'GENERAL WINTER' is now perhaps only a Colonel, as Mr. Maisky has put it, but at least the mud and snow have not improved matters for the German offensive. The Nazi soldier, grim-faced and gloomy, plod wearily through sleet and rain, and at night bivouac in the desolate countryside with a temperature below freezing-point. German soldiers in Norway and Rumania are now being asked to give up a blanket each to send to their comrades on the Eastern Front.
The Way of the War

YOU WANT A MILLION WOMEN, MR. BEVIN?

So there is going to be an end of "this silly old factories war," as the matter of women's recruiting. "To me," Mr. Bevin stated the other day, "men and women are producing units for the war effort, and I'm going to talk on terms of equality of men and women alike. I don't want these sloppy gossip column announcements about women. Women are intelligent beings, and should be treated as such." (Chorus of women: Thank you kindly, sir, she said.)

Certainly it is about time. Some of the appeals made of late to women to take their places in the A.T.S. have been—well, sloppy. There have been appeals to the shy girl, the home girl, and the really intelligent girl. Columns have appeared describing the wonderful sort of work they will be asked to do, their hotel-like existence, the social advantages, the "good times" that are to be had by all. What sort of job would you like to do? asks the recruiting officer. "We will do our best to oblige." The uniform is being made smarter yet.

Now Mr. Bevin has frowned on this sort of thing. Posters will still have to be used to publicize the women's services—just as they were used in the early days of the last war to get men to join the Army—since the Minister of Labour has no power to compel anyone to become a woman in uniform. But so far as the munition factories are concerned, Mr. Bevin has the power, and he has declared his resolve to use it. And about time, too, many women will say. They say, "At least being appealed to, cajoled, coaxed, wooed and wheedled, entertained and persuaded. They are just as indifferent to threats. If Mr. Bevin wants us, they ask, why doesn't he come and fetch us and tell us exactly what we have to do?"

Since war began many hundreds of thousands of women and girls have joined the A.T.S., the W.R.N.S., and the W.A.A.F., and have taken their places in the factories and other centres of the nation's war effort. But very many are required, and more and more are to be released for the fighting line. Some months ago it was stated that 100,000 women were wanted for the A.T.S. alone before Christmas, and in various places recruiting campaigns have been organized, with loudspeakers, military bands and a kind of mobile Brains Trust to answer any and every question. But still not enough women have joined up. Some are held back by the desire to remain in their own localities—a matter which surely could be easily arranged; others want to be at home when their husbands come on leave; others complain of too much drill, suspect "influence" in the matter of promotion, and object to being regarded as mere substitutes for men. Then we have to remember that many women have to depend on their own wages, and are obliged to think of "after the war" just as much as their brothers.

Then there is the munitions front. If the productive capacity of the country is to be utilized to the full a great army of women must be enlisted. "I have asked the younger women to leave home and go where their services are needed," said Mr. Bevin, at Middlesbrough, on November 16. "I want to get at least a million married women, either full or part-time—that is, half a day—in many of our munition works. If not in munition work, I want the married women to help in the distributive trades, in offices, and in commercial undertakings, and I want employers to utilize them for part-time, if not for full-time, work to release the younger mobile women to fill shells and make munitions. I must get these thousands of women into this terrific job."

No one will quarrel with Mr. Bevin's aim, but it is, to say the least, a little surprising to find these appeals coupled with the continued existence of considerable numbers of what have been called white-feather girls—girls, i.e. who, belonging for the most part to the more prosperous classes, are making no contribution to the war effort beyond, perhaps, an occasional attendance at the local hospital. Numbers of pin-money girls, it is said, have dodged the call-up by persuading Duddy or Uncle or a friend of Duddy's to find them comfortable and not badly-paid jobs. And this at a time when soldiers' wives are being urged to take up work in the factories. Day nurseries are to be provided for their children, true; but how much simpler it would be to pay the mother sufficient to enable her to remain at home and look after her own children? Surely that is a job which ought to be regarded as a reserved occupation.

To repeat, a million women are wanted urgently, at once. Mr. Bevin declares that he must have them. Why have they not come forward? One reason has been given above: that in all fairness many women feel that if the country wants them, then it should fetch them. But there are many other reasons. Here are two, given by Mrs. Mavis Tate, M.P., for Frome. Uncertainty as to earnings is the first. Many women working in factories, says Mrs. Tate, are never sure what they are going to earn from one week to the next, while so low are the wages paid in many instances that a woman could not exist if it were not for the small sum she receives in respect of her soldier-husband. In other words, the State is subsidizing the private employer. A second reason is the lack of shipping facilities. Women who go out to work still have shopping to do, and when are they to do it? On leaving the factory or office after a hard day's work, they find that all the shops are shut; and if they wait until Saturday afternoons, though they may receive their rationed goods, all the unrationed supplies have been bought up long before. Shortage of nursery schools and centres is another reason militating against the employment of married women; women with young children must have somewhere to leave them, and not everybody is prepared to trust an unsupervised child to a nursery or an aunt conveniently available. Finally, Mrs. Tate mentions inadequate transport facilities to and from work.

Yet other reasons are advanced by Lord Samuel in the debate in the House of Lords on Nov. 25. He criticized the system of interviewing and the medical examinations, declared passports were inadequate and creches insufficient, while trained women had to take unskilled jobs and had to work harmfully long hours. If the Ministry of Labour paid a little more attention to these matters, it might find its appeals more fruitful, possibly very largely unnecessary.

But even if compulsion were applied to all Britain's womanhood, it might well be found that the number of women available is nothing like so large as it is supposed to be. Comparisons with the last war are apt to mislead, since the conditions prevailing today, when women have invaded practically every field of employment, are very different from those of 1914. When the last war began only quite a small percentage of women and girls "went out to work." They were employed in the home. There were thousands of girls behind shop counters, but perhaps as many men. Even the typewriter was not an exclusively feminine possession, and few but the big banks and insurance companies employed a large female staff. The North had its thousands of mill girls, but for the rest, women were domestic servants, governesses, nursery maids. Oh, yes, and barmaids.

All the more credit, then, to those women of 25 years ago who, casting aside the trammels of Victorian propriety, took their places at the work bench or on the land. They said goodbye to hobble skirts and tight lacing, received or took "the key of the door," stayed out late, met a lot of strange boys, learnt the joys of a comradeship between the classes such as they had never dreamed of. They were a brand set apart and they did a grand job. But in forcing wide open the door to women's employment they made any repetition of their achievement impossible. No more than its manhood is Britain's supply of woman-power inexhaustible.

E. ROYSTON PIKE
They've Answered the Call!

In one of the great factories where aeroplane parts are mass-produced, girl workers are dealing with a new batch of propellers and spinners (above).

IN A LONDON GASWORKS women take their turn at night-shift work in the retort house, "going to it" even during the height of air raids. Top left, a girl electric-welder employed on making goods wagons by the Southern Railway; she has thrown back the shield that protects her face. Top right, sixteen-year-old "trough" girl is happy in the laborious if somewhat dirty work of making iron gas and water pipes. By taking on such occupations women and girls are releasing men for fighting services.

