AT SINGAPORE Indian troops arrive to take part in the defence of the great fortress-port. An island of many warriors, including English, Scottish, Australian, Sikhs, Gurkhas and Malays, Singapore has been assembling its forces from all parts of the Empire. Many of these men have been in action against the Japanese troops who succeeded in making landings on the beaches in the north of the Peninsula, and heavy fighting has taken place amid Malayan swamps and jungles.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright
WE ARE GOING TO WIN THE WAR—AND PEACE

The first world war began with a shot fired by a Balkan terrorist. The second will be launched from the bombing of Pearl Harbour by Japanese aircraft dispatched by the Mikado. To destroy those terrorists of the Oriental, the emprise of their Emperor were still speaking peace in the corridors of Washington. That was the spark that ignited the conflict—a life and death struggle upon the seas and in the skies. The war is now in its seventh year, and the United States has been at war since December 8th, 1941.

Every one of them loaded with death and destruction. Since last New Year’s Eve millions have died—not in their peaceful beds but suddenly cut off in their pride and prime, in the “vast and dusty shambles” or in lonely agony, amid the crash of bombs in close-packed cities, in hospital wards, in blazing aircraft, in the stark cold of the desert night and in the unbroken silence of the ocean depths. It has been a year of tremendous happenings, one of whose events has been written in blood on the tablets of history. Blood and tears, toil and sweat have been our lot; grieving have been our losses, deep our disappointments, heavy the blows we have suffered. Not yet has the day of victory dawned for us. Still Hitler, striding the Continent like a colossus, and the tide of his triumphs has hardly been stayed.

Yet the year that has gone, culminated though it has in the tremendous onslaught by Japan, has not been without comfort for us. Then we stood—we of the British Commonwealth—all armed in arms against a multitude of foes, better armed, much better prepared, and, in some ways, better led and directed. During those twelve months the gap between our production and that of our enemies has been greatly reduced, though it is not yet entirely closed. The men and women in our factories have worked loyally and long to repair the deficiencies, to make good the losses. Our armies have grown, our Air Force is more powerful by far, and our Navy (though we have to mourn the loss of many a great ship, of all too many brave men) is still second to none in fighting spirit. But even more important is the fact that, as Mr. Churchill said the other day, we have now at least four-fifths of the population of the globe upon our side (although let us not forget that unarmed millions are of little use against panzers and bombing planes).

The millions of the Red Army, the men who for six months have borne the full brunt of the greatest war machine the world has ever seen—the men who, after fighting every inch of the way back to Leningrad and the Don, have of these late weeks turned on their pursuers and for the first time given Hitler a taste of the defeat which he has inflicted on others, are our comrades. The Soviet partisans, fighting with rifle, rifle and explosive charge among blackened timbers and rubble heaps, in which only a short time ago were flourishing towns and cities—they are too arid with us. The Chinese, battling so bravely in the yellow mud of their river valleys, bombed and blasted yet still tenaciously defending their native soil against the Japanese invader—these warriors of Free China, these soldiers of Chiang Kai-shek, they too we hail as our comrades.

Then there are the Americans. At long last the zealotises and fears, the distrust and differences, which for generations have kept the two great Atlantic democracies apart, have been swept away from the sign of New York and San Francisco, of Minneapols and New Orleans, of Detroit, Chicago and Oklahoma—of all the 48 states of the great American Union, from western Texas, from Maine to California—they are our comrades, our brothers-in-arms as well as in spirit.

We are all in the war now—one, war, all the way. We must match the enemy with a war strategy. "We must realize," to quote President Roosevelt again, "that Japanese successes against the United States in the Pacific are helpful to the German operations in Libya; that any German success against the Caucasus is inevitably an assistance to Japan in her operations against the Dutch East Indies; that a German attack against Algiers or Morocco opens the way for a German attack on South America. On the other side of the picture we must learn to know that guerrilla warfare against the Germans helps us; that a successful Russian offensive against the Germans helps us; and that British successes on land or sea in any part of the world strengthen our hands." And the President went on to say that Germany and Italy, too, consider the future of Europe at war with the United States, just as much as they consider themselves at war with Britain and Russia. Another two days, and Hitler and Mussolini, served by Japanese victories to one desperate throw, flung down the gauntlet of actual war.

In speaking for his own people the President was speaking of a surety for us too. "We Americans are not destroyers—we of the British Commonwealth, of China and Soviet Russia and the Netherlands and Poland and the rest—are not destroyers, we are builders. We are now in the midst of a war, not for conquest, nor for vengeance, but for a world which will be safe for our children... In the dark hours of this day and through the dark days that may come, we will know that the vast majority of the members of the human race are on our side. Many of them are fighting for us, many of them are praying for us... We are going to win the war, and we are going to win the peace that follows."

ROYSTON PIKE
America’s Pacific Bases Now Engulfed in War

OAHU island, one of the Hawaii group, where hundreds of people were killed at Pearl Harbour by the Japanese; the photo shows American Air Corps planes lined up on Hickam Field.

GUAM, one of the Marianas, in the Pacific. The American base here was reported to have been wrecked by Japanese bombs and shells.

A coast-defence gun, described as a "12-in. disappearing rifle," guarding the entrance of Manila Bay, on the Philippine island of Corregidor.

AT PEARL HARBOUR, Hawaii, heavily attacked in the Japanese surprise offensive—U.S. destroyers and Clipper plane. Right, Wake Island, midway between Honolulu and Guam, in the Pacific; a U.S. refuelling base it was subjected to heavy attacks by the Japanese.

War Did Not Surprise the Netherlands Indies

Dutch Destroyers of the Netherlands East Indies Navy guarding a harbour entrance in the Far East. Head of the Dutch East Indies Navy, which will cooperate in the defence of the Pacific, is Vice-Adm. C. E. Helfrich.

Curtiss Hawk fighter aircraft of the Royal Netherlands East Indies Air Force lined up on the airfield at Bandoeng, Java.

The Dutch Queen’s Pledge

You know how Germany, in the same fashion as Japan now follows in Asia, has assailed many countries in Europe one after the other. Japan, possessed by the same spirit of aggression and of contempt for law, follows, also, in the steps of its German Axis ally. We have learned.

Now that the friendly American and British peoples are being attacked, the Kingdom of the Netherlands puts all its military power, and all its resources, at the disposal of the common war effort.

The Netherlands did not hesitate to defend themselves with courage when they were wickedly assaulted in Europe. The Indies will not waver now that such an attack threatens them in Asia.

I count on the navy, the army and the air force, on all civil servants, and on all civil services, whose war duty now begins; and all my subjects count on all the courage, the determination and the perseverance of all in the Indies.

Queen Wilhelmina’s Proclamation broadcast by Prof. P. S. Gietranky in the Radio Orange programme on Nov. 3, 1941.

Anti-Tank Gun, drawn by a tractor on which its crew are seated, passes through a village in the Dutch East Indies. Left, an anti-aircraft gun during night exercises in the Far East. The Royal Netherlands Indies Army numbered before the war some 37,000 men, with numerous reserves.

Photos, Sport & General, Michael Loran, Keystone and Wide World
THE HARBOUR AT HONG KONG, at the mouth of the Canton River. The Japanese bombed and attempted to invade this British colony on December 8, 1941. Preparations against attack, however, had been proceeding for some time. In the photographs beneath are one of the air-raid shelters which have been bored deep into the hills upon which Hong Kong is built, and torpedo boats on guard in the vicinity of the island. Photos, Fox, Associated Press
BRITISH TANKS IN LIBYA advancing through a mined area in the desert. The heroism of our tank men is one of the glorious chapters of the whole war. Enemy mines, bombs, shell-fire, blinding sand-storms—all these they take as a matter of course. They have created new records in human endurance. Four days in a tank was regarded as the limit, but many of the tank crews fighting in Libya have remained in action for eight or twelve days subsisting on dry pack bully and biscuits. Knocked out of one tank they will crawl sometimes to another to keep up their attack on the enemy.

Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright
For Good or Ill It Is Auchinleck’s Battle

The Libyan offensive did not take the course which its authors expected, though it will reach the end at which they aimed. Very few set-piece battles have to be prepared for a long time in advance work out in the way that they are planned and imagined. The unexpected intervenes at every stage. The will-power of the enemy imprints upon the prescribed or hoped-for course of events.

Victory is traditionally elusive. Accidents happen and mistakes are made. Sometimes right things turn out wrong and quite often wrong things turn out right. War is very difficult, especially to those who are taking part in it or conducting it.

Still, when all is said and done, on November 18 General Auchinleck set out to destroy the entire armed force of the Germans and Italians in Cyrenaica. Now, on December 11, I am bound to say that it seems very probable that he will do so.

The picture that was made beforehand by the commanders was of a much more rapid battle, and they had the idea which I expressed that the entire German armoured forces would be encountered by our armoured forces in a mass at the outset and that the battle would be decided in a few hours.

This might have been the best chance for the enemy. However, the sudden surprise and success of our advance prevented any such mass trial of strength between the armoured forces, and almost at the first bound we reached right out to Sidi Rezegh, divided the enemy armour, and threw them into confusion.

In consequence of this a very large number of detached actions took place over an immense stretch of desert country.

The battle, though equally intense, became both dispersed and protracted. It became a widespread and confused battle of extremely high-class combatants, mounted on mechanized transport planes prominently displaying the Red Cross.

By courtesy of "The Times"

and the enemy had gradually accumulated on the coast. For us the foundation of everything was supply and mechanized transport, and this was provided on what had hitherto been regarded as a fantastic scale. Also we had to rely on our superiority in armour and in the air. Most of all in this struggle, everything depended on us for an absolutely unremitting spirit of the offensive, not in our general but in the troops and everyone in action.

That has been forthcoming and is still forthcoming. All the troops have fought all the time in every circumstance of fatigue and hardship with one shared and unvarying desire to engage the enemy and destroy him if possible, tank for tank, man for man, and hand to hand. Behind all this process, working out in many different forms and in so many separate combats, has been the presiding will-power of the C.-in-C., General Auchinleck.

Without that will-power we might very well have suffered a defensive and lost precious initiative which here in this Libyan battle we have for the first time felt strong enough to maintain. The first main crisis of the battle was reached between November 24 and 26.

On November 24 General Auchinleck proceeded to the battle headquarters, and on November 26 he decided to relieve General Cunningham and appoint Major-General Ritchie, a comparatively junior officer, in command of the 8th Army in his stead.

This was immediately endorsed by the Minister of State and myself. General Cunningham had rendered brilliant service in Abyssinia and was also responsible for the planning and organization of the present offensive in Libya which began with surprise and success and which had now apparently turned the corner.

He has since been reported by the medical authorities to be suffering from serious overstrain and has been granted sick leave. Since November 26 the 8th Army has been commanded with great vigour and skill by General Ritchie, but during nearly the whole time General Auchinleck was in the battle headquarters. Although the battle is not yet finished, I have no hesitation in saying that, for good or ill, it is General Auchinleck’s battle.

Watching these affairs, as it is my duty to do, from day to day, and from hour to hour, and seeing the seamy side of the reports that have come in, I have felt my confidence in General Auchinleck growing continually. Although everything seems most serious in war, I believe we have found in him, as we have in General Wavell, a military figure of the first order.

The newspapers have given full and excellent accounts of the strangely interspersed fighting in which the British Armoured Corps, the New Zealand division, the South African division, the Indian division, the British 7th Division, and the rest of the Tobruk garrison, including Poles, all played an equally valiant and active part.

At the beginning of the offensive I told the House that we should, for the first time, be fighting the Germans on equal terms in modern weapons. This was quite true. Naturally there have been some unpleasant surprises, and also some awkward things have happened, as it might be expected. Those who fight the Germans fight a stubborn and resolute foe, a foe in every way worthy of the doom prepared for him.

Some of the German tanks carried, as we knew, a six-pounder gun. Although it can carry many fewer shots, it is sometimes more effective than the guns with which our tanks are mainly armed. Our losses in tanks were a good deal heavier than we expected. It may be that at the outset, before it was disorganized, the enemy’s recovery process for damaged vehicles worked better than our own. They are very good at that.

Our Air Force was undoubtedly superior throughout in numbers. Although the Germans have drawn, in the most extravagant manner, air reinforcements from many quarters, including the Russian front, that superiority has been more than maintained. Great satisfaction has been expressed by the troops and military authorities about the way in which they have been helped and protected by the action of the R.A.F.

About half and sometimes more than half of everything in men, munitions, and fuel which the enemy sent to Africa is sunk before it gets there by our submarines, cruisers, and destroyers and by the activities of our Air Force. In this way, therefore, the prolongation of the battle may not be without its compensations to us.

From the point of view of drawing weight from the vast Russian front, the continuance of the fighting is not to be regarded as evil. The first stage of the battle is now over. The enemy has been driven out of the positions which their rapid advance. Everything has been swept away except certain pockets at Bardia and Halfaya, which are hopelessly cut off and will be mopped up or starved out in due course. It may definitely be said that Tobruk has been relieved or, as I should prefer to state, has been disengaged. The enemy, still strong but severely mauled and largely stripped of his armour, is retreating to a defensive line to the west of Tobruk. Some substantial reinforcements of British troops are available close at hand.

I am making a rule never to prophesy or to promise on guarantees, but I will go so far on this occasion as to say that all danger of the Army of the Nile not being able to celebrate Christmas and the New Year in Cairo has been decisively removed.
Our Searchlight on the War

MEN, MACHINES AND COURAGE

The position they had to storm was a fort flanked by huge minefields, row upon row of barbed wire, and crags of all kinds. Throughout the British attack the Italians kept up a ferocious cross-fire... The infantry moved the mines no sappers could tackle beforehand in so deadly a cross-fire—and broke through.—Description of the fighting in Libya

With each passing century war becomes more and more horrible and destructive. While this is to be deplored, it is a matter for sober reflection. It is not men who kill and maim, but the diabolical weapons of science. Death-dealing machines become increasingly ingenious, and the tank and aeroplane have speeded up the rate of casualties. In less than six months, 8,000,000 men have been killed, wounded, taken prisoner or are missing in action. From this we may be permitted to assume that the war would soon end if only because such losses must neutralize the power of the armies. But Germany and Italy, Russia and ourselves still have immense resources in manpower. Nor must we forget that every year new young recruits are available for service.

The lesson of the tank in Libya and elsewhere is that it is still an auxiliary to the infantry. Where opposing sides are more or less equal and the machines are knocked out, the infantry has to get down to hand-to-hand fighting. The hope of the Allies is, of course, in a vast superiority of machines. We must build so large a mechanical armament that our wastage in tanks and aeroplanes is of no consequence. Not until then is a decision possible. Not until then can we roll up the Nazi octopus that strangles the lesser part of Europe and a large area of Russia.

BARRABISM AND CULTURE

A Nazi soldier, taken prisoner, spat in a British officer's face while being interrogated. With commendable restraint and dignity the officer wiped his face and remarked to the German that he had been killed for resisting while a prisoner of war. An Italian pilot, taken prisoner in Cyrenaica, said he looked forward to being sent to read the English classics in the original during captivity.

