CORREGIDOR ROARS DEFIANCE. One of General MacArthur's big guns in action against the Japanese invaders of the Philippines. Corregidor is the rocky island fortress which stands at the entrance to Manila Bay, denying its use to the Japanese invaders. Though heavily attacked from the air, it continued to hold out, affording valuable assistance to the American-Filipino troops on the Bataan Peninsula.

On Feb. 1 a Japanese force assembling at Tornate to attack Corregidor was blasted by the heavy artillery of the fortress.

(Reproduced Photo, Keystone)
THE RUSSIANS EXPECT TO WIN BY THE WINTER

From all the fronts the news is had, and we are told on high authority that before we can expect it to get better it will all be worse. From all the fronts save one. From Russia, and from Russia alone, for weeks past the news has been good, is still good, and may well get better.

Really the Russians are amazing fellows. Last year from June to November they were in retreat. They put up a tremendous fight, it is true; they proved themselves in battle to be far stouter and more determined than had been expected even by those who counted themselves among the Soviet's friends, even admirers. Then at the beginning of December the communiques began to tell a different story. The Russians, who had been retreating, began to advance. And the reversal of fortune which began at Rostov has not yet been checked. Still Stalin's men are recapturing, yard by yard and mile by mile, field by field and village by village, the territory which they scorched and abandoned in the great retreat of last year. How long this counter-offensive will be maintained none can say. But it is significant that the Russians believe themselves defeated by Hitler's armies have still plenty of punch left, and that when the snows melt and the ground thaws the line of battle may once again draw nearer to Moscow.

This was one of many interesting points contained in the talk given by Sir Stafford Cripps to the Ministry of Information a few days ago. "The general conception in Russia is that the Germans will be driven back a long way (he said). A new German offensive is anticipated in the spring, which may make some headway into Russia. Then I think the Russians will give the coup de grace to the Germans in the autumn or winter. I do not think the Russians will stop at the German borders, but are out to defeat the Germans conclusively."

Here are some more things Cripps told us: "We cannot carry the whole note of them as they come from a man who really knows Stalin, who really knows his Russia and the Russians. (But amongst our diplomats!) is a diplomatic triumph to his credit."

Many people, he reminds us, thought that Russia would not be able to cope with the German blitz attack because of her inability to organize behind the fighting line. But the Russians have not only kept their 2,000-mile-long front in being during a blinding winter for over hundreds of miles, but they have carried out a scorched earth policy, moved their key industries into safe zones, and, to continue, maintained supplies for an army of 9,000,000 men. "I don't suppose that all the 9,000,000 are fully equipped for front-line fighting in winter, but the equipment of the troops in the front line and reserve is very adequate. By June the Russians will have an army twice as big as before the war, and it will be fully equipped.

How are we to account for this extraordinary achievement? The answer lies in the loyalty and determination of every individual Russian. Even before the war Russian feeling against the Germans was very strong, but when Hitler launched his attack on every single Russian individual, man, woman and child, made up his or her mind that at all costs they would defend their country against the German invaders. Of course, the cost has been enormous in terms of suffering and domestic tragedy. Food has been short, since transport has had to be concentrated on supplying the army. People have gone cold," and unless you have lived in Russia it is difficult to realize what it means when the temperature is 30 degrees or 40 degrees below zero. If all their windows are broken it is impossible to maintain any warmth, and the trouble is that so many windows were broken." Yet, in spite of all, when I returned to Moscow last month, I had never seen the population with their tails higher up. They were magnificent."

Another encouraging feature is that the Russians have discovered and use a number of very young generals. Particularly in the fighting on the Moscow front a great many young officers in the thirties have shown their brilliance and have been promoted to commands. They have done magnificently, but all the same, the plan for the defence of Moscow and the counter-attack was conceived by Premier Stalin. Although in the veteran Marshal Shapirohnov he has a most competent Chief of Staff, Stalin himself (Sir Stafford Cripps makes plain) is the brain of the Russian resistance, the real military genius of the war on the Eastern Front.

Then in the matter of war production the Russians have worked wonders. Many of their industries in the areas overrun or threatened by the Nazis were moved to the east in good time, and some of these are already functioning afresh. Industrial development in the Urals and beyond is very great indeed—at least double or treble their capacity at the beginning of the war. But nonethe-less, the Russians need our help; and so far they have been very satisfied with the great amount of assistance we have given them, in the way of planes and tanks. Altogether, then, concludes the Man from the Kremlin, we have every reason to be optimistic about the issue of the coming campaign.

Yes, they are amazing people, the Russians. But those of us who know our history should not be so very surprised. Under Stalin and the Bolsheviks they have done well; but when all things are considered they—the rank and file of the army, the junior officers, the great mass of the people—were well even during the Tsarist regime. Mr. Churchill once protested against that forthright description, but Mr. Lloyd George, with his greater knowledge and broader sympathy, has maintained that Tsarism fell because every fibre of its power, influence and authority had rotted through and through. And that rotten system the Russians fought for nearly three years—three years of almost continuous, one might say altogether senseless, war.

In his "Loyalty and the War" Mr. Lloyd George quotes message after message sent by the Russian C-in-C's Chief of Staff to the War Minister in Petrograd. As early as April 1915 he was complaining that the question of cartridges and rifles is a bloody one. A month later, "from all armries the cry goes up Give cartridges. Another week: Yesterday the Germans dropped on to a section of one of the regiments 3,000 heavy shells. They demolished everything. And we fired barely 30 fire."

That is what the Russians were like a generation ago, their grandfathers were the same, the men we fought in the Crimea, and their great-grandfathers who put Napoleon on the spot. Do you remember that famous chapter in Tolstoy's "War and Peace," in which he describes the battle of Borodino in 1812—the battle which was not a battle but a prolonged massacre? Napoleon had used all the old manoeuvres that had been invariably crowned with success, yet so far from victory having been secured, "from all sides the same tidings kept pouring in, of killed or wounded generals, of reinforcements needed, of the troops being in dis-order, and the Russians impossible to move." They ought to have fled, according to all the rules of Napoleonic experience. But they stood— and died rather than give way. Afterwards they put up an obelisk at Borodino—it is only 10 miles from Mozhaisk, where Hitler's men are dying today—with the inscription "End of offensive. Beginning of flight and ruin of the enemy."

Perhaps it is there still.

E. Royston Pike
From Across the Atlantic New Comrades Come

Insignia worn by commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the United States Army are seen above and left. When the insignia are the same (viz. and Lt. and 1st Lt.; Major and Lt.-Col.) the higher rank is in gold and the lower rank in silver. Among W.O.'s the rank of Master Sergeant corresponds to our R.S.M. A single stripe (not shown left) denotes a 1st class Private. A 1st Sergeant is also known as a top sergeant. The ordinary infantry sergeant is known as a line sergeant. The men's olive green cap is piped with a colour denoting the arm of the service, but the officer's piping of black and gold is invariable.

'OLD GLORY' FLIES IN IRELAND as a detachment of American troops, some of the first contingent to come to the United Kingdom since the last war, marches from the quayside after disembarking at a Northern Ireland port on Jan. 26. The contingent was under the command of Maj.-Gen. Russell P. Hartie, and its safe arrival was described by Sir Archibald Sinclair, in his speech of welcome, as "a gloomy portent for Mr. Hitler." Symbolic of the understanding between the two great democracies is the handshake with which a British sergeant greets a newly arrived American colleague, centre right.

Photo, P.M.A. and The Daily Mirror
VANCOUVER (above), which celebrated its jubilee in 1936, is the great Canadian terminal point on the Pacific. It lies at the wooded western edge of British Columbia and, standing on the south side of Burrard Inlet, has one of the finest natural harbours in the world.