Driving a trolley of empty bomb-cases to the explosives department (left). At a Ministry of Supply tank factory a girl worker gets busy on caterpillar repairs (right).
Malaya's Defences Are Ready for Zero Hour

Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert BROOKE-POPHAM, C.-in-C., Far East, is here seen at Singapore naval base M.G. in conference with his staff. Left, men of the A.I.F. in training advancing through pandanus palm jungle in Malaya.

A flight of Blenheim bombers about to take off from an airfield at Singapore to reinforce British defence positions in the northern part of Malaya. Considerable numbers of American aircraft have also been shipped to that country.

At Singapore the floating boom protecting the vital harbour is being overhauled by Malayan sailors (left). The floats and the cables connecting them are covered with sharp steel spikes. Right, one of the big coastal guns, with which the shore of Singapore Island is ringed, elevated for firing. The coastal artillery of Singapore has long been famous, and it has recently been powerfully reinforced.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press
What Is Behind the Strikes in America?

In Britain, the Trade Union movement is solidly behind the national war effort. In the U.S.A., however, the trade unions are divided into two rival camps, and numerous strikes are hampering the defence programme.

When on Nov. 13 the House of Representatives in Washington came to vote on the Bill providing for the revision of the Trade Disputes Act, the Bill was carried by a majority of only 18—by 212 votes to 194. In the minority were found many generally firm supporters of President Roosevelt. On the other side, some Democrats—the President’s own party—from the Southern states voted against him. But they made it clear that they would not have done so if there was any possibility of the Bill being defeated. They had not the slightest objection to American ships being permitted to carry arms to Britain; indeed, they were in favour of it. But they were angered by the wave of strikes—especially the strike of 53,000 miners in the pits of the steel companies—and disgusted with the activities of certain Labour leaders. They thought that Mr. Roosevelt was not taking a sufficiently strong line on C.I.O. unions and so they voted against the Neutrality Bill by way of protest. Theirs were negative votes, as it were. They hoped that the President would realize their dis-gruntlement and see that the strike issue was firmly handled.

To understand the labour situation in America, one must realize that there are, in fact, two "T.U.C.s"—the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations. The A.F.L. was founded in 1881 by Samuel Gompers, who remained its president until his death in 1924, when he was succeeded by William Green. It is an organization of craft unions of skilled workers, both American and Canadian; and, unlike the British trade unions, is non-socialist, even non-political. A year ago its membership was stated to be 4,247,000.

Mr. Lewis of the C.I.O.

The C.I.O. dates only from 1935, when eight large unions broke away from the A.F.L. under the leadership of John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers Union, and established what was at first called the Committee for Industrial Organization. The C.I.O. set out to win the support of the unorganized, in large measure unskilled, workers, and its leaders were based on industries instead of on crafts. From the beginning there was bitter rivalry between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O., but the C.I.O. unions went ahead rapidly, and it is claimed that its membership was 3,559,000. When Mr. Roosevelt started his New Deal the C.I.O. gave it its support, both political and (so it was hinted) financial. But the relations between the Roosevelt Administration and the C.I.O. gradually cooled, particularly when many of the C.I.O. unions began to show traces of Communist influence. As Mr. Roosevelt leaned more and more towards the Allies, Mr. Lewis and the extremists in the C.I.O. became ever more hostile; in those days, it will be remembered, the Soviet was the ally of Germany. Mr. Lewis, indeed, became a leader of the isolationists (though the C.I.O. is far from anti-Hitler), and he long developed into a most bitter opponent of the President, so that he was suspected of hating Roosevelt more than Hitler. Thus it was that when Mr. Roosevelt stood for a third term in the autumn of 1940, Mr. Lewis gave the C.I.O.'s backing to Mr. Wendell Willkie. Lewis, indeed, was so pronounced in his opposition that he swore that if the President were elected for a third term, he himself would resign the presidency of the C.I.O. Mr. Roosevelt was elected, and Mr. Lewis did resign. But, though he made way for Philip Murray, he is still the president of the United Mine Workers, and a real power in C.I.O. politics.

Strongly opposed as they are, the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. are united on at least two issues: the closed-shop and the check-off. By the first is meant the demand that when a union has organized a substantial proportion of the workers in a particular plant or business, then the employer shall make membership of that trade union a conditional service. This was the issue that led to the coal strike of Nov. 16; the Lewis union had 95 per cent of the workers in the "captive" (i.e., "company" ) mines of the steel companies, and called the strike to compel the remainder to join it. The check-off is sometimes insisted upon in addition; it means that the employer is required by the trade union not only to see that all his workpeople are members of the union, but to deduct their dues from their wage-packets and to hand them over to the union officials. Another feature of the trade union movement in the States is racketeering. British trade unions are registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, and must conduct themselves and their finances in accordance with rules laid down by the State. But in America there is no legal obligation on trade unions to publish their annual accounts, or even to hold annual conferences, so that in effect there is little or no check by the rank-and-file on the way things are run. This leads directly to racketeering, i.e. the complete subordination of every other interest to that of the inner circle of union members. Often there is an unhealthy combination of trade union and management executives to fleece the public more effectively.

Bearing these facts in mind, it is easier to understand the hostility against trade unions, which exists in the U.S.A. where there is no Labour Party as in England. Most Americans cling, at least in theory, to a rugged individualism, and the "log cabin to White House" is still a living tradition with them; perhaps it is true to say that in industrial legislation America is about fifty years behind Britain, and in business circles there are widespread criticism and opposition to Roosevelt's New Deal policies. This antagonism has been intensified by the wave of strikes which has swept over the country during the last year or two. Between August 1940 and August 1941 nearly 19 million man-days were lost through strikes.

All the same, numerous and costly though these strikes have been and are, the time lost through them represents only a very small proportion of the total man-days worked. Only about a quarter of the strikes have been due to demands for better working conditions, wages and hours, while considerably more than half are connected with the question of collective bargaining.

U.S. soldiers on guard with their machine-guns when the army took over the N. American Aviation Co.'s plant in Inglewood, California, during a recent strike. Photos, Wide World and Planet News

JOHN L. LEWIS, President of the United Mine Workers of America, reading his letter to President Roosevelt in which he rejected the latter's request to order the miners back to work. But on November 24 he called off the strike and agreed to arbitration.
Sure, We're the Men for the Two-Ocean Navy!

At the Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island, American sailors are practising their rowing in a whale-boat race (left). Right, a group of trainees lined up for gun-duty; all equipment is carefully studied on land before the men are posted to a ship.

Whether the Japanese are bluffing or not, the United States Navy is resolutely preparing for battle. Since the war began America has had her eyes looking east and west. She has had to watch Japan in the Pacific, and get ready for any eventuality in the Atlantic. Behind British sea-power the U.S. has been carrying out a two-ocean navy policy, and it is hoped to complete it by 1944.

Although the United States Navy at present is far less powerful than the combined fleets of the Axis, America is determined to overtake this disparity. The threat of Japanese aggression has done more than Hitlerism to awaken the United States to her peril, and her concentration on sea-power is of supreme importance to Allied strategy. New ships must mean a great addition to personnel, and a popular naval enlistment campaign has been proceeding for some months in the United States. In this page we see some of the new recruits to the call of the freedom of the seas in the course of training.

