ABANDON SHIP, the last scene in the glorious career of H.M.S. Ark Royal, when it was found impossible to save her. A destroyer packed with survivors is just leaving the doomed aircraft carrier, and some of the crew have already been taken off by small boats. Here and there a rubber dinghy floating on the waves is emergency succour for any that may have to go into the "drink." There is no panic, no fear—only regret that a fine and valiant ship has, by the fortune of war, fallen a victim to the enemy.

Photo, the "Daily Mirror," Excluded to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
The Way of the War

To win we must have 30,000 tanks—and more

The war is being decided by tanks, Stalin told Lord Beaverbrook at the Moscow Conference. It is a tank war. "Is it not an aeroplane war, too?" I asked, but Stalin replied that it was essentially a tank war."

Certainly tanks have played and are playing a predominant part. On the War's very first day German tanks crushed across the frontier into Poland and carved a blood-stained path through the masses of horsemen, brave but so horribly doomed from the start, that the Poles flung against them. Tanks rolled along the roads and across the dykes of Holland. Tanks rumbled over the bridges over the Albert Canal and the Meuse—bridges which the defenders ought to have blown up beforehand. Tanks followed the woodland paths through the Ardennes, pushed through the fatal gap at Sedan, even overran in places the Maginot Line itself.

Tanks careened across the desert in Wavell's triumphant vanguard. Tanks were the Germans' counter-attack, which in a few days left only Tobruk, as a reminder of Wavell's victory. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that tanks have been mentioned in every communication from the Russian front, whether Nazi or Soviet. We have heard and read until we were tired of Hitler's panzers, of Guiderian's tanks and of von Kleist's. They battered their way through Minsk and rumbled along the road to Moscow, they crawled over the shattered houses of Kiev and Kharkov, they swept across the length of the Ukraine; but they are not making such good progress now when the ground is deep in snow. They clattered over the Crimes and made their way into the strongholds of the Crimea. (And there, at Rostov, for the first time, they were forced to reverse their tracks).

Now again, in Libya, tanks are opposed to tanks in a battle as strange as it is fateful. Every correspondent dilutes upon the clash of these "fire-breathing, scaly-hided monsters," as one has called them, monsters recalling the prehistoric reptiles which "tare, eat, and drink their slime" in the ages when the earth was still clothed with tropic swamps.

Tanks dominate the vast battlefield in the desert. They rage and roar across the waste of sand and scrub seeking the enemy tanks that they may devour. They are the battle-ships of land warfare, and are even more defiant of the bombers of the air. In this mighty struggle they do not retreat. Theirs but to charge and charge again with the furious mêlée; to knock out before being knocked out and left a tangled, blackened and twisted wreack.

"How will the war be won?" asked General de Gaulle, leader of the Free French, when he visited recently a tank construction factory in the Midlands. "We are living in the machine age. The battles of our time are and will be won by machines of war—which means, first of all, by tanks. When will the war be won? The Germans conquered Poland because they had 5,000 tanks against 1,000. They conquered France because they had 25,000 tanks against 15,000. They will be beaten when the war machines of the defenders of liberty have gained superiority over theirs, in numbers and quality. Napoleon once said, 'Victory is won by the big battalions.' Today he would say victory is won by the big battalions of tanks."

Later in his speech General de Gaulle—who had urged upon the French General Staff the establishment of a great tank force before the war—went on to quote Mr. Churchill: "The battle of France, the battle of the Channel, the battle of Dunkirk of 1940 would be won by 10,000 tanks, large and small. "That," commented General de Gaulle, "was the number that M. Reynaud demanded for the French Army in 1935." When, in March 1940, Reynaud became Prime Minister, he fixed this figure as the goal to be reached by the French armament industries; but it was too late. "It is exactly the same number of tanks as the Germans sent into action in May and June, 1940, on the soil of France, Belgium and the Netherlands. They are bringing twice this number to bear today from the White Sea to the Black Sea."

Well might Lord Beaverbrook tell the engineering shop stewards on Clydeside a few days ago that the tank has proved the most formidable weapon of the war to date. It destroyed France and would have destroyed Britain had it not been for the Channel tank trap. Furthermore, "It is the British tank in Libya which has brought the invincible army of Germany to defeat for the first time," and British tanks are in action outside Moscow. Then the Minister of Supply read a telegram received a few hours before from Stalin.

"Beaverbrook," it read, "Let me express my gratitude for the sending of aeroplanes and tanks. Some of these British-made aeroplanes and tanks are already in action in the front line. The reports of our commanders on the British-made tanks are favourable. The Hurricanes are greatly appreciated. We would like as many Hurricanes and tanks as you can send, and could you limit the number of types sent to us? It would make everything much easier."

"That is straight from the battle front," Lord Beaverbrook said, and added that when he became Minister of Supply he sent out a message to all the firms engaged on tank production, informing them that tanks would henceforth be 1A priority. But in each of the messages he added: "But of course you should not regard the 1A as the irrevocable limit, it may be revised."

"That rule had been observed ever since," "Aircraft," said Lord Beaverbrook, "can be cut off when a battle begins, and the tank cost is more than the aircraft cost."

"The tank and aircraft together is the form in which we want to fight this battle front."

Tanks, mere tanks, and yet more tanks is, then, the slogan for today. "We want," said Lord Beaverbrook, "as much as will produce from America, what we can produce in Canada, and a wide plan of production which we must lay down here."

30,000 tanks! A tremendous figure, indeed. But General de Gaulle—and who should know better?—thinks it will be required. "It is perhaps the action of 100,000 tanks, combined with that of 100,000 planes, and provided with supplies by 30,000,000 tons of shipping, which will win once and for all the victory of liberty."

To return to Lord Beaverbrook, "Stalin told me in the Kremlin that the Germans had 30,000 tanks," he said. "The Germans are producing, too, and adding to that number. So it is again the race of the tortoise and the hare. We have to get there fast to catch up on the production of German tanks."

Tremendous as the figures are, they are not beyond the capacity of the combined plants of Britain and the Dominions, the United States and Russia. But we are a long way yet from full production. His audience at Clydeside interrogated Lord Beaverbrook with questions inspired by intense criticism of the way things are done. Some Clyde employers, he was told, have the point of view of 40 years ago; and there was a frequent complaint that there is bad management, not in one factory but in all. "Bring about cooperation between management and men," declared Mr. Kirkwood in forthright tones. "The Clyde will then give you records that will make other records look like standing still."

Really we have no choice. We must extend our output of tanks to a degree hitherto undreamed of, we must make tank production a supreme objective of the national effort. By tanks far more than by masses of infantry, however fanatically brave, and excelling in the degree, far more even than by armadas of aircraft, Hitler has scored his resounding triumphs. And by tanks he will be beaten and driven along the road of defeat.

E. Royston Pike

OVER THE LIBYAN DESERT races a British tank—one of the hundreds which for weeks battled furiously with the tanks, as numerous perhaps and in many cases more powerfully built, armoured, and armed, that constituted the main strength of Rommel's Afrika Korps. Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright
American Tanks in the Desert Battle

A corporal on one of the new American tanks, specially designed for desert warfare, about to descend into the body of the machine for a test run.

A tank driver, having been instructed in the mechanism at a tactical training school, starting up somewhere behind the lines. Circle, crew of a tank jumping into their machine.

