs on the Germands and the Schmeis, when we could go into Brest and fetch them out? Why shouldn't we recapture the dash and daring, the vigour and valour, of the last war, and repeat Sheringham's peace of 1918? Some go further and urge that now or never is the time to invade the Continent—now, when Hitler, with what would seem to be a continuous disregard of man-power, has denuded Western Europe of all his best troops.

Altogether unconvincing appear the replies to those questions. We are told that we cannot raid the Continent, still less invade it, because the danger of a Nazi invasion of Britain is still imminent; because we are not even yet strong enough to invade the Continent in force, because—this is the latest excuse—we cannot spare the ships to take our men across the Channel and the North Sea.

But if we are not going to invade or even raid until we have an army big enough to take on the Germans single-handed, then we shall never be in a position to do so. One does not have to be much of a general to realize that a nation of 45 millions can never compete in numbers with the 120 million Germans and Italians. Thus it is not surprising that some shrewd observers have begun to guess that the real reason why we have not invaded the Continent is not because we fear for our security, not because we are expecting to wake up one fine morning to see the Nazi armada throbbing its way across the narrow seas, but because our Army is not yet sufficiently equipped. In other words, we are told the Germans are about to invade us because we are not yet able to invade Germany.

If it is asked why we are not even yet in a position to take the offensive, then the answer must be sought in our production policy. We have not the men, we are told; it would be more to the point to say that we do not have the tanks, the guns, the ships, the planes, the shells, the bombs...

Meanwhile, we are letting slip an extraordinary opportunity—one which we had no right to expect; one which, once it is lost, can never return. For three months our Russian ally has been standing up to the full brunt of the world's greatest military machine. At the present moment the Russians are staggering in the scorched wheat fields of the Ukraine, in the bloody guerilleries before Leningrad. They may keep upright. On the other hand, they may succumb; and then what will our Army be, however numerous, however well-equipped? When the Red millions have been defeated, are our comparatively tiny armies likely to fare any better?

Surely now is the time of imperative need to swing into the balance all the weight which we can muster. For if Russia fails, at best the war must continue for years and years; hardly better, the war must end in a draw; at the worst, we, too, shall be thrust into the pit of Nazidom.

E. ROYSTON PIKE
Armoured Trains Help to Defend Leningrad

On look-out for Stukas, the commander of a Soviet armoured train scans the horizon on his way up to the battle-front on the outskirts of Leningrad. On the right, a Nazi soldier beside a Soviet armoured train captured from the Russians. A bomb placed in the tender had made it unusable.

The defence of Leningrad, one of the greatest military feats in history, is the result of a combination of mechanical power and the fanatical courage of the Soviet troops and citizens resolved to die rather than surrender. How many Nazis have been killed in this inferno will never be known, but whatever happens to Leningrad now, her splendid fighting defiance will have materially helped to destroy the power of Hitlerism.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright: Planet News, Wide World
Black Sea Ports Menaced by the Fires of War

SEBASTOPOL, the Soviet port not far from Balaclava, Crimea, on the Black Sea, and has a population of about 80,000.

TRABZON (Trebizond), a Turkish town not far from the Transcaucasian frontier. One of the oldest settlements on the Black Sea, it is still enclosed within Byzantine walls. Its population at the last census was 29,602.

ZONGULDAK, a Turkish port, about 150 miles east of Istanbul. It is the chief town of a vilayet in which lies the biggest coalfield not only in Turkey but in the Balkans and the Near East.

VARNA, a Bulgarian port which is likely to play a big part in the war if the Nazis force Bulgaria to fight against Russia. This photograph shows the up-to-date bathing establishments. Population in 1934, 70,000.

YALTA, on the Crimean coast, has long been famed as a Russian health resort. Called "The Swallow's Nest," this view gives a good idea of its natural beauty. On the right, a glimpse of industrial ODessa, which, though surrounded by the Nazis, is still holding out.

Photos, Topical Press, E.N.A., and Paul Popper
May There Will Be Battles in the Black Sea

On the map the Black Sea does not look very large, but in fact it is as big as the Mediterranean, and in the summer months navigation is easy and safe, and the climate in some favoured regions—the Crimian coasts and the Caucasus in particular—is delightful. It is this aspect which is responsible for the Sea’s ancient name, Euxine, from the Greek for hospitable. But in winter the Sea, completely enclosed as it is on every side, is swept by fierce storms, which make it well-nigh impassable for shipping. In January and February its north coasts are icebound; though Odessa is never completely frozen up, the entrance to its harbour is made dangerous by floating ice.

Tideless, immensely deep, the Black Sea drains nearly a quarter of Europe and much of Asia Minor; it receives many great rivers—Dnieper, Dniester, Bug, Dnieper, Don and Kuban in Europe, and a number of lesser streams from the mountains of Anatolia. For the most part its coasts are high—the clay banks of the Dnieper north and in the Crimea; and it is ringed with fine harbours. At its extreme south-western corner, where the Bosporus Oil waters have an outlet to the Mediterranean, lies Istanbul. Proceeding northwards we come to Burgas and Varna, in Bulgaria. Then in Rumania are Constantza, and Sulina in the Danube delta. Next we have the Russian ports: Odessa, Nikolayev and Kherson; Sebastopol in the Crimea; Novorossiisk beyond Kerch, Turkish, where the oil pipe-line from Grozny ends, and Sukhumi, Poti, and Batum, terminus of the twin pipe-lines from Baku. Then along its southern shore are the Turkish harbours of Hopa, Trabzon, Samsun and Sinop.

Often the Black Sea is called a Russian lake, partly because so much of its shores are Russian, but still more because within it the Soviet Navy is predominant.

Mystery Fortress of Sebastopol

Sebastopol in the Crimea is one of the Soviet Union’s principal naval bases and dockyards. It lies four miles up an estuary, one of the best roadsteads of Europe, large and deep enough to accommodate all the fleets of the continent. The chalk cliffs lining the estuary are strongly fortified; for most of the way the width is three-quarters of a mile, but at the entrance it narrows to 930 yards. In English history Sebastopol has its place during the great siege of 1854-5 by the English, French and Turks. After its evacuation by the Russians the Allies blew up its forts, and by the Treaty of Paris of the following year the Russians were bound not to re-fortify it. But in 1870 this restriction was repudiated and Sebastopol once again became a naval fortress. It is not a commercial harbour, and no ships other than those on Government business have ever been allowed to enter. It is indeed one of the best fortresses in the world, for strong it is, only time, and Hitler, may prove.

Second to Sebastopol as a naval base ranks Novorossiisk. Nikolayev has a naval dock-

yard, and a number of war ships were building there when it was captured by the Germans on August 17. The Russians claimed, however, that they would take a long time to complete. It is said that even if Sebastopol was captured or rendered untenable, the Soviet Navy could be adequately based on Novorossiisk, while the smaller ships could operate from Batum.

Strength of the Soviet Navy

The present strength of the Soviet Navy in the Black Sea is a matter of conjecture, since Russian Navy secrets are as well kept as those of Japan. The old battleship Parizkaya Komamma—formerly the Sebastopol, built in 1911 and reported to be of a 10,000-ton, and in 1930 for a refit, and is probably still there. One or two other battleships of the same class may also be there, but their fighting value is distinctly problematical. There must be in the aircraft carrier Stalin, and several cruisers—Krasni Kavkaz, Profintern, and Cheronovoya Ukraina. Profintern was laid down with C. Ukraina in 1935, but not completed until 1925; she was re-fitted in 1937 and is reported to have been renamed Krasni Krim. There are then two new cruisers, Kubayshev and Orjonikidze, which were due to be completed in the summer of 1940; Kubayshev, at least, may be actually in service. But the main strength of the Soviet fleet in the Black Sea lies in its small craft. There is a destroyers of which numbering about 20, while there may be 30 submarines—perhaps more.

