THE PACK HORSE still has a place in modern warfare. Recently Northern Command's Pack Transport Company has taken part in some important exercises when this photograph was taken. This Company's work is to carry supplies and ammunition for the infantry over country where wheeled transport is impossible. Each horse carries 128 lb, and a Company can carry twenty-seven tons of supplies. Many of the horses belonging to the unit were well-known hunters before the war, and some of them are International Show jumpers.

Photo, Planet News
The full horror of the French debacle is now emerging. In the summer and autumn the Allies of France had not envisaged the ultimate abdication which faces them today: a France at the mercy of the lowest created thing her changeful history has ever brought to prominence and power. Such blood-thirsty men as Fauré and Édouard Herriot and Marat had at least the redeeming virtues of enthusiasm for the republic and genuine antagonism to the oppressors of the people; qualities that not so long ago were recognized and are now applauded in the pioneers of the Soviet Republics of Russia. But this sewer rat who, by a cruel twist of fate and by long connivance with the ruthless enemies of his country, has come to exercise under Hitler tyrannical power for evil over his hapless fellow countrymen, is utterly devoid of all those ideals of public good that have ever made men do evil that good may come: his whole career has been marked by a callous indifference to every prompting of patriotism; he has been completely devoted to his own personal interests and ambitions.

Time was when the name of Laval had honour in France. The seigneurs and counts of Laval were great figures in feudal times, an André de Laval was Marshal of France in the heroic day of Joan of Arc. Quebec has its Laval University as a memorial of the devoted bishop who fathered so well the early colonists when the Count de Frontenac held the town against the English attacks. But for generations to come this name will connote to France and to all the world besides everything vile, perverse, abominable. Even the historic, castled town of Laval in Brittany may be tempted yet to re-christen itself when the infamy that is about to be brought upon France by the scoundrel who bears its name will have obscured for ever what of honour its tradition retained.

For, make no mistake about it, France under this vile quisling is going to plumb the deepest depths of shame. His elevation to power at the hands of Hitler is the first desperate success of the Third Spring Offensive.

To know something of the villain of the piece makes possible a shrewd guess at the dénouement of the drama, and Laval’s life of political and social crime has been mercilessly laid bare by one who has known him intimately through his whole tortuous career, M. Henry Torrès, whose life-story of Laval I reviewed in page 672 of The War Illustrated, and to which I shall here return for some forceful phrases.

Whatever we may think of Hitler and Mussolini, with whom Laval will now play third fiddle in their devil’s orchestra, both of them are immeasurably his superiors, not merely in organized power but in personal character. They at least, however wildly mistaken in their ideals of national progress and in their political ideologies, however bloodthirsty in their methods, started with the notion of devoting their personal talents to the aggrandisement of their respective nations.

Never for one moment of Laval’s life has he been influenced by such grandiose notions. Because his country had attained to imperial grandeur while he was still a dirty little boy listening to the vicous vapourings of his father’s customers in the miserable bistro attached to the paternal butcher’s shop at Châtelmon in Auvergne (only a little way from Vichy and but little farther from Riom where his later career was to find its landmarks), because France was imperially great and politically rotting the mind of this repulsive Auvergnat peasant had no ficker of patriotic impulse such as undoubtedly imbued both Mussolini and Hitler, but only the impulse to enrich himself at his country’s expense.

To this one end he applied his high endowment of low cunning, first to local politics in Aubervilliers, that industrial outer suburb of Paris, where a pretense of sympathy with the trade-unionsists, the socialists, and the poor, won him the support of the toilers and established him for years as mayor or political boss, whence progress to the Chamber of Deputies and thence to the Senate was effected by intrigue and a beguiling tongue. Almost devoid of education, his capacity for humbug was phenomenal. With a knowledge of law such as could have been acquired from an elementary textbook he worked up an extensive practice as a “poor man’s lawyer,” his tricky and ingenious mind and his complete lack of scruple being of much greater value to him than years of legal studies.

He was socialist deputy for the Seine at the beginning of the War of 1914, and there is no record of him contributing one day’s energy towards the victory. There is, on the contrary, overwhelming evidence of his defeatism. As a deputy he was immune from service in the trenches (his age was thirty-one), although many of his colleagues refused to take advantage of this provision and died fighting the invader. Laval pleaded his varicose veins! There is an historic utterance of his in the Chamber on Jan. 21, 1917. "Without Russia we would not have been at war. Russia betrayed France. Long live France! Down with Russia!"

By the same process of reasoning and with far more justification some British M.P. might stand up today and exclaim: "Without France we would not have been at war. France betrayed Britain. Long live Britain! Down with France!"

But during, and immediately after, the war Laval the defeatist was busy making useful contacts with crafty collaborators and intended victims, making big money from shady transactions with rogues in high finance, and slyly edging away from his pretended sympathies with the poor and oppressed, so that ten years later he was a self-styled Independent and as such became Senator for the Seine in 1926. The dirty little peasant from the mean little pub at Châtelmon was planting his feet on what M. Torrès calls "the footstools of power," for he had been Minister of Public Works in 1925 and was now Minister of Justice, shamelessly misusing his power in both offices.

In the incessant shuffling and re-shuffling of the French political groups his genius for intrigue had brought him by 1931 to the position of Premier and Foreign Minister, and with vast portals, darkly secured (he had been deep in the great Stavisky swindle of 1929 but wriggled free with his gangster cunning), and a venal press at his command, his course for further profitable adventure in politics and finance was full set. He was not only Prime Minister but he was head of a gang: it was as though Boss Croker of tainted Tammany memory, having attained to the mayorality of New York had become U.S. Secretary of State.

Foreign Minister again in 1934, he was Premier as well as Foreign Minister in 1935-36, when he and the Dark have become thick as thieves and the abortive Laval-Hoare pact was a by-product of their friendship, while the Franco-Soviet pact (which he had signed with no intention of observing it) proved one of the factors in ending for Germany the presidency in the next year, as Germany found in it no obstacle, but rather a pretence, for denouncing Locarno on March 7, 1936, and reoccupying the Rhineland.

With the fall of his Ministry in 1936 he and his fellow defeatist Brinon, mainly through their control of important newspapers, carried on their insidious campaign for an "understanding" with the Nazis. "With Italian assistance," says M. Torrès, "he continued to work for a policy of Franco-German collaboration in which France was to play the part of a vassal state." And today, just six years later, he finds himself the active head of this vassal state. What a dark romance of history is here!

Perhaps its most dramatic moment came in the confusion of June 1940, when he reappeared in the flight to Bordeaux as
the tried and trusted friend of Germany and Italy, as one who had given hostages to the enemy in years of covert and overt collaboration and was to be associated with Pétain at the burial of the Third Republic. M. Lebrun, President of France, no genius, no heroic figure, but a man not devoid of courage, was prepared to leave for Morocco at the head of a Parliamentary delegation which he, by virtue of his office, had named. The ship was ready to convey them, but Laval went to Lebrun and warned him: "If you leave this French soil you will never set foot on it again." And the cowardly defeatist prevailed: the one great chance of a regenerated France was lost: the traitor had triumphed.

Pétain's hatred of the man, due less to natural repulsion from a loathsome personality than to his own senile self-conceit, soon relieved the subsequent Vichy government of its most sinister personality, whose ultimate triumph over the vain old man is now complete, and will be merciless. Writing in the spring of last year M. Torrès concluded his scathing exposure of Laval's evil life with these words:

"Today the traitor is in Paris, surrounded by his old gang — Détat, Doriot, Eugène Deloncle (chief of the Hooded Men), Jean Goy, Jean Luchaire, Jean Fontenoy, all of them vultures who were able to spread their wings only over the charnel-house of defeat. He is also surrounded by the curses of the people of Paris, unanimous in their hatred for him and in their faith in the liberation of France by a victory of the Allies. His sinister figure still stands out against the background of all the events which mark his 90 seconds' broadcast to the Vassal French on April 19. He had the dishonesty to assert that Laval had been his coadjutor in founding the new Order which was to assure the rebirth of France" (an honour from which he took the earliest opportunity of dissociating him) and that now "at a moment as decisive as June 1940" he "finds himself" (note those words) "associated with him once more to continue the task of national recovery."

The raw truth is that this old man is militarily and politically dead, but he just won't lie down. He is content to be used by Hitler via Laval as a symbol of a France that for the time being is voiceless at home and whose spirit finds release only in the words and deeds of De Gaulle and the Fighting French.

From every point of view the situation is tragic: one of history's ghastliest tragedies. We have now to face a France reorganizing for Anti-Allied effort, a France that is being forced to work for the Nazis and is almost certainly going to be made to fight against her former and still faithful allies. Almost more menacing than Laval at the helm of a storm-tossed ship of state is Darlan in command of the Armed Forces of the so-called French Empire. He is no less anti-British than the new head of the Government. A small-minded man, like Pétain a prey to personal jealousies, and anxious only to stand in with the side which he hopes will win the War, Darlan is as much our enemy as Goering or Raeder and will not scruple to use the French fleet against the Allies when his Nazi masters command him. The hope of France in that event lies in the sturdy Breton sailors who may have a word to say when the order is given.