The tragedy of Italy, once the centre of culture in Europe, is being called to Germany, is glaringly illustrated in these two incidents. This is not to say that all Italians are longing to read Shakespeare, but the fact remains that the Italian people are fundamentally civilized, with a thin veneer of Fascism, while the Nazis do not know and have never really known the ideas of civilization. The latest generation of Jews have been taught to loathe all culture lest any predilection for humanism should interfere with their instincts to destroy. That the Italian people ever allowed themselves to be corrupted to the point of perdition is somewhat mystifying until we remember that the art of assassinating tyrants is not so simple as it was. Modern armaments and a ruthless bureaucracy have made revolution extremely difficult, and the wishful thinkers who still pin their faith on revolt either in Italy, Germany, or the occupied territories must surely disabuse their minds. In fact, Germany has nothing to learn from Hitler or Goebbels in lying, probably

R.A.F. ATTACKS ON GERMANY & OCCUPIED TERRITORY

Sept. and Oct., 1941 Based on official statistics

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CANNON-BOMBARDED WIN ?

The R.A.F. must be enlarged until it can bring a decisive influence to bear on events by bombing operations sustained throughout the 24 hours. The time available for building up that bombing fleet is diminishing.—Major Oliver Stewart in the "Observer"

MR. CHURCHILL has given the glad and most significant news that the R.A.F. is now "at least equal in size and numbers to the German, and has thereby put a term to the long years of air warfare and disappointment. Are we making the fullest use of that equality? We can now meet, according to Major Stewart and other authorities, the enemy's attempt to destroy our industrial strength by a 24-hour bombing offensive. We can also acquire local air superiority, as we have done in North Africa in recent months. At the end of the last war we had 22,000 planes—the biggest air force in the world. That was thrown away, and laboriously, at great expense

and suffering we have built it up again on an even larger scale. But time, which has so often and so foolishly been said to be against Hitler, races on, and it does not seem that we are even now remotely approaching a 24-hour attack. In two normally favourable months, according to official figures given in the accompanying table, the R.A.F. carried out 14 heavy raids and about 740 lesser raids on German Europe—say 160 in all, in 60 nights and days. Attacks so spread out can hardly be considered a serious offensive, and in November there was an 11-day period without a single raid. Some critics declare that the enemy has proved for us that long-term strategical bombing cannot win without land operations. The bomb can destroy buildings and people, but it cannot occupy territory.

The question remains: will it destroy morale with anything less than 24-hour bombing ?

MONSTROUSNESS OF THE AIR

The U.S. Navy has just launched at Baltimore a 47-ton Martin flying-boat, named Mars, which is capable of flying back non-stop or of carrying 150 soldiers and their equipment on a thousand miles.—The Times

A MIRCA has always been the bane of the "biggest yet," but even the new monster flying-boat of the air is, it is reported, to be exceeded in weight and size. As the photograph shows, Mars dwarfs the men attending on it until they suggest Liliputians. How many men and how many thousand hours of their work, amateurs of the air may ask, were engaged upon its birth? Would not those men and those man-hours expended upon the excellent Martin Maryland bombers which come from the same factory and have already given such good service to the R.A.F. in the Middle East, have given us to, 20, or more machines that would have achieved war results twenty times as effective? All that the inhabitants carry super bomb loads, but air monsters of this kind surely put too many eggs in one basket. Our business, Mars, is not an undoubted success, but even they, an air authority has stated, must be supplemented by smaller, faster, more easily manoeuvred machines.

And all the time, while the factories labour to increase output, the enemy shifts his industries farther from our bombing bases and disperses them widely over the regions he has occupied. It is a race against time, but ingenuity of Nature makes it a few million years ago by allowing the reptilian life of the world to grow to such gigantic sizes that the creatures lost their mobility and died out because of the inconvenience of their sheer bulk. Where Nature erred let Martin and Modern Mechanism beware !
Our American Allies Active in the Atlantic

PATROL COMMANDERS of the U.S. Atlantic Air Patrol, which helps to keep the Lease-Lend line open, checking positions of their patrol planes at a secret base. Right, a Catalina flying boat returning to its mother ship after a 12-hour patrol.

ON AIR PATROL over the North Atlantic, an American flying boat helps to protect a large convoy taking war material to Britain. These patrol planes, which operate for the specific purpose of seeing that the Atlantic sea-lanes are kept open for the safe passage of America’s “tools” to the Democracies, work from secret bases.

U.S. NAVY PATROL aircraft flying up the rugged east coast of Greenland against a background of snow-covered mountains. Left, the interior of a U.S. Navy Atlantic Patrol flying boat.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press
THE FAR EASTERN ARENA, where Japan has staked her whole existence on a war gamble with the Democracies, can be followed in this map. While she was talking peace in the traditional Hiterian style, Japanese aeroplanes, ships and soldiers were attacking far and wide. Hong Kong, Thailand, Malaya, the American naval bases at Guam, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, were furiously and simultaneously brought under Japanese fire. Long anticipating war with America, Japan was able to make good use of the islands over which she holds a mandate. Even a general survey of this vast scene of conflict is enough to indicate the tremendous task that Japan has undertaken, especially in view of the fact that her war with China continues to absorb so great a part of her military machine.
First Round to Japan in the New World War

The second world war opened on Sunday, December 7, when Japan, without (it need hardly be said) a declaration of war, delivered a series of almost simultaneous attacks onPearl Harbor, the main base of the United States Fleet in the Pacific. It had for its objective the crippling of the American fleet and the seizure of the Philippines. It should not be able to sail out and join the British Far Eastern squadron at Singapore. It must have been prepared for long before, since Pearl Harbour is only 4,000 miles from Japan, and even 2,000 miles from the nearest Japanese bases in the Caroline and Marshall Islands. For a week and more the Japanese aircraft carriers must have been negotiating their approach, until one day morning they had arrived within striking distance of the fleet. As the planes were launched, and shortly afterwards the American ships and forts were being deluged with bombs. It was a bold stroke, if a treacherous, and it succeeded. The U.S. Navy Secretary, Mr. Harry G. Hull, admitted the loss of one fleet of Japanese transports, heavily guarded by warships, set Japanese troops ashore in Malaya and Thailand.

Photo: M. H. Churchill

MALAYAN WAR ZONE, showing by arrows the Japanese attacks on the peninsula. Landings were made at Siam, Singapore, Port, and Kota Bharu, the first two places being in Thailand, which soon capitulated. By Capt. G. G. Butt

Thailand’s resistance was brief. After five and a half hours only Bangkok and its suburbs remained. The Japanese had ‘ceased temporarily.’ The Japanese occupied Bangkok, and before the week was out news came of the conclusion of a Thai-Japanese agreement, giving the latter the right to occupy Thai bases and to send troops across Thailand against Burma and the Malay States. In Malaya the first Japanese landings were effected at 1.30 a.m. (Malayan Standard Time) on December 8, at the mouth of the Kelantan River.

‘A VERY HEAVY LOSS’

In my whole experience, I do not remember any naval blow so heavy or so painful as the sinking of the Prince of Wales. These two vast, powerful ships constituted an essential feature of our new Imperial Fleet, and the loss of two of them will be a very heavy blow to our power. The coming of the Japanese has led us to reduce our forces in the Far East, but I still believe that we shall be able to meet the challenge of any attack that may be made on us.

ON THE MORNING of December 11 Hitler flew down the challenge of war to the United States and Mussolini came goose-stepping after. In Washington the news was received with surprise but with grim resolution. At 9:30 a.m. (American time) Hans Thomsen brought the State Department the German Government’s formal notification that Germany was at war with the United States. At noon Congress received a message from

GERMANY DECLARES WAR

Germany Warranty great events, but still the record of that earth-shaking week was not concluded. Suddenly the world’s attention was switched away from the Pacific to Berlin, where at 2 p.m. on December 11 Hitler flew down the challenge of war to the United States and Mussolini came goose-stepping after. In Washington the news was received with surprise but with grim resolution. At 9:30 a.m. (American time) Hans Thomsen brought the State Department the German Government’s formal notification that Germany was at war with the United States. At noon Congress received a message from

ON THE MORNING of December 11 the Government of Germany, pursuing its course of world conquest, demonstrated its contempt for the United States. It knows and long expected has thus taken place. The forces endeavouring to enslave the entire world are now moving toward this conclusion. Never before there has been a greater challenge to public opinion. It is a test of what it is worth. It is a test of the strength of the German people. It is a test of the will of the German people. And it is a test of the will of the American people. And it is a test of the will of the American people.