Against this force, weak as it may seem, the Germans in the Black Sea are able to oppose only one very much weaker. The German fleet can consist of any U-boats and E-boats which they have brought down to the Danube, but to these must be added the Rumanian and Bulgarian fleets. Rumania’s Black Sea Division before the war consisted of four destroyers (Regine Ferdinand, Regina Maria, Marasti, and Marasesti), three torpedo-boats, a minelay, four gunboats, and a submarine. The Danube Division was composed of eight monitors and a patrol vessel. As for Bulgaria, she was compelled at the end of the last war to surrender all warships and submarines, but she was permitted to maintain on the Danube and along the Black Sea coast four torpedo-boats and six motor-boats.

Altogether, the Germans, Rumanians and Bulgarians cannot have more than 10 destroyers and torpedo-boats between them, to which must be added some U-boats and E-boats. Against these the Russians can oppose, as we have seen, perhaps 20 destroyers and 30 submarines. The disparity is great, but it would be much more than compensated for if the Germans could manage to introduce into the Black Sea even a small portion of the Italian Navy.

Italian Warships for Bulgaria?

Of late weeks it has been reported that Turkey would be required to permit the passage through the Dardanelles of Italian warships "sold" to Bulgaria. Bulgaria, so the Germans have been arguing, is a neutral in the Russo-German war, and hence Turkey should allow her ships to pass through the Dardanelles, since the Montreux Convention states that in wartime, Turkey being neutral, warships of belligerents only are banned from the Straits. But it should be difficult to convince the Turks that Bulgaria is not a belligerent, more particularly since the Russian Note of September 11 which accused the Bulgarian Government of permitting their country to be used as a base for warlike operations against the Soviet Union. These warlike operations, there can be little doubt, consisted of the use of the Bulgarian ports as "invasion ports." Significant, too, is the presence in Bulgaria of Admiral Raeder, Hitler’s Navy chief.
MOSCOW'S AIR DEFENCES, which have taken considerable toll of the Luftwaffe and have prevented the German invaders from reaching the centre of the city in any great numbers, are represented above in diagram form. Major-General Gromadin, Commander of the Moscow Air Defence Zone, has described how, although the Nazi Air Command sent its best fliers over Moscow on the first raids against the Russian capital, their formations were quickly dispersed by night-fighters and coordinated gunfire. "The Moscow air defence system," he says, "works smoothly in all weathers. At times thick cloud hindered the work of the fighters and the A.A. guns. The enemy bombers flew at 20-35 thousand feet. The reply to this was a massed barrage of shell fire in the enemy's path, which caused the bombers hastily to turn back and attempt another route of approach. They tried coming in from the south, the east—and everywhere they found the same intensive barrage. The scouting planes, which generally approached Moscow in the daytime, consistently avoided battle and dodged in and out of cloud, swooping away as quickly as they could."
We Showed the Russians Our Air Defences

RUSSIAN OFFICERS of the Soviet Military Mission have been shown some of the secrets of Britain's air defences. One of them is seen above testing the weight of an A.A. shell. Top, watching a gun team at work. Right, a Russian officer who is a test pilot at the controls of a Stirling, which he flew as second pilot.

Photos, British Official; Topical and Central Press
HOSPITAL IN 'THE ROCK'

DEEP down inside the great rock of Gibraltar, British and Canadian tunnelers are preparing the way for the world's most remarkable hospital. This hospital, named after Lord Gort, Gibraltar's Governor and Commander-in-Chief, will accommodate 800 beds in the heart of the rock, safe from bombs, shells and gas, and will have its own operating theatre. The fortress already possesses an underground hospital fully equipped for any emergency, and a convalescent home is being built in a huge cave high up on the giant face of the rock. A large brick building, it is so placed that it would be practically immune from any attack.

COXSWAIN BLOGG, of Cromer, who has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for the third time, has also received the silver medal, three times and the British Empire medal. Photo, Associated Press

GALLANT COXSWAIN

For the third time Coxswain Henry Blogg, of Cromer, has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution—the lifeboatman's V.C. Coxswain Blogg was largely instrumental in saving 119 lives when six ships were stranded on the Haisborough Sands during a gale. Seven medals, 18 vellums, and £177 were awarded to thecoxswains and crews of five lifeboats which took part in the rescue.

AN ORANGE SOS

A NEW type of distress signal for the use of shipwrecked seamen is now being put into operation, and will be fitted on every ocean-going British merchant ship. It is a smoke float resembling a box about two feet square. Upon a button being pressed a bright red-orange cloud of smoke rises, which hovers in the air for a considerable time and is visible in good weather from nearly forty miles distance. The boxes float, and if water reaches the chemicals inside them this merely serves to thicken the already dense cloud of smoke.

TWO NIGHTS IN A CANOE

On September 18 five French boys landed at Eastbourne after spending two nights and a day crossing the Channel in two canoes. Their ages range from 17 to 19. On the night of September 16 they set out from a French town and paddled down river to the sea. During the day they could not use their sails owing to the presence of German aircraft, but they eventually arrived safely in this country, though one of the canoes struck a rock and sank just off shore, and the occupants were obliged to swim to land. The young men were received by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at Downing Street on September 22, and are now going to the Free French Cadet School.

NEW TYPE OF CARGO SHIP

CARGO ships of revolutionary design, known as Sea Otters, are now undergoing final tests in the U.S.A. This new type of vessel, which may prove of great value in combating submarines, has a six-foot propeller amidships instead of at the stern, and is driven by steam-turbine engines obtainable from any of the big car manufacturers. Sixteen of them will be used in each Sea Otter. The vessels each have a displacement of 1,900 tons comparatively light. They carry a cargo load of 1,900 tons. Sea Otters can be built in two months by mass production methods, and can be constructed at inland yards and transported to the sea by river or canal.

CHELSEA PENSIONERS, who have already served their country faithfully and well, were among those who registered for fire-watching under the recent Order. These bemuffled old soldiers are once again answering their country's call. Photo, Fox

MORE BALLOONS FOR W.A.A.F.

The experimental replacing men operators by W.A.A.F. at a number of balloon sites has proved so successful that it has now been decided to transfer to them as many sites as possible. This will free a large number of airmen for duties which cannot be performed by women. The women so far engaged on this work rapidly mastered the technique of balloon handling, and various improvements which have been made in the control of their activities as well as in the methods of handling and bedding down have rendered this work less exacting than it was, though physical strength and endurance are still necessary qualifications. More operators are now wanted to man the additional sites and recruits are taken between the ages of 17 and 43. They must, however, be of first-class physique and prepared to work out of doors in all weather, and at all hours of the day and night.

POSTWOMEN mail van drivers are to have a new hat. The old type, seen right, tended to get knocked off by the overhanging roof of the van. The new type is of felt, with a peak, and looks very smart. Photo, Keystone

DE GAULLE'S ARMY GROWS

CHARLES BARON, former Governor of French possessions in India and now leader of the Free French movement in the Far East, stated in an interview on his return from a tour in the East that France has increased by 55,000 men at present in the fighting lines on different fronts, by thirty warships actually in service, by a third of France's merchant fleet, and 1,000 airmen. These figures represent our numbers six months ago, and they have most certainly been increased since then. We know that at the present moment an army of 100,000 fighting men is being formed at Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa.

GOERING PILES

GERMAN airmen are drugged before action to increase their physical resistance and will power. The drug is taken in the form of tablets known as "Goering Pills." These tablets, says the Reuss journal "Aquiline," contain a substance which affects the sympathetic system. They were found effective during the Norwegian campaign as a preventive of air sickness, and are also used in the German Navy to combat sea sickness. "Aquiline" goes on to say that the Italians have an even more effective drug, called Simpaminta. This new drug was, it is claimed, tried out by the Italian Medical Research Institute before the German product was brought into use.

SYRIA NOW INDEPENDENT

The independence of Syria and the termination of the French mandate were proclaimed by the Free French authorities on Sept. 16. Sheik Tajeddine Hassani has been appointed President of the Republic. In a letter to the new President, General Catroux said: "Free France, acting in cooperation with her ally, Great Britain, has spontaneously undertaken to terminate the mandate and grant Syria the status of an independent sovereign state and to guarantee this new status by Treaty." The formal ceremony took place on Sept. 25 in Damascus amid scenes of enthusiasm. Bands played and cheering crowds paraded the streets, whilst a salute of twenty-two guns ushered in the new order. A guard of honour of Syrian militia and mounted Republican guards saluted Gen. Catroux as he rode away.
Triumph Is the Word for These Sea Stories

Men of the Soviet Baltic Fleet defending the Leningrad approaches from the sea, in action against the German dive bombers. The Russian navy has done excellent work in the Gulf of Finland, fighting off many Nazi attacks by sea and air.