Meanwhile, the only change in the situation is that Vichy France now comes into the open as an enemy country, which it has been de facto since its Syrian forces fought the British in the middle of 1941; since it opened the way for Japanese aggression by the surrender of Indo-China the year before, since it began deliberate cooperation with the Nazis in North and West Africa, and aided in every way short of actual fighting the preparation and progress of General Rommel's attack on Egypt, which was based not only on Italian Tripoli but also upon French Tunisia with its ports of Bizerta, Sfax, and Gabes and its coastal roads and railway to Tripoli. Whatever the feasible Pétain dictatorship may have been the Laval-Vichy Government is now an avowedly hostile Government. Laval, in his new capacity of German gauleiter, has categorically declared Britain as the enemy and accused this country of having dragged France unwillingly into the War. Britain and her Allies must now face all the implications of that fact; and hostility by air, by land and sea as part and parcel of Hitler's new Western offensive. J. A. Hammerton
Retreat Through Burma: Fighting All the Way

"The stubborn resistance," said General Wavell in his broadcast from Delhi on April 21, "that the tired and heroic defenders of Burma are putting up after four months of fighting, almost without rest or relief and in most difficult conditions, against superior numbers, is proof of the quality of our men."

WHEN Rangoon's fall was imminent the garrison marched out to fight their way along the road and railway to Prome and Mandalay. Their withdrawal was hampered at every step by rapidly increasing enemy forces, and the march tested the men's physical endurance to the utmost. The situation was grave in the extreme; the danger of a complete collapse of British resistance within Burma had drawn very near. At Rangoon and at Pegu, fifty miles to the north-east, the Japanese were making great efforts. But on March 7 the situation was retrieved, if only for the time being, by a mere handful of British troops. At Pegu the Hussars (light tanks) smashed the ring which the Japanese had drawn about them, while the Rangoon garrison, with the Gloucesters in the front, fiercely attacked a road block which the enemy had contrived at Taikkyan.

Tawkyan had been converted into an improvised fortress; but the Gloucesters, despite their inadequate artillery support and the enemy's superiority in the air, pushed relentlessly up the road, pursuing the Japanese from cover to cover. That night the survivors of a badly thinned battalion slept in the heart of the enemy's defences. Next day the attack was renewed at dawn, and the garrison broke through. This battle of Taikkyan-Pegu was on a small scale, but it was fought for a great prize; had the Japanese won, Burma would have been lost to Britain straight away. Moreover, it was the first defeat inflicted on the Japanese army. The Gloucesters, on whom fell the heaviest losses, shared the honours of the day with the Hussars, a squadron of the Royal Armoured Corps, the Frontier Force Rifles from the Punjab, two anti-tank batteries and some field artillery.

The retreat continued northward. On March 19 the Gloucesters were in action again at Letpadan, halfway from Rangoon to Prome; in a spirited little engagement they killed and wounded nearly a hundred of the enemy, and rescued seven officers and men of the Gurkha Rifles who had been taken prisoner. Ten days later, when the British force had almost completed its withdrawal to Prome, the Gloucesters turned as bayonet against again and surprised and mopped down the Japanese advance guard which had rushed headlong into the village of Pauke.

Now it was decided to deliver a counter-stroke and Pauke was selected as the target. After they had occupied it in triumph, the Japanese were driven out of the town by the Hussars, supported by the Gloucesters, the Worcesters and the Camerons. One enemy battalion took refuge in the jungle, only to be ringed round by the British and wiped out with relentless precision by tommy-guns, bombs and bayonets. This brilliant little affair disrupted the Japanese plans for the swift encirclement of Prome. But the British force at Pauke was in an enviable position, since the Japanese vanguard had succeeded in by-passing the town and had reached Shwedawng, where the road to Prome touches the Irrawaddy, and had there established a succession of road blocks, which effectively separated the British spearhead at Pauke from the main body at Prome. The Japanese engineers, in spite of the hostile attitude of the Japanese engineers, in spite of the possible defences of the ground; moreover, they were being effectively aided by a considerable crossing near Shwedawng. In this one brush alone three hundred Burmese disloyalists were killed, and another seventy captured.

When the British at Prome realized the plight of the little force cut off at Pauke in a counter-attack by air was planned. But before it could be mounted the troops at Pauke—Hussars, West Yorks., Duke of Wellingtons, Gloucesters, Camerons and Frontier Force—decided to make their own extirpation. Hard fighting went on for many hours; when a number of strong points had fallen into their hands of stubbornly held defences had been pierced, the British paused for a breather and, to reorganize forward, and by the evening of March 30 the Japanese barrier had been overrun and the remnants of the 36th Division were in Prome to resume the struggle.

But their stay in Prome was short. Japanese strength grew from day to day, from hour to hour even. On the evening of Wednesday, April 1, the British covering force in Prome was attacked by the enemy in considerable strength, and their advance towards the Inle Road was stopped. After much hard fighting, the British moved back to their fresh covering positions north of Prome early on April 2. They had, however, with the exception of the Burmese in the columns, made their way to well as the columns crossed the Irrawaddy, and the Japanese pressure was successfully withstood.

Fighting went well enough continuous, and every now and again developed into local battles. Thus on April 11 there was a fierce struggle south-west of Taungwawngyi, and other enemy columns were engaged as they advanced up the main road from Sinbaungwe; the same communiqué gave news of successful actions fought by a detachment of the Royal Marines in the Irrawaddy during the withdrawal of our forces from Prome. Two days later it was announced that the British had established positions near Mohnyin, covered by the 7th Light Infantry, and were ready to take arms against us. But the withdrawal continued, and the Japanese pressure was successfully withstood.

Number of Burmese, so numerous—the figure of four thousand was mentioned—as to constitute a Burmese army.

These Burmese, reported William Munday, of the News Chronicle, the only war correspondent in that front line, fought with fanatical fury, being imbued with the belief that the charms they wore, and the "oath water" they had drunk in swearing allegiance, made them immune to bullets. Spursed on by Japanese officers who remained in the background, the Burmese in their uniforms of the British Army, the Duke of Yorks. and the New Yorks. were driven down in hundreds as they threw themselves on to the British bayonets and into the path of rifle and Tommy-gun fire. Few of them could have retained their belief in their oaths and potions when the Indians of the Frontier Force hurled themselves upon them at a river
Friend & Foe On India’s Doorstep

Japanese soldiers and Burmese before the reclining statue of Buddha at Pegu, Burma, after the Japanese had occupied the town (above left). Lieut.-Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, of the U.S. Army (right), commanding the Chinese Forces in Burma (see text panel below).

UNITED STATES military representative in China and Commander of the Chinese in Burma, Lieut.-Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, is particularly qualified for his post. He has seen fifteen years' military service in the Far East and is a fluent speaker of several Chinese dialects.

Gen. Stilwell, born in 1883, passed out of West Point Military Academy when he was 21 and joined the 12th Infantry in the Philippines. During his military career Gen. Stilwell has had two periods of service in the Philippines and three later and longer periods in Peking and Tientsin, where he studied Chinese, commanded troops and learned to understand the Chinese mind as few Westerners have done, winning the confidence and affection of the Chinese leaders, who hold him in high regard.

During the last war Gen. Stilwell served with the British 52nd Division, the French 17th Corps, the American 2nd and 4th Corps, and at United States General Headquarters. For his part in the chief attacks made by the American army, against the St. Mihiel salient and in the Woerhe, he was awarded the United States Distinguished Service Medal. The chief characteristics of his work are said to be ingenuity, exactitude and persistence.

Chinese General Officer commanding a formation in Burma, with a British officer (above left). The forest of derricks in the great Burmese oilfield at Yenangyaung (right). Installations were destroyed before the British withdrawal.

Above, women and children seeking shade under the wing of an R.A.F. aircraft on a Burmese aerodrome while waiting to be evacuated by air. Map, the Burmese battlefront showing the Japanese thrusts (black arrows) against the British-Chinese positions in Upper Burma.

Photos: British Official, Wide World, Sport & General. Map by Courtesy of The Daily Express
Behind the American Lines in Bataan

BATAAN finally fell because sickness struck down the brave defenders whom the Japanese had been unable to conquer. Lt.-Col. William Kennard, a doctor attached to the American Air Forces in the Philippines, has told the story of how, night after night during the month before Bataan fell, four ancient aeroplanes known as "the bamboo fleet" braved Japanese fighters to carry badly needed medical supplies to the troops on the peninsula.

Ten days before the collapse a very high percentage of the troops in the front line were down with malaria. "Sometimes," said Kennard, "30 or 40 per cent of the front-line men were lying on their bunks. They were treated as well as possible and returned immediately to fight at a point where other men had fallen out ill. Actual war casualties were kept at a minimum during the last two or three months, but the number of disease victims climbed. Hospitals and field medical units did excellent work, but were handicapped by the lack of drugs." That is the real answer to the question, "Why did Bataan fall?"
From Australia to the Philippines and Back

FLYING FORTRESS is the name given to the gigantic Boeing B-17 four-engine bombers, some of which took part in the recent remarkable raid from Australia to the Philippines (see page 668). These aircraft have also inflicted great damage on Japanese shipping and airfields in New Guinea.

The Flying Fortress is an all-metal mid-wing monoplane, with a wing span of 103 feet 9 in. and a length of 67 feet 10 in. Its range is from 2,000 to 3,000 miles according to load and it has a speed of 300 m.p.h. at 14,000 feet. It has a very high service ceiling. Driven by four Wright Cyclone engines of about 1,200 h.p. each, it can carry a very heavy bomb load.