I therefore, request Congress to recognize a state of war between the United States and Germany: and between the United States and Italy.

With unanimous voice, the Senate and House of Representatives both voted for war against Germany and Italy.
Britain's Bastion at the Crossroads of the Orient: Singapore, Chief Off...

A general view of Singapore looking across the city. In the background, to the right, is Singapore Strait, looking towards the China Sea, while the hills in the left background are beyond the naval base in Johore Strait. At this base, on the north-east coast of Singapore Island, twenty-two square miles of deep-sea anchorage are available.
Now Finland Is Numbered Among Our Enemies

Two years ago, when Finland was attacked by Soviet Russia, Britain and America watched her gallant stand with intense sympathy. Much material help was accorded her, indeed, by the Democracies, and at one time there was even talk of sending a British expeditionary force to her aid. Yet, such is the whittling of war, Finland is now amongst our declared foes.

When Hitler made war on Russia last summer, Finnish divisions marched with the Nazi legions. Finland actually declared war on the Soviet Union on June 27, and Field-Marshal Mannerheim, the Finnish C-in-C, declared in an Order of the Day that Finland had embarked at the side of Germany on a "holy war" against Russia. At first the Finns professed that their war was not part of the trial of strength between the Great Powers. This pretence was kept up for some months, and as late as September 14 we find Mr. V. Tanner, Finnish Minister of Trade and Industry, declaring at Helsinki that "This is for us an entirely defensive war by which we desire to obtain secure frontiers and a lasting peace."

But what constitutes "secure frontiers"? At first it was claimed that the Finns sought nothing more than the re-occupation of the territories captured by the Red Army in the campaign of the winter of 1939-40. But even in July Marshal Mannerheim declared that his Army's objective was "a great Finland" and "liberation of the Karelian people on both sides of the frontier." This meant, apparently, the extension of the Finnish frontiers up to the old frontier on the Karelian Isthmus, to the river Svir in the gap between the lakes of Ladoga and Onega, and from Lake Onega northwards up to the most southern point of the White Sea. Some Swedish observers declared that the Finns' objectives were even more extensive—that it was intended to claim all the territory up to the west coast of the White Sea, at least as far as Kandalaksha, and possibly even to include the Kola Peninsula and the ice-free port of Murmansk.

From the outset Finnish divisions joined in the attack on Leningrad, attacking the Russians across the Karelian Isthmus, and thus immobilizing a large number—some put it at 30—of Russian divisions. By October the Finns were back on their old frontier; they had cleared the western and part of the eastern shores of Lake Ladoga and penetrated into Russian territory between Ladoga and Onega. After occupying the capital of Soviet Karelia, Petrozavodsk, they had pushed northward along the Leningrad-Murmansk railway, one of the most important Russian links with the outside world. In the lake region of the Salla they attempted to capture the town of Kandalaksha, while in the far north, in the Murmansk sector itself, they rendered invaluable help to their German allies.

In the light of these operations it became increasingly difficult for the Finns to maintain their attitude of disinterestedness in the struggle elsewhere. On July 29 Finland broke off diplomatic relations with Britain, yet Britain was still disinclined to recognize Finland's defection from the democratic camp. Finland, it was apparently felt, was still not hopeless; and for months diplomatic efforts were made to persuade her to withdraw from the war and establish herself on her 1939 frontier. In August, Field-Marshal Hull, the American Secretary of State, made overtures to Finland, expressing the view that Stalin was prepared to make peace on most reasonable and honourable terms. Then on September 24 it was announced that Mr. Eden had sent a note to the Finnish Government, in which he had warned them that Britain was bound to consider Finland a member of the Axis, since it was impossible to separate the war which Finland was waging against Russia from the general European war. "If, therefore, the Finnish Government persists in invading purely Russian territory, a situation will arise in which Great Britain will be forced to treat Finland as an open enemy, not only while the war lasts but also when peace comes to be made."

At the beginning of October Stalin sent a request to the British Government for a declaration of war on Hitler's three satellites who had invaded Russia—Finland, Hungary and Rumania. Fresh attempts were made to induce Finland to break off the war. A last appeal was made at the end of November, when the Finnish Government were given till December 5 to cease military operations. At the same time the Russians announced their evacuation of the naval base of Hango, ceded to the Soviet in 1940. A reply was received from Helsinki, but it was completely unsatisfactory. So at 11 a.m. on December 7 a state of war with Finland—and also with Rumania and Hungary—came into being.

Finland had made her choice. Yet there must have been many in the little country who regretted the course of events. Certainly, their gains to date have been few and barren. The territory they have recovered from Russia is nothing but "scorched earth." Most of the men are at the front. There is a serious food shortage; traffic has been dislocated; stocks of fuel are low; casualties must have been heavy. These things seem a heavy price to pay for Nazi friendship. Nor do they represent the closing of the account.

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Statute Miles

0 50 100 U.S.S.R. Frontier on outbreak of

Norway

Barents Sea

Swedens

Sweden

Murmansk-Leningrad front, showing the important Murmansk-Leningrad and Archangel-Yelgoda-Leningrad railways. A branch line from Soroka, the exact location of which has not been divulged, links the two railways. In the far north, there has been little substantial change for three months, while Tikhvin, on the railway to Yelgoda, was recaptured by Soviet troops on December 8.
In the facing page is told how Britain found herself compelled to declare war on Finland, the once highly democratic country which on Nov. 25 joined the Axis. The two photographs above were taken in the Far North sector of the Russian front, and show, left, Finnish troops on the move in Eastern Karelia, where the roads are completely waterlogged, and, right, a flame-thrower being used by a Finnish detachment in an attack upon a Soviet position.

This remarkable photograph from the Russian Front, which comes from German sources, is described as showing the road to Kiev littered with Soviet equipment left behind when the Russian forces were trying to escape encirclement. It is now the turn of the Germans to seek to escape from the pincers of Timoshenko's armies in the southern Ukraine.
FRIDAY, DEC. 5, 1941 85th day Air.—Enemy shipping attacked by R.A.F. off N. Coast of France.

Russian Front.—Several successful Russian counter-attacks on the Moscow front. Russians still advancing in the southern Ukraine. Situation still serious around Tula. Afghans again up in Libia with heavy German attacks on El Duda. Indians made successful attack on Bir el Gobi.

Mediterranean.—Night attack on Naples by R.A.F.

General.—German major shot in Paris.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6 86th day Air.—Constant command attacked enemy shipping off Norwegian coast.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops advancing toward Moscow. Success in Russian counter-attacks in the Kalinin sector.

Mediterranean.—Naples again raided by R.A.F.

Africa.—British troops recaptured ground lost near El Duda. Contact renewed with Tobruk.

Home.—Britain declared war on Finland, Rumunia and Hungary.

General.—M. Litvinov, new Soviet Ambassador to U.S.A., arrived at San Francisco. Proclamation by Nevsky sent personal message to Emperor of Japan.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7 87th day Russian Front.—Timoshenko's armies continued their advance from Rostov. Russian troops move into Ukraina.

Africa.—Intensive fighting throughout Libyan battle area. German armoured divisions moving west. Sidi Rezegh recaptured by British. Italian Bologna division finally cut off.

Far East.—Japan declared war upon Britain and the United States. Japanese air raids over U.S. naval bases in the Pacific; Pearl Harbour (Ozha Island), Wake Island and Guam heavily attacked. British on army and naval bases in the Philippines.