Intercepted by the British in the Caribbean Sea, the crew of the German ship Hannover (above) set her on fire. The resulting list jammed a sack of grain in a hole through which the water was entering. The fire was subdued and the prize taken to Kingston, Jamaica.

It happened on the night of December 26, 1939. It was very dark. It was the Skagerrak on the German side of the North Sea minefields right inside enemy waters and 500 miles from home. The submarine H.M.S. Triumph was going slow ahead when, lifting over a wave, she came right down on a large mine. There was a shattering explosion. The whole extent of the damage could not be ascertained, but it was certain that the rear coils of the torpedo tubes had all been forced back about six inches, the foremost bulkhead was split right across and had been forced back into the tubes. Eighteen feet of the ship was missing. The Triumph had no bows and she could not dive. She was making water fast and a rating endeavoured to plug the leaks with wooden plugs and felt.

In this crippled state she started for home at about 4 knots. The weather getting worse, speed had to be reduced to 2½ knots for a whole day—a desperately anxious day with German reconnaissance aircraft about. When the weather improved the Triumph made 10 knots.

A Dornier sighted the submarine just before our aircraft escort arrived, but was driven off in the nick of time. The Triumph limped into the Firth of Forth two nights and one day after hitting the mine. On thorough examination she was found to have sustained much greater damage than anybody on board thought. The bows were a crumpled bulkhead and ends of shattered tubes. All forward tanks were open to the sea or missing altogether. The explosion had torn the submarine amidships. The ballast tanks aft were open to the sea. The steering-gear seemed to have held together by a miracle, and all the way across the North Sea the broken pistol of one of the torpedo war heads, with its detonator, but without the safety-pin, had been washing about in the broken end of the torpedo tube.
Kiev Falls: The Nazi Drive in the Ukraine

With the fall of Kiev and the consequent rapid penetration of the Ukraine in the direction of Kharkov, thus engulfing a still larger part of one of Russia’s most vital industrial regions, the situation on the Eastern Front appeared uglier and more dangerous for our hard-pressed allies than ever before. But still the Russians maintained an unbroken front.

The Reich flag has been flying from the Citadel of Kiev since this morning. This was the report that came from the Fuehrer’s Headquarters on September 19. “In the course of encircling operations announced today the attack against the capital of the Ukraine was beginning. This is the second penetration through the strong fortifications on the west bank of the Dnieper our troops have penetrated into the town.”

What the Germans described as a tremendous battle of encirclement followed the junction on September 13, 125 miles east of Kiev, of Von Runstedt’s and Von Bock’s armies. Employing masses of men, aided by the use of tanks and armoured cars and hordes of General Leth’s and Field-Marshal Kesselring’s dive-bombers, the Germans surrounded Kiev with a ring of fire and iron. The grand offensive against the city, which had temporarily halted while the German marshals were joining hands, was resumed on September 17. German divisions moving up the east bank of the Dnieper attacked north, and the German divisions moving up the west bank of the city. For days continuous fighting had raged in the northern suburbs and the southern approaches; piles of German dead and scores of smashed-up tanks and armoured cars (reported the correspondent of “Red Star,” the Red Army newspaper) were scattered among the woods, along the roads into the southern suburbs and in the gardens of the cottages. At length a strong ring of fortifications on the west bank of the Dnieper was broken through and (so the German High Command reported on September 20) “after the higher leadership of the Soviet troops had fled, the garrison threw down their arms and ceased further resistance.

When the German troops entered Kiev they found “indescribable devastation,” announced Berlin. “All vital supplies had been removed or blown up, the water and electricity works put out of action. The place is strewn with the wreckage of railways and bridges that have been blown up. The population had not the bare necessities of life.” For a week, indeed, the city had been without water, and for three days its people had gone hungry. Its buildings were packed with wounded. Yet resistance was of the most bitter description, and the Ogpu divisions left behind by Budenny fought with desperate bravery to the last.

Great Battle of Encirclement

Following Kiev’s fall, the Germans concentrated upon the destruction of Marshal Budenny’s divisions, which (so the Germans claimed) were encircled to the east of the city. The armies of General Field-Marshal von Richenau and the panzer armies of Colonel-General von Kleist and Suderian, arrived on September 21, “have annihilated large sections of the encircled enemy, and have taken over 125,000 prisoners and 602 guns, and vast quantities of other war material.”

In the course of the next few days the German claims mounted apace, until the number of prisoners taken had risen to some 665,000, with 885 tanks and 3,718 guns captured or destroyed. But in spite of these claims Budenny’s armies seemed to have plenty of fighting spirit left. Nearly a week later, on September 24, a German spokesman in Berlin, after announcing that the Battle of Kiev was almost finished, that around Kiev there was chaos and some of the Russian corps were in a state of disintegration, went on to state that there were hundreds of thousands of the integration of the Russian forces east of Kiev. “How far they will be able to resist in the next few days, I am not certain,” he said. The German forces have considerably increased. Lines of communication have been lengthened by a further 75 miles because of our advance. The Russians have blown up all the bridges and the roads—and these were bad enough before. The farther we advance east, the more difficult it will be for us to get supplies to our troops.”

While this battle of encirclement was proceeding, other German forces continued to make progress through the Ukraine in the direction of Kharkov and the Donetz basin. On the north they gained a foothold, and following the fall of Kiev, the Germans reported with a fanfare of trumpets that they had taken Poltava, about 85 miles south-west of Kharkov. But a week later three small units were still no nearer than 33 miles to the great industrial city, so hampered had they been by the forests, swamps, and rough terrain covered by the detritus of the Russian’s retreat. But the German regulars and guerillas. To the south the line of the Dnieper between Kremenchug and Zaporozhe seemed to be still held by Budenny’s troops. In the west, along the line of the Kherson-Poltava road, the Nikopol and Kherson the river line was breached. Kherson was outflanked and the Germans, after investing Perekop on the isthmus connecting the Crimea with the mainland, swept on to the shore of the Sea of Azov.

Timoshenko’s Counter-attacks

Meanwhile, in the other sectors of the front the battle raged with undiminished fury. In the centre Marshal Timoshenko continued to make progress in the neighbourhood of Smolensk; for the first time in the present war the Germans were compelled to withdraw from territory—in some places as much as 10 or 15 miles—which they had conquered. Even Berlin admitted that Timoshenko’s attacks were “very heavy.”

At Leningrad the Germans continued to batter the city’s steel-bound defences. Their losses were terrific, but territorially, at least, they had little to show for their immense sacrifices. Hardly anywhere were the Germans within 20 miles of the Nevski Prospekt, but on September 19 a German squadron atop of the front line with the shock troops reported that with field-glasses the men in the most advanced positions could sometimes cast the flashes of Leningrad’s windows in the sunlight, while factory chimneys, still blithely smoking, despite German bombing and shelling, were visible here and there. Watchers in Finland, looking across Kronstadt Bay, saw the night sky over Leningrad lit up with towering flames, saw the flash of bursting bombs and shells, and the scintillating network of searchlights, and “flak” from the very few channels whereby British and American support might reach the Soviet. It was on this front that the R.A.F. wing sent to Russia was reported from Stockholm to be in action.
German Guns Captured by Timoshenko’s Men

NAZI ARTILLERY, comprising howitzers, light field guns and anti-tank guns, captured by Soviet troops at village "N," being examined by engineers and technical experts of the Red Army. German losses in men and material during the fighting on the Eastern front, which has been on an unprecedented scale, have been enormous. But Hitler is making use of the resources of a conquered Europe, and only unrelenting toil in our own factories will enable us to gain the ascendancy in material needed for our ultimate victory.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright.
With Gun and Tank, Bayonet and Bomb, Hitler's Hordes Grapple with
After Three Months: The Battle Line in Russia

LENINGRAD, defended by the armies of Voroshilov. The Kirov House of Culture.