IN THE WESTERN DESERT, an American light tank goes at full speed. Right, units of the Royal Tank Corps studying one of the new American machines. In the background is a British "Matilda" tank. These American M3 tanks have done good work in the battle for Libya. At least 150 are believed to have participated in Lt.-Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham's preliminary offensive, and since then many others are on the way.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright
Retreat from Rostov: Hitler’s First Defeat

What was described as the first major defeat inflicted on Hitler’s armies was the smashing counter-attack by Timoshenko’s Russians, which in a few days expelled von Kleist’s shock troops from Rostov. Here we tell of the battle and of the Nazi retreat which soon became a rout.

Great was the jubilation in Hitler’s camp when it was announced on November 22 that General von Kleist’s shock troops had, after violent fighting, captured Rostov-on-Don. The city, it was pointed out, was one of great commercial and strategic importance, one which would be of exceptional value in the contemplated invasion of the Caucasus.

It was noticeable that the Russians declined to confirm the news of the city’s fall, although they admitted that the Germans had penetrated the defences of Rostov and that fighting was going on in the streets. German tanks had reached the railway station, where there was fighting of the most violent description. Stubbornly though the Russians resisted, they were borne back. Every yard of advance cost the enemy dear, however; in two days’ fighting the Germans lost (so the Russians claimed) 55 tanks, many lorries, much ammunition, and thousands of men killed and wounded.

Considering the city as good as won, von Rundstedt laid his plans for a further big offensive which would carry his armies across the Don. He was forestalled, however. In the last week of November Marshal Timoshenko, who for weeks past had been quietly organizing great new armies behind the southern sector of the front, struck a surprise blow. It came with all the force of a complete surprise, and in a few hours von Kleist’s picked infantry and vaunted panzers were sent reeling back.

Battle was joined when units of General Remizov’s 56th Army slipped across the Don after midnight on November 27, and at dawn the next day launched an assault against the hastily-prepared German defences in the southern suburbs of Rostov. Savage street fighting began, in which a valiant part was played by the Russian guerrillas, who sniped the Nazis from the rear. During the night of November 28 Soviet troops belonging to General Kharitonov’s 9th Army were ferried over the Don, up river from Rostov, between Nakhichevan and Novocherkassk, and stormed the German lines in the north-east of Rostov. At the same time Red Army shock troops under Commander Goncharov broke through a German flank.

Thus attacked from both sides, von Kleist’s army group, consisting of the 14th and 16th Tank Divisions, the 60th Motorized Division, and the SS (Nazi Black Guard) Viking Division, were trapped. Only with extreme difficulty and after suffering heavy losses did remnants of his force burst their way through the narrowing gap still left open through the north-west suburbs. They retreated in disorder along the coast-road towards Taganrog, closely pursued by the triumphant Russians. No opportunity was given to the enemy for making a stand. The whole line of the Red Army’s advance was littered with heaps of Nazi dead, while everywhere were abandoned tanks, tractors, lorries, guns, and dumps of ammunition. Swarms of Storomvik dive-bombers turned the retreat into a rout.

‘Our boot is so tremendous,’ said Kharitonov in a victory speech, ‘that we have not yet had time to count it. Of course, the Germans may try, with the help of new reinforcements, to stop the Red Army offensive, but I am ready for such an eventuality. I possess the necessary forces to prevent any enemy counter-offensive from stopping us. My soldiers are now pursuing a beaten enemy. They will continue to do so until he is finally smashed.’

Stalin was swift to send a message of congratulation to Marshal Timoshenko and to Colonel-General Cherchevichenko, Soviet Commander on the southern front. ‘I congratulate you on the victory over the enemy,’ he said, ‘and the liberation of Rostov from the German Fascist invaders. I send greetings to the gallant troops of the 9th and 56th Armies under the command of Generals Kharitonov and Remizov, who raised our glorious Soviet banner over Rostov.’

Before leaving the town the Germans indulged in an orgy of murder. Hundreds of women, children, and male civilians in the city were slaughtered, declared Moscow. German forces looted the place and set fire to the houses. In one school, it was stated, the Russians found the bodies of 20 women, together with the bullet-riddled corpses of 70 children. Piles of dead Russian civilians were found in the streets. ‘We shall exact a terrible punishment for this bestiality from the German people who have produced this band of inhuman gangsters,’ vowed Moscow.

The Germans were not without their excuses for their defeat. Rostov, they explained, had been evacuated by the German troops in accordance with orders, so that the necessary measures could be taken against the population who had illegally taken part in the battle in the rear of the German Army. (This confession reads strangely in the light of the previous statement made by the German propagandists that the Soviet population meets the German troops as liberators from Stalin’s tyrannical yoke.) No doubt, Berlin opined, the Reds would claim the recapture of Rostov, but really there was no question of this: the German High Command had merely taken systematic methods to enforce international law. Then the officials in Berlin declared that the Germans were going to take reprisals which would turn Rostov into ‘a smoking pile of cinders, with thousands of thousands of Russians.’ The destruction would be worse than that of Warsaw, Rotterdam, or Coventry.

A few days later this excuse, as ridiculous as it was infamous, was discarded. Now it was admitted that the Germans had been forced to withdraw in face of heavy enemy superiority. The Russians, it was explained, had brought up fresh reserves from Siberia and other parts of Soviet Russia, which made up the deficit in the city had been active. So the Nazis had decided to retire to better positions in order to avoid unnecessary loss and the better to withstand the desperate Russian counter-attacks.

There was no disguising, indeed, the fact that the Germans had been defeated—and defeated, moreover, by an army which had been annihilated some time earlier, if the German account had been believed. ‘This is not the first, and certainly not the last, decided blow dealt to the German Army,’ said M. Lwowsky. ‘The rout of Kleist’s army at Rostov puts an end to the stories of the invincibility of the German Army, and bars the way to a further advance by the invaders.’ For the time being, at least, the threat to the Caucasus was averted.
Here and There on the Vast Eastern Front

FINNISH TROOPS attacking the railway station of Joakkima on Lake Ladoga, after the capture of the town from the Russians in advanced lines defending Leningrad.

This ingenious anti-aircraft observation post has been improvised by Soviet soldiers; here, connected by telephone with their battery, they watch for Nazi planes.

NAZI TANK in action on the East Front. Right, exhausted German soldiers sleeping in an open trench during a lull in the fighting for Leningrad. Circle, a German soldier engaged in the dangerous task of rendering mines harmless. Like little portable wireless sets in shape, these weapons are sown in vast numbers all about the Russian front, in open spaces and in towns, and have inflicted immense casualties on the Nazi machines and men.

Photo, Planet News and Sport & General
One Last Glimpse of the Ever-glorious Ark Royal

So often "sunk" by German propaganda, H.M.S. Ark Royal was torpedoed on November 11 and sank the next day. The fatal list to starboard is clearly noticeable in this photograph taken from the deck of the destroyer which rescued her crew. In the upper photograph the stricken ship is seen from another angle with some of her complement crowding over the side to be taken aboard the destroyer which, thanks to calm weather, was able to come up alongside. The Ark Royal, completed in Nov. 1938, had a displacement of 27,000 tons full load, and was armed with sixteen 4-inch guns.

*Upper photo, British Official; Crown Copyright; lower photo, the "Daily Mirror," Exclusive to *The War Illustrated*
ARK ROYAL SURVIVORS, all smiles and congratulating themselves on their good fortune, arrive at Portsmouth. The Ark Royal was torpedoed in the Mediterranean by a U-boat on November 13. Though "officially sunk" by Goebbels on September 26, 1939, the Ark Royal continued a glorious career, taking part in the hunt for the Graf Spee and the Norwegian campaign. In the Mediterranean last November one of her aircraft torpedoed an Italian battleship. She was at the bombardment of Genoa, and in the chase of the Scharnhorst. Photo, Associated Press, lodged by permission of H.M.S.O.
OUR TOO HUSH-HUSH PROPAGANDA

Recently the Press was invited to a showing of Army training films for the purpose of showing the Cordes of Army Kinematography.