Operating the Boeing: (A) Front gunner and bomb-aimer. (B) Pilot and second pilot's place. (C) Wireless operator. (D) Navigator's table. An engineer also has a place, but this is not shown. (E) Rear upper gun position. (F) Rear lower gun position. (G) Port and starboard gun positions in "blinders" on the side of the fuselage. The bombs can be seen in the hatches, ready to be released. The Norden sight used by the Americans for bomb-aiming is extremely accurate.

Japanese Machines. Seen attacking from below is the Japanese version of the Heinkel 112 single-seat fighter. It is armed with two cannon (H) and two machine-guns (I) synchronized to fire through the propeller disk. The 910 h.p. Mercedes-Benz engine gives a maximum speed of 350 m.p.h. at 12,300 ft.

Damaged on the ground can be seen several Japanese long-range bombers of the Mitsubishi T-97 type. These aircraft are driven by two Kissa 14-cylinder radials of 675 h.p., have a speed of 220 m.p.h., and a defensive armament which usually consists of seven 77 mm. machine-guns.

Specially drawn for The War Illustrated by Haworth
Bombs on the Japanese: America Hits Back

"Just a sample of what Tokyo and the Japs everywhere are going to get," said the leader of one of the flights of American bombers which went to the Philippines in mid-April. The very next week-end bombs did actually fall on Tokyo. Both of these dramatic and heartening occurrences are described below.

At 10.30 that Saturday morning (April 11) thirteen heavy American bombers—three were four-engine Flying Fortresses and ten were twin-engine B.25s—took off from an Australian aerodrome on a 2,000-mile flight to the Philippines. Their leader was Brig.-Gen. Ralph Royce, Chief of Staff to General Brett, Commander of the Allied Air Forces in Australia.

Flying throughout the day across enemy-infested seas and islands, the squadrons reached the Philippines before dark, but night had fallen when they landed at an aerodrome hidden in the bush in territory still under American control. Here comrades were ready to receive them with stocks of bombs, spares and petrol. Here, too—or at least within easy reach—were American fighter planes; one of these on several occasions was sent up against the Jap bombers, and it accounted for two of them.

But for some hours after their arrival the American bombers had the air to themselves, so hard did the Japanese find it to believe that a powerful air striking force was within reach of their bases in the Philippines. But on Sunday morning they learnt of that fact to their cost. First, the heavy bombers took off and flew towards Manila; they sank one enemy transport near Batangus, but were unsuccessful in their search for Japanese warships near Corregidor. So they flew on and dropped a stick of bombs on the aerodrome of Nichols Field, destroying hangars and damaging runways. The same morning the medium bombers attacked transports and escorting vessels at Cebu, and in the afternoon their attention was divided between Cebu and Davao. The next morning transports and installations at these two places were bombed again; enemy planes were shot down and ships sunk, and the bombers also smashed up Japanese troop reserves which were just about to deliver a counter-attack against the American air arm at Davao.

"Our raids threw the Japanese into a terrific panic," said General Royce on his return. "Imagine their amazement at the sudden appearance of a big bunch of bombers, which lose everything they had on them. They did not know where the bombers came from, and their radio used up the ether all day Sunday, trying to find from where we came and a means of stopping us." At last a Japanese reconnaissance plane—"Photo Joe," the Americans nicknamed him—spotted one of the Flying Fortresses. Dive-bombers began to come over in twos and threes, and one got a direct hit on a Fortress.

After two days in the Philippines the American aircraft took off on Tuesday and returned without mishap to their base in Australia. They took back with them 45 passengers—34 army men and key civilians from Bataan, Corregidor and other districts, who managed to escape under the very noses of the Japanese, and eleven of the personnel of one of the Fortresses, which was the only casualty of the operation.

Ten minutes ahead of schedule time General Royce's bomber landed on the blacked-out airfield on April 15. As the General emerged, Maj.-Gen. Rush Lincoln, Chief of the U.S. Air Corps, hastened to congratulate him and to hand him, on President Roosevelt's instructions, the Distinguished Flying Cross. "He has demonstrated to the highest degree the spirit of offensive action," said General Brett, in an announcement concerning the raid; "he took the fight into enemy territory, and created dismay and destruction at a time most important to our forces, and he has returned." The same decoration, "for heroism and extraordinary achievement in an aerial flight against an armed enemy," was also conferred on Lt.-Col. J. H. Davies and Capt. Frank P. Bostrom, two of the flight commanders.

Tokyo's Baptism of Fire

Only a few days after this successful foray against the Japanese in the Philippines, the Americans struck again—but this time at the seat of Japanese power. "Shortly after noon today," said a broadcast from Tokyo on Saturday, April 18, "enemy bombers appeared over Tokyo, inflicting damage on schools and hospitals." Later statements added that Yokohama had been attacked at the same time as Tokyo, while two hours later Nagoya and Kobe were also raided, and alerts were sounded in Osaka and Kyoto. These would seem to be all the ascertained facts; for the rest the story is one of confused enemy reports to which the Americans were careful to add nothing.

First, the Japanese claimed to have shot down three of the raiders, then it was nine; a little later the number was reduced to one—a solitary plane which landed in the mountains of central Japan, its crew of five being taken prisoners. Nor was it clear whence the planes had come. Tokyo asserted that they were flown from aircraft-carriers, three of which (it was stated) had appeared off the eastern coast of Japan, but had fled without approaching Japanese shores. One, it was reported without confirmation, was sunk. But it was further stated that the hostile planes were North American B.25 bombers—and these planes are not generally used by the U.S. Navy. But some support for the theory that carrier-based planes were used came from Chungking, where it was stated that the planes had arrived safely at their destination, wherever that might be. Then Moscow announced that an American plane which, so its crew asserted, had taken part in the raid on Tokyo, had landed at Khabarovsk in Soviet territory.

What of the results of the raid? Here, too, the reports were confusing. At first Tokyo tried to minimize the matter, but this did not go well with a statement attributed to Mr. Shigemitsu: "The British," said the former Japanese Ambassador in London, "have endured deluges of bombs for more than two full years. If we lose our composure, the Americans and British will clap their hands and laugh at us. Compared with the German raids on London, today's raid would not even be worth mentioning as an air raid."
Where the First Bombs Dropped on Japan

Top, modern buildings in the heart of Tokyo, capital of Japan, and one of the Japanese cities raided on April 18. Above, U.S. Army B-25 bombers; Tokyo reported that planes of this type were used in the raid on the Jap capital. Left, map of Japan, showing important targets and flying distances.

Photos, Sport & General, Planet News. Map, The Star
Our Searchlight on the War

HITLER'S ERSATZ ARMY

"You'll think I'm prejudiced, perhaps—just being sentimental about the 'good old days,' as we're inclined to be at 55. But I do honestly think the fathers were better soldiers. Hitler has ruined the German army."—Lieut.-General ROKOSOVSKY, in an interview with the Soviet War News

true military virtue in it, and this he explains is due to the character, or rather lack of character, of their leaders. Here is an important but little realized fact. Hitler's continual boasts about his soldierly qualities and war service in 1914-18 are nauseating, for he was never a soldier by nature. He was and still is the political gangster, and whatever talents he possesses are founded on vicious instincts. His genius is not for military strategy but for treachery, and this is the weapon which has placed him where he is. Treachery and true courage can never blend, and those who employ treachery corrupt all men who follow them. The German army, no doubt, is physically and mechanically strong, but it is devoid of those moral qualities upon which victory depends.

TIME'S REVENGE

A bust of Lenin has recently been placed in Halford Square, London, opposite the house where the founder of the Russian revolution lived during 1902-3.

FOURTY years ago an anonymous Russian political refugee might have seen going and coming to his modest room in Clerkenwell. Nobody at that time imagined that this middle-class intellectual with the Mongolian face was to destroy the vast continent of Russia, and influence the human mind to a universal degree. Lenin was an opportunist of genius, a master organizer. In permitting him to travel through Germany in 1917 to lead the revolt which brought Tsarist Russia out of the war, Germany unwittingly laid the foundations of Sovietism. For Germany's war of revenge it would have been better had she tried to bolster up the effete and corrupt system of Tsardom. Hitler's in-}

RAILWAY POLICEMAN, Miss Phyllis Piper, the first to be appointed in England, in her new uniform on her first day of duty. She was formerly in the I.N.E.R. offices.

FOOD FOR GREECE. Archbishop Athenagoras, head of the Greek Orthodox Churches in the U.S.A. and Canada, blessing food aboard the Swedish ship Sicilia bound from New York for Greece with her mercy cargo.

FOOD FOR GREECE. Archbishop Athenagoras, head of the Greek Orthodox Churches in the U.S.A. and Canada, blessing food aboard the Swedish ship Sicilia bound from New York for Greece with her mercy cargo.
When Our Raiders Swooped on Rommel

DESERT RAID on Rommel's lines in the Western Desert. Above, the raiding party, with vehicles kept well apart to prevent loss of a target, moves off at dawn. Circle right, men take cover as an enemy plane spots and tries to bomb them.

Left, one of the British 2-pounder guns accompanying the raiding party firing at enemy motor transport. Concussion causes the dust to rise in clouds. Above, a German wireless truck, one of the many enemy vehicles set on fire by British guns.