SMOLENSK, taken by the Nazis in August. German motor vehicles in the main street.

KIEV, the loss of which was admitted by Moscow on Sept. 21. A residential quarter.

ODESSA, Black Sea port besieged but unconquered. Steps linking city to seafort.

TERRITORY overrun by the Nazis in twelve weeks' fighting on the Eastern Front. Although as can be seen, the territorial gains of the German armies are very considerable, the Soviet Red Army still preserves an unbroken line from Finland to the Black Sea, and is still fighting with undiminished ardour. The Nazi gains have been bought at an enormous cost to themselves in both men and material. M. Molotov, Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain, speaking on September 23, said that the Germans had lost, 'at a moderate estimate, 3,000,000 men in killed, wounded and missing, as well as something like 8,500 planes.

As September drew to a close, Leningrad still held out stubbornly in the face of Von Leeb's powerful attacks; Smolensk had been captured by the Nazis early in August, but now they were losing ground east of the city owing to Timoshenko's counter-attacks. The loss of Kiev was a severe blow to the Soviet, but Budenny's forces were still fighting hard, and Odessa, the Russian Tobruk, was proving a graveyard to thousands of Antonescu's Romanians.
Exit Riza Shah: A New Chapter in Persia

Vital to the defence of India and Egypt, vital to the Russian defenders of the Caucasus, Iran (or Persia, as Mr. Churchill prefers to call it) has now, following the abdication of the old Shah, been brought under the control of the Russian and British Allies.

Shah Riza Khan Pahlevi abdicated on September 16 in favour of his eldest son, the Crown Prince Shah Mohammed Riza, a young man of 22. Failing health was given as the reason, but in fact the old Shah had become altogether non-persona grata to the Russians and British who had invaded his country on August 25, and who since then had been waiting in vain for the Nazi road to fame and supreme power. In 1921 he executed a coup d'état and seized Teheran. Two years later he was Prime Minister, and in 1925 he supplanted the old Shah, Sultan Ahmad, who preferred to spend most of his time at Deauville and Biarritz, dallying with his dancing girls. In 1926 the one-time trooper was crowned Shah.

For years he ruled as an enlightened despot. He built roads and bridges, constructed irrigation works, encouraged agriculture, established schools, some of them on co-educational lines. He introduced new legal codes, thus striking at the power of the religious courts conducted by the mullahs, did much to emancipate women. Unlike his Turkish exemplar, he did not feel strong enough to prohibit the veil, but he did everything in his power to discourage its use.

He set up factories in which he was the principal shareholder; he did much to encourage the tourist trade, and the hotels which he built on the Caspian shore were his own property. In Teheran he constructed a magnificent railway station which cost, so it is said, £30,000,000; at first there were no trams and not even rails. "Teheran," reported John Gunther, became a mixture of primitiveness and sophistication. Splendid boulevards and dial telephones—but no sewage system. Between street and pavement were ditches filled with dogs, cats, and drinking water." The construction of a splendid bourse was begun, although the building was never finished. A magnificent opera house was completed, but Iran still has no opera, just as it has no stockbrokers.

But it must be admitted that the Shah could have done few or none of these things but for the royalties paid him by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, of which the largest shareholder is the British Government. These made him independent of the Iranian Majlis or National Assembly, enabled him to defy the Moslem mullahs and the feudal chieftains. Still more, they provided him with the funds with which he paid his troops and officials. Out of a rabble he produced a conscript army of respectable appearance and conduct, with which he was able to put down brigandage and overawe recalcitrant tribesmen. The oil royalties represent more than half the country's national income, but the balance had to be wrung from a people living in the most squalid poverty. His great public works were only carried out by forced labour at very low wages, and parts of the country were depopulated as the peasants fled to avoid his press gangs. Then many of the necessities of life—sugar, tea and salt, as well as foreign trade, transport, petroleum and tourism—were made state monopolies, sold to the highest bidder.

A great man in his heyday was Riza Shah Pahlevi; so great indeed that on one occasion, in 1932, he challenged the great oil company and its British Government backers. Not only did he reduce the area of its concession by half, but he demanded that instead of receiving as heretofore a share of the net profits he should be paid a specific rate per ton of oil, with the proviso that the sum paid should never fall below £750,000 per annum. After six months of haggling and angry protests his demands were conceded; in 1937 and again in 1938 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company paid the Persian Government over £3,000,000.

But as Pahlevi grew old he revealed ever more plainly the well-known vices of the solitary autocrat. He was a one-man tyrant, intolerant of opposition, determined to have his own way in everything. Moreover, his avarice became insatiable. In particular he indulged in a passion for land-grabbing—a passion which may be traced back, perhaps, to his peasant ancestry.

Now, however, all that is gone. Most of his wealth has been restored to the Persian State, and he himself is an exile.
Our Diary of the War

TUESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1941
745th day
Air.—Seven enemy fighters destroyed during R.A.F. sweeps over northern France. Two nights of fighting along the French frontier near Karlsruhe and objectives in W. Germany, as well as on the docks at Le Havre.

Russian tanks reported gains in local actions near Leningrad. Germans claimed defeat of large Russian forces south of Würzburg. Rundstedt launched powerful new offensive in Ukraine.

Africa.—31 killed and 93 injured in enemy air raid on Khartoum and Harare. Fighting at Tripoli and Benghazi attacked during night by German air bombers.

Iran.—The Shah abdicated, being succeeded by his son, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi.

Russia.—Night raids on night raiders at points in eastern England. One enemy bomber destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17
746th day
Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. Submarine F.12.

Air.—Strong R.A.F. forces attacked power plant at Magasirah, near Bethune, 12 enemy fighters destroyed in offensive sweep for the second night in succession Karlsruhe raided. Night attack on St. Nazaire.

Germans renewed assault on Leningrad with waves of dive bombers. Marshal Timoshenko still counter-attacking north and west of Vinnitsa.


Home.—Bombs on south-east coast towns caused a few casualties.

General.—The Swedish destroyers were blown up near the island of Naergarn.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 18
747th day
Sea.—Submarines of Mediterranean Fleet attacked an Italian convoy, destroying two lines of merchantmen, one decked and two damaged.

Air.—Enemy supply ships damaged and two A.A. guns destroyed off Belgian coast. Bomber station near Rouen bombed. In an offensive sweep over northern France, 17 enemy aircraft were destroyed. British losses, two bombers and nine fighters. At night the docks of Le Havre were attacked.

Russian Front.—Pressure on Leningrad relieved by counter-attacks. Crimea reported cut off from the mainland.

Iran.—Russian troops entered Teheran. British troops encamped on the outskirts. U.S.A., through Mr. Roosevelt asked Congress for an additional £1,000,000,000 for Lease and Lend supplies.

Home.—The King and Queen inspected the Third Canadian Division. Night raids dropped bombs at a few points in South Wales and East Anglia.

General.—New Japanese offensive in Hunan.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19
Sea.—Admiralty announced that a Dutch submarine sank two Italian supply ships in the Mediterranean.

Air.—Night attacks included a heavy raid on the Baltic port of Stettin and objectives near Nantes, in France.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed the capture of Kiev and announced that the armies of Rundstedt and Bock had joined forces beyond the Dnieper. Germans claimed to have reached P volta, 58 miles from Kharkov.

Iran.—A British column occupied the inner suburbs of Teheran. Other British troops occupied the Skoda machine-gun factory east of the city.

Home.—Bombs dropped in the Thames Estuary area during a daylight raid.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 20
748th day
Sea.—At night unsuccessful attacks on Norwegian convoys were made by nine E-boats, two of which were severely damaged.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked enemy convoys off the Dutch coast setting several ships on fire. Air attacks were also made on objectives in Norway and W. Germany, and on the railway junction at Harelbeke, shipyards near Rouen, the docks at Cherbourg and the railway centre at Abbeville were bombed. Objectives at Emden and a fish-oil factory at Flora, in Norway, were also attacked. 16 enemy fighters were shot down. British losses, seven fighters and three bombers. Night attacks on Frankfurt, Berlin and N.-W. Germany as well as the docks at Ostend.