MONDAY, DEC. 8 88th day Russian Front.—Germans driven from several villages around Kalinin. Russian advance in the Taganrog area continued.

Africa.—Rommel's forces being slowly driven westward.

Far East.—Constant air attacks on U.S. Pacific bases. Japanese troops landed in Northern Malay, Singapore and Hong Kong bombed. Thailand catured within a few hours of a Japanese invasion of the country.

Home.—Britain declared war upon Japan. Small number of enemy aircraft attacked N.E. England at night.

General.—President Roosevelt asked Congress for declaration of war against Japan. Canada, Costa Rica, Dominicana, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua and Free France declared war against Japan. China declared war against Japan, Germany and Italy. The Netherlands government declared war against Japan.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9 89th day Air.—Coastal Command attacked enemy shipping off Dutch coast. Offensive sweep over France by Fighter Command.

Russian Front.—Russians claimed recapture of Leningrad sector. Leningrad sector continued to advance on S. Front.


Far East.—Bitter fighting for aerodrome of Kota Bharu, in N.E. Malaya.

Home.—Junkers 88 shot down in daylight off N.E. coast.

General.—Remainder of the British Empire declared war against Japan, as did Cuba and Panama.

WEDNESDAY DEC. 10 89th day Sea.—H.M.S. Prince of Wales and H.M.S. Repulse sunk off the coast of Malaya. Japanese battleship Haruna sunk off Philip- pines. Japanese cruiser and destroyer reported sunk off Wake Island.

Air.—Night raids on objectives in N.W. Germany.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued to advance in many sectors. A hundred villages recaptured in the Russian counter-attack around Yelets. Many villages also recaptured in the Tikkvin area. Soviet advance continued on the Southern Front.

Africa.—Air. Churchill announced that Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham had been replaced as commander of the 5th Army by Maj.-Gen. N. M. Ritchie.

Far East.—Penang heavily bombed. Reports state that Japanese attacks on the Philippines, Malaya and Hong Kong were being successfully held. Australian bombers based on Dutch East Indies raided Japanese air bases on Pobla Island.

Home.—Very slight air activity over N.E. England at night.

General.—Italy and Germany declared war on U.S.A. U.S.A. declared war against Germany and Italy.

FRIDAY, DEC. 12 82nd day Sea.—Admiralty announced that an Italian cruiser was badly damaged and probably sunk by British submarine in the Central Mediterranean.

Russian Front.—Further striking successes reported from Moscow. Germans abandoned much material in their retreat. 400 towns and villages said to have been retaken by Soviet troops in a week's fighting.

Africa.—Swifter progress in Libya where Garala was surrounded.

Far East.—Japanese battleship badly damaged off the Laon coast. Japanese gained three footholds on Luzon, but were heavily engaged. Garrisons at Wake and Midway Islands continued to resist invaders. In Malaya, fierce fighting reported in Kedah area on the Thai frontier.

PMR. CHURCHILL ON RUSSIA

SIX weeks or a month ago people were wondering whether Moscow would be taken, or Leningrad, or how soon the Germans would overrun the Caucasus and then the oil-fields of Baku. We had to consider what we could do to prepare ourselves on the long front from the Caspian Sea to the Mediterranean. Since then a striking fact has become obvious. The enormous power of the Russian Army and the glorious steadiness and energy shown in resisting the frightful assault have now been made plain. On the top of this is the immense Russian winter, and on top of that is the Russian Air Force. Hitler forced his armies into this barren and devastated land. He has everywhere been brought to a standstill. On a large portion of the front he is in retreat. The sufferings of his troops are indescribable. Their losses have been immense.

The cold, snow, and piercing winds blow across the icy spaces and ruined towns and villages, and along the lines of communication assaulted by guerrillas. There is a stubborn unyielding resistance by the Russian people who defend every stone, every house and every yard of their soil. All these have inflicted upon the German Army and the German nation a bloody blow, almost unequalled in the history of the war. This is not the end, only the beginning.

The Russians now have regained a definite superiority in the air over large parts of the front. They have the great cities in which to live. Their soldiers are habituated to the severity of their native climate, and they are inspired with the feeling of advance after a long retreat and of vengeance for months injury.

In Hitler's launching of the Nazi campaign on Russia this is now seen, and shorter than six months of fighting, that he has made one of the outstanding blunders of the history of war, so far realized constitutes an event of cardinal importance in the final decision of the war.—House of Commons, Dec. 11, 1941.
This huge water tank in the devastated area of Fole Street, London, has been improvised against further Nazi efforts to set fire to the City. For the past few months demolition squads have been working on this heavily blitzed site, and the debris has been cleared, but reconstruction must wait until after victory.

Circle, firemen are filling a tank in the basement of a wrecked house in Bond Street. It holds 350,000 gallons. So deep are some of these reservoirs that lifebelts are placed in handy positions in case of accidents.

Photos, L.N.A. and "The Times"

Like circular swimming pools with diving-boards attached, these nine emergency tanks seen in the photograph on the left have been sunk into the ground on the site of a street which was destroyed by bombs. Here is a side-light on the war which reveals the fantastic shifts to which the cities have been forced by the invention of the aeroplane. No writer of fiction ever imagined that one day our quiet Victorian streets would be so curiously transformed.

Above, this reconstruction of several basements makes a large receptacle for an emergency supply of water. Much of the fire damage in London was due to a shortage of water caused sometimes by the destruction of the mains.

Photos, Sport & General and Planet News
Aircraft Without Airscrews—A New Development

Based upon articles in “Flight” by G. Geoffrey Smith, Managing Editor

THE Principle of Jet Propulsion is Simple. It depends, like the rocket, upon the ejection of hot gases, compressed and at high velocity, through a nozzle. Their “reaction” against the atmosphere “pushes” the aeroplane forward at a speed in proportion to that of the ejected gases.  

In “Plane without Propellers” design is simplified and aerodynamic efficiency increased. The absence of airscrews permits the aircraft to be of lower build, more easily stored and perhaps able to do without complicated retracted undercarriages. Its speed and efficiency at high altitudes would be greater than that of present aircraft.

THE Plane in Flight

The Turbine-type Air Compressor. This half-section diagram gives details of the compressor seen at E, F and H in the top diagram. Two turbines would probably be used.

THE Plane At Rest

The absence of airscrews greatly reduces the ground clearance and obviates need for high undercarriage. Landing wheels are built into wings and tail fin. The new Italian design is of the high-wing monoplane type with the cockpit between the wings.

The War Illustrated December 30th, 1911
Gondar Falls: The End of An Empire

For months the Italians in Gondar, deep in the mountains to the north of Lake Tana, kept their flag flying—until long after, indeed, every other Italian stronghold in Abyssinia had surrendered. But it fell at last. On the evening of November 27 the Union Jack was run up over the offices of the Bank of Italy in Gondar. Only the impossibility of the Italian government keeping it out for so long, and in order to subdue it British engineers with East African labour had to build a mountain road up which the guns and lorries were able to proceed. This highway, constructed all unknown to the Italians, was their undoing.

Before dawn on November 27 a heavy artillery barrage was put down by African and Indian batteries, and this, combined with deadly air bombing, enabled the infantry to advance. Up the rocky slopes they clambered, and by midday the attackers had turned the enemy's southern flank and were assailing his rear. The final assault was delivered by East African troops; indeed, more East Africans fought at Gondar than in any other single engagement. Men of the King's African Rifles occupied the enemy's forward positions at Debeck and Malti, east of the town, and at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon clouds of smoke arose as the garrison fired their ammunition dumping and store houses. Step by step enemy resistance was overcome, and only one Italian battery near the strongly fortified position at Diva was still firing when at 3 p.m. white flags were hoisted here and there.

