RED ARMY ON THE OFFENSIVE. From Russia there comes every day news of the hammer-blows delivered by Stalin’s armies against the Nazi invader. This photograph shows just one corner on the 2,000 mile long front, stretching from the frozen wastes of the Arctic to the almost equally bleak slopes of the Caucasian heights. Automatic riflemen of the Red Army are speeding the enemy’s departure from yet another “inhabited place,” as the villages are styled in the Russian communiqués.

Photo, U.S.S.R. Official
WHEN, in the first week of November, I wrote that the month had again proved to be a black one for Germany, I little expected how black it would become before its close. Germany and her partners have received a series of shattering blows; and though their full effects have not yet been realized, they threaten even more devastating results. The issue in several instances still hangs in the balance, and for the present it is better to take encouragement from what has been achieved than to indulge in optimistic speculation.

The scale and initial successes of Mr. Stalin's counter-offensive are particularly heartening, for obviously it is in Russia that the greatest battle is being fought.

In North Africa the Allies have made a good beginning, but it is clear that the Axis Powers will not be dislodged easily or quickly from their foothold in Tunisia. They are well placed to conduct a determined struggle for air supremacy, and it must be realized that the Allies, depending on a long and vulnerable line of sea communications, cannot without considerable delays develop their full strength. Until the enemy is evicted few of the strategic fruits of the great enterprise can be gathered. Even then the Mediterranean route will not be fully opened. Though convoys could be given a much more effective air umbrella and protection by light naval vessels, they would still be exposed to heavy attacks.

Meanwhile, in the struggle for air supremacy over the Tunisian battlefields, the Allies should be able to establish an advantage when their forward air bases are developed, for the Axis will find it difficult in a cramped area to operate bases for short-range aircraft.

ROMMEL is likely to put up a stubborn fight at El Agheila, but he can have little hope of retrieving his disaster. His chief object would now seem to be to prevent the concentration of all the Allied forces for the further development of their plans. General Alexander evidently does not underestimate the strength of Rommel's position; and, avoiding premature action, he intends to attack with the greatest force he can muster.

In the Far East Japan's naval losses continue to mount in her efforts to recapture lost ground; and the manifest inferiority of her aircraft is an encouraging feature of the situation. Her army, however, remains at full strength; and the tenacity with which her troops will fight in the most forlorn situations has been clearly proved.

NORTH AFRICA Official communiques on events in Tunisia have been marked by met heavy counter-attacks and suffered some reverses—though how severe was not made clear. The fighting evidently was sharp with both sides having considerable losses.

In these advanced guard actions the Allies suffered from lack of air protection, and the enemy's Stuka dive-bombers—even if, as we are told, they are an obsolescent weapon—are still formidable when fighter protection...
machines and first aerodromes to be equipped were those required for the protection of the further processes of disembarkation. Not until fresh consignments of aircraft had arrived and been disembarked could forward air bases be established for the protection of the advanced elements of the army which had moved out of fighter range of the base ports.

Obviously the building up of the Allies' air power must be a gradual process—perhaps even more gradual than the building up of the armies' transport and supply depots. Eventually the Allies should be able to establish superiority in short-range aircraft, since it would seem improbable that the Axis would be able to maintain aerodromes in effective operation in the restricted area they hold.

Meanwhile, it is of the first importance that our advanced forces should retain their hold on the ground they have secured for the deployment of the main army, whose advance is likely to be considerably slowed down by air attacks. Its heavy armaments and transport services are bound to present vulnerable targets. Fortunately, the long-range bombers of the Middle East Air Force, fighter bombers from Malta and the Navy can evidently do much to prevent the enemy rapidly developing counter-offensive potentialities.

The more we are told of the original landing in North Africa the greater must be our admiration for the part played by the Navy, and perhaps especially for the secrecy with which it was maintained. It will now be on the R.A.F. that the chief responsibility for opening the way for final success will fall, even though it will be the Army that will have the hard task of gathering the fruits. That it is not going to be an easy matter to evict the enemy from Tunis and Bizerta is, however, all too clear.