U.S. Sailors studying a model in the rigging loft of the American Naval Training Station, Newport, to accustom themselves to the lay-out of a battleship. Centre, left, a recruiting poster which is helping to draw 11,000 men a month into naval service. Centre, right, recruits learning to march and turn correctly with the aid of footprints on the training ground.
U.S.S. NORTH CAROLINA, mighty American battleship, firing a salvo from the triple 16-inch guns of her forward turret. First to be completed of six battleships of the Washington class, the North Carolina has a standard displacement of 35,000 tons and carries a main armament of nine 16-inch guns. Another photograph of this powerful unit of the U.S. Fleet appeared in Vol. 4, p. 345. Although some of the ships of this class were not originally scheduled for completion before 1943, it is probable that, in view of Japan's aggressive policy in the Pacific, they will take their fleet stations much sooner than was at first contemplated. The Washington was commissioned on May 15, 1941, and the Indiana was launched on Nov. 21.
OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

HOUR OF DESTINY

As we go to press it is much too soon to make either pronouncement or prognosis on the new battle of Libya. But these things are clear: it began well for Britain, it came as a surprise to the Nazis. The Italians we need not consider as supplying more than animal and mineral material for desert-strewn junk that will have to be mopped up when the British Empire forces in the Western Desert have done their main job: the destruction of two Panzer divisions, which the infamous traitors of Vichy secretly permitted the Huns to transport through French North Africa after the astounding British sweep of last winter, to the undoing of the improvised, and too swiftly successful advance of our Army of the Nile on Benghazi. The destruction of the Italian mechanized division will make slight demands on our forces while they are more the serious task of destroying the Huns.

It is further clear that for the first time Britain is meeting Germany on equal terms of preparedness. Here is no Norway scramble, no hasty rush to Greece (at the cost of our Libyan defences); above all, no meeting of German might alongside a bemused ally dreaming of Maginot magic. But a Britain armed against a Germany no better armed, and the issue to all who believe in Britain should not long remain in doubt. It is another of the great moments of the War, and if it happens that at this stage the French traitors determine to place their sea power under German control when its collaboration with Britain would have assured an earlier end of the War and the salvaging of the French Empire, that will imply a long lengthening of the struggle and an eventual shrinkage of an Empire which those unworthy Frenchmen are willing to lose if they can but keep their jobs as helots of Hitler. The moment at which we write, with the Germans at Rostov, Japan threatening, America resolute in the Pacific, Turkey watching the Caucasian approach of the Nazis, and Britain moving against a Hitlerized North Africa, is indeed freighted with the destiny and doom of nations.

J. A. H.

GENERAL AT GENERAL POST


Here was a paragraph that caused both surprise and puzzlement. No wonder. For many months General Dill had been one of the great figures of the war. On his shoulders had fallen the frightening burden of reorganizing the Army after Dunkirk, and of directing it through the grim and crucial days of the Battle of Britain.

Now he was to take up the post of Governor of Bombay, and in his place would reign General Sir Alan Brooke. "I have always been anxious that the young men in the Army should get on," he himself said. "That can only happen if the older men give way to them. You all know General Brooke and his fine record: I hand over the duty of Chief of Imperial General Staff to him with the greatest confidence."

What is the real reason for Dill's going? As the main-the-in-step. Is it just that generals are too old at 60 (and fit only to become Field-Marshal), or is it that in the more offensive phase of the war, our critics would be inclined to blame our generals of a different type? To such questions satisfactory replies are not very obvious. But from the new men—General Brooke, Lt.-Gen. Paget, who succeeds him as C-in-C, Home Forces; Maj.-Gen. Sir H. R. Pownall, who has been selected for a special appointment; Maj.-Gen. A. E. Nye, the 45-year-old ex-en-ranker, who is to succeed General Pownall as Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff; and Lt.-Gen. B. L. Montgomery, who takes over the South-Eastern Command in succession to Lt.-Gen. Paget—from these new men who are going to build on the foundations Field-Marshal Dill has laid the country expects much.

HE 'S SUNK! THE ARK ROYAL

For nearly 24 hours the German authorities hesitated to claim the sinking of the Ark Royal on November 14th. Why? Because they had already claimed to have sunk her in a dive-bombing attack in the North Sea more than two years ago, in September, 1939.

POOR Oberleutnant Franz! He was the Luftwaffe pilot who 'sank' the Ark Royal in the first month of the war. In fact, Franz never claimed to have sunk the great ship. In his original report he simply stated that he had spotted an aircraft-carrier in the North Sea and had dive-bombed it. Visibility was poor, but he believed that a 1,000-lb. bomb secured a direct hit.

That report was never released; instead, Dr. Goebbels' Ministry of Popular Enlightenment and Propaganda got busy and sank the Ark Royal Pictures depicting every phase of the sinking appeared in the German illustrated magazines. Franz's accounts got longer and more detailed, more dramatic. But Franz never wrote them, so we are told by an American journalist, William Bayley, who met him inStockholm when Goering sent Frank a telegram of congratulation and conferred on him the Iron Cross, First Class. Franz was photographed hundreds of times wearing his Iron Cross, and became Public Hero No. 1. Franz knew that the Ark Royal had not been sunk, Goebbels still continued to brag about the sinking; his ministry even prepared a man's booklet called "How I Sank the Ark Royal," and put Franz's name to it. Meanwhile, Franz's position in the Luftwaffe continued to get less tenable. He became the butt of jokes, and one of the secret broadcasting stations referred to him as Baron Franz; at least it was made clear that if the next time someone in combat was killed in such a pass that Franz was talking of suicide; if he could only get up into a plane again, he said, he would dive it into the first American cruiser he should find. So far as is known he is still alive; but his should become a classic case among those who "have greatness thrust upon 'em."

COMMANDOS LOSE KEYES—WHY?

Since July 1940, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes had held an appointment for special duties — those duties being the organization and training of the special service troops known as Commandos. On November 14th it was revealed that Sir Roger's appointment had terminated on October 19th.

Famed as the commander of the glorious Commandos, Keyes was said to be one of the real "live gingers"; all the greater, then, was the surprise when it became known that he had been "sacked." The matter was raised in the House of Commons on November 25th, when the Admiral complained that he had been "frustrated in every worthwhile offensive action I have tried to undertake as Director of Combined Operations," and as a "numbuck" in Whitehall "by which all offensive amphibious projects are strangled at their birth, or mangled after endless discussions in the many committees."

SIR JOHN DILL, who relinquishes the post of C-in-C, Indian General Staff, attaining the age of 60. "London Gazette," November 19, 1941. The Commandos, Lt.-Gen. Sir Roger Keyes, who from July 17, 1940, until Oct. 15, 1941, was responsible for the organization of the Commandos.
Bitter War in Russia’s Blasted Countryside

AT KHARKOV, whose evacuation was announced by the Russians on Oct. 29, German troops cross a damaged bridge.

Circle, top right, the Hurricane presented to the Maj.-Gen. Commanding the Northern Red Fleet Air Arm by the R.A.F. The general is seen on the far side of the machine supervising adjustments. Circle, left, men of the Russian Fleet Air Arm.