SYDNEY (below), in New South Wales, at the other end of the Pacific, is the most important port in Australia, and the harbour, thirteen miles in depth, is cut up into bays and headlands which provide some 200 miles of sea frontage. The photograph shows Harbour Bridge, opened in 1932.
SAN FRANCISCO (above), chief port of America's Pacific coast, has a magnificent land-locked bay providing a vast natural harbour approached through a gap in the coastal mountains called the Golden Gate. This view of the city shows the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

YOKOHAMA (below), the seaport of Tokyo, lies on a wide, unsheltered bay, and the harbour is mainly protected by breakwaters built in 1896. A mere fishing village in 1619, it now has over 700,000 inhabitants. It has been largely rebuilt since its devastation by earthquake in 1923.
S E V E N million Australians—and a hundred million Japanese! There in a nutshell is the nightmare which for many years has oppressed the Australian imagination: and today, when the yellow flood is actually lapping Australia's northern coasts, the nightmare has become a reality.

So few are the Australians, and so vast is the territory which is theirs to hold—if they can. England has just over 700 people per square mile, but Australia has only a fraction over two per square mile; and Australia is fifty times the size of England and Wales. There are fewer Australians than there are Londoners. Australia is as big as the United States, but there are 43 people for every square mile of the American Union.

To add to the contrast, most of Australia's three million square miles have no people at all; nearly half the Commonwealth's population is concentrated in the capital cities, in Sydney and Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth. New South Wales is the most populated of the States comprising the Australian Commonwealth, and some half its people live in Sydney. This great metropolis on the Pacific ranks indeed as the third largest city in the British Empire, surpassed only by London and Calcutta. And in Australia, as in Britain, there is a drift to the towns; Australia's cities, like ours, cat men.

But it is only fair to point out that less than two hundred years ago Australia was inhabited only by wandering tribes of aborigines—men in the lowest scale of human life. There are 60,000 of them left, and some 20,000 half-castes; but for the rest the Australians are almost entirely of our own stock. Eighty-six in every hundred were born in Australia, and eleven in the British Isles; Australia, it has been said, is more British than Britain—only a little less British than New Zealand.

Those seven millions include some of the most vigorous, mentally and physically, of the world's folk; for the most part a sophisticated people, and exceedingly urbanized. They have a high standard of living, one of the highest in the world; and a high standard of living does not go well with a high birth-rate. Contraception is cheaper than babies—and fair less trouble. Australia's birth-rate is higher than England's—17.4 per thousand compared with our 14.9—and its death-rate is lower, 9.4 compared with England's 12.4; but this compare with Japan's birth-rate of 12.4 per thousand and death-rate of 17.6. Only three millions have been added to Australia's population in the last 40 years, and it is estimated that only a million more will be added in the next forty. But Japan's population in 1933 increased by over a million, and in several years recently that figure has been approached. Moreover, since the death-rate is falling as well as the birth-rate, Australia's young people are dwindling as compared with the middle-aged and old—just as they are in England.

Of course, a very large part of Australia is unfitted for human habitation—or perhaps we should say for white habitation. Forty per cent of the continent is returned as unoccupied or occupied by the Crown; of its 1,900 million acres only 22 million are under crops. Moreover, man is not making much headway against nature. Erosion by wind and rain is terrific. Australia's deserts are encroaching steadily on the fringe of cultivated land; and in their blindness the planters and settlers are herding the bushmen, irrigation and a vigorous policy of land colonization on a huge scale are the only elements of population, and Australia is labour: and where is the labour to come from? Particularly in the tropical north and in Queensland there are vast tracts seemingly suited to the settlement of oriental people who might indeed manage to get a living where the white man would find it impossible. The Japanese say that, given a chance, they could make good. But to a man the Australians are grimly resolved that they will never be given that chance .

A vast unpeopled heart—the dead heart, it is often called—with here and there on the circumference on them that or near it a cluster of population or an area given up to agriculture or to industry: that is Australia. In between the settlements, the congeries of villages and towns, lies the vast wilderness, inhabited by thousands, of miles almost entirely unpopulated wastes. The chief, almost the only, means of communication are the railways, mostly government-owned. A railway from Melbourne to Adelaide is 1,300 miles long, and there is no universal railway gauge in Australia, the gauges varying from 3 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 3 in. Each State has its own local system, converging on its capital, and each State, 2,800 miles open belong to the Commonwealth. Chief among these Federal lines is the Trans-Australian, 1,108 miles in length, which links Kalgoorlie, the richest gold field in Western Australia, with Port Augusta in South Australia. By way of this line the west coast has railway connexion with the east coast, more than 3,000 miles away.

There is still no railway directly linking the north of Australia with the south. But there is now direct communication across the inland between Darwin and Port Augusta. From Darwin the North Australia Railway, a Commonwealth line, runs for 316 miles to Birdum; and from Alice Springs in the very heart of Australia—the Centre, as Australians call it—an Australian Federal railway, the Central Australia, runs to Adelaide. From where the line from Darwin peters out into nothingness at Birdum to where its fellow begins at the Alice, is some 400 miles of wild, hardly explored bush country—at least, that was its state up to two years ago. Now, however, from Larrimah, a new railway siding just north of Birdum, to Alice runs Australia's strategic highway, a fine all-weather road along which thunders the military convoys from the southern coast. The road was built under military supervision by some 400 navvies who worked day and night with the assistance of every mechanical aid. The job—621 miles of first-class road—was completed in record time, the roadmakers' greatest triumph being the stretch of 300 miles from Tennant Creek to Birdum, which was built in ninety days.

Other new roads have been built of late years, or are in process of construction. One of the most important links the Queensland coast with the North-South road at Tennant Creek; this road too, though it had to be cut through country even more difficult than the Centre, was built at the rate of 3 miles a day. A third is the 1,000-mile Overland Road between Port Augusta in South Australia and Norseman in Western Australia.

These roads not only afford greatly needed means of communication, but are opening up vast new areas, which, when peace returns, will be calling out for the pioneers. But will the call be answered?
Australia’s Heart Is No Longer ‘Dead’

DARWIN, with its fuel-oil installation and airport, is a focal point of Australia’s defense. Two years ago it was famed for its "Wild West" atmosphere, but now it is essentially a "Services" town.

ALICE SPRINGS, top, in the "Centre" is the railhead where the motor-lorries forming the military convoys of the Central Australian road pick up their loads en route for Birdum and Darwin.

Australia has conscription for her home defense forces; above, men of the Darwin battalion in that town’s tropical setting.

For years there was a gap of 1,000 miles between the railway systems of Australia’s east and west. Then in 1917 the Commonwealth built the Trans-Australian Railway. Left, a train crossing a typical stretch in the Nullarbor Plain.

Photos, Courtesy of the Australian Government, Keystone
Our Searchlight on the War

THE INFERNO OF SINGAPORE

It is learned authentically that the defenders of Singapore are well supplied with food and water and are prepared to hold out to the last.