CONVINCED of the great power of the modern sound film, the War Office decided in August 1940—yes, as early as that—to make the fullest use of it. Now it describes shelters of every kind, Morrison and Anderson, refuges and public shelters. During these very early days it was useful to make them understand that the lights may be on, but it is not the light that is lacking. The film showed that the bottom of the flower-pot (without, however, blocking up the hole) and then turning a second flower-pot upside down. The War Office has now completed three of these to show the other day. Great were the compliments of them. Great were the first-aid and lighting restrictions that are to be shared.

LONDONERS LUNCH TO MUSIC

"Dame Myra Hess gave her first formal piano recital yesterday (Nov. 2) since she has become a D.B.E. A full house and an overflow covering half the available space—chairs then going out—welcomed her. And the great pianist proceeded to play late Beethoven as only she can play Beethoven does. [The German Daily Telegraph]

MUSIC-lovers know how, with the outbreak of war, the enforced break in the usual habits of the London public, Miss Myra Hess (as she then was) decided to cancel her American tour (as far as she could the cause of music in England; and launched in cooperation with the Trustees of the National Gallery the "National Gallery Lunch-Time Concerts." She herself opened proceedings by giving a piano recital on October 30, 1939, and since then, up to the end of October this year, 558 concerts have been given. The attendance has averaged 3,000 per week, and 227,000 people paid for admission; 1,947 different artists have appeared, and the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, to which Miss Hess has given, has benefited by £3,279. While it is safe to say that all artists of any reputation in this country have appeared at the concerts, Dame Myra has made it her business to encourage the younger and unknown musicians by regularly sandwiching them in the "stars." It is interesting to note that a very large proportion of the audiences at these now famous concerts are in uniform. Yet the B.B.C. is still not convinced apparently that the men of the Armies, Navy, and Air Force feel the need for something more than variety, selections from light opera, and frolics.

READY FOR THE RAIDERS?

"Keep your knowledge of air-raid precautions continually up to date," counsels Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, in his foreword to the 3d pamphlet, "Air Raids: What You Must Know; What You Can Do" (H.M.S.O., 1d). The little book should be a best-seller, for it contains a mass of information of what may well prove to be life-saving value. It gives a full description of incendiary bombs and of the precautions which should be taken against them. Then it goes on to high explosives and tells where is the safest place when H.E. bombs are dropping (see diagram p. 187, Vol. 3). Next it describes shelters of every kind, Morrison and Anderson, refuges and public shelters. During these very early days it was useful to make them understand that the lights may be on, but it is not the light that is lacking. The film showed that the bottom of the flower-pot (without, however, blocking up the hole) and then turning a second flower-pot upside down on top of the first flower-pot, edge to edge. After a time the top flower-pot will give off considerable warmth—sufficient for a small shelter. Other chapters in the book deal with war gases, and the respirators which are a complete protection against them; simple first-aid; and lighting restrictions—domestic and vehicle.

It is good to see that the compilers of the book have not forgotten that animals too, are entitled to a share of A.E.F.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

German troops occupying the inner part of Rostov left in accordance with orders of the German Command, in order to undertake reprisal measures against the Russian civilians who struck at our rear in the city. This form of warfare is new to the German soldier—Military Spokesman in Berlin, Nov. 29, 1941

"This form of warfare is new to the German soldier— but not to the Russians. In "War and Peace," Tolstoy tells us that in 1812 the so-called partisan warfare had begun with the enemy’s entrance into Smolensk. Before the irregular warfare was officially recognized by our government many thousands of the enemy’s soldiers—straggling, marauding or foraging parties—had been slain by Cossacks and peasants. By October there were 30,000 Cossacks in the field, from 20 to 40 companies, differing widely from one another in numbers and in character. Some were detachments of the regular army, with infantry, artillery and staff officers. Some consisted only of Cossacks on horseback. Others were small bands of men on foot and also mounted. Some consisted of peasants, or of landowners and their serfs. There was a deacon at the head of such a band, who took several hundred prisoners in a month. There was a village elder’s wife, Vassilissa, who killed hundreds of Cossacks with one blow. The irregulars destroyed the Grande Armée piecemeal. They swept up the fallen leaves that were dropping of themselves from the withered tree, and sometimes they shook the tree itself. [The irregulars destroyed the Grande Armée piecemeal. They swept up the fallen leaves that were dropping of themselves from the withered tree, and sometimes they shook the tree itself."

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God.
Naval Air Strength of the Pacific Powers

**BRITAIN.** The drawing shows a typical modern aircraft carrier of 23,000 tons, 753 feet long and carrying a complement of 1,600. Its armament consists of sixteen 4-inch dual-purpose guns and a large number of aircraft are carried. In the drawing can be seen (1) the Blackburn Roc, a two-seater fighter fitted with a power-operated gun turret, with 4 guns; (2) a Fairey Fulmar, an eight-gunned two-seat fighter with a 1,145 h.p. Rolls-Royce Merlin engine. Britain has lost three aircraft carriers. She still has, in commission or building, the Implacable, Indomitable, Illustrious, Victorious, Formidable, Indomitable, Furious, Eagle and Hermes, in addition to the Argus, a "Queen Bee" tender for training purposes, and the seaplane-carrier Albacore.

**U.S.A.** The drawing is of the Ranger, U.S. aircraft carrier of 14,500 tons. Her complement is 1,788, she is 769 feet in length and can take about 30 aircraft. The Ranger carries eight 5-inch A.A. guns and 40 smaller ones and her speed is about 30 knots. When not in action the six funnels are raised to the vertical position. Other carriers are the Lexington, Saratoga, Enterprise, Yorktown and Wasp. The Hornet was recently commissioned and eleven 25-26,000-ton carriers of the Essex class are provided for in the current programme.

The planes shown are (3) the Grumman Sky-Rocket, a twin-engined single-seat fighter, and (4) the Curtiss 77 (SBC-4) Helldiver, a two-seat scout-bomber.

**JAPAN.** Shown in the drawing is the Soryu, one of Japan’s latest carriers, sister ships being the Akagi and the Hiryu. These carriers are of 10,000 tons displacement, 680 feet in length and are armed with twelve 5-inch A.A. guns and 24 smaller. They are said to carry 30-40 aircraft. Possibly completed are the 14,000-ton carriers Shokaku and Zuikaku. In addition, there are the Ryujo, of 7,000 tons, completed in 1933, and the Kaga, 7,470 tons. Then there are the older Akagi and Hiryu, each of 26,800 tons, originally laid down as a battle cruiser and battleship respectively.

Japan has a number of ex-merchant vessels of about 6,000 tons, converted into seaplane carriers, the converted tankers Kako and Noto of 17,000 and 14,000 tons, and three seaplane carriers of 9,000 tons, the Shiosui, Toku and Misugu.

Japan keeps her new types of aircraft a closely guarded secret, but it seems likely that the Mitsubishi Kari (5), largely used by the Japanese Army Air Corps, could be adapted for deck-landing. It is a two-seat monoplane, the Mark II version of which is fitted with a 800 h.p. Mitsubishi A-14 engine. The single-seat Zero (6), one of Japan’s latest fighter planes, closely resembles the Brewster Buffalo. The Mitsubishi 92 (7) is a two-seat reconnaissance monoplane fitted with a 420 h.p. Jaguar engine.