At 3.30 General Nasi, the Italian commander, sent an envoy to ask for an armistice. Major-General C. C. Falcon, Commander of the Imperial division concerned in the operations, replied that surrender must be unconditional. So two or three hours more passed. Then there was the noise of fighting in the streets, while at the same time a message was received from the enemy in the Ambazoo area, which was still holding out, also asking for terms of surrender. A little later General Nasi agreed to surrender unconditionally, and the "Cease Fire" was sounded. Some 11,500 Italian prisoners were taken and 12,000 native levies. They were permitted to march out with the honours of war.

The next day General Wetherall, G.O.C.-in-C. East African Command, reviewed the conquerors. On the parade were men from the Mother Country—a battalion of the Argyll and Sutherlands was mentioned. East, South, and West Africa, the Sudan, India, Ethiopia, both regulars and irregulars, and a detachment of Free French—the whole presenting a magnificent and stirring picture. Following the parade there was a march to the field where the Italian flag was hoisted.
At Last Every Briton Will Be Mobilized

Early in December the Government produced plans for the complete mobilization of Britain’s man- and woman-power. Some account of the new proposals is given below, together with quotations from just a few of the many interesting speeches made by M.P.s in the course of the debate in the House of Commons which opened on December 2.

Moving a resolution in the House of Commons on December 2, that in the opinion of the House "the obligation for National Service should be extended to include the resources of woman-power and man-power still available," Mr. Churchill said that 1941 had been occupied with the problems of production. The crisis of equipment is now largely over. The year 1942 will be dominated by the crisis of manpower and woman-power. The great new supply plants must be staffed; powerful armies must be maintained at home, in the East and in India; the Air Force is to be greatly extended in 1942, and the Navy in 1943; the Navy is growing continuously; and, apart from the needs for us, we must keep our supply engagements to Russia.

A heavy burden will fall upon us in 1942, said the Premier, and it will be necessary to make great demands upon the nation. These demands will significantly affect the lives of many men and women; they will make further inroads upon our comfort and convenience, the charisma of our daily life. There will be a general moving up nearer the front which will affect a large block of the people.

In a word we shall have another instalment of toil and sweat, of inconvenience and self-denial, which I am sure will be accepted with cheerful and proud alacrity by all parties and all classes in the British nation.

Then Mr. Churchill proceeded to detail the Government’s proposals. With regard to women, the system of block reservation was to be changed to one of individual deferment of military service; the age for compulsory military service was to be raised from 16 to 18. It was also proposed to register boys and girls between 16 and 18. Then as for women, although it was not proposed to compel married women, even those without children, to join the services, married women might volunteer, and in any case they would continue to be directed into industry. Unmarried women were to be required to serve in the uniformed Auxiliary Forces of the Crown or Civil Defence, but at the outset only those between 20 and 30 would be affected. Why is it that we have to make this demand on women for the Army? the Prime Minister asked. Because the “two vultures” of Invasion and the Air Raider still hang over us. In conclusion, he gave a promise that the new powers would be exercised without any discrimination between person and person and class and class, that there must be no soft jobs for the privileged and hard grind for the poor.

Sweeping powers, indeed, but not too sweeping—so, at least, almost every speaker considered in the debate that followed. But speaker after speaker complained that the powers would go to the Government, which had not been used as efficiently and effectively as they should have been. Compulsion, in other words, is not enough. Man- and woman-power must be properly utilized.

There must be no waste. But, so it is alleged, there is plenty of waste at present.

Hitler can produce 4,000 planes and 2,500 tanks a month, averred Mr. Horabin (N. Cornwall, Lib.); the enemy is fully organized for total war, but we are using only half of our potential capacity because the Government lacks the moral courage to tackle the big problems—transfer of a man to a production economy, an wages policy, consent of management, the Civil Service...

Sir John Wardlaw-Milne (Kidderminster, Con.) was more explicit. He said that some she had been told, there was a tremendous waste of time.

"In the factory I saw men sleeping in a shed, men whose work is it to clean and oil the morning and wheel them back again at night. In the interval they do absolutely nothing. They sit in motor-couches which drive the men to work in the morning from about 15 miles' distance to the factories. They have no time to do those coaches that tremendous distance of 15 miles in the morning and 15 miles at night are earning £7 a week. I think they have no time to do when the time they drive the men to work in the morning and drive them back at night. Greatly interested in the middle of the day they drive a coach out again—what for? To take themselves half a mile to the canteen. It is too exhausting for them to walk. I say that while you get that sort of example—

and I could give one example after another—you will not get real enthusiasm."

Another distinctly individual contribution to the debate was made by Mr. James Griffiths (Denny, Lab.), whose argument paralleled in large measure that put forth some days before by Sir G. Schuster that the ideal way of organizing the nation for National Service would be to put all, irrespective of person or class, on a common war footing. Then Mr. Griffiths made an appeal that there should be no quibbling by the Ministry of Pensions with regard to pensions that might have to be paid to the older men. "Why is it that the men between 41 and 51...

"They are the men of my own generation. In the best days of that generation began work at 12 or 13 years of age. It was a generation which was half-dead in the last war, a generation that has borne 30 odd years of hard industrial toil. Many hundreds of thousands of them went through the experiences of the years from 1914 to 1918. They are now at an age when they are liable to crack. Every time I visit my native village I note with dismay that more of my generation have fallen by the wayside because they have been unable, at their age, to take their share of the strain of modern industrial life."

Another Labour member, Mr. A. Edwards (Middlesex, East), took the line, somewhat unusual in his party, of criticism of the Civil Service machine.

"Some of the best minds and most efficient men in the country are to be found in the Civil Service. They carry a very grave responsibility. But with the machine under which they have to work, etc., they do not do what is required. Everything in this country has speeded up except the Civil Service, which is so constructed that it cannot speed up... We have created a veritable Frankenstein which will not deal with the job. You can get the best brains you like from all industries, but as long as they have to go at the speed of the permanent officials, production will not be speeded up. That machine destroys and frustrates every effort."

But for the most part the Labour members were concerned with putting forward the view that there should be a great extension of public control and planning of industry—that conscription of property, no less than conscription of life, is vital for the proper organisation of our whole resources. The day had arrived to decide this demand, not out of any traditional belief in the virtues of nationalization, but rather because in their opinion the power of wealth, privilege and economic power... to quote from Mr. Griffiths again... we shall give the people of this country an incalculable—a sense of a great confidence in our mission. We shall build a dynamic democracy, and not only beat Hitler and all the other forces that make for war, but we shall win the peace as well.

GRANDMOTHER MAKES GUNS and sets an example to the young women of the country. Mrs. Mary Connors, 55-year-old widow, who has eight grandchildren, says "our boys must have the guns" as she works at the breech of a 35-pounder. Photo, Central Press.
Russia's Factory Front Is Still Unbroken

Director of a clothing factory in Kursk (right) receiving young girls who have applied for work. All over Russia young boys and girls are replacing men in the factories.

Below, a young girl worker operating a drilling machine in a big steel works of Western Russia. She is one of the great army of Soviet women workers.

Contrary right, Mrs. Petchukova, a Russian war worker, operating a lathe in a Russian factory. She is doing a man's job with skill and efficiency.

At the foot of the page Russian munition workers pause a moment while a comrade reads the latest bulletin from the front. They know that the defence of Russia depends upon them no less than the soldiers engaged in the front line.

Photos, Planet News
I Was There!

Lye Witness Stories of the War

Rommel Asked Me, 'Aren't You Glad?'

During his three days' captivity among the Germans in Libya, a staff sergeant of the R.A.O.C. met General Rommel face to face and was under fire from British guns. Below we give the story Sergeant Weallens told to F. G. E. Salusbury, "Daily Herald" special correspondent in Libya.

It was on November 21, round Bir el Gubi. We had gone out to bring in a damaged vehicle, but my lorry got stuck in the sand and three of us were taken prisoner. The Jerries took us to an interpreter.