ROSTOV ON DON, the remarkable New Theatre of which is seen above, was the scene of bitter street fighting when on Nov. 23 the German tanks were reported to have forced their way into the city. The Russians are leaving nothing of military value to the invading armies, and the photograph centre right shows how railway lines have been left completely destroyed as the Soviet troops fell back.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright; Associated Press and Planet News
If We Have to Fight in the Caucasus

With the German tanks battling in the streets of Rostov, the threat to the Allies’ position in the Caucasus became much more pronounced. At last Hitler was nearing striking distance of the oilfields which were a primary objective in the invasion of Russia. This article describes the Caucasus from a military point of view; a more general description is given in page 256.

The Caucasus, with Persia, Iraq, and Syria, may well be the great battlefield of 1942. General Sir Archibald Wavell, C.-in-C. in India, told a special correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" at New Delhi on October 20, "It is difficult to predict whether any particular phase of the war will be decisive, but obviously, when and if the Germans strike out for the Caucasus and the oil in Iran, and seek to attack our mid-eastern positions, this region will become a main theatre of war. This is a possibility which we have clearly in view and are preparing against. In this region we should be fighting in the closest cooperation with the Russians. The main task now," the C.-in-C. went on, "is the organization of supply lines through Iraq and Iran (Persia). This is obviously work of the greatest importance and urgency, and it is now going on at full speed."

But it is these supply lines which are now being threatened by the German advance. On November 22 the Nazis claimed to have captured Rostov, the important city at the mouth of the Don through which runs the oil pipe-line from Baku and Grozny—the only pipe-line to Central Russia from the southern oilfields. At the same time the Nazis had overrun the Crimean Peninsula, with the exception of Sebastopol, and were massing on the western shore of the Kerch Straits—only half a mile wide in places. From the north, then, by way of Rostov, and from the west from Kerch, the Caucasus (so generally considered to be the economic and strategic objective of Hitler’s eastern campaign) was now definitely threatened with invasion. If the Nazis could conquer the Caucasus, then not only would they be free of oil worries for years to come, not only would they secure supplies of other valuable raw materials, manganese in particular, but, just as important, they would have the land bridge between Europe and Asia, across which Britain and America are sending aid to hard-pressed Russia.

Valuable as would be the Caucasus to Hitler, its possession is vital to the Allies in the Middle East. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the Caucasus must be successfully defended “if Russia is to continue to hold out.” —to quote from an article by Heinrich Frey in “Die Zeitung,” the German newspaper published in London—"not as a vast region of warring guerrillas (so to speak, a Serbia multiplied a hundredfold), but as a first-class, organized military power—until the moment when the Anglo-Saxon war potential reaches its full effect."

But though the Germans are at the gates of the Caucasus, they have a hard struggle before them. Not for nothing has the region been described as one of the world’s natural fortresses. The Caucasus Mountains, stretching from the Black Sea to the Caspian, are nowhere less than 250 miles in depth, and, with many peaks surpassing the height of Mont Blanc, stand like a huge wall barring the Axis from the oil-bearing region between Batum and Baku.

Across the mountains there are only two roads worthy of the name. One is Ossetian Highway, which links Batum via Kutaisi with the Grozny oilfields. More important is the Georgian Military Road—one of Europe’s most famous highways—which connects Tiflis, the Georgian capital, with Ordzhonikidze. For 135 miles the road runs along the edge of precipices, crossing narrow ravines and deep defiles. It is one series of hairpin bends, and though its surface is good and fit for motor traffic, the road could easily be blocked by blowing up bridges and viaducts, and so be made impassable for mechanized warfare. There is no railway through the High Caucasus, as it is called, but the main mountain mass is enclosed within a parallelogram of railways which are linked with the main Russian system through Rostov, and through Tiflis with the systems of Iran and Turkey.

If the Germans do decide to attack the Caucasus, then it may be presumed they would endeavour to advance along two new coastal strips. But on the Black Sea side the mountains fall steeply to the sea from Novorossiisk to Sukhum, and it should be an easy matter to defend the long and narrow strip of shore, even against greatly superior numbers. On the Caspian coast, too, the mountains come down close to the sea. On paper it looks possible to land troops at Batum or Poti, but an attempt is hardly likely to be made so long as the Russian Black Sea Fleet is in existence.

But it might be that the Germans would content themselves with an attack down the northern half of the Caucasian isthmus. The oilfields at Grozny and Maikop are not so important as those at Baku, but they would be a godsend to Hitler’s panzers. Moreover, the occupation of this region would block the supply channel from Iran into Russia, which is, undoubtedly, as we have seen, now one of the German’s principal objectives. We may envisage, then, Hitler’s mechanized hordes fighting their way from the Don across the Kalmuck steppes in an effort to reach Astrakhan on the Caspian. Armed there, they might then seriously interfere with the passage of the tankers from Baku—the only means left open to Russia to receive oil from the Caucasus if, as we have supposed, the isthmus was cut. But the position of the German armies would not be too favourable, since to the north there would be the constant threat of the Russian armies and, in particular, of the new armies now being raised by Marshal Timoshenko; while to the south, holding the line of the High Caucasus, would be the Allied army of British and Russians.

For months past General Wavell has had a kind of advance HQ at Tiflis and not far away in Iraq and Persia is a formidable Empire force, already numbering, so it is said, some 60,000 men. Some of the British troops may even be in position in the Caucasus. Before long we may be reading coruscating despatches from G.H.Q., Tiflis—communications which may have to announce the most important news of the war.
Here the War’s Decisive Battle May Be Fought

THE CAUCASUS REGION of Russia between the Black and the Caspian Seas and bordering upon Turkey and Iran. The Georgian Military Road is clearly marked, and the oil centres which are a principal objective of the Nazi invaders.

BATUM, a view in the Park of Culture and Rest (circle). The classic columns and entablature make a fine decorative effect against the background of the Caucasus mountains. In contrast, the top photograph shows the wild natural scenery at Kazbek not far from Ordzhonikidze.

ACROSS THE CAUCASUS between Ordzhonikidze and Tiflis, runs the Georgian Military Road, a typical stretch of which is seen right. For centuries this highway has been a caravan route between Persia and Europe. Hitler’s onslaught on Kerch and Rostov is preparatory to a drive into the Caucasus. The Nazis, however, are meeting with stubborn counter-attacks in the Kerch Straits aided by heavy Soviet coastal guns, bomber and fighter aeroplanes and motor torpedo-boats.

Photos, J. Allan Cask
The Desert Army May Add a Page to History Which Will Rank Wit...
THE MEDITERRANEAN has been well described as the strategic backbone of the British Empire. Among its many islands are Cyprus (left) and Pantelleria (right), belonging respectively to Britain and Italy. After the invasion of Crete both the garrison and the defences of Cyprus were greatly strengthened. In addition to British troops a Cyprus Volunteer Force recruited from amongst the Cypriots contributes to the defence of the island. Pantelleria, 60 miles S.W. of Sicily, is only 32 sq. miles in area, but is heavily fortified and, lying between Sicily and Tunis, was considered by the Italians a second Heligoland; but despite its commanding position it has not prevented the British Navy from obtaining mastery of the Mediterranean and was heavily bombarded by British naval units on September 38. Positions of both islands and the Libyan coastline are shown in the relief map of the Mediterranean (top).
GENTLEMEN, I am taking you into my confidence," General Sir Alan Cunningham, Commander of Britain’s Eighth Army, told a group of war correspondents assembled at his desert headquarters on Sunday, November 16, "At dawn on Tuesday we will advance in Libya. We have crossed the sea side of Jafingh, so the oasis of Jafingh." Naval cooperation? Swift came the reply: "Perfect. I spoke to my brother about it.