Specially drawn by Haworth for The War Illustrated
The War Illustrated

December 20th, 1941

War in the Pacific: Japan Takes the Plunge

So long had the clouds of war lowered above the Pacific that when the storm actually broke it came with all the greater shock. On December 7 Japan declared a state of war against America and Britain. Swiftly the challenge was accepted. The war had become a world war indeed.

While M. Kurusu and Admiral Nomura, the Japanese envoys in Washington, were being received by the Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, in Washington, Japanese war planes were actually bombing American naval bases in the Pacific. Mr. Hull did not know that, but his remarks were caustic enough. He had in his hands the Japanese reply to his note of November 26, in which he had made proposals for a peaceful settlement in the Pacific in return for promises by Japan to make no further aggressive moves southward or against Russia. In all my fifty years of public service, he said, "I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any Government on this planet was capable of uttering them." The Japanese listened and then, with unsmiling faces, left the State Department.

Hardly had they gone when on America descended the tremendous, and unbelievable tidings that Japan had dared to attack her. The first announcement was given to the press by Mr. Stephen Early, President Roosevelt's old friend, early in the afternoon. "The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor from the air, and all naval and military activities on the island of Oahu, the principal base in the Hawaiian Islands." A few minutes later the President issued a further statement: a second air attack had been made. This was made on the airfields and navy bases in Manila, capital of the Philippines. Then from near and far came in news of fresh acts of Japanese aggression. Guam had been bombed, Honolulu was being raided. American warships had been severely damaged, and one was said to have sunk.

At the White House President Roosevelt held conferences with his service chiefs and called a special cabinet: Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War, mobilized the Army, and Mr. Knox, Navy Secretary, ordered the fleets to action stations. At the same time Roosevelt released for publication the text of an appeal to the Japanese Emperor, one which he had sent on Saturday afternoon, December 7. In this appeal the President appealed to Japan to stop the war from the Pacific. It fell on deaf ears, however. The Japanese militarists were in full control, and they had resolved on war.

Swift came the news from the Imperial Japanese Headquarters at Tokyo that as from dawn Japan had entered into a state of war with the United States and Great Britain. "We, by the grace of heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on the throne of a line unbroken for ages eternal, enjoin upon you, our loyal and brave subjects: we hereby declare war on the United States and the British Empire. The war, went on the rescript, was necessary to "ensure the stability of East Asia and to contribute to world peace."

A month before Mr. Churchill in his Mansion House speech had pledged Great Britain's word that should the United States be involved in war with Japan, the British declaration would follow within the hour." As soon as he received the news of the Japanese aggression against the U.S., Mr. Churchill (the told the House of Commons on the afternoon of December 8) told President Roosevelt with a view to arranging the time of the respective declarations. The President told him that he was sending a message to Congress (which alone can declare a state of war on behalf of the U.S.A.), had been dispatched to the Japanese charge d'affaires at one o'clock. Dated from the Foreign Office, December 8, it read:

On the evening of Dec. 7 his Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom learned that Japanese forces, without previous warning either in the form of declaration of war or of an ultimatum with a conditional declaration of war, had attempted a landing on the coast of Malay and bombed Singapore and Hong Kong.

In view of this wanton act of unprovoked aggression committed in flagrant violation of international law, and particularly of Article One of the Third Hague Convention relative to the opening of hostilities, to which both Japan and the United Kingdom are parties, His Majesty's Ambassador to Tokyo has been instructed to inform the Imperial Japanese Government, in the name of his Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, that a state of war exists between the two countries.

The Netherlands Government, went on the Prime Minister, had declared war on Japan at 3 a.m. Then he told how he had sent a declaration of war resolution to Congress. Only 20 minutes after President Roosevelt had sat down, the Senate passed the war resolution by 82 votes to none; and the House of Representatives went on to vote. In this case there were 388 votes against one, the solitary dissentent being Mrs. Jeannette Rankin, a Republican pacifist who voted against the entry of America into the first world war in 1917. "Whereas," the declaration read, "the Imperial Japanese Government has committed unprovoked and dastardly attack upon us, the representatives of the people of the United States of America .... be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America .... and the Congress of the United States of America do hereby formally declare..... America was in the war.

Shortly afterwards, the Congress of the United States met in joint session at Washington. The declaration of war took but minutes to make his historic declaration.

Yesterday, Dec. 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy, the United States of America declared themselves deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

The United States was at peace with that nation, and, at the solicitation of Japan, was still in conversation with its Government and was looking towards the maintenance of peace in the Pacific. Indeed, one hour after Japanese air squadrons had commenced bombing in the American island of Oahu, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States and his colleagues delivered to our Secretary of State a formal reply to a recent American message, and, while this reply stated that it seemed useless to continue the existing diplomatic negotiations, it contained no threat or hint of war or of armed attack.

It will be recorded that the distance of Hawaii from Japan makes it obvious that the attack was deliberately planned many days, or even weeks, ago. During the intervening time the Japanese Government, in the interest of being prepared, thoroughly sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace.

The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces. I regret to tell you that very many American citizens have been lost. In addition, American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya. Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong; last night Japanese forces attacked Guam; last night Japanese forces attacked Wake Island; last night the Japanese attacked Midway Island, and the Japanese are landing the Japanese attacked Midway Island. Japan has therefore undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific.

The facts of yesterday and today speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their judgments and will understand the implications to the very life and safety of our nation.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense, but always will our whole nation remember the character of the unprovoked attack, and the only way we can fulfill our obligations to our national defense is by long it may take us to overcome this precipitated invasion. The American people in the righteous might will win through to absolute victory.

I believe that I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the uttermost, but will make it very certain that this form of treachery shall never again endanger us.

Hostilities exist. There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory, and our lives are in grave danger. With confidence in our armed forces, with the natural unyielding determination of the people, we will gain the inevitable triumph, so help us God.

I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Dec. 7, 1941, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Imperial Japanese Government.
Japan's Place in the New Theatre of Conflict

Japan has struck and her entrance into the struggle will involve a vast area of sea and land in totalitarian war. To the north she may well have to reckon with the Soviet Red Banner Far Eastern Armies of a million men, now concentrated on the Manchurian and Russian Siberian frontier. To the south Thailand and Malaya have come into the land fighting, for an attack on the Burma Road is an essential part of Japanese strategy. The naval war must of a strategy spread far and wide from north to south and from east to west in the open Pacific, and about the remotest islands held by Japan, Britain, and the United States. Japan has some excellent bases in the Marianas and Carolines equipped by Natura with deep harbours; and Palau, with its deep sheltered lagoon and high hills for shore batteries, can anchor fifty warships comfortably. A big sea battle between Japanese and American fleets began on December 8th off the coast of Hawaii with heavy losses on both sides, and great damage to Pearl Harbour, U.S. naval base. The American naval base at Guam was "virtually destroyed."