A unique chapter in the history of sieges is being written by the defenders of Singapore. Destiny has brought the great naval base into an unforeseen predicament. Designed as a naval base, it is now threatened by horseless Japanese soldiers and aeroplanes. The island and its inhabitants will suffer from enemy bombardment, it is inevitable, but it is to be hoped that everything possible is being done to increase the number of fighter aircraft to frustrate the Japanese, to some extent, were similarly placed after the fall of hand, since we are all hoping earnestly that victory will come sooner rather than later, is there any real evidence that the enemy is feeling pressure on the home front? It is thought that Hitler has withdrawn the bulk of the Luftwaffe from the Eastern front. If this is so, there are two conclusions: (1) that the Nazis are anxious about the defence of the Reich, and (2) that Hitler is about to attack elsewhere. To abandon air support on the East front in the best of hostilities suggests the former. During the last few weeks Germany has lost either through “heart trouble” or forced resignation several old Army generals. Conflict between the Army and the Nazi Party is no secret. As the Army clique weakens in influence so Hitler’s personal friend, General Dietrich, commander of

ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS member wearing the new battle dress of blue-grey serge. A woven circular badge, as shown above, is worn on the left breast. The blue beret bears the R.O.C. metal badge. Photo, Associated Press

TANK TRANSPORTER used to save wear of tank tracks on hard roads. This transporter, which has a lift device for carrying a Mark IVa cruiser tank. At the back is a folding ramp for facilitate loading and unloading. Photo, British Official

France, when the thin line of the R.A.F. stood between them and disaster, will understand the feelings of the defenders of Singapore. While their position is one of supreme peril it is also one of great honour. Singapore will ultimately remain British. To have taken part in the present ordeal will forever remain an enviable one. A plucky English girl, who decided to stay on “to be of use,” cabling from Singapore to her anxious mother, says, “Everything O.K. Nothing to worry about.” Such is the spirit that “wins these ‘ere wars,” as the Cockney says, with a grin smile.

AUSTRALIAN INCIDENT

Mr. Curtin, the Prime Minister, on his return from Western Australia, replied to the allegations casting doubt on the unity of Australia and Great Britain, saying that they had amazed and shocked him.

We hope that the recent statements by Australian leaders have cleared the air, and that we shall bear no more of disloyalty and disunion. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Menzies, in their frank attitude towards the situation, have done British and Australia a great service. There is no discord between the Mother Country and the Commonwealth, but only admiration and gratitude for mutual courage and determination in the joint struggle for survival. If, however, there is any Fifth Columnists in Australia, and Mr. Hughes has definitely stated that there is, it was wise to denounce it outright, so that it can be watched and restrained. There are two kinds of Fifth Columnists: rank traitors, of whom Quisling is the prototype, and disaffected civilians, men who are temperamentally afraid, who when things go wrong begin to jitter and express their fear in unreasoned criticism. We notice that such critics in this country seldom have a word of praise for Mr. Churchill and the Government when things go right.

INVASION OF GERMANY?

Commentators on Hitler’s last speech, the Tibetan paper Yeril Sabah says that “the speech shows that the German nation is beginning to shake. The German leader appears more afraid of the people’s morale than the enemy.”

RUSSIA has told us that the coup de grace will be inflicted on Germany this year. In the light of Soviet military achievements it is not for us to be sceptical. The Allies, however, must prepare for a long war. Better remember the old song which runs, “It may be for years . . . .” and be on the safe side. On the other side of the
**SOMEBWHERE IN THE PACIFIC** a party of Japanese troops forces its way ashore on Allied territory. The drawing does not profess to show any particular landing, but it gives a rough guide to the methods adopted.

**Landing Troops**

Standing offshore (A) is a transport seen in the act of hoisting wooden sampan-like barges each containing a hundred soldiers plus equipment. They row to shore and unload stores and equipment (B). Some troops, carrying light arms, will make their way through the thick jungle (C). Others are seen scaling the heights in the foreground by means of a rope ladder (D), which has bamboo rungs and round wooden attachments which keep the ladder away from the cliff.

**Hauling and Erecting Guns**

At (E) a party are hauling a small field-gun up the cliff; one man is stationed upon a ledge part way up, and assists in keeping the wheel which is being hoisted from dragging against projecting rock. The gun barrel is being carried away slung from a bamboo pole (F). The erection of a similar small gun is seen in detail in the immediate foreground. The barrel is being lowered on to the recoiler mechanism (G); the breech mechanism and sighting apparatus are fixed on afterwards. The shield (H) is being brought up. (J) is a stereo-telescope used in range-finding. Near by is a Japanese officer: his sword is of the ancient Samurai type (K).

**Arms and Equipment**

These include: (L) light machine-gun, (M) heavier type of M.G. carried in two parts, (N) small grenade-thrower, (O) grenades in pouches, (P) rubber shoes for running, (Q) small digging spade, (R) water-bottle.

**INSET** is a Japanese two-man tank; the machine-gunner is seen in the revolving turret (J), and the driver at (L). A large type of tank, probably 15-18 tons, is seen at (T). Three methods of transport are seen: (T) is a peculiar two-wheeled rickshaw affair which is dragged by man-power. Pack ponies and modern lorries are also used.

Specially drawn by Hassall for *The War Illustrated*
The Battle of Singapore Has Started

The Battle of Malaya has come to an end," said Lt.-Gen. A. E. Percival, G.O.C. Malaya, in a statement issued on Jan. 24. The battle of Singapore has started... Today we stand beleaguered in our island fortress. Our task is to hold this fortress until help can come, as assuredly it will come. This is our fate.

For a week it had been only too certain that the whole of the Malayan Peninsula would have to be evacuated by the Imperial forces, and all during that week the Australians and New Zealanders fought a series of fierce rear-guard actions. The enemy enjoyed almost complete control of the air, and dive-bombing and machine-gun attacks were frequent. The Australians and New Zealanders who for weeks had been battling in the jungle strove to hold up the Japanese advance; and night brought them no rest since some had to dig new gun-pits and slit trenches, while the rest withdrew to another stage. As they went back they blew up roads and bridges, burnt villages and plantations, so that their way was marked by a heavy pall of black smoke.

The last points of contact between the Imperial forces and the enemy were near Pontian Besar on the west, somewhere near Kotating, north of Kluai in the centre. Two battalions of the Australians, with the Gordon Highlanders and Argyll and Sutherlands, kept the enemy at bay while their comrades ranged the last lap of 20 miles and marched across the Johore Causeway into the island of Singapore. The withdrawal was completed on the night of Friday, Jan. 30, without the loss of a single man.

The crowded causeway was as clear as Piccadilly Circus at noon, since the moon was brilliant, the most brilliant of the month. Hour after hour the troops poured over the causeway, once across, pulled off the main roads to the left, their pre-determined positions. Then, tired and filthy, they stumbled from their transports to snatch a few hours' sleep under the rubber trees before going to their new battle stations. A complete change of clothing was given to every man, and there were lashings of hot food available. When the time came for the rearguard to withdraw, the Gordons went first, then the Australians, and finally the Argylls.

"The sight as these tired men—Australians, Indians, Englishmen, Scotsmen—waded into the fortress was one I shall never forget," wrote W. T. Know, News Chronicle Special Correspondent. "Two pipers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—that regiment which first engaged the Japanese on Dec. 8 and has since fought 11 battles—led them among the last to cross the causeway. They piped over the Australians and the Indians, the East Straits, the Leicesters, the Manchester and the Loyal. They piped over the Gordons and the Australian sister regiment to the regimental march, 'The Cock of the North.' Then the song changed to 'Blue Bonnets' and 'Jenny's Black Ee' as the Argylls crossed the causeway. Tired Indian and Australian sang and grinned as they saw these gallant men go by.

After the last man had crossed there was a pause. It was nearly morning, and the quiet waters of the Johore Strait gleamed in the growing light. The day drew on, and then..."
We Stand Beleaguered in Our Island Fortress

JOHORE CAUSEWAY, linking Singapore Island to the mainland of Malaya, was blown up after the last British troops had been withdrawn from Johore. Top, a view of the Causeway with the Penang express passing. Above, the Causeway in diagram form.

SINGAPORE ISLAND, showing its position in relation to the mainland of Southern Malaya. About midnight on Feb. 8, Japanese detachments crossed the strait at its narrowest point and landed north of Choa Chu Kang.