In Libya, while I write, Alexander is still closing up Montgomery's army for a new encounter with Rommel. Before this is published (some fortnight from now) we shall know how far he has succeeded, and what Rommel's real intentions are. Whether he intends to fight a decisive or merely a delaying action is at present uncertain; but it is hardly conceivable that he stands a chance of retrieving his disaster by any form of counter-stroke, though he may exact a heavy price from the 8th Army.

WINTER IN THE CAUCASUS brought some relief to the Soviet forces fighting for possession of the Georgian Highway. On Nov. 19, 1942 it was announced that the Germans had suffered a heavy defeat at Ordzhonikidze, some 5,000 of their men being slain, and an even greater number wounded. Red Army troops are here seen clearing a mountain road preparatory to their comrades' advance. PAGE 419
With the Allied Forces in French North Africa

When the Luftwaffe Hit Back at Algiers

AIR WAR IN ALGIERS. Although the Axis ground forces were unable to contest the Allied landings in Morocco and Algeria, the Luftwaffe was soon in action. German dive-bombers attacked Allied transports in Algiers harbour, and top photo shows a smoke-screen being laid by naval craft to protect the Allied armed forces. Inset, Sir A. Tedder, Vice-Chief of Air Staff (left), and Maj.-Gen. L. H. Brereton, commanding U.S. 9th Air Force. Below, enemy bomb damage in Algiers.

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FRESH WATER FOR THE TROOPS constitutes a major problem in desert warfare. But during the 8th Army's pursuit of Rommel's retreating forces the Royal Navy took a hand, and at Sollum (on the Egypt-Libya frontier) landed 33,000 barrels brought from Alexandria. Below, part of this welcome shipment being run ashore, and (top right) rolling one of the barrels up the beach; each barrel contained 44 gallons of water. Top left, Royal Engineers relaying the water pipe-line near El Daba.
IN PURSUIT OF ROMMEL the 8th Army pressed hard on the shattered Axis forces from Egypt into Libya. This photograph shows a huge convoy of British supply and ammunition lorries streaming westward along the road which runs beside the railway from the Nile Valley to near Tobruk. Strangely indicative of Allied air supremacy is the close grouping of the vehicles. By the beginning of Dec. 1941 Rommel had withdrawn to El Agheila, almost on the border of Cyrenaica and Tripolitania.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

By borrowing a leaf from the German book and scuttling their ships at Toulon, the French disappointed Hitler's hopes of selling them. From the rapidity with which a strong force of troops was thrown into the town, immediately making its way to the dockyard, it seems evident that the decision to take over the French fleet was not a sudden one. Fortunately, French plans were also of long standing, and, as far as can be ascertained, the only German prize of any importance was a trio of three destroyers which happened to be lying in a basin some distance from the rest of the fleet. Two cruisers also appeared from the air to be intact, but may have been damaged under water.

It is sad to reflect that had Vice-Admiral de Laborde and his officers taken their courage in their hands a fortnight earlier, they might have sailed for African waters and so placed themselves in a position to offer more than passive resistance to the invaders who hold France in subjection.

Various statements have appeared concerning the condition of the sunken ships. Obviously, any reliable report would need to be preceded by a thorough examination of the wrecks, for which purpose divers would have to be employed. It would appear that some ships were blown up, while others merely foundered or capsized. It seems to be generally accepted that the water in which they lie is comparatively shallow, so salvage should not be unduly difficult. But to refloat and relift so many ships full of complicated machinery is bound to be a long job, occupying a considerable amount of labour and material. It must be concluded, therefore, that although the French ships cannot be written off as total losses, they are unlikely to be ready for active service for a very long time. If Hitler was counting upon them to reinforce his eftablished allies in the Mediterranean, he must now be faced with a fresh problem.