Five years of indescribable war in China have taken a heavy toll of Japanese effectiveness, but Japan is said to have 3,000,000 under arms, and another 6,000,000 potential reserves. Whether the latter can be fully equipped, however, is the great question, Nippon being poor in mechanization and the resources which build and keep the military machine going. Although Japan has begun her war with violent air attacks on Hongkong, Singapore, the Philippines and other places, her air power has not kept pace with Japanese ambitions, and the fact that she is dependent for 90 per cent of her oil supplies on America, the Dutch East Indies and Mexico is a weak point in her programme of aggression. None the less, the extremists of Tokyo have long visualized a vast Japanese empire stretching from the Arctic to the Equator, from which all European and American influence would be excluded.
Into Battle Go Cunningham's Tanks and Men: First Photographs

A 60-pounder gun of a Home Counties Yeomanry regiment in the Middle East firing from under its camouflage netting (left). Tank driver of the Western Desert, taken during a reconnoitering patrol (above). The tracks of other armoured vehicles stand out clearly in the vast expanses of the Western Desert (right). On account of their carapace of armour they are termed "shellbacks," and are extensively used for the defence of forward aerodromes among other dangerous tasks.
Libya, Phase Two: Battle of the Parallelogram

Although it is not yet possible to write a complete account of the great battle of the Western Desert, sufficient information has come to hand to form a picture of the operations which constituted the opening phases. What follows is based upon official statements issued in London and Cairo and the despatches received from Reuters's correspondents with the British Forces in Libya.

The Third Battle of Libya opened with a strategical surprise. For months the Axis had been pouring into the Middle East and piling up in the Western Desert, and it was obvious to everyone that a great battle was looming. Yet when General Aucknineck gave the order to advance, the Germans were taken by surprise. The British and Imperial troops swept across the desert, hemmed in by the forces in the very centre of his armoured troops, almost before he was aware that zero hour had struck again. But "Old Rommel," as the men of the German Afrika Korps affectionately call him, was swift in his recovery. Whatever may be said about the Italians, the Germans rallied immediately and fought back hard. So there began a battle which may be compared to a vast and bloody game of chess—one that is being played out in Central Cyrenaica, between the Egyptian frontier and Tobruk, with thousands of tanks as the key pieces, and troop lorries and supply vehicles as the pawns.

The struggle that ensued has been called the Battle of the Parallelogram, since it was mainly fought in a vast parallelogram in the desert, bounded on the north by a road from Tobruk to Bardia and on the south by the Tram Ab road, which runs from El Gobi in the west to Sidi Omar, some 40 miles south of Bardia. The German attack opened on November 18, the enemy infantry, German and Italian, occupied a series of strongly fortified posts between Bardia and Sidi Omar. The British were General Rommel's two armoured divisions, while just outside it, beyond the Tobruk-El Ab track, lay an Italian armoured division. Our attack was launched with a twofold objective. We had to overcome the Bardia-Sidi Omar line, but this would have been a difficult operation so long as the enemy's armoured forces were intact. Accordingly it was essential to compel these to give battle.

The role assigned, therefore, to our armoured forces was to sweep westwards, south of Sidi Omar along the Tram-Ab road, and then to bend northwards towards Tobruk, between the two German armoured divisions and the Italian armoured division. The task of our units was, in part, to outflank and roll up the Bardia-Sidi Omar line, and in part to follow up our armoured forces.

The result was that the two German armoured divisions, reinforced by the Italian division which General Rommel had brought up from the Tobruk-El Gobi track, were compelled, as planned, to give battle south-east of Tobruk.

So began what may be called the first phase of the Libya battle (see page 327). It was a struggle unlike anything that may be conceived on a European battlefield. All the units engaged were completely motorized and could range in any direction, regardless of natural obstacles—which, however, in any case was virtually non-existent. The desert, indeed, affords as much freedom of movement to motor vehicles as does the sea to men-of-war. So fighting may begin in one area, drift into another miles distant, and may be broken off without decisive result. In this vast battlefield, so stark and strange, there was no recognizable front.
Knocking the Stuffing Out of 'Sawdust Caesar'

Leaders in Libya: Air Vice-Marshal A. Coningham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding the Western Desert, left, with Acting Air Marshal A. W. Tedder, C.B., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, R.A.F., Middle East. In Sicily direct hits on a power station at Porto Empedocle, the port for Girgenti, on the southern coast, send up clouds of yellow and black smoke, right. During the month of November over 1,000,000 bombs were dropped on Italian targets by our aeroplanes operating from R.A.F. bases in Malta.

Italian supply ship of about 1,500 tons caught in the Mediterranean by our bombers. Hits were registered amidships, and the vessel eventually sank after a heavy explosion.

Axis transport vehicle in North Africa before an air attack, above. In the photo below the car has been completely obliterated by a bomb from R.A.F. Mediterranean Command.

In south Italy—at Locri in Calabria—a low-flying medium bomber reduces a war factory to smoke and debris. Pilots reported that they saw people wave to them as they flew over the target.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright
Our Diary of the War

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1941

Air.—Enemy patrol vessels and barges attacked in the Straits of Dover. Night attack on three British ships, S.W. Germany as well as the docks at Ostend.

Russian Front.—Germans made small gains on Western front, and heavily pressed in Southern Ukraine. Russian advance on Ukraine front.

Africa.—After regrouping and reinforcements on both sides, a second great battle began in Libya, mainly around Sidi Rezegh. To the south Indian troops captured Tobruk. German armoured column crossed Egyptian frontier south of Sidi Omar, but was attacked and split up.

General.—Italy’s independence proclaimed by Free France.

THURSDAY, NOV. 29

Air.—Enemy supply ship sunk off The Hague by Beaufors. Enemy convoy off imitation of attack by French Command, also shipping at Boulogne and aircraft at Dieppe. Night attacks on Mediterranean, docks at Ostend and enemy aerodromes.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed capture of Klin, recently recaptured by Russians, and Tula was almost encircled. Russian counter-attack in Southern Ukraine continued.

Mediterranean.—Night raid on Naples by R.A.F. Royal Air Force.

Africa.—Elements of British main forces in Libya with “Brigades” advancing from Tobruk. Sidi Rezegh lost and recaptured. In Abyssinia, Gondar, the last Italian stronghold surrendered.

Home.—Few raiders over East Anglia and S. Coast by night.

FRIDAY, NOV. 30

Russian Front.—Further Russian advance in the Crimea. Soviet troops captured several villages in the north-west of Moscow. Slight Russian advance on Lenigrad front.

Africa.—Axis forces continued east of a line from Tripoli to Alexandria and reorganised to break the attack in the desert. Italian Bologna division badly cut up in action east of Tobruk in attack by British forces captured by British at Hamid. Heavy night raid on moles, shipping, and stores at Benghazi.

Home.—British fighting activity by night over S. Wales and S.W. England.

General.—More reinforcements reached Singapoura Command. Two German soldiers killed in a Paris restaurant.

SATURDAY, NOV. 29

Sea.—Admiralty communiqué announced that H.M. submarine Tigris had sunk 3 enemy ships and seriously damaged a sixth and that H.M. submarine Trident had sunk 3 enemy ships and seriously damaged 4 others in the area. Three were transports carrying troops for the Murmansk front.

Russian Front.—Soviet forces crossed the Don and drove the Germans out of Rostov. Von Kleist’s army forced to retreat in disorder towards Taganrog. Russians recaptured several villages south-east of Kalinin.


General.—All leave for British troops in Singapore stopped. Two more German soldiers killed by an explosion in Paris.

SUNDAY, NOV. 30

Air.—Over 150 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburg, one of the many targets of Humber Command’s night attacks. Embrachren, Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, and Leibke also bombed.

Russia Front.—Marshal Timoshenko’s armies steadily pursued Von Kleist’s forces towards Taganrog and drove back meaning with Goering at St. Florentin-Verigny, 80 miles S.E. of Paris.

TUESDAY, DEC. 2

Sea.—Powerful units of Britain’s Eastern Fleet arrived at Singapore. Australian Government announced loss of H.M.A.S. Sydney after she had sunk the German armed merchantman Steiermark.