Above, British officers evolve a plan to reduce an enemy strong point. Right, the plan has succeeded and prisoners are shepherded back.

GERMAN TANK, captured during the raid, taken away for examination. Right, a trio of prisoners, exhausted after their experiences at the hands of the British raiders, fall asleep on reaching British lines.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright
BREITSTRASSE, LUBECK, showing the devastation caused by the R.A.F. raid on the German Baltic port on the night of March 28. This photograph was published in the Hamburger Fremdenblatt, which fulminated against the "savagery" of the British, having conveniently forgotten the manner in which the Germans had formerly gloated over the "Conventation" of British cities. An aerial photograph of the raid on Lubeck, taken from an R.A.F. plane, is given in page 665.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright
Augsburg—'This Memorable Feat of Arms'

On April 17 R.A.F. Bomber Command delivered a daylight attack on a vital war factory at Augsburg in the heart of Germany. Here we tell of this most daring enterprise, and also of the R.A.F.'s rapidly increasing offensive in Western Europe.

AUGSBURG, the famous old Bavarian city thirty-five miles to the north-west of Munich, is also one of the most important industrial centres of Hitler’s Reich. Among its many factories is one where half the Diesel engines used by the German submarine fleet are made; and it was this factory—the M.A.N. (Maschinenfabrik Augsburg Nürnberg)—in the outskirts which was made the target of the R.A.F. on April 17.

Round about 3 in the afternoon a force of twelve Lancaster bombers, consisting of four sections led by Sqn.-Ldr. J. S. Sherwood, D.F.C. (No. 97 Squadron), Sqn.-Ldr. J. D. Nettleton (No. 44 "Rhodesia" Squadron), Flt.-Lt. D. J. Penman, D.F.C., and Flt.-Lt. R. R. Sandford, took off for their eleven hundred miles’ flight there and back. Hardly had they got across the Channel when Nettleton’s formation was fiercely engaged by enemy fighters, and four of his six bombers were shot down south of Zeebrugge. But, however, there was no fighter opposition, and the force pressed on through a cloudless sky.

For most of the way they flew low, lurching for hundreds of miles through enemy territory. They did so because going low is very much safer for the bomber, since ack-ack guns are hard put to it to shoot at a target so near the ground, while the belly of the machine, the most vulnerable part of a bomber, is not exposed to fighter fire.

At about 6.20 p.m. they were flying along the shores of Lake Constance. ‘First came two,’ said an astounded eye-witness on the German-Swiss frontier. ‘Right down the middle of the Rhine; a few hundred yards behind them were the six others. I could hardly believe my eyes. In Constance the sirens began to scream only after the first two bombers were over the town. Not one shot was fired. It took everyone completely by surprise that the British should dare to come in broad daylight.’

Shortly after 8 o’clock the eight Lancasters came in sight of their target. Augsburg is a notoriously easy place to pick out from the air; and, said the rear-gunner of the aircraft piloted by Flt.-Lt. Penman, who was leading the last section, ‘You could not mistake the Diesel engine sheds; they were as big as hangars on an aerodrome.’ All the aircraft bombed from a low level, two diving to two hundred feet, and heavy bombs were seen to burst on the target. Before we dropped our bombs I could see large bomb holes in the sheds,’ said the rear-gunner just quoted, ‘... and sent down. My own rear gunners found their turrets had jammed; they had been working them, probably, so fast that they had become white-hot. When the Germans had given us all they had we found only two of us were left. By then we were almost defenceless, but their fighters gave up—probably they were running out of ammunition. After that we had no more trouble until we reached the target. We swept across France and skirted the border of Switzerland into Germany. I pulled the nose of my aircraft up a little to clear a hill, pushed it down the other side, and saw the town of Augsburg.

‘We charged straight at it. Our target was not simply the works, but certain vital shops in the works. We had studied their exact appearance from photographs. We knew where they should be. Low-angle flak began to come up at us thick and fast. We were so low that the Germans were even shooting into their own buildings. They had quantities of quick-firing guns. All our aircraft had holes made in them.

‘The big sheds which were our target rose exactly ahead of me. We bomb aimed let go.

Our bombs, of course, had delay action fuses or we should have blown us all up. We roared past the town. Then I had the painful experience of seeing my last surviving companion catch fire. Hit him in the eye, but it burst and didn’t set him on fire. And I was thankful to see it made a perfect forced landing. I feel sure that the crew should be there. I know that my aircraft went up. I had turned and so could see the target well. Debris and dust were flying up. We were in contact with the controller when I set course for home. The light was beginning to fail. I was not attacked again. Until it was dark we again flew a few feet above the ground. Then we rose to a normal height and got home without further incident.’

The Germans described the raid—the deepest penetration into German territory yet achieved in daylight in this war—as ‘an immense propaganda success with the significant admission that ‘the damage done in this attack on our war economy caused an interruption of production in one factory for a few days’.

Hardly had the raiders returned when official recognition of their bravery was announced. Sqn.-Ldr. Nettleton received the D.C.O., the second bar, another section leader reported missing.

HEROES OF THE AUGSBURG RAID. Left, Flt.-Lt. R. R. Sandford, one of the section leaders of the force of Lancaster bombers, reported missing after the operation; Centre, Sqn.-Ldr. J. D. Nettleton, who was given the V.C. on his return; Right, Sqn.-Ldr. J. S. Sherwood, D.F.C. and bar, another section leader reported missing.

Out-bombing the Nazis

Dramatically effective as was the Augsburg raid, it finds its place in a picture of a rapidly-rising offensive by the R.A.F. In 33 nights—March 20 to April 20—German aircraft dropped fewer than 300 tons of bombs on Britain; on each of those same nights the weight of the R.A.F. bombs on Germany was more than 300 tons. During one week it was 1,000 tons.

Another interesting comparison: no fewer than 200 Nazi planes bombed into Britain during that same period. But on one night recently the R.A.F. sent out a force of more than 300 planes. As to losses, the Axis lost more aircraft—140 was the figure—in their attacks on Malta than the R.A.F. lost (112) in all its day and night attacks on Germany. Thus the R.A.F. is developing an offensive whose aims are to cripple Germany’s industrial production and, perhaps as important, to keep the German aircraft occupied, preventing them from being employed in Malta, Libya, or in Russia.
War on Wheels: Making the Army Mobile

For centuries the horse was the only motive power superior to the marching capabilities of the infantry, but following the development of the internal combustion engine the armies of the Great Powers have undergone a process of increasing mechanization, and today the whole Army travels on wheels.

It is probably the infantry which has gained most in strength and mobility following this mechanization. Not only can men be carried over long distances in vehicles designed for the purpose, and with them the loads formerly carried in the pack, but wheeled transport enables the men to carry many more auxiliary weapons such as mortars, Tommy guns, light machine-guns and anti-tank rifles.

In the Royal Artillery pneumatic tires and petrol engines have worked wonders in the speed of transportation of heavy guns. Until recent years field artillery could only be moved on the roads, but the Channel, which are on railway mountings, the artillery, on large pneumatic tires, is drawn by "Scammell" lorries or trucks.

Lorries, light and heavy, are the backbone of the R.A.S.C. today. Since this corps is the supply and transport branch of the Army, providing and delivering supplies, medical stores, fuel and lubricants for every branch of the Service, its transport duties call for a vast number of vehicles. The corps, too, has troop-carrying units, bridge companies (carrying pontoons, girders and bridging stores for the Royal Engineers), and depots, as the Army's petrol depots, supplies it with rations, maintains large mechanical repair shops and vehicle depots, and even provides and operates motor-boat companies for operations on inland waterways. For repair and recovery the R.A.S.C has one workshop lorry and one breakdown lorry for every 56 vehicles on its strength.

Even the R.A.M.C. is mechanized today. In addition to motor ambulances it has its own mobile X-ray units, its own laboratories, and its own blood transfusion units. The vehicles of the R.A.M.C. are, incidentally, driven not by the personnel of the R.A.M.C. but by drivers of the R.A.S.C.

But when one speaks of a modern mechanized army it is of tanks that one thinks first of all, those weapons of war which, since first they slipped out of a misty French dawn on the Somme on Sept. 15, 1916, have revolutionized military tactics and during the last two years have altered the map of Europe. The main types of tanks upon which the British production is now concentrating are illustrated in photogravure in pages 687 to 690. Each hundreds of factories the Crusaders, Covenants, Matildas and Valentines are coming off the assembly lines in ever-growing numbers.