Russian Front.—Attacks continued along the whole front and were especially fierce around Kiev. Germans claimed the capture of islands of Vrona and Moon in the Baltic.

Africa.—Merchant ship bombed and sunk by R.A.F., off Kerkenah, and enemy destroyer successfully attacked off Tripoli.

Home.—Three interned Fascists rioted at Peel, Isle of Man, internment camp. A few bombs were dropped by night raiders at points in south and eastern England. One enemy aircraft destroyed.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 21
749th day
Air.—Four enemy fighters shot down in two big sweeps by R.A.F. over northern France. Blenheim attacked power station at Gennevilliers, near Paris, and an oil factory near Dijon.


Russian Front.—Russians admitted evacuation of Riga. Germans in the capital of Latvia, where the capture of Riga by the Red Army.

Mediterranean.—Announcement of successful attacks on merchant shipping by British, French and American submarines.

Home.—Sea—South-east coast town bombed.

MONDAY, SEPT. 22
750th day
Air.—5,000-ton German supply ship hit by a Beaufort aircraft off Norway. Night attack on the docks at Boulogne.

Russian Front.—Soviet forces encircled east of Kiev still put up vigorous resistance. Timoshenko's armies continued their advance in the Smolensk area. Pressure on Leningrad relieved by Russian counter-attacks from the Valdai Hills. Moscow announced arrival of British and American missions.

Africa.—Airborne troops landed at Benghazi and objectives at Tripoli bombèd on night of Sept. 22-23.

Home.—King George of Greece arrived in London. "Tanks for Russia," week began.

General.—Lord Linlithgow's term of office as Viceroy of India extended to April 1943.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 23
751st day
Russian Front.—Nazi's pushed back seven miles by Soviet counter-attacks in the Leningrad sector. German 3rd Mountain Infantry Division routed near Maram, near the Middle East.—Announced from Cairo that Gen. Wavell had returned to India after a conference with Gen. Auchinleck somewhere in the Middle East.

Iran.—The Iranian government decided to recall its diplomatic representatives in Germany, Italy and Rumania.

Africa.—In Abyssinia enemy positions near Gondar bombèd by R.A.F.


WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24
752rd day
Sea.—Admiralty announced torpedoing of an Italian minelayer, a transport and two supply ships in the Mediterranean.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed capture of Peterhof, 10 miles west of Leningrad. Badeney counter-attacked at Kherson, on the Dnieper. Officially announced that 10 R.A.F. squadrons in Russia had shot down 7 Nazi planes for the loss of one fighter.

Mediterranean.—Announcement of successful attacks on merchant shipping by Fleet Air Arm and bombers of R.A.F.

Home.—Day raiders bombed Scottish east coast village. Few night bombs on south-east coast. Allied Council at St. James's Palace, endorsed the Atlantic Charter.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25
753rd day
Russian Front.—Leningrad attacked by waves of Stukas and heavy bombers. Rundstedt's southern forces began new advance from Gomelkis along the coast of the Sea of Azov.

Home.—Few night bombs on east coast.

General.—Berlin admits seriousness of big guerrilla risings in Serbia.

M. MAISY.—Soviet Ambassador in London, addresses workers after taking delivery of the first tank made in the Tanks for Russia Week which started on Sept. 22 and resulted in 20 per cent increase over the previous "best."
New Halifaxes and Hurricanes Take the Air

HALIFAX, the formidable new Handley Page bomber in use with the R.A.F. It has a span of 99 ft., a length of 70 ft., and is 22 ft. high. Fitted with four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, it is a mid-wing monoplane with twin fins and rudders, the tail gun-turret projecting well beyond the tail assembly.

AERIAL supremacy over the Nazis, numerical and technical—such is the order of the day and night. In technique, Britain has always led the way, and recent developments are very gratifying.

The Halifax, one of the largest and most formidable new machines under Bomber Command, is doing splendid service. It is an all-metal mid-wing monoplane with four Rolls-Royce Merlin 12-cylinder liquid-cooled engines. The fuselage is rectangular, and the bomb-aimer's position is placed under the forward turret. It carries four machine-guns in the rear turret and two in the front turret.

The Hurricane II introduces many new features to the earlier model. Fitted with a new Rolls-Merlin engine, with two-speed supercharger, it extends the fighting ability in three directions, performances at height, fire-power and effective range. The machine has a better rate of climb at altitude and a greater top speed. Some Hurricanes carry 13 machine-guns, others four 20-mm. cannon.

HURRICANE IIIs in formation. These machines are carrying four 20-mm. cannon. On the left a Hurricane II, showing the port-holes for its 12 machine-guns.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Associated Press.
Norway’s Great Stand Against the Oppressor

Eighteen months have passed since the Nazis invaded Norway, and each successive month has increased its unpopularity, until today they are hated with an intensity such as only the most bitter tyranny could have aroused in an essentially tolerant and kindly people. Below we review the chief events which have marked the German occupation of Norway to date.

When the Nazis invaded Norway on April 9, 1940, one of their first acts was to set up a puppet government under Major Vidkun Quisling, leader of the small Norwegian Fascist Party, the Nasjonal Samling. Six days later, however, Vidkun Quisling was replaced by an Administrative Council headed by Herr Christensen, Chairman of Oslo Municipal Council. Then on April 27 Hitler issued a decree appointing Herr Terboven, Gaueliter of Essen, as Reich Commissioner of the German-occupied territories in Norway.

Following the occupation of the whole of Norway by the Nazi invaders, there were further changes. In September a new Administrative Council was formed by Christensen to act as a link between the Norwegian authorities and the occupying power, and on September 25 Terboven set up a Stasrad (State Council), nearly all of whose members were drawn from Quisling’s party. A few hours before its establishment all the Norwegian political parties, save the Nasjonal Samling, were closed down, and in a few weeks the same fate had befallen most Norwegian organizations, even Masonic Lodges and Rotary Clubs. The Norwegian Trade Union Council anticipated compulsory dissolution by closing down all its organs and destroying membership lists and documents. Then on September 28 Terboven made another pronouncement proclaimed the abolition of the King, the Norwegian Diet (parliament) and monarchy, the deposition of King Haakon and the nomination of Quisling as sole political leader in Norway. It was decreed that all portraits of King Haakon and members of the Royal Family should be burnt, and that the word “royal” should be deleted from street names and so on. On October 4 there came yet another proclamation decreeing that parliament would be replaced by a Ringsamt, whose members would be appointed on the corporative principle.

These measures induced grave unrest throughout the country. Beginning of November 1940 Extraordinary People’s Tribunals were set up to enforce them and to punish loyalty to the Norwegian king and moncriarch. But the programme of suppression drew a storm. Everywhere loyalists flaunted badges bearing the portrait of King Haakon. There were frequent clashes in the streets between loyalists and Quisling’s brownshirts or Hirdmen. Sabotage was widespread. Newspapers were so outspoken in their criticism of the regime that numbers of journalists were arrested, many papers were suppressed and others suspended for publishing disrespectful remarks of Quisling and his gang. Even in the schools anti-Quisling demonstrations were the order of the day, so that the Government threatened to close the high schools and severely punish the teachers who failed to keep their classes in order. Children who refused to give the Nazi salute at the Hitler Youth Exhibition in Oslo were beaten up by Hirdmen in the streets. Undaunted, a crowd of Norwegian girls and girls paraded in front of the Royal Palace and sang the Norwegian National Anthem, while others shouted “Long live King Haakon!” Down with Quisling!” before the latter’s headquarters.

Meanwhile the economic condition of the country was growing steadily worse as the Nazis laid their hands on all the foodstuffs that happened to be immediately surplus. Huge quantities of fish, eggs, pork and potatoes were appropriated and dispatched to the Reich, with the result that food rationing of the civilian population became ever more drastic. German soldiers of the army of occupation were reported to be going on leave with their rucksacks filled with the good things which the people at home had gone without for so long.