Russian Front.—Rostov pursuit of Nazis continued. Soviet troops sweeping south-west from Voroshibovgrad drove Italian and Hungarian troops towards Salino, 100 miles north-west of Rostov.

Africa.—Rommel succeeded in breaking through the Tobruk corridor and linking up his 15th and 21st Panzer Divisions. Germans recaptured Sidi Rezegh and Bir el Hadid. Command H.Q. at Gondar announced that enemy prisoners taken at Gondar numbered 11,500 Italian and 12,000 native troops. The attacking force numbered less than half the enemy.

Home.—Enemy activity at night over S.W. England. Two enemy raiders destroyed. Mr. Churchill described Government’s new man-power policy in the House of Commons.

General.—Italian official Stefani agency reported a “vast conspiracy against the State.” Three Axis divisions reported engaged against Serbian forces in Western Moravia.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3

Sea.—A surface force under Capt. Agnew in H.M.S. Aurora sank two Italian supply ships and the escorting destroyer Alvise da Mosto in the Mediterranean.

Air.—Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command made night raid on docks at Kristiansund, Norway.

Russian Front.—Russians continued their advance in the Rostov sector. Moscow threats held. Germans claimed capture of Balaklava, in Crimea.

Africa.—Hard fighting still going on at Sidi Rezegh. Forces of 15th Panzer division succeeded in getting through to the west before British closed gap between Tobruk and Sidi Rezegh. Italian Ariete division suffered heavy losses.

Home.—Bombs dropped on S.W. Coast town after dark. One enemy raider destroyed. H.M.S. Mendip shot down a Heinkel 111.

General.—State of Emergency proclaimed in Singapore and the Federated Malay States. Petain and Darlan had a secret meeting with Goering at St. Florentin-Verigny, 80 miles S.E. of Paris.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4

Sea.—Rommel’s forces, pursuing Von Kleist’s army, reached Taganrog. On the Moscow front Soviet troops recaptured several villages in the Kalinin sector.

Africa.—Slackening in tempo of Libyan battle pending new phase of the battle.

General.—Washington revealed that Turkey had for some time been receiving Lease-Lend aid from U.S.A.

H.M.A.S. SYDNEY, 4,830-ton cruiser of the Royal Australian Navy, was lost, presumably by an enemy hit, after sinking the armed German raider Steiermark of 7,990 tons. On July 11, 1940, she sank the Italian cruiser Bartolomeo Colleoni and damaged another. Inset shows the Sydney’s crest. Ilustr. copyrighted by H.M. Stationery Office; Photo, Wright & Language.
Men and Machines that Rule the Desert Sky

NIGHT FIGHTERS have played an important part in the Libyan battle in which the air cooperation of the R.A.F. has proved of such immense value. Aircraft of a night fighter squadron operating in the Middle East are seen, right, flying in formation above a layer of cloud.

Wing Commander R. G. YAXLEY, M.C., D.F.C., has been awarded the D.S.O. for courageous leadership in connexion with the magnificent achievement of the Beaufighters of the R.A.F. which, up to November 27, had destroyed at least 44 enemy aircraft since the battle of Libya began. Below, close-up of the nose of a Beaufighter, showing the long chord engine cowling.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

The crew of a Glenn Martin bomber of the S.A.A.F. buckling on their parachutes before taking off on a raid, above. Below, one of the Tomahawks which have wrought havoc among the tanks and transport columns of General Rommel, and shot down many enemy aircraft.
A battery of crank-case drilling machines at a factory producing Bristol Hercules engines, such as are fitted to the Bristol Beaufighter and Short Stirling. The Hercules is a 16-cylinder radial sleeve-valve engine.

Below, a mechanic fits up a Hercules engine on the test bench ready for its trials. The Hercules III is rated at about 1,375 h.p., and to give best performance at height and near the ground it has a two-speed supercharger and controllable pitch airscrews are fitted.

The Hercules Mark III is one of the most powerful air-cooled motors in the world. Its fourteen cylinders, as shown above, are arranged in two banks. An impressive characteristic of this engine is its cleanliness and simplicity.

This view along the finishing line at a Ministry of Aircraft Production shadow factory shows Hercules engines being completed. The finished product is seen in the foreground and its size may be gauged by the standing figures.

A transport driver (in civilian life a silk weaver) takes a new Hercules engine to the test bench. The efficiency and reliability of aero-engines such as this make possible the fine performance of British aircraft.

Photos, Keystone P.N.A., C.P.U. and "Daily Mirror."
Just one of the thousand ways in which waste paper can help—and help tremendously—to win the war is illustrated in this page. When the waste paper is collected, either by the Council lorry or by Boy Scouts doing their day's "good turn," (1) it is taken down river—we are speaking of London—to one of the great salvage dumps (2). Then it is passed through a variety of processes, including refining (3), which ensures that there are no lumps left. Eventually the mass of waste paper, made up of turn-up letters, old envelopes, scraps of newspaper, bits of cardboard, and so on—waste of the lowest grade, No. 13—is converted into "board," which has a variety of wartime uses. In the case in point huge rolls are taken to a factory where ammunition containers are being made in vast quantities. There it is cut into sheets by power-driven machines (4), or by machines worked by girls (5). At this stage the sheets are glued together and made into rolls, but before they are fit to receive the shells they have to pass through more processes. Roll is placed in roll, bottoms and lids are attached, and web handles affixed by girls' nimble hands. Some of the work involved is exceedingly dirty, e.g., dipping the containers in wax and painting them, but for the most part it is done by women and girls.

The basic wage is 33s. 6d., plus a production bonus, depending upon the output of the individual "shop" but averaging 18s. Women employed on "dirty work" get 4s. per week extra. The finished containers (6) have to be passed by a woman inspector of the Chief Inspectorate of Armaments Department. Every container is inspected and stamped before it is issued to Ordnance.
‘Friendly Places’ for Britain’s Serving Men

Of the ills that beset the soldier—the sailor and the airman, too, for that matter—boredom is one of the worst. How shall we spend the hours which separate the last parade from Lights out? Here in this article by the Rev. Townley Lord, D.D., the well-known Baptist minister, we are told something of the great work done by the Y.M.C.A. and other voluntary organizations.

It is an accepted principle of modern warfare that soldiers, sailors and airmen need and repay careful attention to their general well-being. Recently an R.A.F. officer was arranging for some of his men on leave to have accommodation. They were pilots and observers, and the officer was heard to remark: "These boys cost a lot to train and every one of them is very valuable: we ought to look after them in the best possible way."

Today the men and women who compose our fighting and associated services are fortunate in the organizations which minister to their needs. There are, of course, official services maintained as part of the general administration, such as N.A.A.F.I., the concert parties organized by E.N.S.A., and so on. But a very considerable amount of comfort and good cheer is provided by organizations such as the Church Army, the Salvation Army, and the Y.M.C.A.

In the struggle of 1914-18 these organizations made a fine and widely appreciated contribution to the general welfare of the troops. When the present conflict began their activities were again directed towards serving the national need. How well and valiantly those needs were met is illustrated by the story of canteen service prior to the collapse of France and in the evacuation of Dunkirk; but since that time, as our national effort had steadily gained strength, these varied ministries have increased their range and effectiveness.

Following the tendency of modern warfare, these various services have become "mobile."

The Y.M.C.A. has at the present time over 800 mobile canteens serving isolated units, gun crews, searchlight companies, balloon barrage groups and men in lonely defence posts. Salvation Army canteens were prominent in Greece, twelve of them, indeed, being lost in that epic campaign. The Church Army has 100 mobile canteens estimated to reach over 100,000 men every week.