The Valentine is a sixteen-ton fighting tank, formerly known officially as the Mark III infantry tank. Carrying a crew of three—commander, gunner and driver—these tanks are very manoeuvrable and have a speed of about 17 m.p.h. They are armed with a 2-pounder gun and a Besa machine-gun in a movable turret. The Crusader (Mark VI cruiser tank) is an 18-ton tank for fighting and reconnaissance. Its powerful engines give it a speed of over 30 m.p.h. and it carries a crew of five—commander, two gunners, gun loader and driver. The Crusader is heavily armed with a 2-pounder gun and two machine-guns. Very fast is the Covenant (Mark V light cruiser tank). It weighs about 16 tons and is said to have a speed of 25 m.p.h. The Covenant, used mainly for reconnaissance and patrol work, is armed with a 2-pounder gun and a Besa machine-gun and carries a crew of four. Perhaps best known to the public is the Waltzing Matilda (Mark IIA infantry tank), a 28-ton heavy fighting and assault tank. She has an armoured-piercing 2-pounder gun with 70 rounds and a medium machine-gun with 3,000 rounds as well as two smoke projectors. In spite of her heavy armour-plating and tremendous weight the Matilda can reach a speed of 16 m.p.h. She has a crew of four.
Matilda tanks in the Tobruk area carrying out an offensive patrol in enemy territory. The Matilda, an assault tank designed primarily for attack on prepared enemy positions, has been used with success not only by our forces in Libya but also by the Russians on the Eastern front. Designed for dispersal production, this tank is being made in many parts of the country.
Britain's Cavalry of 1942

Top, Covenanter light cruiser tanks on exercise in the South of England. Left, a Crusader 18-ton medium cruiser tank, for fighting and reconnaissance, coming up a slope. Right, a Valentine 16-ton fighting tank of great manoeuvrability photographed in action during an exercise. All three tanks are armed with 2-pounder guns as well as machine-guns.
It's a New China that Fights Beside Us

Side by side with the British in Burma is fighting an army of Chinese, and below we tell something of these gallant, allies as hardy as they are gallant. Something is heard of, too, of the outstanding features of the New China, of which these Chinese soldiers are a product and a part.

Dressed in their grass-green summer uniform, with their straw sandals and straw hats hanging behind their backs, veteran soldiers of Chiang Kai-shek's army poured into Burma a few weeks ago to play their part in the defense of this dangerously-threatened province of the British Empire. They were lightly-armed and lightly-equipped, such stores as they had were carried in lorries, painted green, with small Chinese flags flying from them, and covered with red-painted slogans. Many of them were from Free China's 5th and 6th Armies, and have had several years of experience of warfare against the Japanese; thus they know the enemy's methods inside out. Their discipline is superlative, and their bravery, their capacity for long-sustained endurance, is hardly to be rivalled.

Not long ago Chinese soldiers were a music-hall joke. The Chinese, being exceedingly civilized and a rational-minded folk, have been wont to look down on the profession of arms; and as a general rule only the riff-raff of society, the ne'er-do-wells, and the drunkards have become soldiers, whether in the national army or in the private armies of the war lords, or tuchuns, who until only the other day periodically wandered the countryside with their rivalries and raids. But Nationalism has changed all that—nationalism emerging out of the threat to China's very existence, that is represented by the Japanese invasion. Not for generations has China been so united, and accordingly so strong, as she is today under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. True, conditions in the Chinese army are still poor and insufficient compared with that of the Japanese, who have been able to draw on British, American and Dutch arsenals and oil-wells for so much of the war material which they are now using against us. But China's position is steadily getting better.

Large quantities of military supplies of every kind have reached her along the Burma Road and through Mongolia from Soviet Russia; and the Chinese industrial cooperatives—the Indusco, as they are called—are bringing out ever-increasing quantities of small arms, ammunition, uniforms, and light equipment.

Toughened and hardened by compulsory service in the army, China's manhood is acquiring an altogether new virility—although in China there is still no glorification of war, which continues to be regarded as an unpleasant, indeed disgusting, occupation for intelligent men.

But a change greater and even more fundamental is being worked in the attitude toward life itself, of China's womanhood—not of all the women, of course, but of the more mentally alert, the younger and more vigorous elements in a sex which for thousands of years has been doomed to an existence of passive acquiescence in a state of affairs laid down and ordered by father and husband and son. To quote from a broadcast by Miss Kung, eldest of the three Soong sisters and Chiang Kai-shek's sister-in-law:

"We have never seen anything like it. Women have become the closest allies in the war. They are working everywhere: at the front with the fighting men and the wounded; behind the lines with the war-shocked country people; in the rear, in rural work, in hospitals, in war orphans'ages, in industrial and community services. And so we are digging in to resist to the bitter end..."

There are many Chinese women soldiers in the army that is fighting beside our men in Burma. Though they carry no arms and do no actual fighting, they are right in the front line; they share to the full the hardships of the men and face the same dangers, ever ready to comfort and succour the wounded. "For them there is no lipstick, no powder, no silk stockings or soft beds," reports William Munday, News Chronicle correspondent with the Chinese Army in Burma, "even privacy is denied them." To quote from one of his vivid cables:

"I visited a Burman bungalow where some of them are billeted in bare rooms with Chinese soldiers. Here at night they spread their blankets on the hard task floor, just as others usually in a camp, in the paddiesfield, or wherever they happen to be when the fierce sun drops below the horizon. They have neither cushions nor mattresses—just one change of clothing, one blanket. They squatting around the communal rice basket, into which they dipped with their fingers. Their only feminine vanity was the delight with which they thrust borrowed revolvers into their belts, or borrowed steel helmets on to their heads, to swagger up and down for a minute until the guns and the helmets had to be returned to their smiling owners. I noticed, too, their thick, black hair, always carefully combed; and their cotton khaki uniforms, in which they sleep as well, miraculously uncushioned."

But while recognizing China's valiant struggle against a powerful and much better equipped adversary, we must remember, too, the tremendous progress in the building of a modern state in place of one founded on immemorial custom and age-old tradition. Some details of this New China were given in a recent broadcast by Dr. Wellington Koo.

Following the Japanese invasion of 1937 Chiang Kai-shek established Chungking as the wartime capital of China, and embarked on a vast programme of development in a region which hitherto had been considered as the backwoods of the Chinese Republic. Within two years over 6,000 new post offices were opened, and 30,000 miles of telegraph lines put up. Over 700 miles of new railways have been opened to traffic; over 3,000 miles of motor roads have been completed, and another 3,000 are under construction. New air routes have been opened up for steamboats, and air transport has been developed for both passengers and goods. The production of electrical power has increased by 25 per cent. The industrial cooperatives (as we have seen) have transformed industry. Very noteworthy, too, is the fact that the lamp of learning has been kept burning. Thousands of students and scores of colleges and universities have migrated from the regions devastated by the Japanese along the coast to the interior provinces of China. But the biggest stride has been made in the field of mass education; in March 1940 a five-year plan was launched to eliminate illiteracy, and already of the 145 millions who were illiterate over 46 millions have been taught to read. And this in a China which is fighting for its very life.

"None of the old-time apathy and stagnation is left," says Dr. Koo; "everywhere one feels an ever quickening tempo of the national pulse, and sees signs of a dynamic new life." And because of China's tremendous manpower and vast potential resources, all this augurs well not only for her own future but for the general cause of the United Nations. - E. ROYSTON PIKE.
CHUNGKING CONFERENCE of Allied chiefs. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the recent visit of Gen. Wavell and Gen. Brett to Chungking to confer with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Left to right seated are: Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, British Ambassador to China until Jan., 1942, and now Ambassador to U.S.S.R.; Madame and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; Lt.-Gen. George Brett, Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell. Behind Sir Archibald Kerr is Maj.-Gen. Lancelot Denny, head of the British Military Mission to China (since killed in an air crash). Between Sir Archibald and Madame Chiang is Mr. Owen Lattimore, personal political adviser to the Generalissimo, behind whom stands Gen. Ho Ying-chin with, next to him, Brig.-Gen. John Magnuder, head of the American Military Mission to China.

PHOTO, PICTORIAL PRESS

GEN. WAVELL SPEAKS TO INDIA

O

UR ultimate victory against the brutality and aggression of the Axis Powers is beyond doubt. You have on your side four of the toughest and most enduring races of the world—the British, Chinese, Russians and Americans.

The British may be idle and easy-going in times of peace, but their core is as hard and as unyielding as ever. Adversity picks up the tough heart and reveals that core. They will never give in. The Chinese, though half armed, have stubbornly defended their civilization for nearly five years against the upstart Japanese, and will continue to do so to the end. The Russians have endured an armoured onslaught by the Germans on a scale never equalled, and have thrown it back as they have thrown back so many other invaders. Their endurance is everlasting. And the Americans—of whose determination to assist India to the utmost of their inexhaustible resources Indians have already seen so much evidence—do they strike you as a people who will let go when once they have taken a hold? So our victory is only a question of work and time.

The immediate danger to India is air attack, but I want to get the danger into its proper proportion. The savage ruthlessness shown by Germans against Rotterdam and against some towns and cities in Great Britain has instilled fear, as it was meant to do, in the minds of other people. But it did not break the resistance or terrorize the minds, be it noted, of the Dutch and British peoples who suffered under them...

I WAS in Singapore only a few days before its surrender, when it had been experiencing continuous raiding at the maximum scale which the Japanese Air Force could bring to bear. Yet Singapore had few scars and there were few casualties, military or civilian, despite the inadequate defences. I can assure you that if people keep their heads and take precautions laid down by the A.R.P. Service, casualties will not be heavy. Air raids produce more noise and dirt than loss of life or injuries. Already in their attacks on Colombo and Trincomalee, the Japanese had as high a proportion of loss, despite great numerical superiority, as they did in their attacks on Rangoon last winter. Our defence is growing in strength almost daily, and expanding over India.

There is the prospect of invasion by sea and land. That the shores of India are threatened is obvious, and that the enemy might even attempt a landing in force is equally obvious... It is impossible to erect defences along the whole immense coastline of India or place soldiers to guard all points.