Things had reached such a state that last spring Himmler himself arrived in Norway, and after a tour of the country helped in the establishment of a secret police on the lines of the Gestapo. But still the agitation went on.

There was another wave of arrests, and the gaols, supplemented by concentration camps, were filled to overflowing.

Then the Church entered the struggle. On February 6 the Norwegian bishops issued a pastoral letter denouncing the Quisling government’s interference with church matters and severely criticizing the violent activities of the Hirdmen. In particular, they protested against an order of December 13, which gave the police the right to require a priest to break his oath of secrecy in matters of the confessional, or run the risk of imprisonment if he refused. When the pastoral was read from a pulpit and widely distributed, Quisling ordered the police and Hirdmen to attend Divine Worship and report any priests and ministers who refused to read the letter, or offered prayers for the Norwegian Royal Family. Already the Quisling government had attacked the Norwegian judiciary, with the result that in December all the justices of the Supreme Court resigned and were replaced by quislings.

On August 2 Terboven proclaimed a state of civil emergency throughout Norway, and followed this up with measures of repression, including in particular the confiscation of all wireless receiving sets along the west and south coasts; the Norwegians were showing too keen an interest in broadcasts from London. In Oslo the wireless sets were due to be given up on September 8; that same afternoon the R.A.F. heavily bombed the airship sheds. The appearance of the British planes above the city acted as a signal for a patriotic demonstration of the most openly enthusiastic description. The same day work was stopped in the big factories, ostensibly because heavy workers did not get their milk ration; it was true enough that since the short, since 10,000 gallons of Norwegian milk are being sent daily to Finland alone for the German troops, while further large quantities are being condensed for the use of the German forces elsewhere. Soon in the engineering industry the strike was general, 54 works being brought to a standstill.

Quisling informed the German authorities that these demonstrations were the prelude to a general strike. This was known as the Germans well knew, but they seized upon an opportunity for crushing the workers’ movement. In fact, just as the Nazis had suppressed the political parties. On September 9 Terboven imposed martial law on Oslo and its industrial suburbs. The Gestapo promptly occupied the offices of the Trades Union Federation, and all members of the executive as well as many local officials were arrested. A few hours later shots rang out: Viggo Flanstein, president of the Trades Union Federation, and Rolf Wickstrom had to pay with their lives for having refused to yield to Terboven and the Gestapo. Many other Trade Unionists, engineering shop stewards and dockers were sentenced to hard labour for ten or fifteen years, and in some cases for life.

But even these atrocities have proved insufficient to crush the spirit of the Norwegian workers and of the Norwegian people as a whole. Never were King Haakon and Queen Inge more popular than now; when they are exiles in London. The British people, who call them as they are called—as they fly over Norway’s towns and coasts are greeted with friendly waves and cheers. Viggo Flanstein, who is reported to be tormented by insomnia, and an overdose of his sleeping draught has brought him to the brink of the grave.

Norwegian sympathizers at the funeral of a British airman on a small island named Austevoll, near Bergen. This lonely island was chosen for the funeral by the Nazis to avoid demonstrations of pre-British feeling, but over a thousand Norwegian fishermen and peasants journeyed from even quite distant villages to be present.

Photo, Associated Press
Who Wouldn't Hurt a Fly in North Africa?

AN ANTI-FLY SQUAD leaving its headquarters with traps. These are baited with fresh meat, left for four days, and then collected for the catch to be destroyed.

SETTING THE TRAPS in which over a million flies have been caught in six weeks. The Anti-Fly Squad is an essential part of Western Desert Hygiene Section.

BURNING TROUGHs full of flies (right). When the traps are full the flies are sprayed with chemicals and then cremated. Above, a member of the Anti-Fly Squad emptying the traps into a trough.

The insect plague is not the least of the dangers and nuisances to which our men in North Africa are exposed. Thanks, however, to skilful organization, the breeding circles are broken up. An important order is that all refuse must be burnt in the camps and not buried, as research has proved that a fly can work its way through 8 ft. of sand.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright
They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause

Mr. A. M. Nabarro, Portsmouth A.F.S., G.M., for rescuing two persons trapped in blazing wreckage, and controlling fires.

Mr. L. Stephenson, Plymouth A.F.S. messenger, B.E.M., for carrying on with his duty although injured by bomb-blast.

Mr. W. M. Weston, White Cross of St. Giles, for saving over 100 animals from buildings destroyed by bombs.

Mrs. H. Broadberry, of Winklough, B.E.M., for helping to rescue three Polish airmen from a crashed and burning plane.

Stn. Offr. R. A. Pullinger, G.M., for helping to save patients from a hospital which was set on fire by a bomb.


Warden Janet Evans, of Plymouth, B.E.M., for bravery and devotion to duty during several raids.

Warden Janet Evans, for Plymouth, B.E.M., for rescuing six persons from demolished property.

Mrs. E. Kipson, M.B.E., for her work at the British Embassy in Norway during Nazi invasion.

Sergt. G. Dason, G.M., for gallant and devoted work in tending a man trapped in wreckage.

P.C. Eakers, of Plymouth, B.E.M., for rescuing several persons and tending the injured.

Miss M. I. Stephenson, formerly A.R.P. Warden, Holborn, G.M., for rescuing casualties from bombed building.

Insp. G. G. N. A. Thring, D.S.O., for bravery and skill in bringing a convoy through two U-boat attacks and a storm.

Telegraphist J. Stephenson, formerly A.R.P., Warden, Holborn, G.M., for rescuing casualties from bombed building.

Sgt. Cadet H. Thompson, St. Clement Dane's Unit, Navy League Cross, for bravery in preventing fires.

Cdr. H. W. Briggs, R.N., Bar to D.S.O., for distinguished services in the withdrawal of our troops from Greece.

Lieut. J. G. Phillips, D.S.C., for bravery and skill in the course of operations off the Libyan coast.

Mr. G. Davis, G.M., for turning off gas from flaming main near an unexploded bomb, during a London raid.

Chief Offr. H. Thompson, M.B.E., for bravery and navigational resource after his ship had been torpedoed.

Mr. N. Potts, of the Gas Light & Coke Co., also awarded the G.M., for bravery in the same incident.

Mr. J. F. Knape, O.B.E., for gallant work in the Plymouth A.R.P. Control Room, set on fire by bombs.

 lies this airmen, who was also awarded the G.M., for splendid resource in the same courageous exploit.

Mr. J. W. Coulthard, Liverpool A.R.P. messenger, G.M., for great bravery in a bomb-wrecked blazing building.

Mr. L. J. Bell, of the Gas Light & Coke Co., G.M., for controlling gas amid falling high explosives and incendiaries.

Mr. E. F. Bradley, who was also awarded the G.M., for splendid resource in the same courageous exploit.

Wing-Cdr. G. T. Jarman, D.F.C., awarded the D.S.O., for attacks on Gneisenau, Scharnhorst and Prinz Eugen.

Squad-Leader D. R. Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., for putting out fire in his plane by using his parachute regardless of his own life.

Mr. J. W. Coulthard, Liverpool A.R.P. messenger, G.M., for great bravery in a bomb-wrecked blazing building.

Lieut. H. P. Blatchford, D.F.C., for helping to destroy eight and damage five Nazi planes in one day.

Flying-Offr. D. V. Cotes-Peedy, G.M., for saving lives of his air-gunner and observer from crashed plane.

What Caught My Eye in Besieged Odessa

Since the beginning of August, Odessa, the great Russian port on the Black Sea, has been fiercely attacked by the Rumanians and their German masters. This account of life in the beleaguered city is from the pen of E. Vlenski, a Russian war correspondent.

ODessa is encircled from the land side. The roads leading from the city are cut short at the front line which surrounds the approaches to the town. Odessa can only be reached by sea, and although the vessels may be hindered they cannot be stopped.

Odessa was the city of gaiety, the beautiful seaside town inhabited by happy, sunny southerners, where people from all parts of the country came to rest, where the parks were masses of flowers and where music could be heard everywhere.

The first sound I heard on approaching the town was the boom of guns. These belonged to a warship guarding the sea approaches, and they fired to the right at regular intervals. Our boat slid into port to the same accompaniment of artillery.