Just then a big staff car dashed up and all the Jerries jumped up as if they were on strings and started to "Heil Hitler!"

There was a red-faced, strongly built fellow in the car—not too tall when he stood up. He "Heled Hitler" too, and seemed very pleased with himself, especially when the Jerries crowded round and some of them made signs to ask if they could photograph him. When he spoke to them they were as pleased as Punch.

Then he saw us lads and he beckoned us over. I stood to attention, but I didn't salute him, and he said to me in English, "Well, Englander, aren't you glad you're out of it?" "I said, "No." I said I'd like to be back with my own people. I thought he was Rommel then, and I know now because I've seen photos of him. He wore a greatcoat with belt and revolver—the full trapping—and bits of ribbon in his buttonhole, German style. He was quite good-humoured, quite a cheerful-looking chap.

As we were taken away they all "Heled Hitler" again, and Rommel went off.

They bunged us in a troop-carrier with ten Jerries. That night we went straight into action. We were dashed to hell by our own guns. Don't talk to me about your guns—I've had my whack of them. The second day we were in the fighting round Sidi Rezegh. The third day we went south and were hammered again. It was a proper fight.

The panzer crew went out into those caterpillar things, then they decided to turn, and we came back through the barrage, and that was the worst of it. The column stopped and they put us on the ground. We had been there only ten minutes when our tanks came blazing through.

One of the Jerry wagons next to us went up in flames, and, knowing that it contained ammunition, I said to the lads, "Let's edge away like.' So we edged away, and by the time that the Jerry rearguard came up we were safe on our bellies in the bushes.

As luck would have it I still had my compass. I'd wrapped it up in a couple of handkerchiefs and they passed it over—so we were able to make our way back in the right direction.

First thing we heard was a wireless set talking in English, so I called out "Are you a wireless?" "Yes," said the laddy. "Who are you?" I said "Staff sergeant of the Ordnance Corps and a couple of lads. For Heaven's sake take us in!"

On the day we were captured we had nothing at all to eat. The second day we had some weak tea and brown bread. The Jerries had strew once a day and some hard tack. They treated us all right. One of the lads in our truck was about 20, and he slipped us a cigarette—just human nature I guess. So I showed him a photograph of my wife and kids.

On the third day an order of the day was issued announcing that Moscow had fallen. It was just before we went into the barrage, and I got the idea that the order was read out on purpose to cheer them up.

From Berlin We Flew Homewards in Flames

When the crew of a Wellington bomber which raided Berlin on November 7 were washed up at Ventnor they had spent 77 hours in their rubber dinghy after flying over Germany in flames. Their amazing story is told here by the captain of the aircraft.

On the outward journey on Friday evening (November 7) we encountered broken cloud as we crossed the sea, and this thickened into impenetrable masses as we got into Germany. About 30 miles from Berlin we came under fire, the German batteries shooting up at us through the cloud with predicted fire. I think it was here that we were first hit. One shell went off right underneath us. We heard a crack and everything in the aircraft shook.

But we went on to drop our high explosives on Berlin. The target was obliterated by cloud before we could drop our incendiaries and we kept these, intending to put them down on the way back.

We were on the course for home, still well inside Germany, when we were hit again by guns which opened up suddenly on us. Shells burst all round the Wellington.

Then, almost simultaneously, the second pilot and the rear-gunner reported that the aircraft was on fire. Opening the door behind me and looking back, I saw that the fuselage was filled with blinding, choking smoke. Flames were coming up through the floor and were beginning to lick up the sides.

The incendiaries had caught fire, and, 12,000 feet up, the bomber was ablaze along the whole length of the bomb racks, a target for every gun within range. While the wireless operator tapped out a message to base: "Hit by flak," the second pilot went back to tackle the fire. He shouted in the observer's ear as he passed him to tell me to jettison the incendiaries. Then, with the fire extinguisher, he tackled the fire. When the extinguisher ran out, he poured coffee from the thermos flasks on to the worst parts of the fire.

Near Tobruk, Nazi armoured vehicles taking part in a night attack. In such a lorry as the one seen above, Sergeant Weallens, and two comrades, with ten German, found themselves in action against the British. "Don't talk to me about our guns," he writes, "I've had my whack of them." After being under British fire at Sidi Rezegh and elsewhere, Sergeant Weallens and his fellow-prisoners were put down somewhere in the Western Desert, and made good their escape.

Photo, Keystone
It seemed to have quite a decent effect. He was on the other side, the wireless tumbler had left his set and had gone back to try to get through to the rear of the bomber to wind out his trailing aerial, which would give him greater range and also a better chance of getting a "fix" of their position. But the smoke and flames beat him back. For ten minutes he was unable to get through.

Unable to talk to the others over the "intercom," the wireless operator was working feverishly. His mouth was not working, I stuck to the controls. The front-gunner, who had been let out of his turret, stood beside me to carry messages between the front and the rest of the crew. The smoke was so thick that at times I was forced to hold my head outside the window to be able to breathe. Back in the middle of the plane, the other pilot was fighting there blindly. "You couldn't see an inch in front of you," he said.

Then I threw open my escape hatch and gradually the smoke cleared as the wind rushed through the interior. After struggling for nearly ten minutes, the wireless operator was able to grope his way back to the trailing aerial. Then the other pilot went forward again to work on his set. As the bomber flew on he and the observer were checking up on their position. Repeatedly the wireless operator sent out messages. At the end of each message he added an S O S signal.

We tried to jettison the incendiary containers, but they would not drop. The electric system was not working. As the blazing bomber flew on, it was still under fire from the flak batteries on the ground. You could hear the crumps all round us. We couldn't make out how far they didn't blow us out of the sky. I was expecting that at any minute after we had got away from the guns enemy fighters might come off on us.

The rear-gunner remained in his turret—at one time cut off by fire and smoke from the others—to meet a fighter attack. But no fighters appeared. Until he opened his ventral gun hatch. At the time we were under fire he was reporting the positions of the flak. He said he could hardly hear the others' voices over the "intercom."

Eventually the fire inside the aircraft was put out, but the incendiaries were still burning. I found that I could close the bomb that was left of us and the fire died down for a minute, then flared up again. Several times we tried opening and shutting the doors in the hope that it might get under control. Then we decided to keep them closed to hide as much light as possible from the ground defences.

Looking through the astro hatch, the second pilot saw for the first time that while he had been fighting flames inside the aircraft, fire had burnt away part of the fabric of one of the wings. We were still flying at high altitude—over two hours later—we crossed the enemy coast at a height of only 1,000 feet. The incendiaries were still burning. We knew it was touch-and-go. We thought we'd take a chance on coming down in the water rather than come down in enemy territory, so we flew on. Twenty-five minutes after we had left the engines spluttered and failed. All the petrol had gone. We had been flying then nearly three hours after the bomber had caught fire.

Everything had been made ready for coming down in the sea. When the bomber hit the water, its back was broken. Because of the damage to the aircraft I was unable to get the tail down to make a "decent landing," and the aircraft went into the water nose down. It went underneath for practically the whole of its length, and then the petrol in the wings floated to the surface again. The flotation gear had been burnt away.

The wireless operator was still working at his set, sending out signals, when the machine hit the water. Within a minute the aircraft sank, but during that time all the crew managed to get out. We were in the water hanging on to the dinghy's ropes. One by one we clambered into the dinghy. One of us was a non-swimmer. I had one leg injured and my face was cut through being badly thrown forward against my instrument panel. The others who had been able to get into positions for a crash landing were unhurt.

We just sat in the dinghy waiting for daylight to break. The next day—Saturday—was really lovely—sunny and warm—and the sea was like a millpond. At about ten in the morning we saw some Hurricanes in the distance, but they didn't see us. About half an hour after we'd come down in the sea a plane dropped some Very lights above us. It must have been fairly high because we couldn't hear the engines very well. It signalled an S O S with a torch. We paddled all Saturday. The crew was marvellously good, and groused, not a moan. We paddled most of the night, too, taking it in turns to keep the time. It helped to keep us warm.