Thirty-six hours later the offensive was launched. "Imperial Forces under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Cunningham, supported by formations of the R.A.F. under Vice-Admiral Coningham," announced Cairo on the night of November 19. "began at first light on November 18 an advance into Cyrenaica from the coast east of Sollum as far south as Jafingh. While pressure was rapidly exerted on the Axis forces holding defensive positions from Halfaya to Sidi Omar, British armoured formations, supported by New Zealand, South African, and Indian troops, crossed the frontier south of Sidi Omar. So skillfully had our fighting troops been insulated into their concentration areas that, so good were the arrangements for deception, camouflage, and dispersion, coupled with the support of our air forces, that enemy observation and intelligence from the air prior to and during the advance yesterday were negligible. By yesterday evening, in heavy rain, our forces had penetrated over 50 miles into enemy territory. Up to that time little or no enemy opposition had been encountered."

When the battle began, General Rommel’s forces consisted of two German armoured divisions, one Italian armoured division, and several divisions of Italian infantry. These were, for the most part, concentrated in the area between Tobruk and Sollum; report had it that Rommel was himself on the eve of launching an offensive. The British made no secret of the fact that their principal aim in the campaign was not the winning of territory—that could come later—but the most important objective was the annihilation of the German panzer divisions. Cunningham’s strategy was planned accordingly.

On the first day, as we have seen, the British armoured columns plunged through the wire on a 130-mile front, and swept west and north. By dark they were ranged along the escarpment from Sidi Omar to Bir el Gobi. On the next day they drove northwards, some making for Sidi Rezegh and Tobruk, while others raced past Sidi Omar in the direction of Bardia. There was a sharp brush at Gobi, where the Italian tanks were severely handled. Rezegh, 10 miles south-east of Tobruk’s perimeter, was captured, although for some days yet it was to be the scene of fierce fighting. Meanwhile, the Bardia column had had a clash with a strong German tank force, in which the American light tanks, little 11-tonners, were in action for the first time; they were successful in tackling and driving off big German Mark 3 and Mark 4 tanks of 17 and 22 tons, with much heavier armament.

On the next day (November 20) Rommel threw into the fight the main German tank force which had been held back in reserve. There was a fierce struggle in the vicinity of Sidi Rezegh, and the Germans were reported to have lost 70 tanks and 33 armoured cars before they withdrew. At dawn on November 21 a column of German tanks sallied forth from Tobruk to join up with their comrades at Rezegh; but although they made considerable progress, the gap was not completely closed. In fact, the British at Rezegh were heavily engaged in an attempt to cut off the retreat of the main German tank force, estimated at about 180 tanks, which was endeavouring to cut its way out past El Adem. With tank columns closing in on them from three sides, and attacked at the same time from the air, the German column was soon in difficulties and was compelled to retreat in rapid retreat.

A vivid account of the fighting on that Friday morning came from a R.A.F. fighter pilot, who flew at 4,000 feet above the battle. "Guns were blazing at all sides, and we aimed our bullets for each other," he said. "It was impossible to pick out from our position which was which. Most of the time we were on the rifle range, but there were several stationary and no longer firing. Several hundreds of them appeared engaged in a mortar duel. It must have been a concentrated hell of shell against shell and steel against steel. It was like looking down on some huge prehistoric area with fire-breathing, scaly-hided monsters pitted against each other in a terrible struggle, lumbering slowly forward, swinging this way and that, each intent upon the destruction of the other."

By now much of the ground in the neck of Sidi Omar had been cleared of the enemy tanks, and so it was possible to develop a thrust towards the coast at Bardia. New Zealand forces, in the face of exceptional climatic difficulties, had been raking hard for some days so that the desert sands were everywhere up to sticky morass—stormed Fort Capuzzo and Sidi Aziz, and occupied Bardia, which was reported clear of enemy. At the same time Italian troops made some progress between Halfaya Pass and Sidi Omar.

But the main battle was still in the vicinity of Sidi Rezegh, where the British and German tanks were battling furiously, wrote Guy Harriott, of the 'Daily Telegraph', who was there:

"The enemy tanks were firing with everything they had, storming forward at full speed with shells from their artillery bursting in front of them. Or grazing along at point-blank range as fast as they could lood, smashed their shells into tank after tank, blowing off their tracks and ripping their sides. No armour in the world could withstand what they did."

"Some of the tanks crashed to a halt in ruins almost on the muzzles of our guns. Others, hard hit, tried to limp away. The charge wavered and broke. Grey-brown-clad figures leap from the turrets of their shattered tanks and ran aimlessly across the littered desert."

At this stage of the fighting commentators in Cairo and London expressed the opinion that the first phase of the battle was over. Cunningham had succeeded in his first objective: he had, that is, split the enemy forces into fragments, since one group was centred about Sollum, another near Gambut (which was captured by the New Zealanders on November 24), a third was south of Tobruk, while a fourth was near El Gobi. The second phase was about to begin. Annihilation was the watchword.
Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, NOV. 18, 1941

Russian Front.—German attacks renewed at Novgorod, Leningrad, and Oktjabrskoye. The Germans continued their advance in the Ukraine and the Volga region. The Red Army suffered heavy losses. Soviet counter-attacks were not successful.

General.—Large German force landed at Kowloon.

SATURDAY, NOV. 17

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued their offensive in the west, pushing back German forces. The Germans lost 130 tanks in the battle. The Red Army captured Balta and Zaporozhye.

General.—Soviet forces made a successful thrust in the Donbass region, capturing major industrial centers.

TUESDAY, NOV. 20

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued their offensive, pushing back German forces in the Kursk region. The Red Army captured major industrial centers.

General.—Soviet forces made a successful thrust in the Donbass region, capturing major industrial centers.

Thursday, Nov. 21

Russian Front.—Moscow reported a "serious situation" at Tula, south of the capital, where the Germans launched a very heavy new offensive.

General.—Soviet forces made a successful thrust in the Donbass region, capturing major industrial centers.

FRIDAY, NOV. 22

Russian Front.—Moscow reported a "serious situation" at Tula, south of the capital, where the Germans launched a very heavy new offensive.

General.—Soviet forces made a successful thrust in the Donbass region, capturing major industrial centers.

Saturday, Nov. 23

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued their offensive, pushing back German forces in the Kursk region. The Red Army captured major industrial centers.

General.—Soviet forces made a successful thrust in the Donbass region, capturing major industrial centers.
They Have Won Honours in Freedom’s Cause

Lt.-Cmdr. Hodgekinson, D.S.O., for conspicuous courage and skill in the course of his naval duties.

F/O G. Yeats, D.S.M., for conspicuous courage. Served on the submarine Thunderbolt, formerly the Thetis.