A mobile canteen is a sort of travelling universal provider: it combines the restaurant, the general store and the library; it can even act as post office for the men. Civilian as well as Service needs have been met by this flock of motorized helpers. During heavy raids on our towns and cities these canteens have been much in evidence. In one Midland city, for instance, following a raid, a single group of canteens provided over 70,000 meals for the homeless.

Even more imposing than the work of these mobile units is the service rendered to the personnel of the various centres in camps, billeting areas, railway stations, docks, etc. The Y.M.C.A., alone reports 1,134 of these centres in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The Church Army has 150, while the Salvation Army has 300, stretching from Iceland to Singapore and serving, it is estimated, between two and three million men and women of the Forces every week. The Y.M.C.A. has centers for Africa, Asia, South America, Iceland, the Middle East, Iraq, India, Burma and Malaya.

These organizations, of course, have a strong religious basis, and while it is never obtruded on men and women whose needs at the moment may be primarily physical, there are always well-organized facilities for the culture of the mind and for religious activities. The Y.M.C.A. is especially prominent at the present time through its educational programe. It has a trained staff of organizers, including a large proportion of university men. At least 25,000 of these are given every week in Y.M.C.A. centres, and there are discussions, dramatic readings, musical circles and popular concerts, while there is a strong demand for classical music as well as jazz, and for lectures on serious literary themes.

The Salvation Army, on the other hand, is a religious organization in particular has extended this service to the civilian population. Nightly services in public air-raid shelters are a feature of London life today.

A recent venture is the provision of clubs and hostels both for officers and non-commissioned ranks. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. has made great strides in this direction. Near one of the London railway termini a Salvation Army hostel provides accommodation for officers at the rate of five shillings for private room and breakfast. The same organization has recently opened a Red Shield Clubs for the wives of servicemen.

Are these varied activities appreciated? If you want to know, watch the constant flow of inquiries at the Information Bureaux. Watch the men as they leave the stations and make a beeline for the nearest canteen. As one of the men described them, "they are friendly places where you can get together, have a meal, enjoy a song, write a letter, and generally feel at home."

It is a great job they are doing in crowded camps, at the ports, in lonely desert areas, in bleak Iceland, and in blitzed civilian areas. This is certainly religion in action. When the full story comes to be written we shall learn of tireless service that goes round the clock, of hardships willingly embraced, of courage that can go the extra mile, and of heroism under fire.
'Neath Tropic Palms Toil the Gordons

GORDON HIGHLANDERS, though you would never guess their regiment from this unorthodox kit, are here seen in the Far East making defence obstacles from tree trunks felled in the neighbourhood. British, Imperial, Indian and Malay troops are now established in force at various strategic points in the Far East and have had intensified training in the science of jungle warfare. Japanese forces are now attacking our positions in Malaya, but the Gordons are not likely to be caught napping. Their motto is "Byand"—"Watchful."
I Was There!.. Stories of the War

'Your Bren Gun Carrier Shot Up My Car'

First German general to be captured by the British in this war was General von Ravenstein, Commander of the 21st German Panzer Division, who was 'put in the bag' in the course of the battle outside Tobruk. Here is his story, as told to the B.U.P. correspondent.

Any commander who wants to be successful must know the ground over which his troops are fighting. I was out on reconnaissance in my car in the El Duda area where I intended to launch certain operations.

In the course of my scouting I crossed a ridge over which I couldn’t see, and had the misfortune to run into a British Bren gun carrier, which shot up my car and wounded my driver. [A later report had it that the carrier was manned by some of General Freyberg’s New Zealanders; the general’s car had been previously shot up by the R.A.F. and by Indian troops.] I had no choice but to give myself up. It is something which might happen to anyone in this damned desert.

The desert is a perfect battle ground for armoured forces such as are engaged at present. The way I was captured shows the difficulties of this kind of campaign. Rapid manoeuvres make it a game of surprises, a paradise for a tactician, but a nightmare for a quartermaster.

The scene on the flight deck of H.M.S. Ark Royal as she listed over after being torpedoed. Men can still be seen at their posts in the superstructure while scores of ratings clustered around the ship’s planes. See also pp. 342-3.

Towards the bows I could see men in rubber boats and one or two swimming in the water. Whalers launched from the ship were already picking them up. For nearly an hour men slid down ropes till the decks forward were packed with men.

Then we heard a piercing whistle. Gazing upward we saw the captain’s head over the edge of the flight deck. Cupping his hands, he shouted to the men to go aft and make room for their comrades. The Ark Royal seemed to have steadied. The captain, certain senior officers and engineer officers with a strong body, of men remained.

As we veered away from the side we realized how severely hit she was. She lay at a steep angle to the water which suggested a motor-car on the road with both wheels off. Hissing clouds of steam were pouring from her. Silently we gazed at her.

Destroyers were now circling the stricken

We Realized the Ark Royal Was Finished'

Torpedoed in the Western Mediterranean on November 13, the famous aircraft-carrier Ark Royal sank on the following day while she was being towed to Gibraltar. Reuters special correspondent, who was on board the Ark when she was torpedoed, tells this vivid story of her end.

I was in my cabin washing before going in to tea when a torpedo hit us amidships on the starboard side. There was a sudden shuddering crash. The lights went out. I was flung against the wall. For fully a minute the ship shuddered like a harp string.

Grabbing a lifebelt I ran out along the passageway. In the dim light I saw the officers and ratings filing up the ladders leading to the upper deck. Often I have heard of the coolness of Navy men in a crisis, and these men were as calm as though they were going down the gangway at Gibraltar.

I arrived on the quarter-deck to find a score of officers pumping up their lifebelts. The Ark Royal was listing alarmingly to starboard, and the white waves flowing past were ominously stained with dark brown oil. The fuel in the engines was still driving us forward, but every minute the deck slant increased till it was difficult to stand upright.

Suddenly the vibration of the engines beneath our feet died away, restarted for a moment, and then stopped. We glanced at one another, and then through the loudspeaker above us came the words, ‘Everybody to the port side.’ Almost before we could move came the voice again: ‘Prepare to abandon ship.’

We reached the boat stations on the weather deck and found that it was impossible, owing to the heavy list, to launch the motor-boats. Crowding the decks were hundreds of the ship’s crew, some in overalls and some in underwear. Ropes began to snake down from the flight deck, and cork rafts splashed into the sea.

Then we saw a destroyer pulling in alongside. An officer ordered the men to form up four deep, and although, for aught they knew, the ship might have heeled over and gone down alone, they obeyed instantly. Soon the destroyer came close under our rails. Ropes leaped up from her and were caught and made fast. ‘First men over,’ ordered an officer. Like agile monkeys the men began to slip down to the destroyer’s forecastle. I walked forward, found a clear space, and in turn slipped down fifteen feet of rope to the destroyer. From there I saw a scene I shall never forget.

From the flight deck 60 feet above us, from the boat deck and the weather deck, men were swarming down ropes dressed in all kinds of clothes. Many were half naked. Those on the ship were waving and cracking jokes with others who were already safe down the ladder. From the flight deck swung a 17-stone lieutenant-commander, red-faced and jovial. ‘Come on, landlord,’ called a voice.

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Destroyers were now circling the stricken
carrier, to prevent any attack on the Ark Royal again. Not until darkness hid their ship did the officers and men of the Ark Royal seek warmth below decks from the biting wind.