It is generally believed that Mussolini, while ready to risk his light ships in escorting convoys to Tunisia and Tripolitania, regards his battleships as too precious to send to sea. On the rare occasions on which they have been sighted, they have invariably retired to port again at the first sign of danger.

In spite of this, three of them were put out of action at Taranto in the famous moonlight torpedo attack made by the Fleet Air Arm on November 11, 1940. Two years later, on December 5, 1942, American aircraft delivered a heavy bombing attack on Naples, another important naval base. A cruiser of the Attendolo type capsized, and a battleship received damage, though it is improbable that she was hit in a vital spot.

Should the situation become sufficiently desperate, Hitler may insist on the Italian battle fleet proceeding to sea to protect the convoys, on the arrival of which German troops in Africa depend. There are no German warships available for the purpose, the few that remain in service being either in Norwegian waters or in the Baltic. The squadron based on Trondheim, comprising the Tirpitz, Admiral Scheer, Lützow, Prinz Eugen and Admiral Hipper, has shown few signs of activity since it exceeded northerly activity in July with the object of intercepting a convoy bound for Russia. A Soviet submarine claimed to have torpedoed the Tirpitz on that occasion, though there is no certainty that she was damaged.

In view of the fates of the Bismarck in May 1941 it is improbable that another sortie will be made into the Atlantic, for the chances of any considerable success in this direction are far less today than they were then.

The Navy and North Africa

It was revealed recently by Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, that the expedition to North Africa was organized in three separate forces. One, which sailed from the United States, was entirely an American responsibility; it was this unit that occupied Casablanca and occupied ports in French Morocco, disabling or sinking the battleship Jean Bart and other French warships which opposed the landings. The other two units, comprising both British and American troops, sailed from this country under the protection of the Royal Navy, with aid from ships of the Royal Canadian, Polish, Royal Norwegian and Royal Netherlands Navies, and proceeded to Oran and Algiers.

British warships lost in the course of the operations were the auxiliary aircraft-carrier Avenger, the destroyers Martin and Broke, the corvette Gardenia, the sloops Ibis, Harland and Walney, the minesweeper Algerine, the depot ship Hecla, and the anti-aircraft escort vessel Tynwald. The Dutch lost a destroyer, the Isaac Sweers, and the Americans five naval transports. Compared with the results achieved, these losses must be regarded as trifling.

Capt. W. G. AGNEW, C.B. (left), and Lt. Cmndr. A. P. H. NOBLE, D.S.C., commanders respectively of the cruisers Aurora and Destroyer Quentin, which played a prominent part in smashing Axis convoy in the Mediterranean on Dec. 2, 1942. Philip, Keystone

Though the Germans have contrived to assemble some 20,000 troops in Tunisia they have suffered heavy loss in transporting them there. Not only have many ships been sunk by H.M. submarines, but twice in 48 hours convoys were intercepted by our surface warships.

Shortly after midnight, December 1-2, 1942, a force under Rear-Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt, comprising the various others Sirius and Argonaut, and the destroyers Quentin and Quiberon, practically wiped out an enemy convoy proceeding from Italy to Tunisia. Although the convoy scattered and sought to cover its retreat with smoke-screen, four merchant vessels, at least two of which were troopships, and three destroyers were set on fire and destroyed. Admiral Harcourt summed up the whole situation afterwards when he made the signal: Well done, everybody! I think we have helped the 1st Army.

On the night of December 2-3 light forces under Captain A. L. Poland, R.N., came in contact with another south-bound convoy which had been attacked shortly before by torpedo aircraft. In the earlier encounter two ships of mercantile type were destroyed, and in the second an Italian torpedo boat was sunk.

These engagements were no mere matter of chance, but were the fruit of careful planning and skilful leadership.