Ord. Seaman A. Howarth, Albert Medal, for supporting a shipmate in a raging sea, though severely wounded himself.

Capt. W. S. Coughlan, Merchant Navy, O.B.E., for bringing safely to port four lifeboats of survivors from sunk ship.

Capt. Thomas Sharman, G.M., also for brave work in connexion with the disposal of bombs.

Sgt. Glen Moody, B.E.M., for gallant rescue work during a heavy bomb ing raid on Clyde Side.

L-Cpl. R. W. Etchells, M.M., for sticking to his A.A. gun, and bringing down three enemy planes.

Mr. W. A. Pullar, Edward Medal, for attempting to avert an explosion in a factory.

Sgt. Ronald Kells, D.C.M., for gallantry in the fighting around Tobruk.

F/O L. J. T. West, A.F.C., for devotion to duty. He has been in the R.A.F. for eighteen years and flying for half that time.

Sgt. Robbins, D.F.M., for carrying out a raid on military objectives in France with great skill and courage.

Fit-Sgt. Davey, of Coventry, D.F.M., for attack ing the pocket battleship Scharnhorst with an aerial torpedo.

Fit-Sgt. D. Kingsby, Second Bar to his D.F.M., for skill and courage: first pilot to be so honoured.

P/C E. G. Pope, G.M., for great skill and courage in rescuing several persons during a heavy raid.

Rev. A. Wellesley-Orr, Kingston-on-Thames Vicar, M.B.E., for saving many lives during raids on the Kingston area.

Fireman E. Morgan, G.M., for preventing a fire from spreading to the Wilberforce Museum, Hull.

Fireman J. Colette, G.M., for saving women trapped in the debris.

Stn-Oффr. A. C. A. French, G.M., for saving an important London railway station and bridge.

Warden Alcock, of Coventry, Bar to his B.E.M., for saving a man trapped in a wrecked house after a heavy raid.

Mr. H. F. Finsbury, posthumously awarded the G.M., for helping to rescue persons from a flooded basement.

Mr. T. J. Goodfellow, London fire watch e r, B.E.M., for being instrumental in saving several lives in the city.

Mr. F. E. Mockford, G.M., for taking charge of all major incidents in the much blitzed Deptford area.

Miss B. M. Randell, B.E.M., for brave conduct as watchroom A.F.S. attendant during the raids on Plymouth.

Nurse M. Brown, of Coventry, G.M., for bravery and devotion to duty in various raids on the city.

Matron A. Dole, R.R.C., First Class, for great skill and courage during the Manchester blitzes.

Miss D. Jerome, B.E.M., for gallant work in evac uating patients from the London Chest Hospital during a raid.

Miss B. Phillips, A.R.P. Mobile Nursing Unit, B.E.M., for exceptional bravery and devotion to duty.

Miss W. A. Tribe, B.E.M., for continuous duty with a mobile canteen under the most dangerous conditions.
Catapult Plane v. Kurier
How Britain's Fighter Aircraft Are Dealing
with Hitler's Long-range Convoy Raiders

Specially drawn for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
by Haworth

A great menace to our merchantmen on the
Atlantic as the submarine is the huge four-
engined Focke-Wulf Kurier (see Vol. 4, p. 392), a
strengthened military version of the Focke-Wulf
Kondor air liner and troop carrier. These long-
rage bombers, operating mainly from Merigane
aerodrome, near Bordeaux, can carry a bomb load
of 6,000 lbs., have a maximum speed of 380 m.p.h.
at 18,000 ft., and have a range of about 1,200 miles.
They carry a crew of five or six and are provided
with a formidable armament.

To deal with attacks by these commerce raiders of
the air, new methods of protection for shipping have
been put into operation, and this drawing shows how
certain merchantmen have been fitted with catapults
from which fighter planes can be launched.

Drawing 1. A Kurier has appeared from the clouds
and wheels to attack. The British fighter plane is
ready on the catapult cradle, the engine is started, and
the pilot, who may be a member of the Fleet Air Arm
or the Fighter Command of the R.A.F., climbs into the
cockpit. The crew stand by to operate the firing
mechanism of the catapult, which is power-operated.
The catapult consists of a girder framework and a trolley,
connected by wire ropes and pulleys to the ram of a
cylinder. The cylinder is connected by a pipe to the
chamber in which the charge is exploded, causing the
ram to push the aircraft forward with sufficient velocity
to make it air-borne at the end of its run.

Drawing 2. With a roar the fighter is air-borne
and ready to intercept the raider.

Drawing 3. The Kurier has been shot down into
the sea and its crew are taking to their rubber boats.

Meanwhile, the fighter plane wheels away and heads
for the nearest shore base. Many of these pilots have
succeeded in navigating their aircraft back to shore after
combat under the most difficult conditions. If the
fighter pilot knows that he is out of reach of land, his
only alternative is to land in the sea as close to the ship
as possible in order to be picked up.

This method of trade defence has proved very success-
ful, and the Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches,
has congratulated the pilots engaged in this hazardous
work on the skill they have displayed.
Ships and Men in the Battle of the Seas

Survivors from a bombed ship, crowded in a whale-boat, are nearing the rescuing destroyer. Right, a convoy of merchantmen, moored temporarily at Aden, ready at any moment for the perilous voyage.

H.M.S. VICTORIOUS and H.M.S. KING GEORGE V. The 23,000-ton aircraft carrier is 753 feet long and is armed with sixteen 4"-in. dual-purpose guns. Both ships took part in hunting down the Bismarck.

Friend or foe? A British minesweeper in the Mediterranean takes a critical look at a passing craft. Right, a British destroyer engaged in the Atlantic battle ships a green sea.

Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright; Central Press
How They Made Ready for the Offensive

In another page (see page 327) we tell of the opening of the great offensive by Britain’s Eighth Army in the Western Desert. Here in this chapter we are concerned with what went before—what came to be known as the Battle of Sollum in which the opposing forces contested not only with each other but with an environment grim and difficult in the extreme.

This offensive has been long and elaborately prepared,” said Mr. Averell Harriman, Mr. Roosevelt’s personal representative in this country, in his B.B.C. Postscript on November 23. “Early one morning I went with General Auchinleck to inspect them. A sergeant of our army, one of a group of American soldiers who had come out to instruct your troops in the use of the tanks, proudly explained to Gen. Auchinleck the mechanism of the tank. Then he drove him in the tank to the neighbouring desert to show how it performed. I awaited their return with some concern. Our tanks are different from yours. Perhaps he would find ours wanting in some essential. The tank returned. General Auchinleck pulled his large frame out of the small opening in the turret, and with typical British brevity he turned to me and said ‘She’ll do. It’s a fine weapon, manoeuvrable and sturdy. How many can you send?’ This same tank and many more that have arrived in the last few months are being carried to the battle raging on the Libyan Desert.”

On the other hand, it was thought that Gen. Rommel had not been reinforced, at least to any considerable extent, since not only had his lines of communication been subjected to severe bombing, but his sea communications were new distinctly hazardous. Scores of Axis ships were torpedoed or seriously damaged and operations culminated in the annihilation of the two enemy convoys during the week-end of November 9 (see page 302), following which came reports that the bodies of 7,000 Italians had been washed ashore in Tunisia. While this submarine blitz was being maintained in the sea passage, the R.A.F. in the Middle East were subjecting the enemy to air blitz.