Two hours later we heard the joyful thrill of a voice calling all the remaining members of the engine-room staff to return aboard the ship. One of the Navy's small craft drew alongside by the light of torches, and burly stokers scrambled eagerly over the rails from the deck. Smoke from the Ark Royal's funnel was black against the sky, billowing over the ship. Against the faint glow of the lights of Gibraltar, which she was trying to make so desperately, we could see the outline of the carrier.

We returned below, and then the ship increased her speed and we were told we were on the way to Gibraltar. Two tugs were then towing the Ark Royal and destroyers and other small craft were standing by. At Gibraltar the survivors were farmed out to the various ships in the harbour at breakfast-time. We saw the destroyers returning and thought the Ark Royal would be home soon.

There was stunned silence among those of her officers in the ship when they were told gently by another officer that she had sunk 25 miles from us.

From one of her engineer officers I heard of the fight to save her. "We found the switchboard smashed," he said, "but we managed to get the dynamo working with portable apparatus. We got the lifts started, but the water was rising fast. The captain called for steam in the remaining boilers. We managed to get some steam up, but after a while the gauges fell, the lights dimmed, and we knew we had seen ourselves a hopeless task. After receiving our report the captain ordered everybody to abandon ship. A destroyer came alongside and took us off. Just before she sank she had a list to starboard of 35 degrees. We realized she was finished. She looked more like Cinderella than anything else. Her stern reared up for a moment and then gently she slid beneath the waves."

**I Was Torpedoed Twice in One Morning**

Torpedoed three times within a month—twice in one morning—Ian A. Phillips, a young radio officer in Britain's Mercantile Marine, spent 15 days in an open boat on the Atlantic and before he reached the safety of Ireland's north-west coast, the story of his experiences, exclusive to "The War Illustrated," is told below.

I joined my ship, of which I was chief radio officer, in August, and we left England in convoy three days later. We had been at sea some days when German aircraft bombed the convoy in the late afternoon, and in the evening a submarine attacked and sank one of the escort ships.

The next day submarines again attacked the convoy, and just after three o'clock in the morning my ship caught two torpedoes. She sank in fifteen seconds. I was blown through the deck-head of the radio room on to the main deck. I jumped into the sea. It was fortunate I had my life-jacket on as I cannot swim. I floated around for about two and a half hours before being picked up by one of the other ships in the convoy. Two days later the convoy was again attacked by submarines and also bombed by a Focke-Wulf Kondor. I was soon on the way to safety to Lisbon.

I signed on with this ship as third mate and we proceeded to Gibraltar to join another convoy. We sailed in September. After being shadowed by a German aeroplane, we were again attacked by submarines when we had been at sea a week or so. On the second day of the attack, ten minutes after midnight, my ship was torpedoed and sunk within an hour and a half. I jumped overboard before the wind changed to the south, and as it kept in this quarter the following day we decided to make for Ireland. After four days we made good progress. Then an Arab fireman died. We were all getting a bit weary by now. No one had slept for a week and the boat took some holding. We shipped plenty of water. Later the waves were shorter and steeper, a sure sign of shallower water, and we began to look for a sight of land. Rain fell during the night, but we welcomed this, for we spread a sail and had a good drink. Our daily ration of food was half a biscuit and an eggy cup of water.

A Filipino sailor died that day. The next day there was still no sign of ship or land. Then, two days later, we saw the light of the Syne Head lighthouse. It was a cheering sight, but the seas were the worst I have seen for years and the coastline was bad, all rocks. At 9.43 a.m. after being at sea in an open boat for five hours during approximately 1,400 nautical miles, we landed on a small patch of sandy beach at Keerennau, near Clifden, Galway, Eire, and were helped ashore by German soldiers, who gave us hot tea, milk, and whisky.

**I Met 'Captain Cortez' Just Back from Tobruk**

Not long ago the special correspondent of the "Daily Mail" in Alexandria interviewed a Spanish captain who had just been congratulated by Admiral Sir John Cunningham on the completion of his 25th voyage to Tobruk as the master of a cargo steamer.

LET us call him Capt. Cortez. I wish I could relate the story of his last trip to Tobruk as he told it to me, in a mixture of Spanish, French and English, with a wealth of gesture and pantomime which made him leap from one side of his battered little bridge to the other.

Attacked three times during daylight on the last day, shelled as she entered the harbour, and bombed and shelled at intervals throughout the night and next day, his ship nevertheless discharged her cargo.

When I offered my congratulations to this sturdy little man they stuck their job, Capt. Cortez said: "Why, it is nothing to us. We have nothing more to lose except our lives, and that is what we have."

He was most in his element talking of how they clipped pieces off the wing of one of three attacking Messerschmitt 109s. "We can see them," he said, "but I get my big gun straight in time to know they are there. I am all time working machine-gun, swinging it in figure of eight to throw cone of bullets where they must be. Then I hear noise them diving, but still no see. I tell my first officer, 'Wait. No fire yet.' He want to fire. I say: 'No. Noise get louder. First one machine come one side then drop bomb. Drop bomb on other side. His bombs fall only 20 yards away. Then third machine come straight. I see him. I say 'Fire.' Gun go."

"He almost over fence when he turn, but pieces from his stunt drop off and one fall on our deck. Beautiful! He go wobbling away, getting lower and lower."

"In the bows my man is working another machine-gun when piece cannon-shell go through his thigh. 'Stick it,' I cry, but poor fellow he presently faint and fall beside his gun. He all right in hospital now. I stop his bleeding with bottle peroxide hydrogen and put him sleep with bottle whisky."
of a man who despises frills and affectations and talks to the microphone as he might talk to you or me. And I add to Bruce Belfrage also. There are announcers so faultlessly correct according to the approved standards of diction that you can't tell one from the other—alas I can't for I have often been wrong in anticipating their vocal "signatures." If the B.B.C. will only encourage individuality in its regular announcers—the speech of the broadcasters it cannot control—it will be doing a good service to the public. For due observance of the rules of correct speech need not, indeed, better or smother the individuality of the speaker.

And now, as we go to press the news that Hungary, Rumania and Japan since our last issue indicates the ever-increasing speed and spread of the Maelstrom of War which now whirls over every continent and sea on this planet. Before the present number reaches the hands of its readers even some of the first faddling neutrals may have been engulfed. The treachery of Japan was only to be expected and has its merits in its relations to the United States—where are the Isolationists now?

In old Japan of the Ronin and the Samurai, before modern science and invention pierce its ancient crust, hands the means and methods for effecting good or evil on a vast scale, they had a code of honour and a sense of duty. This was incarnated in the unseen person of the Mikado, the act of hara-kari, or self-disembowelling, to assert one's honour was a commonplace. But with their whiteman god dressed in military uniform and publicly appearing as the leader of a rapacious, raving, military power, eager to subject the peace-loving races of the east so that the Japs might lord it over all the Orient, how changed the scene!

Yet as the Spanish say, "a monkey dressed in silk is still a monkey." And this new Japan, with all the apparatus of genocide for destruction in her greedy paws, which she will use with the atrocity of a wild animal gone mad, will eventually find her only honour in self-destruction.

Generations of British traders, officials, missionaries, and soldiers, who have borne testimony to the deceit and trickery of the Japanese—the only real "yellow peril" that has ever existed, for the Chinese are as noted for their peaceful disposition, as their enemies of the islands for their aggressive spirit. Never has the innate treachery of these swaggering invaders of China been so completely illustrated in their methods of making war on Britain and America under cover of peaceful talks at Washington. They have gone one step beyond Hitler, and many steps back to the barbarism of the Mongol Khans.