The United States Navy Department's official report on the Pearl Harbour disaster, made public on December 6 last, is a most interesting document. Out of eight battleships which they had on December 7, 1941, Japanese torpedoes from the air so severely damaged five that they were either sunk or put out of action for some time, while the remaining three also received damage. Only one of these battleships, the Arizona, has had to be written off as a total loss, and with the exception of two destroyers, whose main and auxiliary machinery have been recovered and used by other warships sunk or damaged by the enemy attack have either been salvaged and repaired, or are now under salvage. Those ships which have been taken into dockyard hands for salvage will be modernized before rejoinding the fleet.

It is proof of the fine quality and spirit of the United States Navy that it should have recovered itself in so short a time from such a heavy blow. More recently, in the past few months it has taken the initiative.
ADM. DE LABORDE (above) gave the order to scuttle the French Fleet at Toulon on Nov. 27, 1942, when the Germans were at the gates of the naval base. By so doing he vindicated the honour of France and also deprived the Axis of a powerful concentration of warships. On the next day the Fighting French Navy observed a one-minute silence in honour of their countrymen who were lost with their ships at Toulon. Flags were flown at half-mast right, French sailors lowering the tricolour in London.

THE FRENCH FLEET AT TOULON consisted of some 60 ships, including the battleships Dunkerque, Strasbourg, and Provence; four 10,000-ton cruisers, three light cruisers, a seaplane-carrier, about 28 destroyers and contre-torpilleurs (a slightly larger type of destroyer), and some 20 submarines. This air view of the harbour, taken before the Axis occupation on Nov. 27, shows many of these ships in their berths. "From the flak and smoke of the explosions at Toulon," said Mr. Churchill on Nov. 29, "France will rise again."
‘Occupy All France!’ said Duce to Fuehrer

THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF VICHY FRANCE, which took place on Nov. 11, 1942, destroyed the last vestiges of Hitler’s pretence that this part of France was a “free zone.” 1. German infantry passing through the Arc de Triomphe in Marseilles. 2. The Italians were permitted by their German masters to make an excursion along the Riviera: a motorized detachment pauses on the road to Marseilles. 3. German vehicles on the famous Canebière in Marseilles. 4. Enemy tank in Toulouse.
In New Guinea They've Got the Japs on the Run

AUSTRALIANS AND AMERICANS IN NEW GUINEA, following their recapture of Kokoda on Nov. 2, 1942, were swift in their pursuit of the retreating Japanese. Australian troops entered Gona on Nov. 23 while U.S. forces hampered at Buna, the last remaining enemy stronghold on the coast. Top, cheery Australians wounded at Kokoda make their way back to the rear for treatment. Below left, Allied troops examining a captured Jap tank; and (right) an enemy landing-barge.
A Second Winter’s Tale of Dreadful War

L ast winter was bad enough for the Germans; this winter may well be worse. Not only are the Russians fighting with still tremendous, seemingly undiminished, strength, but they are having to grapple with the harshness of victories already won. The myth of Hitler’s invincibility has been blown to pieces by Montgomery’s guns in Egypt, by Timoshenko’s and Zhukov’s armies in Russia, and by Timoshenko’s and Zhukov’s armies in Central Russia.

How near the Germans were to defeat, even to disaster, in the campaign of last winter has been revealed by Hitler himself. In a speech to the Reichstag last April he admitted that “neither the German soldier, nor tanks, nor locomotives, were prepared for such intense cold.” Nerves were at breaking-point, obedience wavered, and a sense of duty was lacking—these are all Hitler’s own expressions—and in a few cases it was necessary for him to intervene. So “we mastered a fate that broke another man—Napoleon, 130 years ago.”