DEFENCES OF SINGAPORE being further strengthened as the Japanese menace grew. Left, a machine-gun post on a road leading out of the city. Above, Singapore's inhabitants digging trenches to help in the defence of the city.

Over a countryside held fast in Winter's icy grip Stalin's men

Red Army men wearing warm fur caps are seen sighting a trench mortar in wintry surroundings (left). Over the frozen fields Soviet infantry are charging an enemy position with fixed bayonets (above).

Almost beyond a doubt Germany intended to capture Moscow and Leningrad before the real Russian winter began. Failing in that task the Nazis probably considered...

A Red Army machine-gun crew mounted on sledges (see diagram) taken by Red Army men in a...
Hard Knocks for the Japanese Aggressors

Japan's initial victories have given the enemy temporary command of the South-West Pacific, but though it must take the Allies time to recover and assemble their full striking power, American, Dutch and British ships and planes have by no means lost the means and skill to inflict great losses on their opponents.

ELATED and, perhaps, too confident, and underestimating the strength of the Allied forces in Borneo and Java, the Japanese assembled a huge convoy off the Philippines. It consisted of at least forty ships, protected by about fifteen warships. In coming through the Macassar Strait, which is only eighty miles wide, this large convoy was obviously taking a grave risk. As the Dutch reconnaissance planes gave information of the approach of the enemy ships intense preparations were made to attack them, not in the open sea but in the confined area between Borneo and the Celebes.

On Jan. 23 Dutch Army aeroplanes swooped out of the sky on the straggling target, taking the Japanese commanders completely by surprise. Raining their bombs amid transports and battleships, the bombers scored a direct hit on a large warship and sunk a cruiser of the heaviest type. Two other cruisers, a destroyer and four large transports also were seen to be burning furiously. So ended the first day of this brilliant counter-strike against the Japanese hastening to land forces at Balik Papan, and probably on the island of Java.

On the following day the Dutch planes went into action again and wrought further havoc among the confused lines of the convoy. At least two heavily laden transports were sent to the bottom. But this time the enemy endeavoured to defend the convoy by the use of fighter aircraft operating from a carrier in the vicinity, but the Dutch, in addition to bombing their objectives on the sea, scored a victory in the air.

Continuing the battle on the third day, aircraft completely destroyed a heavy cruiser, set fire to a second cruiser and transport, and shot down four intercepting Japanese Navy "O.0." aeroplanes.

After these fierce daylight attacks the Dutch planes, assisted by American naval units which had hurriedly come into battle from the southern end of the Macassar Strait, attacked the enemy at night. Using bomb and torpedo with deadly effect, seven transports were destroyed, a destructor damaged. The Japanese aircraft-carrier was also sunk by an American submarine, and a Dutch submarine accounted for another enemy cruiser and destroyer.

Caught in the Strait the convoy anchored off Balik Papan, a port on the west coast of Borneo. It was joined by a second convoy consisting of a great number of ships and transports, the missions and transports, and though the Allies continued to attack by plane, scoring many direct hits among the disembarking soldiers, the Japanese succeeded in landing and keeping a foothold on this part of the island.

Total enemy losses in the battle of the Macassar Strait amounted to one battleship or heavy cruiser, 6 cruisers, 18 transports, 3 destroyers, 1 aircraft-carrier and 16 aircraft. These figures indicate the magnitude and success of this engagement, but its effect on the enemy's plans was incalculable. Such large convoys were no doubt intended to bring a quick and decisive action in Java and the Celebes. The Allied command, by rapid and efficient coordination frustrated, for the time being at least, the conquest of Java, a key point in our defence of the South-West Pacific, as well as inflicting on the enemy one of the heaviest defeats in the history of the Japanese Navy.

Destroyers in Action

An incident in the naval war which will take its place in the chronicle of courage was the engagement on Jan. 26 between two British destroyers, the Vampire of the Royal Australian Navy and the Thaenet on the one side, and a Japanese cruiser and three destroyers on the other. The conflict began after dark in the region of Endau, on the east coast of the Malayan Peninsula, when our naval forces attacked a Japanese transport about to land troops. Our destroyers raced into action against heavy odds. After a running fight one Japanese destroyer was sunk, the second was heavily damaged in the third retired. It is regrettable that the Thaenet, after a valiant fight, was sunk. These destroyers were veterans of the last war and mounted guns of only 4-in. calibre as compared with the Japanese 4.7 weapons.

America's Fleet Hits Back

Heartening news of American naval successes in the Pacific was received on Feb. 2. This time the U.S. Fleet, completely destroyed by Japanese propaganda, struck a surprise blow at Japanese naval and air bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. The importance of these bases in the scheme of Japanese aggression is this constant use as centres from which to attack the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. Though few details were published in the Navy, we know that ships were damaged, though the Japanese aircraft carriers were damaged.

Admiral Chester Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet, reported that many enemy auxiliaries were sunk or damaged, and Japanese military installations on shore were hit by naval aviation units and shell fire. The Japanese also lost a number of planes, some being shot down and others being destroyed on the ground. Eleven American aircraft failed to return.

We can imagine that this hard punch from Uncle Sam must have greatly cheered American and Filipino soldiers in Luzon, where General MacArthur is the hero of the hour. His splendid stand amid the hills of the Bataan Peninsula is one of the finest military feats of the war. When Pearl Harbour was smashed the islands were cut off from their supply. For several weeks the general had made a long and careful study of the terrain, held a meeting with his officers. He is reported to have said, "Any machine-gun nest can be captured if we are willing to pay the price. So can the Philippines be captured if the enemy is willing to write off his losses."

A brave statement, which meant that MacArthur was going to defend his positions to the last man. To the last the Japanese swarm like ants over Luzon and Mindanao. Their ships and planes surround the island, but MacArthur, in his much shortened front, north-west of Manila, is making no headlines.

On Feb. 2 two enemy attempts to land troops on the west coast were obliterated, although the Japanese invaders were composed of the famous Tatori shock troops. Another attempt at midnight was also foiled with very heavy losses. In this action an American patrol vessel did valiant work in dispersing Japanese barges full of troops, and even fought off an enemy warship and destroyer. Not a single Japanese shore reached the shore alive. In the eastern sector, round about Pilar, the Japanese, with their 4th division attempted a frontal attack which was part of an enveloping movement in conjunction with the 141st and 122nd regiment of infantry. These manoeuvres were completely frustrated.
FOLLOWING the sudden Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour on Dec. 8, 1941, little was heard of the United States Pacific Fleet until the announcement from Washington on Feb. 1, 1942, of the surprise attack on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. (See p. 404.)

"Events have emphasized the importance of our Pacific forces in the broad strategy of the Allied war effort," said Admiral Chester Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, after this action. "This war will keep us busy every moment of every day and night across the vast reaches of the Pacific—specifically those areas where we can most effectively harass the enemy and contribute to our foreign security... Every ship and every man of the United States Pacific Fleet is now being used to the fullest extent to bring the war to the enemy's front door."

Admiral Nimitz had hoped to encounter large enemy combatant vessels, but his report indicated that none were to be found, and some idea of the difficulty experienced in making contact with the main battle fleets of the enemy in the Pacific may be gained from the map above, showing the vast distances which separate the continents.

The Japanese have a great advantage in operating much closer to home than either the British or American forces. Japan is only 1,250 miles from Manila, and with Indo-China and Thailand in her grasp she found herself within easy striking distance of Burma and Singapore. Moreover, her naval movements are protected on one flank by her vassal states bordering the South China Sea.