On Sunday the weather was bad the whole time, big seas were running, but the dinghy was first class. When the water came over, we baled out with tins. We rationed our food and drink for six days. We had biscuits and chocolate, rum and water.

On Sunday night the wind came up stronger still. When the sun came up the next morning we saw a buoy going by. We seemed to be moving at a devil of a speed with the tide. Seeing the buoy sort of bucked things up. Then we saw the coast in the distance. We were afraid we were going to be carried past it so we all paddled like dingbats, but we were being taken in pretty fast. After a time we could see people. Then, as we got nearer, we waved. We could see them waving back. We paddled to within 20 yards of the shore and then a big sea came over and washed us up to the rescuers who had waded out.

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**On My Way to Kuibyshev from Moscow**

As the Germans drew ever nearer to Moscow, those people of the city who were not required in the fighting line or the factories were evacuated to Kuibyshev, 450 miles away on the Volga. Among them was the well-known Russian writer, Vsevolod Ivanov, whose account is printed below.

I stood on the bank of the broad, full-flowing Volga at Kuibyshev. Around me lay a large town, with smoking factory chimneys, motor-cars whirring by, oil-boats ploughing their way down the river.

I came here from Moscow. Many friends have come with me and many more are still arriving by train and by steamboat. The tale of our journey is brief and quiet for my work: I was ordered to leave.

On the way out here there was a great deal of sadness in the faces of my fellow-travellers. It is true that in this war—near the trenches. I was a non-combatant, and quiet for my work: I was ordered to leave.

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I got into conversation with some of the merchant ships coming into port from Siberia. Thickset, of no great stature, but with evidently inexhaustible strength. They apparently knew what they were in for, and they would probably fight like Siberians who are accustomed both to hard scraps and hard weather.

The most moving sight in our journey was to see the meeting between factories where the men were being evacuated and the troops moving towards the west. On one track stood cars loaded with guns, on the other track rows of cars loaded with machinery which made the guns. A dump heavy snow fell, covering the tarpaulins with a white shroud. One could imagine the machines saying to the guns, as they met for a moment: "Don't worry—we'll soon be sending you some brothers."—Soviet War News
In these distressful days of lightning change from hour to hour, it is beyond man’s wit to forecast the state of things even so near as a week ahead. "The shape of things to come" indeed! There is no more shapeliness in them than in the flood from a burst water-mains so, although this issue of The War Illustrated is dated for the day of publication while I am writing nearly a fortnight in advance of that, what disturbing or heartening events happen meanwhile might make anything written today seem woefully wide of the mark. I shall therefore content this note to an expression of the hope and belief that all the disclosures of the last few days—these being some of the heavy blows which Mr. Churchill has so often warned us to expect—shall not end there. I look to a great redressing in 1942. The treachery of Japan has disclosed a deplorable state of unreadiness in America, for which the Isolationists may be thanked. That our Transatlantic allies will soon recover from these staggering blows must not be doubted; that the Anglo-Saxon world, now fused into one mass of furious energy, will go forward to eventual and overwhelming victory is certain. If the shadows that overhang the ending weeks of 1941 are heavy, like all shadows they will pass; and if 1942 cannot take the world through to daylight, we can at least hope it will bring the first streaks of dawn. The Eastern windows have at the moment of writing opened to darkness, but "say not the struggle naught against God" and so into the New Year of Hope!

My week-end reading has been rather a "mixed grill." Until now I have known of Willa Cather’s most distinguished American novelists, only by reputation. One whose judgement in books has never failed me put a copy of "A Lost Lady" in my hand, and having started to read this short novel in the train I read nothing else in the train—not even the newspapers—until I had finished what is one of the finest of the many fine examples of story-telling that have come to us from America. The story runs to no more than 35,000 words, and yet there are no fewer than ten characters in it who stand out "in the round" as living creatures of life’s drama whom the reader is not likely to forget.

I am not likely to forget "A Lost Lady" for another reason. One of the dominating figures in the story is that of a horrid American type: the cruel, ruthless small-town young man who tramples his way to material success as mercilessly as any Italian gangster, but contrives to keep within the law, often by qualifying himself as lawyer. We first hear rasping when he is eighteen, trying to impress a group of quite decent youngsters by capturing a woodpecker and, with devilish dexterity and a tiny razor-edge, pecking out its eyes so that the poor creature amused him by its wild eyeless flight among the tall beeches... to the horror of the younger lads. With true insight the novelist does not bring him to a bad end, for it just isn’t true that evildoers are always or often punished—except in novels and melodramas. This loathsome young sadist is left flourishing. But I shall link him now with the actual Neapolitan nobleman who used to keep three thousand quails on his lovely estate, all with their eyes made blind by red-hot bodkins: a horror that has often haunted my mind since I first heard of it in Naples more than thirty years ago.

A rare instance of swift punishment for cruelty I find related in Prof. E. M. Butler’s bulky life-study of Rainer Maria Rilke, the mystic German poet, to whose work, still little known in England, I have only recently been introduced by the same friend who has put me on to Willa Cather.

And this week-end, too, I may confess my failure in attempting to renew a very slight acquaintance with the work of a popular author—the late John Buchan. (I am not interested in him as Lord Tweedsmuir.) I started out joyfully with Dickson McCunn, retired grocer of bookish tastes in search of romance, and elderly hero of "The Three Hostages", Buchan’s delightful mastery of the Giesca dialect as exemplified by McCunn at times and always, in its lower depths, by the "Gorbals Die-Hards", could not fail to rejoice one whose youth had been spent in St. Mungo’s grey, grimy, but go-ahead city.

All went well until we got to Huntingtower, when began a great stir about stolen jewels, a prisoner maiden, and a bunch of characters who could have walked out of any boys’ paper yesterday or fifty years or so. All told, my friend, in the most vigorous and scholarly manner, I felt that where the Gorbals Die-Hards originated it was in the Den at Thrums, and somehow under the lead of Tommy and Corp Shich they were more credible. So I skipped the chapter "Of the Princess in the Tower" I skipped the next two hundred pages and read the last two hundred to make sure that it all came out according to the formula of my old friend Charles Pearce, who, forty years ago, was very much of an old friend Charles Pearce, who, forty years ago, to keep five or six years of a similar kind (not so finely written, it is said) running simultaneously in my many different boys’ papers! It seems a pity to find so much good writing and power of characterization as humour, devoted to this sort of story.

One passage in "Huntingtower" reads quaintly in these rationed days as follows: "Mrs. Morran "had been baking that morning, so there were white scones and barley scone, and eaten for breakfast pancakes. There were three boiled eggs for each of them... there was skim milk cheese... but that’s enough I can make those who like eggs, boiled, fried, or poached, still more jealous of the plentiful past by turning to G. Hamerton’s "A Painter’s Camp in the Highlands." Malcolm was the name of an extraordinary Highlander who used to do the author the honour of visiting him at his camp on the island of Inishail in Loch Lochy. He instructed the author for the more serious business of breakfast, it is a custom of his, when eggs are obtainable, to beat a dozen of them together in a basin with whisky and sugar, and make a whole raw mess with a spoon, like soup," That was just a sort of cocktail, for when breakfast came along with trout, matton chops and eggs, Malcolm had the nerve to complain because he was given only four boiled eggs! "Go and boil six and twenty," he said to the serving man, "you’ll find two dozen in the box in my box". He privately instructed his servant just to boil another four for the ravenous Highlander "which, with the four boiled, the plates of mutton chops, the plates of trout, the loaf of bread, and the six cups of a strong coffee, I considered a sufficient breakfast." Twenty eggs for his breakfast! Are we one-egg-eaters envious?