Our danger is clear to us and seems great. But consider the distance the Japanese are from their bases, the enormous area over which their war effort is already dispersed, the vulnerability to sea and air attack of their line of communications to India, the immensity of the country they would be seeking to conquer. They may raid India. They may even seek to occupy a portion of it temporarily, but as long as India remains true to herself she can never be conquered.

NOTHING can stop us from winning the war; but defeatism and unreasoning panic may hinder and delay the victory. Some of India's most prominent leaders have lately given a stirring call towards resistance against aggression. If all in India, of every class and creed, British and Indian, official and non-official, calmly stay at their posts in office, factory and village, and will work wholeheartedly for India at this crisis, we have nothing to fear. —From broadcast, April 21
Out of Italian Prisons into Egypt's Sunshine

FREE AGAIN, wounded British prisoners enjoy the sun on the deck of the Union Castle liner Llandovery Castle, which is seen in the top photograph arriving at Alexandria with repatriated prisoners aboard. Under an Anglo-Italian agreement 129 British prisoners of war and 917 Italians were exchanged for repatriation. The British prisoners travelled to Smyrna in the Italian hospital ship Gradisca, and there were transferred to the Llandovery Castle, which took them to Alexandria. Circle, some of the freed British prisoners at Alexandria. 

Photos, Wide World
**General—Vichy announced execution at Rouen by Germans of 30 hostages.**

**APRIL 21, Thursday**

Sea.—Mr. Curtin announced loss of H.M.A.S. Yampiore.

**Mediterranean.**—Malta blitz continued.

**Burma.**—Battle of Pyramus and Bawlake.

**Philippines.**—Japs made new landings on Philippine islands.

**Australasia.**—Allied bombers attacked Rabaul. Port Morobe raided by Japs.

**APRIL 22, Wednesday**

Air.—Daylight raids on Chorbergh peninsula. Night attack on Rhinefeld and Le Havre.

**Russian Front.**—Red Army pushed forward six miles in Karelia.

**Mediterranean.**—Three heavy air attacks on Malta. 30 enemy planes destroyed or damaged. Sicily bombed by R.A.F.

**Burma.**—Japs launched strong attacks on Loikaw.

**Philippines.**—Defenders forced to withdraw from Lembangan, Panay.

**General.**—Commandos raided French coast near Brest.

**APRIL 23, Thursday**

Air.—Night raid by R.A.F. on Baltic port of Rostock.

**Mediterranean.**—More Axis planes destroyed over Malta.

**Burma.**—Japs launched big attack on San Luis.

**Australasia.**—Allied air attacks on Rabaul. Japs raid on Port Moresby.

**General.**—Africa severed diplomatic relations with Vichy.

**APRIL 24, Friday**


**Mediterranean.**—Several more air raids on Malta.

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**V.C. HEROES OF SIDI REZEGH.**

Left, 2nd Lt. G. W. Gunn, M.C., R.H.A., who, in an unarmoured car under the heavy fire of 60 tanks, directed the fire of his four anti-tank guns. Finally only one remained. All the crew were casualties except the sergeant. Lt. Gunn, with the sergeant as loader, continued firing until killed. Right, Rifleman John Besley, K.R.R.C., who carried a Bren gun towards a German post and killed or wounded the entire crew of an anti-tank gun. The post was silenced and Besley’s platoon was enabled to advance. Both men gave their lives for their country.

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**APRIL 20, Monday**

**Mediterranean.**—Heavy air attack on Malta. 111 B-40s. British—Chinesese repulsed air attack on Yenanyang.


**Home.**—Bath again raided at night.

**APRIL 21, Thursday**

Air.—R.A.F. sweeps over N. France. Night raids on Calais and Boulogne.

**Russian Front.**—Russsian advanced to Maryshev and Kovel.

**Australasia.**—Darnin bombdestroyed by Japs.

**Home.**—Night raid on Norwich.

**General.**—U.S. Navy Dept. announced loss of destroyer Sturtevant.

**APRIL 22, Friday**

Air.—Day sweep over N. France.

**General.**—U.S. Navy Dept. announced loss of destroyer Sturtevant.

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**Planning the Course Ahead. Mr. Lutteiton’s ‘Postscript’**

We have been told often that we are fighting for our own survival and for the lives of our loved ones, and I only want to let our imagination play for a moment on what thoughts will become reality and what lives we will live to enjoy. For, make no mistake, we are going to win by our present sacrifices and by our present toil, we will think in our own way and our right to live in our own way. What is that way going to be?

If I can, I want to dispel some of the natural fears which flow from the certain knowledge that is immediately after the war there will be a great wave of unemployment. But there is no reason why we should be scared of this; on the contrary: immediately after the war there will be an overwhelming demand for those goods which we consume currently for clothes and food and so forth. On top of this demand will be piled the demands of the clothing and food industries, in the clothing industry and in the food industry, there will be an immense need for labour, and our probable demand for four or five years after the war will not be a problem of unemployment, but a problem of transfer of labour—the problem of getting the proper industries ‘going again’ quickly enough to meet the enormous unemployment threatened by the end of the war. We are going to be faced with the problem of unemployment post-war, and it is the problem of unemployment that I want to think about.

How should we do it? What part should the State play in helping us to do it? I believe it is a question of how the Government can assist the industries ‘going again’ quickly enough to meet the enormous and impatient demand that will be for their products. But this is only a part of the work. We are going to be faced with the problem of unemployment post-war, and it is the problem of unemployment that I want to think about.

By all means let us disagree upon matters of detail and how best to achieve what we want, but let us remain unified in purpose. I believe we can attain that unity, in peace as in war. For example, I am a business man, or rather, I was a business man, of the century to succeed in this world. I believe in free enterprise, my answer is that there ought to be a great deal more of both. The essence of democracy should be that the greater powers of the world should be determined by the people. The essence of democracy should be that the greater powers of the world should be determined by the people.
COMMANDO RAIDERS who pierced the Channel defences at Boulogne during the early hours of April 22 forming up before crossing the Channel. The attack was made by a force commanded by Major Lord Lovat, and penetrated enemy defences over a frontage of 600 yards. Though the point of attack was one of the most strongly-fortified stretches of the French coast, the attackers spent two hours on enemy-occupied territory and left with all their equipment. Our casualties were very slight. For the actual story, see page 701.

Ushaven and bedraggled, with cheeks sunken and faces lined, wearing only the tattered rags of their uniforms, the survivors of the Australian garrison at Rabaul returned weeks later to their bases in New Guinea and on the Australian mainland. Altogether some six hundred made their way back through the tropical jungle and across enemy-infested waters—490 out of 1,139. They were defeated; but what a fight they had put up! With practically no air support they fought a Japanese invasion force of twenty thousand, supported by 115 bombers, fighters, and dive-bombers, and a formidable naval force. Over half their number became casualties; but the Australians—they included men of the 22nd Battalion of the Australian Imperial Force, originally forming part of the 8th Division which had won distinction in the fighting in Malaya—did not give in until they had made the enemy pay most heavily for his success.

Japanese attempt to land planes on the Rabaul aerodrome came to grief, since, as they roared over the runways, demolition charges were exploded, crushing two of the planes. When darkness fell the Australians took up fresh positions on the slopes of the volcano, Mt. Vulcan. At midnight enemy aircraft came over and dropped parachute flares. At 2:30 a.m. on Jan. 31 the invasion began.

"Over the black waters," said Mr. Johnston, "before Vulcan, the Australians heard the chattering of the Japanese. They saw an occasional flash from their torches and heard their boatkeels grating on the shingle. Then came the sudden flaring of a green light as the troops signalled that the breach had been made. The invaders wore black singlets and shorts, and their faces were blackened. Little attempt was made at stealth, the enemy apparently supposing that the aerial attacks had wiped out the defenders. A Japanese bugler on the beach played only three or four notes. Then the Australians opened fire, and caused panic among the guns. Firing from concealed positions the defenders continued to sweep the wire. The water was red with blood and thick with the bodies of the dead. For an hour the Japanese were in full vigor of the New Guinea campaign went on. Despite the slaughter, the Japanese continued to press their attack. A Japanese vessel which bumped over the bodies. It was not long before the Japanese realized the value of the dead. They gathered up the arms and carried them across the wire and clambered over them. Along the beach dead were 6 ft. high for about 200 yards. During the beach fight four hundred Japanese struggled later in the coastal gulies, it is estimated there were at least 1,500 Japanese killed, with 800 Australians slain.

Advancing in parties of twelve, armed only with grenades, the Japanese attacked in waves, and by noon were swarming everywhere so that further resistance was useless.

"As the Japanese made a final charge up the beach the Australians coolly outwitted them. Waiting until the enemy were on top of them they ran into the scrub. The invaders, unable to distinguish Australians from their own, were momentarily nonplussed. This enabled the Australians to turn off through the bush to a pre-arranged point where they took the invaders in one of the most extraordinary withdrawal actions of the war."

Glancing back ere they disappeared into the bush, the Australians saw ships moving up the harbour in line abreast.