All this pointed to a vast reinforcement of the R.A.F. in the Middle East; indeed, it was reported that Air Vice-Marshal Coningham had squadrons where his predecessor in the offensive a year ago had planes.

Adm. SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM, C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet, is a brother of Gen. Cunningham who commands the 8th Army operating in Libya. Photo, British Official

Gen. SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK, C.-in-C. Middle East, is another commander of the two Armies of the Nile, one of which, the 8th Army, formerly known as the Western Desert Army, drove into Libya on Nov. 18. Photo, British Official
America Has a Part in the Libyan Campaign

Tins of fruit and vegetables for troops engaged in the Libya offensive at a Detail Issue Depot in the advanced area; the rations are collected and distributed by lorries, some fitted with refrigerators for fresh meat.

"Our supplies in the last few months have reached your forces in the Middle East," said Mr. Averell Harriman, the American Lease-Lend Administrator, on Nov. 21: "we hope and pray that our tanks and our planes are serving them well." Top right, American M 3 light tanks for General Cunningham are being landed in North Africa, while below is a huge shipload of stores which are about to be taken from the quayside to the advanced depots in the desert.
Was There!.... Stories of the War

One Night We Made a Bolt from Benghazi

Three British soldiers—Leading Bombardier A. H. Hasler, Gunner J. J. Cocker (both Rhodesians), and Trooper A. R. Oldham (from Surrey)—broke out of a German prison camp at Benghazi and marched across the Libyan desert for seven days before contacting a British patrol. Bombardier Hasler’s story follows.

As soon as we were captured, five months ago, we made up our minds we would try to escape. We knew we would have to make our plans well—we had a long way to go to the other side (the Frontier fence erected by the Italians). First, we needed an opportunity, then we required food and water. These last two provided our major problem, for we had, so we thought, about 400 miles to go before reaching safety.

There were 300 prisoners in our camp—200 of them Australians. Once a week we organized our own concerts, and at the end we sang “God Save the King” as loud as we could.

The Germans fed us badly—a roll of Italian bread and some weak coffee for breakfast at 5 a.m., while at midday we had macaroni soup and, on rare occasions, meat. They worked us 14 hours a day, but later got this down to 12 hours.

Every day we stored any tinned rations—sardines and Italian bully. Just as we were set to go, I fell ill with yellow jaundice. This put us back for a bit, but I soon got better. We could only escape by night, and we had to reckon on not being missed long enough to get a good start.

On the appointed night we slipped out and took cover in the grounds of the camp. We lay quiet for a moment, and then bolted.

From our first stop it was pretty easy going. We had enough rations for a 21-day journey—enough to keep us alive anyway. We had four water bottles apiece. Our map was torn from a German illustrated newspaper, and we had a poor compass—one of those things in the top of a fountain pen. Later we lost it; but its loss was not felt because we found the sun a better guide.

The first day we made 25 miles. At night we tried our best to sleep, but at half-past three in the morning it was too cold, and we resumed our march at that time. When the sun became unbearable later in the day we rested until it became cooler in the afternoon.

So on we went for seven days. We managed to strike a water point en route, and replenished our supplies. Day after day we kept going, spurred on, when we grew tired, by the thought that every step was one nearer our own army.

Finally one night we slept in a disused building and with the morning light we were surprised to see the captain of a British patrol standing near us with a Tommy gun. We told him who we were and from where we had escaped. He wasn’t the least taken back, but simply said, “Would you like a lift back?”—Reuters.

Berlin’s Burning—and We Poles Have Done It!

Here we reprint from “Wings,” the fortnightly journal of the Polish Air Force, an account of a raid by Polish airmen on Berlin—told by a Polish officer to Jerzy Glebocki.

The greatest thrill I ever had was over Berlin, because Berlin is something very special—the heart of Germany, and we Poles are over this city. The sirens wail for them as they did for us in September 1939, and their hearts are full of fear. Children cry as ours did then. Houses are thrown high, high into the air and vanish in the dust as we let the bombs fly. Then a red glare is pulling you back to drop more bombs, of which you have none left. And we, the Poles, have done it!

Berlin is my best flight—a lot of flak, so we climb fairly high. I want to drop my bomb-load well inside the target area, so I again check our course for the pilot. As we are approaching our objective I can see clearly the A.A. barrage in front of me. It is apparent that somebody is in, as the salvos are frequent and searchlights wander widely over the sky. The heavy A.A. barrage forms an outer circle, inside of which light A.A. guns and tracer bullets give a strange, but menacing picture.

We slowly lose height over our target. I check the safety catches of the bomb hatches. Now the A.A. fire is falling on us as well as the searchlights being after us. Suddenly one gets a direct bearing on our plane. At once several others also cross their beams on us: the A.A. fire becomes definitely concentrated and very accurate. I lie stretched flat in the bomb aimer’s turret, waiting to get a bearing with the bomb sight on the target. I give the pilot an abrupt warning to keep on his course as we are going in!

Suddenly I feel a sharp pain in my right leg. I become overwhelmed by a rush of heat stiffness. I report that I have been wounded. The second pilot crawls into my turret in order to help me. I pull myself together after a short while in order to keep the plane on the course. We were right over the target. In front of my eyes I see green and red patches; I am feeling giddy, but I can still see the target, and now I can see it through the bomb sight, the string well in the middle of it; now I press the button to free the bombs. In a tenth of a second I can see the parating load, then they
I WAS THERE!

Our 'Lady Shirley' Sent a U-boat to its Doom

After a spirited action the crew of the U-boat and captured the crew. This was below by the Lady Shirley's captain, Lieut.-Commander A. H. Callaway, who was awarded the D.S.O.

We were steaming in daylight when we sighted the conning-tower of a U-boat on the surface. We were several miles away. We steamed at full speed towards the submarine and saw it dive.

Immediately we reached the spot we dropped depth charges. A bare two or three minutes afterwards we saw the periscope and knew the U-boat was surfacing. She was 500 yards away. We turned to port ready to attack with gun-fire or ram her. We learned from the crew afterwards that she had been badly damaged and was looking for action.

As soon as the conning-tower opened we swept it with machine-gun fire. We could see the officers and men falling before the hail of bullets. We saw a number of men rushing to man the gun on the deck of the submarine, but they never reached it.

Just as we opened fire with our four-inch gun a machine-gun began to fire from the conning-tower of the submarine. Our first two rounds missed, but after that practically every shell hit the submarine, one bursting on the conning-tower and another penetrating the well and exploding inside.

After our first three rounds our seaman gunlayer, L. W. Pirzey, was killed by machine-gun bullets. Immediately Sub-Lieut. French, in charge of the gun, got into his place and with the gun crew working heroically in spite of a hail of machine-gun bullets sweeping the entire length of the ship, we kept up such a hot fire that the enemy machine-gun was silenced and none of the Germans could bring their 47 gun into action against us.

They ran away from the gun. We could see them running along the deck of the submarine holding their hands above their heads in token of surrender and shouting. We ceased fire, but kept our gun trained on her. She was badly down by the stern, and her crew, wearing lifebelts, began to jump overboard.