MODERN fighting ships have not an unlimited radius of action; their fuel capacity is relatively small. Though individual ships may roam the seas for weeks or months at a time, refuelling as opportunity presents itself, a battle fleet, with its attendant ancillary units, cannot remain at sea under war conditions for more than a few days at a time. So, in the vast expanse of the Pacific, naval strategy must hinge on the number of bases available. Even with the recent increase in the number of potential bases in the Pacific, it still remains true that in the main the great battle fleets are dependent on shore communications, and therefore the fleet which can work closest to its home bases has an advantage.

But as an element in naval strategy the islands of the Pacific are of the utmost importance. Since 1919 Japan, under the Treaty of Versailles, has had mandatory powers over several of these island groups, though, under the Mandate of the League of Nations, the use of these islands for warlike purposes and their fortification were forbidden, and under the Washington Treaty of 1922 the British Empire, the U.S.A. and Japan agreed to maintain the status quo in many of the most important strategic positions in the Pacific.

But in 1934 Japan decided to terminate the Washington Naval Treaty, in 1935 she withdrew from the London Naval Conference, and the limitations in the size of the battle fleets of the three Powers imposed by agreements of 1922 and 1931 lapsed, as did the provision against fortifying the island bases. So Japan forged ahead with plans for naval domination in this vast ocean.


**Our Diary of the War**

**WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1942**

Air.—Night attack by R.A.F. on Bourgeois area, the docks at Rotterdam and objectives in Münster.

**Russian Front.**—Russian troops advancing in direction of Skansen from Staraya Tserkov and Zapadnaya Livna. Further Russian gains toward Yelnya.

**Far East.**—In Malaya heavy fighting around Rengit, 90 miles from Singapore. Government Settlers Station in Saritai and orders for the evacuation of all persons and livestock from a coastal strip one mile wide on the eastern shore of Singapore Island. Eight enemy raiders shot down in a daylight attack on Rangon. In the Dutch Indies still resisting offered refuge in Kutar and Sempa in the Celebes. Nine enemy air raids on Emmenhoaven, in Sumatra.

**THURSDAY, JAN. 29**

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced sinking of a U-boat by Free French corvette Roseley.

**Russian Front.**—Moscow announced return to capture of Barvenkova and Lovozova, on the Ukraine front. Myatlev, 45 miles S.E. of Vyzam, and Sukshimir, 140 miles S.W. of Moscow, retaken by Red Army.

**Africa.**—Benghazi again in Axis hands. Rommel's forces reached Regimia, five miles beyond Benina aerodrome.

**Far East.**—In Malaya, Japanese reached Rua, 98 miles from Johore. Batavia announced landing by Japanese at Pumangkat, on west coast of Borneo. At least 12 enemy planes destroyed by British and American pilots in the Rangoon area.

**FRIDAY, JAN. 30**

**Russian Front.**—Moscow announced the recapture of several more inhabited points.


**Home.**—Boys of 17 registered for national service.

**General.**—Hitler, in a speech made in Berlin, warned Germany that the road ahead was likely to be hard and difficult.

**SATURDAY, JAN. 31**

**Russian Front.**—Kuibishev announced that Russian troops, after breaking through the German lines and pressing forward, Red Army troops reported within 50 miles of Dnepropetrovsk.

**Far East.**—An Army communiqué from Rangoon announced that our forces had evacuated Moulmein. In Malaya, British forces were withdrawn from the main land on to Singapore and the Gilibert islands. Rangoon reported that our forces had evacuated Moulmein. In Malaya. British forces were withdrawn from the mainland on to Singapore and the Gilibert islands. The analysis of the situation by the Jap command for an attack on Corregidor, was wiped out by the heavy guns of the fortresses. In Burma, British took up new positions along the western bank of the Salween River. Japanese planes which landed at Ambon on Jan. 31 reached the vicinity of the aerodrome.

**General.**—Vidkun Quisling made puppet Prime Minister of Norway by the Nazis.

**MONDAY, FEB. 2**

**Russian Front.**—Russian drive into the Ukraine continues. On the Leningrad front units of Gen. Meretsov had a local success on the west bank of the Volkhov River. Russians admitted recapture of Lushan were foiled by Germans of Thesmola, in the Crimea.

**Africa.**—Rommel's Libyan advance continued. The spearhead of the attack reached a point only 60 miles from Derna.

**Far East.**—Japanese massing for assault on Singapore. In Burma, still fighting along the line of the Salween River. In the Philippines another heavy attack on Gen. MacArthur's position was beaten off with heavy losses to the enemy. Further Japanese reinforcements landed on the island of Amboyna. American aircraft sunk two enemy transports off Balik Papan.

**General.**—The Egyptian cabinet resigned. Berlin announced that Göring had been in Italy for a week. He visited many units of the Luftwaffe and conferred with Mussolini and the King of Italy.

**TUESDAY, FEB. 3**

**Russian Front.**—Red Army advanced in most sectors. Fierce fighting around Rjev and near Kharkov.

**Africa.**—Rommel's advance slowed down. British mobile columns continued to harass the enemy.

**Far East.**—Two Japanese attempts to land troops on the west coast of Borneo failed and heavy losses inflicted on the enemy. Surabaya, main Dutch naval base on island of Java, had its first air raid. Heavy Japanese air attacks on Singapore.

**General.**—Mr. Eden announced in House of Commons that an agreement had been signed in Addis Ababa recognising Abyssinia as one more a free and independent country.

**WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4**

**Russian Front.**—Moscow reported that many towns and villages in the Smolensk area had been recaptured. Kuibishev radio stated that Timoshenko's army had pierced the German defences on the Kharkov front.

**Africa.**—Gen. Rommel's troops reached Derna.


**Home.**—Lord Beaverbrook appointed Minister of War Production. Sir Andrew Duncan became Minister of Supply.

**THURSDAY, FEB. 5**

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced the loss of H.M. submarine Triumph.

**Russian Front.**—Timoshenko's armies launched big junction movement on Kharkov. Fierce fighting in the sector between Leningrad and the Vaidota Hills.

**Africa.**—Little change in the general position.

**Far East.**—Heavy artillery duels across the Johore Strait. Surabaya again raided. Japanese aircraft raided Port Moresby, in New Guinea.

**General.**—New government formed in Cairo with Nahas Pasha as Premier.

**FRIDAY, FEB. 6**

**Sea.**—Night attack by R.A.F. on docks at Brest.

**Russian Front.**—Fierce fighting on an 80-mile front from Djezgord to Kursk.

**Mediterranean.**—Two enemy supply ships torpedoed by naval aircraft.

**Africa.**—Axis forces claimed capture of Timuni, S.W. of Bomba.

**Far East.**—Samarinda, oil port on the E. coast of Borneo, occupied by Japs. In the Philippines, Japanese landings at Lusuan reported. At Singapore the gun duel across the Johore Strait continued. Japanese raiders shot down over Rangoon.

**General.**—Anglo-U.S. combined Chiefs of Staff Group established. Munitions Assignment Board set up in U.S. under Mr. Harry Hopkins.