Goering, too, dilated upon the enormous difficulties which confronted the Germans. In a speech last May he spoke of the time when, after Hitler’s “unheard-of victories, after the Wehrmacht had penetrated 2000 kilometres and more into Russian space,”

“A new enemy fell upon us. Not the Russian divisions, not the Russian armies, not the Russian command, but the elements rose against us. Almost suddenly winter fell upon us, producing immense cold within three days—such a winter as has never been experienced in the history of such struggles. Rivers were frozen, swamps and lakes; and white blanket of death was spread over the limitless country. The Russian was in our rear in the north, in the centre, in the south. Partisan detachments blew up everything. Madding cold almost drove our troops into the ice. The cold hindered railway transport and the lines were out with the cold, the locomotives could no longer move. For days the front remained without supplies, without ammunition, without food and without clothing. Out there the brave, bearded, ice-cold Russian, his hands numb. When he touched the barrel of his rifle the skin of his fingers was frozen. The moment was gone. The motor was no longer started. Tanks got stuck in the deep snow. One thing piled on top of another...”

That is Goering’s picture of the winter war of 1941, in its main essentials it is a picture of that of 1942. True, so far the climatic conditions were not as bad this winter as last year, while Hitler’s propagandists have maintained that the lessons of last year’s campaign have been well learnt—that this year the preparations have been much more complete. Barracks have been built in many parts of occupied Russia. Huge quantities of furs have been purchased (or stolen) in all parts of Europe. Tens of thousands of skis have been bought to send to the Russian front; white hoods and cloaks, too. Vast quantities of bread, meat, fats and potatoes are being supplied every week by Germany. Hitler’s First Quartermaster, who has been boosted as the “Ludendorff of the New Army.” One fact we can be sure of is that the Germans’ need for winter equipment is the best of everything that Germany can produce. It is the civilians who will go short, and the civilians of the occupied countries will suffer most of all: they can starve so far as Hitler cares.

All the same, it is a bleak prospect for the Germans. In the north and central sectors they have towns and cities in which to winter, but they have lost the heart of Russia, and nothing was more uncertain, following Zhukov’s offensive. In the south, in the Stalingrad sector, there are no cities, and most of the villages have been destroyed. In large measure the prolonged onslaught at Stalingrad was dictated by the necessity of obtaining winter quarters, since otherwise the attackers would be condemned to spend the winter in the empty, icy steps. But Stalingrad still stands; and the Germans are now falling back through a devastated countryside in which there is no warmth, little food, and less shelter. And everywhere the partisan detachments are active throughout the long winter nights. Behind the German lines there are millions of Russians, and every one of them is a foe made desperate and relentless by ferocious treatment.

But for the Russians, too, the prospect is of a bleak and hungry winter. Throughout the country (reports Reuters Correspondent) the slogan is “everything for the front,” and this means that the civilians in the rear must tighten their belts still more. At times they must go hungry; they must do without central heating since all the fuel is required for the army and war industries; they must do without comforts, even many of what we should call the necessities of life. Last year the Russians lost the Ukraine; this year they have had to abandon the Kuban, richest remaining source of foodstuffs. These losses have but spurred them on to ever-greater effort. Nothing has been spared the Red Army. Vast quantities of skis and sledges have been turned out by the factories for the new ski army; winter clothing, also, and heating equipment for gun-sites, dug-outs and billets. And all this not for “static offensives” but for a full-scale and victorious offensive in the depths of winter.

In Moscow the Muscovites all through the summer have been collecting fuel, and in the squares there are great stacks of birch logs. In the allotments people have been working by moonlight to get the potatoes up before the first frosts come. In the country, some three weeks later, the offensive at Stalingrad, and on Nov. 28 a third offensive was launched on the Moscow-front.

WARE SNIPERS IN STALINGRAD! Re-produced from the Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung, this photograph purports to show German shock troops looking up to detect any sign of Russian presence in the upper storerooms of the largely demolished houses.

It seems well for the Russian “tommies” who, except in the heat of battle, are rather easy-going, essentially rather peaceful, who have had few落在 prisoners, and left alive so many scores of thousands of these cocky Prussians.

And to think of it, that these wretches, at the time that their airmen were agitating a few weeks dropped down millions of leaflets telling the Stalingrad garrison and the huge adjacent Russian armies that they were all utterly encircled and destroyed.”
Grim Battle in Russia's Snowbound Landscape

THIS RUSSIAN MARXSMAN, a member of an anti-tank crew defending positions from a blockhouse, maintains a vigilant watch, never taking his eyes from his gunsights during a prolonged attack by the enemy. In front and behind him are stores of ammunition.