Then followed days and weeks during which the Australians struggled through some of the worst jungle country in the world, country which has hardly ever been visited by a white man—through tropical downpours and slimy morasses, across rivers thick with crocodiles; they scaled precipices with ropes made from creepers and bridged gushes through vines hanging from trees. Their daily diet was one army biscuit and a twelfth share of a tin of bully beef per man. As the days passed some began to droop with fever; they were carried along on the shoulders of their comrades, who were almost dropping themselves, or borne on hastily-contrived stretchers.

These at last reached safety. But some, alas, fell into the enemy's hands. One party of fifteen officers and fifty men were trapped at Gasmata by a landing-party from a Jap destroyer. Each Australian officer was handed a revolver and one bullet, and ordered to commit suicide. After the massacre the Japanese steamed away in their warships, thinking that none survived to tell the tale. But three Australians lived, and, with their hands still tied behind their backs, wandered in the bush for several days before being rescued. Here is what one of them said: he escaped by sharing the death after being shot three times:

"The Japanese tied our hands behind our backs and formed us into parties of ten, all tied together. Each party was taken into the jungle. My party was stopped after going a short distance. A Japanese officer drew his sword and ordered his men to fix bayonets. One Australian after another was detached from the party and sent into the bush with a soldier armed with a bayonet. Soon after we heard screams. One of our men was shot, and this was done by the officer. Another of our fellows got loose and dashed into the bushes. The officer caught up with him, ran his sword through his back and then shot him. Afterwards several men were bayoneted only a few yards from me without being taken into the undergrowth."

Another atrocious story, almost as horrible, tells of three wounded men who were left behind in New Britain. They were discovered by the enemy, One managed to escape, but the others were unable to move. The Japanese set fire to the bush and both men burned to death.

Report has it that there still are small groups of Australians in the hills and jungles of New Britain, waiting for a chance to escape. They and their comrades have much to avenge.
IN AUSTRALIA coast defences, like those in Britain, have been hurriedly constructed around the coast now that the danger of invasion threatens the island continent. These Australians are erecting barbed-wire entanglements on a sandy cove.

Schoolchildren of Redfern, suburb of Sydney, practising air-raid drill, are told to hold their ears and keep their mouths open. The photograph was taken in a school corridor, for shelters had not yet been built.

BRISBANE, Queensland's capital, sees surface shelters such as are a familiar sight in Britain springing up along her main thoroughfares as the threat of Japanese air attack hangs over the continent. Right, clouds of smoke pouring from a Guinea Airways hangar at Salamaus, New Guinea, after it had been set ablaze during a Japanese air raid on the island.
Sowing Deadly Mines in the Enemy's Path

Minelaying to safeguard Britain's coastal sea lanes. Left, a mine being lowered on to a truck which will run it into the ship's hold. Later it will be "sown" against enemy shipping. Top, a "horn" being fixed to a mine. If one of these horns is touched by a vessel the mine will explode. Circle, duffle-coated sailors pushing mines to the stern of the minelayer ready for laying. Above, the mine hits the water after leaving the trap.

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Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright; The Daily Mirror, Planet News
Once More 'Illustrious' Sails Out to Battle

H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS, 23,000-ton aircraft carrier, which was badly damaged during a dive-bombing attack in the Mediterranean, is again in service after refitting in American and British dockyards. Her present commander is Captain A. G. Talbot, D.S.O., R.N. This photograph shows a Swordfish aircraft which has just landed on the flying deck of the Illustrious and is being taken to the forward lift. H.M.S. Illustrious, which normally carries a complement of 1,600, was laid down in 1937. Accompanying her above is an attendant destroyer.

Photo, Central Press
What Odds They Faced in Burma's Sky!


These American-built Brewster Buffalo single-seat fighter monoplanes have been in action on the Burmese front. The two pilots in the foreground, just returned from an operational flight, are both New Zealanders: Sgt-Pilot T. Beahle, of Hangatiki (left) and Sgt-Pilot W. Christensen, of Christchurch.

ON A BURMESE AIRFIELD, where coolies are busily working, Kittyhawk fighters of the American Volunteer Group are ready to take off. Cooperating with the R.A.F. in Burma, the pilots of the A.V.G. have scored many successes against the vastly more numerous Japanese. Circle, an Indian pilot with the R.A.F. in Burma whose cockpit is adorned with a painting of the Tiger of Konkan.

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We Raided Boulogne Beach in Gym Shoes

The daring "small reconnaissance raid" on the French coast near Boulogne which our Commandos carried out in the early hours of April 22, is graphically described below by Reuters' war correspondent, Alan Humphreys.

"HALT!" This was the only word spoken by a torch-swinging German forming the one-man patrol that was the first to challenge our Commandos during their two-hour reconnaissance excursion near Boulogne. Tommy-guns spat. A torch went out. We heard no more.

Veiled in night mist our craft crept silently inshore. The Commandos plodded into the shallows and waded to the beach. They were wearing action make-up — jet-black faces. All wore gym shoes, with the exception of one of the officers. He is a former police station inspector in the East End of London. His footwear was a pair of carpet slippers kept in place with elastic. As he clambered over the side he muttered, "I intend to invade France in comfort." His home-made heavy armament was a "cossh."

While we were off the beach searchlights flickered nervously. The Nazis were showing signs of disquiet. As we advanced we could hear whistling, but instead of being met by withering machine-gun fire the Commandos covered the several hundred yards to the safety of the sand dunes at the top of the beach without incident.

Then there was action. But the Commandos were not involved. It was the Naval forces of light craft which had brought the Commandos on this job. While the little ships were lying off waiting to bring the Commandos back, they were engaged by a German "flak" ship and smaller craft.

The Commandos were getting on with their assignment very quietly. To their surprise all the fireworks came from the sea. These fireworks also caught the attention of the German beach defenders. Their suspicions had been aroused by the presence of our Naval force. They were so engrossed that the Commandos had swept across the sand and were at the beach before they met machine-gun fire.

We had the initiative until the moment when we withdrew — the Germans were always fighting where they were compelled to. We penetrated the defences over a frontage of 800 yards. Much of the machine-gun fire was enfilading the beach over the heads of our men. As it dawned on them that a raid was being made, the Germans fired a shower of Very lights. They went up right and left.

British patrols went out and contacted enemy strong points, cutting communications and thereby preventing reinforcements being sent for. "The pill boxes had not the foggiest idea where we were and what we were doing," said one patrol leader. Remarkable from the military point of view was that, after spending two hours on enemy-occupied territory, every man was withdrawn with arms. Our casualties were negligible.

Major Lord Lovat, wearing the bonnet of his own Lovat Scouts, told me: "We were lucky. During our advance to the sand dunes we might have had to face machine-gun fire. A 21-year-old captain from Glasgow, who came through Dunkirk, said: "We ought to have been cleaned up, but we were not. My sergeant had a very near miss when some of their stuff fell about six inches from him. It was the withdrawal, like all withdrawals, which was the most difficult part of the operation."

A private from Walthamstow told me his experience. "I was clawing my way through the beach wire when I felt my pants catch on it. Just then a Very light went up. It spotlighted everything. I thought I was a goner. Somehow I was not hit."

Our Trek Southwards from Bombed Darwin

In the vastness of Australia the evacuation of civilians from enemy-threatened regions presented a very different picture from that seen in England. Here is an account of the first impact of war on Australia, by Mrs. Hilda Abbott, wife of the Administrator of the Northern Territory.

I SHALL never forget the first Jap air raid on Darwin — the cheque I was writing when the sirens went; the scream of bombs and the cries of the injured; the crash of concrete that killed our poor little laundry maid; the roar of planes and guns; the bullets that sprayed round as we lay in a bed of zinnias; the scramble to shelter down a cliff face... But it is not of raids on Darwin that I want to tell you — but of the evacuation trek across the vast spaces of Australia that followed.

After the first air raids on Darwin both the Commandant and my husband, the Administrator, said the women must go south. They put the Judge in charge at the railway station, and the A.R.P. men gathered there all the women, the wounded, and the old men. Thirty little children and six nuns, who had been brought in the day before from a lonely mission station, were taken by lorry 70 miles down the line, where they had to wait till we picked them up.

The wet season was not yet over. We were travelling in cattle trucks, and as we...
had all been told not to take much baggage, the comforts of cushions and blankets had been left behind. The night was warm, but the truck floor a little hard.

We went on through the forest country. It was a long, hot day. A group of Dutch people were in a goods truck just ahead of ours, and a woman sat with a Turkish towel over her head. They had had terrible adventures getting away from islands in the north. I had met many of them, and had welcomed them to Darwin with a cup of tea. Now I invited the woman to the shelter of our cattle-truck. Her husband was a doctor, and he cared for us all on that journey and attended to all our air-raid injuries.

After our hot day travelling through the forest country we came to Katherine. The constable in charge, the hotel-keeper, the school-teacher—they were all on the little platform to offer us baths and meals and beds. I begged that the train go on as soon as possible: we were all feeling a slight reaction and as long as we were travelling on into the limitless interior it seemed better. We had refreshing shower-baths in an outside room at the back of the earthen-floored, runny little hotel, and we carried baskets of water and sponges and food up to the wounded in the train.

Then we were off again. This time we rumbled along through a starry night, and bumps and jolts and hangings could not rob us of a feeling of peace as we lay on the floor, leaning on the children’s rolled-up ground-sheets. I think everyone on that train fell quickly into an exhausted sleep.