**SATURDAY, FEB. 7**

**Sea.**—Offensive patrols by Bomber Command over North Sea. N.E. coast of Germany raided.

**Russian Front.**—Red Army continued to advance in the four main sectors of the Eastern Front.

**Africa.**—Little change in the land situation.


**General.**—Mr. Eden announced that all naval units in Australia and New Zealand area had been combined under Vice-Admiral H. L. F. Harwood, designated Commander of the Anzac Forces.
Outside Bardia large batches of Axis prisoners are congregated near the desert highway after the recapture of that "Fascist bastion" on Jan. 3. Bardia was recaptured by units of the 1st and 2nd South African Divisions under the leadership of Maj.-Gen. I. P. de Villiers, M.C., and the prisoners taken amounted to 7,000, including the German commander of the garrison, Maj.-Gen. Schmidt. In addition, over 1,000 British prisoners of war there were released.
Mr. CHURCHILL AND THE CRITICS

When on his return from Washington Mr. Churchill discovered that his Government was being attacked so widely and so severely, he decided that he must ask the House of Commons for a vote of confidence. I realize that I have been badly wrong in the weather in Libya the weather has been bad. It is right that we should be told that it has been bad. But you would think, to listen to the statements that we get from the Prime Minister, that the dust-storms fall only on the British troops and that the Germans never had a dust-storm; and again the Prime Minister is "not quite fair, "below the belt, " for the Japanese to land in sampan and proceed up creeks. Really those things are very childish.

For the rest, Sir John's speech was devoted to a criticism of our industrial effort. Our production has gone up tremendously, "but whilst the Prime Minister's figures are ten times, or whatever it was, more than it was in 1914, we as well tell us that it is 100 times slower than the Japanese. We have gone up a thousand times what it was at Agincourt..."

Did Malaya Go Short for Russia's Sake?

As so often in recent months, Mr. Shinwell (Lab., Seaham) was highly critical. Why not two votes of confidence? he asked, one for the Prime Minister and another in the remaining members of the Government. Probably 90 per cent. of the House would vote for the Prime Minister; probably Hon. Members would vote against the second—and they might include the Prime Minister, who, presumably, knows his Government..."

We have 18,000,000 Men, the Axis Has 15,000,000

Mr. Noel Baker (Lab., Derby) declared that the salient factor of the present situation was the predominance of the Allies.

On the most conservative computation, the United Nations have 18,000,000 mobilized, trained, equipped. The Axis cannot have more than 15,000,000; and 3,000,000 of them are no volunteers. 500,000 of the Allied forces are only chicken feed in relation to the vast needs of our ally in her epic-making resistance.

So the great debate drew to a close. There were many more speeches, filled with criticism for the most part, but criticism professing to be of the most helpful kind. Then on Jan. 29, Mr. Attlee replied. No one who listened to the necessity of the debate, said. "Many would think that it was a valuable one. He had heard or read every word, and declared himself ready to profit from the full many constructive and helpful lines of thought that had been advanced. I shall not be like the saint, to turn aside from this House but an expert who has unappreciably forgotten who refused to do right because he did not want to be called by the devil. He shall not be deterred from doing what I am convinced is right by the fact that I have thought differently about it in some distant, or even in some recent, past..."

"I had already had one chance to announce—the appointment of Lord Lothian in the Air Ministry."

Then he came to the question of the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. If Admiral Tom Phillips's action had been successful, the invasion of Malaya would have been paralysed at its birth. In the opinion of the Board of Admiralty the risks which Admiral Phillips took were not only wise but necessary. In the event of the enemy, when compared with the very urgent and vital issues at stake on which the whole safety of Malaya might have depended..."

"I could not bring myself to pronounce condemnation of his audacious, daring action."

The Prime Minister gave an avowal of confidence that we shall bring this conflict to an end in a manner agreeable to the interests of our country and the future of the world. I have finished. Let every man act now in accordance with what he thinks is his duty in harmony with his heart and conscience." On the House being divided, 464 voted for the motion of confidence and one, Mr. J. Maxton, against.
Women are Making Britain's Giant Bomber

On the left is a general view of the erecting shops in one of the many factories of the Ministry of Aircraft Production where Short Stirling bombers are being turned out in ever-increasing numbers. Here, in the assembly bay, the giant bombers are taking shape. The Stirling was designed by Short Bros., Ltd., in response to the Air Ministry's demand for a plane that would carry a huge bomb load a long way at great speed. Its maximum speed is officially given as approx. 380 m.p.h., its range as over 2,000 miles, and its bomb capacity as eight tons. Its designer is Mr. A. Gouge, Deputy Chairman of Short Bros., Ltd.

Above, women at work inside the fuselage of a Stirling. Left, a husband and wife (Mr. and Mrs. Marindale) are working together at the construction of one of these giants of the air.

A great part of the construction of these giant bombers is done by women and girls, some of whom are here seen working on the fuselage. The main components of these bombers are manufactured in over a score of factories.

SHORT STIRLING ready to take off on another raid. It has a triple bomb-bay, 42 ft. 7 ins. long, under each and three subsidiary racks in each wing. Eight Browning guns are mounted in hydraulically-operated turrets in the nose, in the rear, and on top of the mid section of the fuselage.

H.M.S. DUKE OF YORK, the latest addition to Britain's sea power, is now in commission, and it was recently revealed that Mr. Churchill travelled in her across the Atlantic on the occasion of his visit to America. Laid down in May 1937, the Duke of York is a sister ship of the King George V and the ill-fated Prince of Wales. This new battleship has a displacement of 35,000 tons and her armament includes ten 14-in. and sixteen 5.25-in. guns. She carries four aircraft launched by catapult. Her normal complement is 1,500. This photograph of the Duke of York was taken looking towards her forward gun turrets. Her commander is Capt. Cecil Harcourt, R.N., who was appointed Director of the Operations Division at the Admiralty soon after war broke out.
Meet the Men of Queen Wilhelmina's Navy

NETHERLANDS ARMS, with the proud device "I will uphold," on the bridge of the Dutch ship Van Meerlant, serving with the Royal Navy.

DUTCH MECHANICS at a Royal Dutch Naval Air Service operational base in Scotland have a lift on the bomb tractor. Dutch and Dutch Colonial airmen are working in close cooperation with the R.A.F.

THE DUTCH SUBMARINE which torpedoed and sank the German submarine U 95 in the Mediterranean is seen, left, arriving at a British port.

On the right, Kapitanleutnant Gert Schreiber, captain of the U 95, steps ashore to go into captivity, followed by the survivors of his crew. The torpedo fired by the Dutch vessel sank the U 95 in six seconds.

Lieu.-Commander J. F. van Duij, captain of a Dutch submarine cooperating with the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean, which on the night of Nov. 28 1941, sank the German submarine U 95.
I was There!

With Unbelievable Suddeness the Barham Sank

Told by Capt. C. E. Morgan of the Valiant to Massy Anderson, Reuter's special correspondent, this dramatic story of H.M.S. Barham's sinking off Sollum on Nov. 25, 1941, has a tragic interest in that Mr. Anderson himself went down in the Galatea a few weeks later.

It was like something one sees on the films. Captain Morgan of the Valiant said to Reuter's correspondent, Massy Anderson: 'The 55,000-ton ship disappeared with unbelievable suddenness; it was only 4 minutes 35 seconds exactly from the moment the torpedoes struck until she had completely disappeared.

Our battleships were proceeding westwards line ahead, with the Valiant immediately astern the Barham and with a destroyer screen thrown out, ahead of the battle fleet. At 4.23 p.m., carrying out a normal zigzag, we turned to port together, thus bringing the ships into echelon formation.

Suddenly, at 4.25, I heard a loud explosion, followed by two further explosions a couple of seconds later. Fountains of water and two enormous columns of smoke shot skywards. The smoke formed an enormous mushroom, gradually enveloping the whole of the Barham, except the after part, which was subsequently also blotted out as the ship slid into a vast pall of smoke.

As the explosions occurred the officer on watch gave the command 'Hard to port,' to keep clear of the Barham.

Fifteen seconds later I saw a submarine break the surface, possibly forced there by the explosion. Passing from left to right, the submarine was apparently making to cross the Valiant's bows between us and the Barham. He was only about seven degrees off my starboard bow and 150 yards away, though he must have fired his torpedoes from about 700 yards.