SOVIET INFANTRYMEN, led by one of their comrades carrying a light machine-gun, clear an enemy trench during patrol activity on the central front. Heavy snowstorms in this sector at the beginning of Dec. 1942 added to the Germans' difficulties.

RUSSIANS ADVANCING to the N.W. and S.W. of Stalingrad in Nov. 1942 cut off large German forces which had long been hammering at that city. By the first week of December the enemy had lost many important heights, and the trapped Nazi divisions were reported to be clinging to every position favourable to defence.

Right, Russian tanks going in to attack an enemy position near Stalingrad. In their efforts to extricate themselves from the giant Soviet trap between the Volga and the Don, the Germans improvised sledges, for frost and snow paralyzed mechanical transport. Above, the retreating enemy moving across the snow with their sledges—a picture suggestive of Napoleon's retreat in 1812.

In Italy Is Fascism Riding for a Fall?

With Italy crash—and where, and how? These are questions that men are asking everywhere, following the crushing defeats of its armies in Abyssinia and in Libya and the series of devastating air raids on Genoa, Milan, Turin and Naples. In this specially contributed article Dr. Edgar Stern-Rubarth endeavours to interpret the writing on the wall.

It is said that when Mussolini finally agreed in 1934 to grant Hitler an interview at Venice, he placed the Fuehrer, when they came to be photographed, in such a position that the Hebrew letters on the Decalogue Tables held by the Lion of St. Mark appeared just over the head of the world's Jew-baiter No. 1. Today II Duce no longer dares to make jokes of any kind about the man he then despised as his imitator. He allowed himself to be tied hand and foot when he jumped off the Fuehrer's car at Fastensee.

What then appeared to be an easy racket for squeezing a New Roman Empire out of a Nazi-conquered world has since been transformed into the greatest disaster to beset a world-beer rich for the last thousand years. Yet, such is the present attitude of the United Nations that there is still a loophole by which Italy, if not Mussolini and his Black shirts, may escape; and both the Fascists and their Italian opponents within and outside Italy know it. This is the fact behind all the unrest, all the moves and counter-moves, observed in Rome of late. Italy has never been so closely watched by friends and foes as in the last few months. The Italian army, consisting of fewer than 66,000 members. Many of the victims were high officials—among them more than two-thirds of the 94 prefects (provincial government officials), all of whom were recalled in a few days.

T he purge did not stop at some of the largest industrialists, landowners and nobles of the land. Even the President of the Republic, Dr. Mussolini himself, tried to "cleanse" the forces. But there he encountered opposition too strong for a de facto dictator....

This opposition was not provoked by differences of judgment, civil service necessity of uprooting graft, corruption, profiteering and all the other ugly phenomena of a system of wanton rule. It was due to other considerations. Rome has recently wrested his A.D.C., Colonel Granuzzi, from the clutches of the O.V.R.A. (secret police) which wanted to shoot him and other high officials for "high treason," or, in other words, because he was a man of increasing influence in the Italian leadership and people. He was able to interpret high treason in terms diametrically different from those of the orthodox Fascists in conformity with the 600,000 Italians in the U.S.A. now freed from the stigma of enemy status, who are preparing another Garibaldi Legion for the liberation of their homeland, and with other hundreds of thousands elsewhere, they see Italy betrayed by "one man," the ambitious would-be Caesar and his minions.