Odessa has become a different town. It is a besieged city, fighting for its liberty and its very life. And it stands with clenched fists, grim and determined. You see pass by groups of working men and women—especially women. Most of them have remained in their native city, while most of the men have gone into the front line. Old people and children have been evacuated, despite the enemy’s attempts to prevent their evacuation.

It is early, and I can see the people out on the streets carrying spades, picks, sandbags. The streets are narrow, for cobble stones and pavement stones have been torn up to build barricades, and only a narrow strip is left for motor traffic.

There is one man in Odessa whom everyone knows: Arkady Khrenov, one of the Soviet Union’s best military engineers and one of those responsible for the destruction of the Mannerheim Line during the Finnish campaign. He is in charge of Odessa’s fortifications. Under his direction the inhabitants have surrounded their city with several belts of fortifications, anti-tank obstacles and trenches.

You should see them work; old men and women, youngsters, women of every kind, carrying stones to the barricades. Their unceasing efforts have converted Odessa into an immensely strong fortress. Everything has been done to lessen the danger to the defenders. Gun turrets are cunningly concealed and the men’s firing positions covered against snipers.

Fighting side by side with the Red Army are Odessa’s People’s Volunteers and the Red Navy. These Red Navy men are the object of Odessa’s particular affection. You can see them in the firing line in their navy blue, with heavy cartridge belts across their chests and with a big supply of grenades.

Everyone in the city is taking part in its defence. The factories are producing all that is required at the front, and the collective farms bring in a constant supply of vegetables, fruits and other produce.

The people of Odessa never had the occasion to build tanks, but now its engineers are producing a number of armoured vehicles, which, while not conforming to standard designs, have nevertheless caused great damage to the Rumanians attacking the city. Hundreds of thousands of mines have been made in the town’s workshops; some of them unconvincingly encased in wooden boxes, large tins and even film containers.

Enemy tanks and armoured cars are encountering diverse and cleverly contrived obstacles—there are at least a million of them in the approaches of the city. Never had the Odessaites contemplated doing so much digging and shovelling. Spades and picks were produced in a few days at fabulous speed. The city has organized its defence in such a way as to rely as little as possible on other towns. Odessa scientists are producing high explosives, and Odessa technicians are designing new types of arms.

The city and the front have merged into one. There is no dividing line. Workers’ detachments are training in the streets. They learn to handle arms, dig trenches and camouflage. Their womenfolk see them off to the outskirts of the town where the gunfire is clearly heard. They bring their men bundles of food and then return to the city to resume work.

Odessa engineers are also repairing the tanks brought in from the front, and every factory has a group of tanks attached to it for repairs. Brigades of workers have their own workshops to look after the tank supply, the shops, and the telegraph and telephone services work without interruption. It is true that in the telegraph office I saw a notice saying “Prompt payments not guaranteed,” but still telegrams are being accepted. As a journalist I was particularly pleased to see that three daily papers still appear in Odessa, and the newspapers arrive with only two days’ delay.—Soviet War News.

We Did a Tour of Europe as Vichy Prisoners

A British officer who spent two months as a prisoner of war, and during that time travelled through nine different countries, broadcasts the following remarkable story of the cruelty and spirit of people condemned to live in German-occupied countries.

During the fighting in Syria a few of my regiment ran out of ammunition and we were taken prisoner by the Vichy French. In Salonika, where we had to live like animals, we met Vichy reinforcements on their way to Syria, and these soldiers greeted us with great friendliness, one of them saying: “We’re still friends; it’s the Boche who is our enemy.”

Then, after we had heard the good news of the end of hostilities, we were taken overland to France. We travelled by train, the twelve most senior officers in a second-class carriage, and were reasonably comfortable; but the remainder of the British and Indian officers and the N.C.O.s had third-class accommodation, which was far from good, especially after so long a journey. All the time our hopes and fears were struggling with each other, and many were the theories advanced in favour of one or the other. Sometimes we wondered whether we would ever be released; sometimes we were afraid the French might hand us over to the Hun; the most optimistic hoped that we should be sent straight back to England.

We travelled north through Yugoslavia, passing through Bulgaria and Hungary, and then south-westward through Austria and Germany into France. On the third day of our journey, while we were still in Yugoslavia, we saw some British prisoners-of-war. We had previously heard that they had been put to work on a new autobahn being constructed from Austria into Yugoslavia. At first we were only able to wave to them, and sometimes throw them if they were close enough; but in the evening the train, for no apparent reason, stopped very near to a large party of them. They were very pleased to see us and to hear that the Allies had taken Syria, and showed splendid spirit despite all their troubles, and it was grand to hear them shouting: Well done, the British! Well done, the British! And, “There’ll always be an England.” Although we saw lots more, we
I WAS THERE!

After the landing of the Allied forces on Spitzbergen a Norwegian major, representing the Norwegian Government in London, informed the people that they were to be evacuated. Above, inhabitants, aided by Canadian soldiers, are gathering their belongings on the jetty preparatory to embarking.

never had a similar opportunity to talk to them again; however, we threw them as many cigarettes as we could gather together, and they seemed very glad to get them.

I think it was on the evening of the fifth day that we passed Berchtesgaden; the scenery was certainly magnificent, but one felt amused that the Fuehrer needed to have his house built in a place where one would normally only expect to find birds of prey picking the bones of what they had devoured.

Later in our journey we passed through the Black Forest, but we were disappointed not to see Goering's hunting lodge; but we heard instead that he was languishing in gaol.

Nothing much else occurred until we reached Dijon, in German-occupied France. Here our train halted in the station for some time, and we were able to talk to quite a lot of French people. One train that was passing through for Paris welcomed us with every sign of friendship, in spite of the fact that there were lots of German sentries on the platform; all the windows were jammed with people waving to us and making signs that they were depending on us, and there was much blowing of kisses. In the carriage directly opposite me was a most warm-hearted and good-looking girl-guide who bore the bravest smile I have ever seen; and we were extremely sorry when their train steamed out. As it left the station the girl waved her handkerchief, and in one corner was a miniature Union Jack.

How We Spent The Last Days on Spitzbergen

Among the Norwegians who came to England from Spitzbergen was Mrs. Mary Olsen, with her husband, Andrór, and their 13-year-old daughter. Mrs. Olsen gave the following account of their last days in their Arctic home to a "Daily Mail" reporter. See pages 158-159.

Warm sunshine bathed the little Arctic town where we lived. I was at work in my timber-built cottage, my daughter Marie was playing outside with our pet "husky" dog Kiki.

Suddenly a neighbour cried out, "There are warships in the bay!"

I took Marie by the hand and we ran to the sea, Kiki galloping at our heels. The lifting mist revealed a great fleet of ships at the entrance to the fiord.

Ship's boats packed with soldiers were coming towards the quay. As the first boat scraped alongside an officer in uniform sprang ashore.

"Good morning," he called in Norwegian. No one in the little knot of people, mostly women and children, who had gathered to watch, answered him. We did not know who they were. We were suspicious.

Soldiers in khaki climbed out of the boat—smiling soldiers who stood smartly to attention and winked at the children clinging to our hands.

Then someone noticed the flag of Norway on the officer's shoulder. There was an audible sigh of relief. It was all right. These were British soldiers—not Germans.

Spitzbergen was being occupied. I listened uncomprehendingly to my English-speaking countrymen who were now chatting with the newcomers, I watched, wondering, until Marie suddenly said that she was hungry. We went back home. Then an excited friend told me "The Canadians have come to take us away. They are going to free our beloved Norway."

The news was a shock. I love my home. Andor, my husband, is a foreman in the mines. All our life was here. This was a big decision. Sad thoughts ran through my mind.
I WAS THERE!

"This is my dear Spitzbergen. This is our home. Andor and I have a beautiful home and a beautiful child. Oh, God, why should there be Nazis..."

I went on with my household work. Late in the afternoon Andor came in from the mines. We had tea.

The Canadians were busy. Everything was to go on normally; there would be more news tomorrow.