As the periscope and then the conning tower appeared I ordered 'Full speed ahead, hard starboard.' But, with the helm already hard to port, I was unable to turn quickly enough to ram him before he crashed only 40 yards away on our starboard side. The submarine was visible for about 45 seconds, and, simultaneously with our ramming efforts, we opened fire with our starboard pom-poms. He was so close, however, that we were unable to depress the guns sufficiently and the shells passed over the conning tower.

I then gave the order "Amidships," again to avoid turning into the Barham, which was still under way with her engines running but listing heavily to port. As we came up on her beam she heeled further about 20 or 30 degrees, and through the smoke I could see her quarter-deck and forecastle: Men were jumping into the water and running up on the forecastle.

The Barham was rolling on a perfectly even keel with neither bows nor stern sticking into the air. For one minute she seemed to hang in this position; then, at 4.28, she suddenly rolled violently, her mainmast striking the surface of the sea sharply a few seconds later.

I saw water pouring into her funnels. There followed a big explosion amidships, from which belched black and brown smoke intermingled with flames. Pieces of wreckage, flying high into the air, were scattered far and wide, the largest piece being about the size of my writing-desk. I immediately ordered "Take cover" as the wreckage started falling, and that was the last we saw of the Barham, which had run almost a mile since the moment she was hit.

When the smoke cleared the only signs left were a mass of floating wreckage.

The screening destroyers, which were some distance ahead of the battleships, sped back and dropped depth charges, while the others picked up survivors. The destroyer flotilla leader, Jervis, came racing down my starboard side asking for the submarine's position, but by this time we had drifted a long way past the spot where he dived, and it was impossible to give the exact location.

I think the torpedoes struck between the mainmast and the funnel, and the final explosion was probably the six-inch magazine going up, as the explosion was not loud enough for 15-inchers. Had it been the latter I should probably not be here myself, as we were only three cables (600 yards) distant.

The speed with which the Barham sank led to a heavy toll of lives, some 700 being lost. Many of the 600 survivors had remarkable escapes. Some were blown high into the air from inside the ship. Vice Admiral Sir Henry Pridham Wippell, whose flag the Barham was flying, was picked up after being an hour in the water. He had escaped by climbing into the water down the starboard glaics.

The Barham's captain, Capt. G. C. Cooke, and most of the senior officers were all killed.

How We Fought on the Beach at Kota Bharu

We were up against the possibility of landings anywhere on 35 miles of coastal beaches, all eminently suitable for landings.

I saw the biggest threat as being most likely to come from the beaches south of Kota Bharu. Our railhead was at Kualalumpur, 42 miles distant, where we had considerable stores. That railway was most vulnerable to attack because it was only a single track and had several bridges.

We were just about to be reinforced when the Royal Australian Air Force located Japanese transports off Cambodia Point. Four ships were seen 100 miles north of Kota Bharu moving southward, and about an hour before dawn they hit a 15,000-tonner, which burned all day long.

Meanwhile, fighting had begun on the beaches. One Indian officer said the Japanese landed 60 barges drawn by motor-boats. Each motor-boat carried an anti-aircraft gun, and each barge held 60 men, making a total landing force of 3,600. I am inclined to think that may have been an exaggeration.

Previously we had blacked-out the whole district, but on the night of the landing the Company Commander saw two lights shining above a house in a high position, providing a guide to the enemy.

The Japanese also entered Kuala Paamatt, a small bay south of the entrance to the Kelantan River, thus escaping our landmines. We attacked with artillery, mortars and machine-gun fire from pill-boxes.

My men in the pill-boxes fought with the utmost bravery, either until they were killed or until their ammunition ran out. I sent
reinforcements to restore the pill-boxes at the river mouth, where the Japs also landed, but could not do so effectively. We did pin the enemy, that day, but it was impossible to throw him out.

Four squadrons of planes came up to help us, while six Wildbeeste torpedo-bombers took off, but were unable to do any damage. Meanwhile, the three aerodromes were being heavily bombed. There were 27 casualties from one bomb alone.

During the morning there came reports of 20 more ships seen just off land.

By the evening we had lost half our air strength either on the ground or in air combat. By 8 p.m. on Dec. 8 our air arm had ceased to function, but the Japanese bombers were still coming over, I believe from land bases.

The next day the R.A.F. and the Australian Air Force were ordered to fly off all serviceable aircraft because of the air superiority of the enemy. This was most serious from the air-point of view. I had reports that hundreds of Japanese were now straining across the Thai border, while the smoke of ships, including Japanese warships, had been sighted behind the small islands lying off the coast.

We withdrew to our second line running south-east from Kota Bharu to the coast. The Japanese attacked heavily with fresh troops, and some of my men on the right flank were cut off. We were forced to drop back to the Kuching line which we held for 96 hours. We then had to drop back to Machang because the Japanese were filtering round our flanks to the rear. At Machang we held on for two more days.

Our next withdrawal was to the Nal River, five miles north of Kualakri. On the following day one of our patrols, consisting of four Bren-carriers, was wiped out by the Japanese with hand grenades. The crew were killed by Tommy guns. The Japanese climbed trees and ambushed the patrol, dropping grenades on each machine.

They started to bomb Kualakri then. We launched a counter-attack, which was unsuccessful. Next day we began to leave Kualakri and spent the night at Manikurai. We blew up the railway bridge, but also fired the railway at three points behind us and hit two trains.

The Japanese always had local numerical superiority. Our posts at Kota Bharu fought with the greatest bravery until overrun by the enemy.—The Daily Mail

Ivan Is an A.R.P. Warden in Moscow

Of all Moscow’s A.R.P. wardens, none is better known than Ivan Semyonovich. So well known is he that the Soviet journalist Yezovsky decided to make his acquaintance. This is his account of the interview reprinted from the Soviet War News.

There was no trouble in finding him. You only had to mention his name and everyone said: ‘Oh, yes—you want Ivan Semyonovich—certainly, right this way.’

I arrived at an A.R.P. post. A bunch of fine strapping lads were there, strong and capable-looking. Their leader must be a hero of a chap, I thought.

Imagine my surprise when I met Ivan Semyonovich—a puny little grey-haired old man. He was quick to notice my embarrassment and read my thoughts. ‘Yes,’ he said, a little defiantly. ‘I am sixty-four years old and retired on a pension. I used to be a house-painter.’

It appears that when war was declared he went to his house committee and presented the following document which he had composed himself:

> In view of the scoundrelly attack of Hitler’s gang on our Socialist fatherland of working people, I declare myself mobilized until the final annihilation of the Fascist abomination.

> We undertake to fulfill all obligations in the defence of houses from air attack.

(Signed) Ivan Semyonovich Fedoseyev.

June 22, 1941.

Then he got busy. He collected fire equipment. He collected people to use it. He showed the people how to work the equipment. I asked him how he did it all.

> ‘It’s a question of the right approach,’ he said, twirling his grey moustache. ‘That’s what you need in dealing with people. For instance, we had one chap in our house, a very respectable citizen—yes, you should see his grand whiskers—but full of the wrong ideas.

> ‘As soon as it got dark he used to make a bee-line for the air-raid shelter. Never mind, I thought to myself, I’ll cure him. I tipped off the women in the shelter—and they knew what to do. They gave it to him good and proper. Pretty soon he came skulking along. ‘Ivan Semyonovich,’ he says, ‘for goodness’ sake give me something to do. Those women will be the death of me.’ Well, now he’s manning a hose at the top of the block as brave as they make them. That’s the right approach for you.’