Next morning we transferred from the train to motor trucks. For hundreds of miles our motor convoy pounded on. It was heavenly, after the train journey, to be out in the open like this, threading through woods, across rolling plains. At given places the convoy stopped for tea, and gradually that welcome break came to be a grim necessity. For tired bodies now ached, every hurt was becoming more painful. In the trucks the temperature went up and the wounded became restless and hysterical.

For three days we pelted on—on where the dust blew and hard hills frowned down, but where women always waited to tend the travellers. Now the outposts of the Macdonnell Range rose before us—grassy hills with flat-topped, rocky ridges. Taller and bigger they grew until the blue ranges came in sight, and grass and sheep and cattle told us that we were nearing a settlement.

After making our way through the hills we came to the neat little town of Alice Springs, with its clean bungalows, tidy streets, shade-giving elms and gum trees, and horses busy spraying green lawns.

Stiff and cramped, bruised and battered, we climbed down from the trucks, to be welcomed at the schoolhouse with cups of tea and to be shown rows of beds made up for us. The women of Alice Springs were all ready for us. Good hot dinners were provided at local cafes, and they saw us all made comfortable. The hospitals took in the wounded.—The Daily Mail.

What I Discovered about the ‘Doughboys’

The following amusing but informative account of the dress and habits of the ‘doughboys’ was broadcast by Denis Johnston after visiting an American army camp somewhere in the British Isles.

The first thing you notice is the variety of costume about the place. You picture these ‘doughboys’ in khaki tunics and service hats, very much like the British, but with canvas spats extending up the leg nearly to the knee. But very few of them seemed to be dressed like this in private; they wear light waterproof jackets lined with wool, with zip fasteners up the front—useful little coats. And blue or khaki overalls, called denim suits, when they’re working about the place, and gumboots, and these things you never see on a British soldier—goloshes. They call them rubbers.

On their heads they wear about five different varieties of hats: two types of steel helmet, a sort of cox’s-stalker’s cap, a fur-lined thing with ear-flaps for cold weather, and one or two of them even had the old Boy Scout’s hat we used to see them wearing in the pictures, although I believe these are officially withdrawn now. Their gasmasks are in great flat triangular haversacks slung under the left arm, very much bigger than ours but no heavier.

It’s sometimes quite hard to tell the officers from the men, if you don’t know what to look for. I was puzzled quite a bit over who really was at the back of it—because the badges are these all right, and all the discipline and respect for officers that you find in any other army—the ‘sirring’ and the saluting. (I’ve never seen so much saluting before. I’ve thought that they’re because they usually salute with that grin of recognition they give, because they’re run on a more personal basis, or because many of them have been at school together. Anyhow, there you are; it’s a difference that I can’t explain, but which you can’t help noticing all the time.

Yet at heart they’re really very like all other soldiers. They’ve got the same sort of jokes, and the same sort of complaints, although usually about different things, due mainly, of course, to the different background. For instance, the weather over here is very hard on Americans, because according to their standards of warmth and comfort we don’t take the winter seriously. We don’t have to in the way they do at home, and consequently they often find it unbearably chilly.

Then they’re used to a different kind of food. You can tell that at once by their diet. Their billets have a great deep one because the basis of his cooking seems always to be stew; the Americans have flat oval dishes because they do not stew, they fry. They used, of course, to a balanced diet in camp: their bit of green
salad, their cereals, their orange juice, and, above all, their milk. They’re great milk drinkers, which is hardly true of the British soldier. It’s just a matter of habit, and with this we had to take into account even on active service.

Otherwise their interests are very much the same, and one of the most likable things about them is the fact that they’re so young and hard. The doughboy likes to show off his equipment and talk about his home and civil life. The British soldier very often has a photo of his girl in his pocket-book; but some of these Americans have a pocket-book that opens out into a sort of concertina affair with a regular battery of photographs.

We Ran the Gauntlet Through the Skagerrak

At the end of March 1942 eleven Norwegian ships laid up at Gothenburg, Sweden, attempted to run the blockade through the Skagerrak. Though attacked by German planes and warships, some of the ships reached England, as members of their crews tell below.

It was late one afternoon that we learned we were to sail at last (said one of the seamen who escaped). After months of exile, dashed hopes and disappointments, our secret preparations were complete. We were off to England!

But we dared not even raise a cheer as we slipped our moorings in the gathering dusk. The only noise came from the ice-floes crunching at our bows. We showed no lights, and as the sky darkened we crept out of Gothenburg harbour. We did not all go out together.

We knew we were taking tremendous risks—but we did not expect things to happen as quickly as they did. The Germans had been tipped off. They were waiting just off the Swedish coast, and they opened up on us immediately. We could do nothing in reply.

Soon shells were screaming all around us. German bombers dived overhead, and it seemed as if nothing could save us. Some of our ships were being fired at from point-blank range. Somehow or other they managed to survive, but it seemed clear that complete destruction awaited us if we carried on, and most of the ships turned back.

Then, quite suddenly, a heavy fog came down. Visibility was reduced to nil and the bombardment stopped. We were in company with a larger ship. With the fog to hide us, we decided to try again. Most of the other ships did the same. With a little luck we felt we would get through.

We crept out again, making for the narrow neck out of the Kattegat. I saw a vivid flash. I think it was the ship which had turned with us on the second attempt. She must have been hit by a torpedo.

We raced on at full speed. Above us we could still hear the roar of the German bombers, and every now and then there was the thud of exploding bombs. In spite of the fog, German warships and U-boats resumed their attack. Torpedoes seemed to fill the sea. But all missed. We were chased for hours, and attacked with every form of weapon—bombs, shells, torpedoes. The fog was our salvation.

At last we were out of the Kattegat. Our chances of escape increased every hour, and we still went on towards Britain.

Then in daylight we saw two planes approaching. A cheer went up from the crew—the planes were British. They came low and everyone jumped about, giving the V sign and waving. It made us very happy to see the R.A.F. pilots waving back.

Now the story is taken up by a nineteen-year-old nurse, one of the few women passengers to make the perilous journey.

Until last November I was looking after sick Norwegian prisoners sent to our hospital from German prison camps. The staff never had any trouble with the Germans, but the Gestapo were always in and out, asking our patients many questions. All doors were guarded day and night.

One night last November I decided I had worked long enough for the Germans. I cannot tell you how I got away, except that I crossed the frontier into Sweden. There I worked again as a nurse, but all the time I was waiting to escape to Britain.

A chance came when I managed to get aboard one of the ships leaving Gothenburg. We sailed from Gothenburg soon after dark on Tuesday, March 31. Early the next morning we spotted German ships. We turned back. Thick fog came down a little later, and at midday on Wednesday we made once more for the open sea.

An hour later waves of German bombers and fighters began their attack. For seven hours we were bombed and machine-gunned. Not one bomb hit us. Machine-gun bullets ricocheted about the deck.

I think I was more angry than frightened. I stood in the stern, just watching, fascinated that they could attack us so fearlessly for all that time without hitting us.

The next day armed trawlers shelled us. But they, too, failed.
with caution even though the informants are themselves above suspicion. For Laval is too practised in trickery not to encourage confusion of thought about his plans, policies, and personal opinions. It goes against reason to suppose he has been plotting every hour of his life since the fall of France, to which his earlier machinations had so largely contributed, to snatch supreme power in the vassal states of the Allied masters believing that a day was coming when these same masters would be finally defeated by the Allies he had flouted and denounced. His pose of desiring to save the vassal states of America, while viliifying Britain, has been assumed only in the hope of setting a little devil about to work against the Allied nations, which might eventually lead to a negotiated peace. He knows what’s waiting for him when the Nazis are defeated, if before then the French fails to produce an avenger such as the old Girondists produced in Charlotte Corday.

There are also signs that underhand efforts are being made at present to excise the anti-British pronouncements of Pétain. That is part of the same game, and possibly originated with the same ‘sources’ that have suggested to Lavall gratuitously excluded from his cabinet such notorious defeatists as his comrades in crime, Déat and Doriot, as, one paper, ‘inadmissible’. These rogues will have greater power outside than inside that gang of dishonest men who has imposed upon the unhappy countrymen as a government, and if Berlin had reserved their present post Lavall would have them there. But we must not let any sympathy for the obtuse old man whose iniquity for statesmanship has prepared the way for Lavall, blind us to the fact that he has, unlike other hostile acts against his former allies while promising to follow the path of honour in dealing with the weakness of his own country had betrayed. Fortunately the anti-British nature of Durian is black, encompassing any whitewashing. But as these triumvir of vassal France have already by word and deed, jointly as the lawyers say, shown themselves enemies of Britain and of the Fighting French, it would be folly to think of them in any other guise.

I have just received a postcard from a British prisoner of war in Germany, which has taken barely a fortnight to get to him from his peculiar place of internment. His object in writing was to ensure that, although he is doomed to linger in a prison camp for the duration, his collection of War Illustrations should go on growing, for which purpose he supplies the name and address of his newsgist at Bromley, who is to gather the numbers and bind them in the happy day of his returning home and adding them to his large collection of popular works originally issued in serial form under the War Office. I consider it possible to carry out his suggestion, as nothing is more pleasant than to return home from a period of even voluntary absence and find the old friends and letters you were interested in awaiting you: how much more so the gratification when returning to them after the anguish of imprisonment!