I took out the last letter I had received from my mother months ago. There was very little in it. Away in Roros, near Trondheim, the Nazis were in possession. All the letter contained were little family details. But it did let us know that food was scarce, queues long.

Spitzbergen was beyond the war. We listened to the radio, some to Oslo, but most of us to the American news from London. We did not always believe the news from London. But we never believed the news from Oslo, that was Hitler talking. So we were often puzzled.

Days passed. The Canadians went about their own affairs and we carried on as usual—went shopping, even had one or two little house parties.

We Came from East and West to Bomb Berlin

During July and August 1941 Berlin was under fire from two sides, for the Red Air Force alternated with the R.A.F. in raiding the city. Here spokesmen of the two air forces describe their experiences.

LEUTENANT MALININ, of the Red Air Force, described a Russian raid on Berlin in the following words:

When we started for our raid on Berlin we knew that it would not be easy. By following strictly our mapped course we had to cover several thousand kilometres under difficult weather conditions. Soon after we took off we were flying in clouds. Conditions were very unfavourable, as a large zone of cloud stretched all along the route to Berlin. Over 70 per cent of our flying time was spent flying blind about the clouds. Temperature dropped to 40 degrees below zero. On board it was completely dark except for the dim light shed by the instrument panels. When I looked down at the bank of dense black cloud I could not help wondering whether we would be able to locate our target.

We forged on through cloud and rain. According to our calculations we were already over Germany, but we could see nothing but clouds. When our time reckoned indicated that we had reached our goal we were still within our bearing. However, there was no time to waste. With muffled engines I made for the target. Through the layer of ragged clouds we saw the ground. Below Berlin I looked at the time—exactly 1.47. Everything in order and according to our calculations.

Suddenly we saw flickering lights flashing in front of us, our enemy fighters. Our navigator, Tkachenko, spotted two of them, and our wireless operator, Martyanov, saw three more. The Nazis had not seen us. What were we to do? "Fire!" And so we fired. "But this would mean missing our objectives. We decided to go right down below the clouds—down to 2,700 feet. From that height we could see the city. Through a misty haze it looked like a huge field crossed by ditch-like streets and squares.

So far everything was quiet—no searchlights or A.A. guns. Our plane was the first to reach the target. The enemy had either failed to notice us or was biding his time to decive us. At 2,700 feet I manoeuvred in accordance with Tkachenko's instructions to find our strategic objectives. Time was passing—1.55...2.0. Finally, Tkachenko found what he was looking for.

Our machine shuddered as a heavy bomb was released. Below, a dazzling explosion flared up. We were dropping very heavy bombs, and from the air we could clearly see how each bomb threw up a pillar of fire. When our load was gone, we flew back into the clouds. Looking back, I could see more flashes through the darkness. Our comrades were already hard at work.

Our return journey was uneventful. We climbed higher and under cover of cloud made for home. At our base we were met by several comrades. "Well, what's the news?" "Everything in order," we reported; and I could not help saying, "I don't suppose Berlin will sleep very well tonight."

MUCH more favourable weather conditions were enjoyed by the R.A.F. during the heaviest raid they had made on Berlin. A Squadron Leader of a heavy bomber squadron said:

Then came the day we were told we were to sail for Britain. We could each bring 50 kilos of luggage. Fifty kilos! What could I do with all our treasures, the home we had built, and one? I was so sad, but my Marie was in great excitement..."Going to England! What fun!"

Andor and I talked it over. There was nothing else to talk about. "It is for freedom and right," he would reassure me. He said it over and over again.

Then the last day. There were more explosions as the Canadians went about destroying mines and other targets.

One big explosion I welcomed. It drowned the crack of a gunshot. That was the end of poor Kiki. He had to be destroyed. One of Andor's friends did it for us. Poor Marie wept as Kiki was led away.

Mid-afternoon, Andor placed our luggage outside the door. I had one last look round. All the things I left. Little treasures I had carried from Norway. Andor locked the door and took the key. I never looked back. Now I am glad to be here. What we did was right. We know it.

This Soviet bomber crew has a fine record. Its members have taken part in twenty air combats and have bombed Constantza, Sulina and Tulcea. Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

We could see the western defences of Berlin—the flak and the searchlights—in action when we were still 40 miles away. They seemed very busy, and we knew then that the earlier aircraft were already doing their stuff. Just south of Berlin we saw one of our bombers very low down and caught in a cone of searchlights. Then an enemy fighter attacked him. I was busy keeping an eye on the flak and searchlights but my crew said they saw tracer shooting between the two aircraft, and the next thing they reported was that the fighter had gone down in flames.

There were five big fires already burning when we got to Berlin; big orange and red-coloured fires with masses of smoke and flames, two of them nearly in the centre of the city. We could see buildings ablaze and flames coming out of the windows.

Conditions were absolutely ideal for bombing. The moon was so bright that if we had been flying at the same height in daylight we could hardly have seen more. Streets and buildings and railway lines—everything stood out absolutely clearly; I even picked out the Brandenburg Tor. There was even a bit of haze to cover the city. We had our set target, which was one of the big railway stations, but we could have bombed from just anywhere we liked; we had the city at our mercy, as it were.

We got to Berlin about a quarter of an hour after midnight and we left at about a quarter to one. During that time we saw a number of other people bombing, and then we dropped our bombs. We were carrying one of the new bombs. When it went off there was an explosion which lit up the sky.

We had a grand journey back—almost flak- and searchlight-free—but as we were nearing home the port engine failed. We threw out a bit of stuff to lighten the aircraft, and came along very nicely on one engine. When we got over the aerodrome that engine packed up too. I managed to land in a field, after encountering difficulties with a haystack and some telegraph wires. No sooner had we landed than up came three Home Guards with rifles at the ready, but when they saw it was a Wellington everything was all right. We got back to the aerodrome and talked things over with the others who had been out, and we agreed that this raid on Berlin was one of the most successful we had ever been on anywhere.---Soviet War News and Air Ministry News Service.
Editor's Postscript

Country life is not all it's cracked up to be,' someone said to me the other day. And as an invertebrate townswoman upon whom, at a late date, the rural way of life has come less from choice than from circumstance, I was inclined to agree. Of the Harvest bugs, for example, I've made my first acquaintance with them in these autumnal days. I thought at first I had contracted some sort of blood disorder, itching here, itching there, and a baker's dozen of focal points of discomfort arising as I scratched from ankle up, and up. I found that many others in my neighbourhood were suffering similarly. Strange how one's discomfort lessens with the knowledge that others are in like state.

I had suffered from the 'bicho colorado' (lit. red insect) in South America, and mosquitoes have at times robbed the most enchanting subtropical scenes of all their charm for me, but these minute harvest bugs whose acquaintance I have made so recently--eh, it's been a rare year for them darted 'arrest mites,' said a shepherd of the Downs to me yesterday, giving them their proper name--are as effective itch producers as any South American 'bicho.' Nor is it any consolation to know that this industry tiny red devil belongs to the family of Trombiculidae and, as a relative of the bicho colorado, has quite a surprising life-story.

His abundance this year is due to the long lush grass which the Autumn rains have engendered. Fortunately amonia quickly reduces the irritation his activities create. But bad as the plague of insect life may be--insects, for instance, Man by millions of years and will probably survive him by millions more--it is of the species of fly, Drosophila Melanogaster, could be suitably crossed there isn't enough matter in all the known heavenly bodies, and probably not in the universe, to make one fly of each of the possible kinds simultaneously! How's that for being fruitful and occupying the Earth? According to Maitlerlock it was really a case of tonch-and-go for mastery of the Earth between the Termites (the so-called White Ant) and Man. Nature, in her infinite variety, becomes somewhat alarming to contemplate close up. The epidemics that will inevitably follow the gigantic destruction of our beings now proceeding along the Western Front of Russia will involve some epic battles between the minutest forms of insect life and the latest ingenuity of Science.

In passing through the ruins of the Temple today--or rather trying to pass through, for ruin is now as much a part of it as the house-breakers pull down the gaunt skeletons of the antique memory-haunted courts and halls--I went to see the Office Row which was faring. A few days more and its last brick will have been dislodged. A bit of the south wall