When she plunged down stern first we cheered and then set about the business of picking up the survivors. There were 45 of them, 15 more than the total complement of the Lady Shirley. A rating whose legs had been blown off died soon after we got him on board. I asked one of the two German officer survivors, who spoke English, if he would like to conduct the burial service, but as he was wounded he asked me to do so.

ANOTHER TRAWLER EPIC

THERE'S a Naval trawler on escort duty off the East Coast; three swastikas decorate her funnel, showing that she has shot down three German aircraft. A group of aircraft was seen coming from the English coast, at first thought to be British. The Captain sounded the alarm to give his crew some practice. Then the aircraft were recognized as German. The trawler was ready and shot down two of them. In this little ship, with less than thirty men, three have won decorations, five have been mentioned in despatches, and five more recommended for bravery in rescuing survivors from another ship.—Daily Mail, A. V. Alexander, broadcasting on 'Tribune' Day, 1941.

I said I had no German flag with which to cover the body, and I presumed they would not wish him to be buried under the Union Jack. Politely they agreed, and with our ship's company and the two German officers and five ratings standing together on the deck I conducted the service, the body going over the side not covered with a flag. The Germans were obviously very touched, and thanked me for the way in which the service was carried out.

We rendezved first-aid to eight wounded Germans. On leaving the ship the Germans showed no signs of Nazi arrogance. They thanked us all for what we had done for them. They were absolutely astonished that such a small ship as ours could sink a powerful submarine. Our fire, they said, was so rapid and accurate that they could not man their own gun.—Reuters.

THE LADY SHIRLEY'S crew listening as the captain, Lt.-Cdr. A. H. Callaway, R.A.N.V.R., reads congratulations from the Prime Minister. How this 47-ton trawler sank a U-boat and captured the crew is told above, and a photograph of the ship is in page 337. Her captain received the D.S.O., Lt. Boucicaut and Sub-Lt. French the D.S.C., and Seaman S. Halcrow the C.G.M. —Photo, British Official.
F 

ound a colleague yesterday busy calulating how to salvage enough old books and magazines to keep the paper mills of Britain going, with only a few thousand tons of sea-borne pulp—the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. Some optimists expect, with the end of the war if this war, a big jump in their output. Population of U.K. and N. Ireland (Eire doesn't count)—some of it can't even read—is approximately 46,000,000. Take an average of five people per household; say nine million homes. Deduct at least one million as bookless and paperless, then get the remaining eight million households to contribute one old book (any old book) to the paper salvage scheme, and behold eight million books a week, or a good 400,000,000 a year. Assuming that so many exist (which one may doubt) the annual tonnage of salvage would make repul
ing one of our great national industries to which the American "Aw, nuts!" might not be inapposite.

W 

hen I thought of the many homes I have seen where the only books have been the local telephone and residential directories, with some old school prizes, a dictionary, and (perhaps) an un-thumbed Bible somewhere in the background, I was unable to go any distance with the optimist along this new road of hope which he was eagerly提倡. Moreover, in this dire "scorched earth" policy which he would apply to Bookland he would have to rid the organization that is working night and day to collect old books not for pulping but for distributing to H.M. Forces as read

ing material "to educate, to elevate, to entertain. It indicates, however, the desperate measures that one whose perplexing task is to hunt for plain paper for printing purposes, is ready to take. For, indeed, the situation is desperate and gets desperater every day, as Alice might put it in an act of Blandishments' most fantastic than her Wonderland.

It is certainly no laughing matter, and I'm almost ashamed to have reacted so lightheartedly to that flight of fancy, for every publisher of books, newspapers, or periodicals is now engaged in a deadly struggle to keep going, even in a restricted and fractional way, for lack of paper. And it is surprising how greatly the reading public could help those who cater for them by combing their houses, especially their lumen rooms, and collecting all old, out

worn, faded and trashed newspapers and magazines—being careful not to overdo the combing process by parting with items whose loss might be some regretted—all sorts of cat. (expired insurance policies exist in scores of thousands and are valueless for any purpose other than repulping), old greeting cards, out-of-date directories and trade catalogues and, of course, newspapers old and new... in short all forms of "junk" made from paper. The machinery exists for receiving and disposing of this salvage, for which appreciable payment is obtainable where the quantities are considerable, and I hope that none of my readers in a position to respond to this urgent Salvage Drive are holding back. Let me add, also, that it is not merely, or even primarily, to help the publishing trade that I appeal to my readers, but for our munitions factories where vast quants of coarse paper are required for making cartridge cases, wrapping and packing bombs, grenades, and many other sorts of "tools" (vide Mr. Churchill) so urgently needed to "finish the job!"

It's pleasant to hear of instances where profiteering is disdained by those who might have been excused had they dabbled conditions to be charged anything over half-a-guinea, as the humble cotlet would let today for double that, being in a relatively safe area. "I am sorry," he read out to his wife in lugubrious tones, that owing to increased costs it will no longer be necessary to ask you for a larger rent, and I suggest that in future you pay me 4s. 2d. instead of the existing arrangement of 3s. 10d. I shall be glad to know if you have your approval." Joyous collapse of actor. So even in the landlord class simple souls may still be found.

T 

his morning while I had my frugal breakfast in my bedroom, I read the papers, bathed, shaved and dressed, and was in a warlike mood by the short morning air, for its chug, chug never ceased! Its driver had met a pal with a tramset's motor car and together they gossiped all that time. I am told that the tractor would be consuming parafine, petrol being needed only to start its engine, and it might have been that its driver was afraid to stop it because of difficulty in restarting. Still, parafine ranks next to petrol as liquid fuel and calls for strict economy in its use. Perhaps I'm fussy, but I can think of nothing else to excuse this sort of waste.

L 

unched today with my old friend, M. Henry D. Davray, who, unique among the French journalists of our time, has given the best of his years to promoting by pen and speech the mutual understanding of the French and the English peoples. And although he has been at it for more than forty years, he still found something to do in that last week. When, at a Press conference, he drew Mr. Brendan Bracken's attention to a typical instance of misunderstanding, A Photograph of General Weygand on a platform in an Algiers street "taking the salute" was widely circulated in the British press, most of the inscriptions asking the reader to note that Weygand, the legionaries, and others were all giving "a modified form of the Nazi salute." This, Davray assured me, was nonsense: what they were doing was signifying their submission to the new

Vichy constitution in the manner observed in France for generations before his foolishness the Fuehrer (an unfriendly comment made me on that phrase the other day) or the Nazi party came into being. Which is easier to do, a gesture can be misinterpreted, especially in a photo. Theaddock Nazi salute has its counterpart in England, as every boy or girl at school is well aware.

B 

like Dad, keep Mum," the silliest of all the stupid posters issued by the M.O.I. has for some time, I was glad to think, ceased to grace the front of our street vending stations. But I have not been able to escape the banality; it pursues me on matchboxes! So that for fifty times per box it stares at me in block letters on which I have long been one with Julius Caesar and Napoleon! In many instances the class of reader for whom the words were originally phrased would have been served just as well as if it had read: "Be like Mum, keep Dad."