So we went up on the roof. I realized then that the roof was to Ivan Semyonovich like a ship’s bridge is to the captain. Everything was in ship-shape order—spades, axes, hooks, fire-tongs, piles of sand, fire-hoses and stirrup-pumps.

His eye landed on an empty bucket. ‘How’s Sasha—what is this?’ ‘Plenty of time to fill it before nightfall,’ said Sasha.

‘That’s what you say. And supposing the sirens go this minute, . . . what then? Go on with it, lad!’

Advising, prompting, scolding—he kept everyone busy and happy. Talkative, full of jokes and good cheer—that’s the captain of this A.R.P. group. He walked about the roof as he talked to me, twirling his moustache, waving his arms and paying no attention to me whatever. I might have fallen over the edge and the captain would still go on talking.

When I sat down he took this for a sign of weakness. ‘Feeling a little tired,’ he said. ‘I’ll drop in. It’s late—hours of your youth. When you reach my age you’ll have more strength and experience. Who knows—you might even be appointed an A.R.P. chief!***

Always a Cheery Word

I heard afterwards how during a raid he had worked all night, going from point to point, helping wherever the danger was greatest. Always a cheery word of encouragement. No wonder the people in his team are so fond of him. When one of his men was burned on the face he helped to tend him. ‘There’ll be a red mark there,’ the man said.


> ‘I can’t see any red mark. Nonsense, man—you’re handsomer than ever.’

When I left this unheroic-looking, sixty-four-year-old hero, I mentioned that I intended to write something about him in the papers. He beamed with pleasure.

> ‘Now that’s fine,’ he said. ‘That’s what I call the right approach.’ Coming closer to me, he added in a confidential whisper. ‘You can’t imagine how nice it is to read about you’self in the papers. Gives you a real thrill.’

So here is a little testimonial to one of the many Muscovites, old or young, man or woman, who have wrung out of obscurity into the front line of battle—the battle against the fire-bomb and the high-explosive. In Moscow, as in London, the Ordinary Man is doing his bit.
Happened to be reading the most illuminative thing I've ever read about R. L. S. Eliot's essay with which he prefaces A Choice of Kipling's Verse, when the six o'clock news was turned on and this is Wilfred Pickering it... or words to that effect. We have withdrawn from Moulmein... I'd heard enough for the moment. Turned to page 187 and read, for possibly the 187th time, Mandaly:

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea,
There's a Burman girl a-sittin', and I know she thinks of me;
For the wind in is palm-trees, and the temple bells they say,
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

What memories these words awaken! First read and re-read in the nineties... Franklin Cleve, in that rich bass of his, now so long mute, singing the song time and again at the old Savage Club to a noble tune composed by a Brother Savage... somebody later setting it anew (as somebody always will) to a tune that seemed to destroy its rhythm and could not be listened to by those of us who were caught by the first setting... One is tempted to ask how Kipling would have reacted to the events now happening in the East. A vain thought, perhaps, for it would not have been the Kipling of Barrack Room Ballads who would have made "great verse" of them. That is her of enthusiasm, which inspired our prophet of empire in his early spontaneous poetry, is a stuff that does not endure. Perhaps the events of our strange new times are too great ever for great poetry. They seem to have overwhelmed the imagination of our best living poets.

More than once I have expressed my disappointment at the extent to which the horse is still being used in war. The thoroughness with which British cavalry and the R.H.A. had been mechanized was, no doubt, the reason for my hoping that this innocent victims of Man's inhumanity would be less involved in this last great killing time. But the use being made of them in the German Polish, Russian, Italian, Yugoslavian and other arms has shown now unfounded was my hope. While I can rejoice wholeheartedly in the killing of Germans, I do not doubt that their Fuchser holds them as low in esteem as the Kaiser who dubbed them cannon fodder, I hate to think of the horses they are sacrificing, for whom I feel equal sympathy with the Russian horses that are doomed to slaughter in the defence of our Soviet allies. The swift death of any creature, man or beast, by bullet or bomb, manner how horrific the mind is the prolonged agony that has to be borne by the mangled bodies on the battlefields before mortal death arrives. The Russian loves his horse just as the British soldier makes a chum of his mount, whereas to the dehumanized Hitler-bred soldier the horse is merely a horse as work and while the Italian and the Spaniard are traditionally and instinctively cruel to their animals.

Only recently I realized that a considerable proportion of the horses used by the Nazis are Irish-bred. Thanks to a young Irish girl, who is a keen lover of horses and writes me most surprising letters from time to time, I have been put wise in this regard. She tells me, for instance, that four members of the German Jumping Team who attended the Dublin Horse Show in August 1939 arrived some months earlier in Eire and were frank enough to admit to a reporter of The Cork Examiner that they were buying up horses for the Nazi army. Rittmeister Brickmann, one of the team, told a relative of hers at the show that they had to round up their purchases and get them shipped to Germany before the end of the following week, which, as she points out, would just allow these Irish horses to get to Germany one week before Hitler decided to put a stop and cavalry remounts. The concluding paragraph of the article in Riding (it was written by Mr. Eric Hardy, F.Z.S.) is worth reprinting in this connexon:

For the last few years the Germans have been buying horses and have added mechanized infantry to each regiment of foot, and stocky Norwegian-bred pack-horses are being imported for mountain warfare. Many of these horses are now in the march into Austria. She is also relying upon them in the event of a long war and shortage of motor fuels. The British Army has two regiments of regular cavalry, besides those of the Household, as sufficient! The Swiss, like the French, are using cavalry in their mechanized troops, but the British Army's almost complete discarding of the horse has caused amazement abroad. Are we still not be called upon to fight in hill country?

I hope that I am not lacking in humour, but I often wonder why some of the Government appeals to common sense and common decency are so designed and worded as to suggest that the masses of the public are nitwits or cretins. If it is necessary to spend large sums and valuable time of artists and technicians in producing posters warning people not to sneeze in another's faces, not to tear off the protective netting on buses and trains, not to walk off fast travelling transport in the black-out, not, in fact, to behave like lunatics or worse, one is forced to wonder whether education is of the slightest use. That some people destroy the netting applied to glass for their protection is obvious to any traveller, but I am inclined to think that a heavy fine or term of imprisonment would be far more effective and economic than a poster widely circulated at a time when there is supposed to be a paper famine. I have been impressed by these general reflections on the resilience of the herd, and they are certainly not true of the majority of Britons. If they were, our plight would indeed be hopeless. Humour and wit are aids to the strain and fatigue of life at all times, but they are worthy of better subjects than criminal idiocy or foul manners which need a drastic cure or correction and not a semi-sym pathetic guffaw.

"Borrowing" grows apace. One of the later developments is the pinching of hotel reading-room periodicals by guests to a piano player who is a waiter at a West End hotel yesterday that, although I had often seen the weekly illustrated lying on the hall porter's counter, he had boldly stamped the hotel name, and ready for placing in the reading-room, it was months since I had found any one of them on the table. I have also come across copies of Plumber's Record, Chamber of Commerce Journal, Undertakers Gazette, which I have only been able to get, and such-like, "sir," said he, "these are never, never taken away, but The Tatler, Sketch, Illustrated London News, Sphere, and Punch usually disappear at the same time as the same reading-room table. Sometimes we are lucky enough to find one or other of them in a bedroom. Thus scarcity makes bootless, of us six, in our hotel restaurant now unless you have committed it to the care of the cloak-room attendant.

to this lunacy" in Poland. "Anything," she goes on, "I saw in an Irish paper, about a week after war was declared, that the last of the 10,000 horses bought by these Germans in this country had arrived at Hamburg. The last one disembarked was a fine grey mare, bought at Clonmel Fair, and the Germans had painted 'Clonmel' on her side in green letters."