They have good reason for adopting that attitude. In Rome, near the Piazza del Popolo, one of the most famous barracks is occupied by a German regiment; visitors at the Palazzo Venezia must sign a German permit, after passing close scrutiny by Hitler's Gestapo; the German Embassy, with four departments—representing the main functions of a government, rules over all but the provincial administration of the country; Field-Marshal Kessel, Germany's deputy, commands the air all over the "Mare Nostrum" and Italy herself (leaving Italian cities and industries denuded of A.A. guns); and Rommel was forced to inform the Italians as Supreme Commander over the whole Mediterranean sphere only a few weeks ago, at the height of his triumph. Gestapo officials sit in every central and local government department; Sicily is wholly in the grasp of the Nazi Luftwaffe; and since Allied ships have begun to fall on the other side of Italy's waters, Nazi generals, headed by the German Army Chief, Keitel, have appeared in Rome itself in order to tighten their grip.

That question was pondered, and answered, long before the blow fell. Loosely knit at first, a camorilla had developed, centring on the Royal House: the generals and admirals, the nobility, estate owners, Italian industrialists, and, with the exception of the Archbishops of Naples and Milan, the high clergy. All come to the conclusion that Fascism is but a mask, behind which a second opposition group is forming among the "Traditionalists" and "Youthful Radicals of the Fascist party itself. With a victorious Axis in sight, they would be ready to throw the puppet Italy to the German master's heel, as a mere puppet-state, run and exploited by the "Great Ally"; with a defeat of Hitler, she would have her doom. Unless, of course, the Axis cause in time. Quite a number of peace feelers have been put out during the last year, by way of Vatican circles favouring the "Latin Bloc" idea of Italy, Greece and Turkey in exile, and relatives of the Italian royal family.

There seemed, however, to be no silver lining on the cloudy horizon while Mussolini lorded it inside the country. Yet, Italy's army leaders have made a move that shows the possibility of the shares or relegated them to the position of spare-part-making subsidiaries. In some cases, as had been done already in France,whole factories, with their engineers, foremen and workers, were transferred to Germany. The Nazis have requisitioned the repair shops of Italy's railways. They have stolen so much of Italy's agriculture such as a position that on her rich oil rafts have to be lower than anywhere except in starving Greece and Poland. Italy has even to go begging for timber. Italian naval yards have suffered a serious blow in exchange, since her armies failed to subdue Yugoslavia whence she used to import it.

It is to be expected that, in these circumstances, there is much love lost between the Italian people and the majority of their kinsmen, from Mussolini's megalomania has foistied upon them. But after the loss by Rommel of what little had remained of Italy's African Empire, and the invasion by an Anglo-American armada and air force of her own waters, what can Italy do about it?

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In command of our First Army in North Africa is fifty-year-old Lt.-Gen. Kenneth Arthur Noel Anderson, G.B., M.C. The First Army has for its badge the "Crusader" flash. To quote from the Order of the Day issued when it was introduced last summer, "Just as of old the Crusaders wore on their shields the sign of the Cross . . . so we carry this emblem to show our unity of purpose in the dedication of ourselves to the rescue of Europe from the grip of barbarism . . . ."
North Africa Invaded by the Allies

In all history there has been no such army as that which landed General Eisenhower's Allied Army on the shores of Morocco and Algeria. 1. Guns carried ashore by landing-craft being manhandled up the beach near Algiers. 2. Above an old fort blunted into surrender by dive-bombers of the U.S. Navy, "Old Glory" flies in triumph. 3. British 41st Army parachute all ashore at Algiers.

They Came to Conquer, Remain as Friends

Fortunately, French resistance to the Anglo-American invasion was short-lived, and the good accord that was early established is witnessed by this scene (4) of the American and British flags being hoisted over Allied F.A. while a French guard of honour salutes. 5. One of the 500 transports which brought the troops across the Atlantic. 6 and 7, American troops coming ashore at Oran, near Oran.
America Comes to Africa

Along the dusty highway skirting the Atlantic coast, American soldiers march from Fedala to Casablanca, the great naval base which, after some stiff fighting, surrendered to the Allies on Nov. 11, 1942. Arabs on mules and a very superior-looking camel give an oriental touch to the scene. In the lower photograph more of General Eisenhower's warriors move out to battle up a cactus-fringed road.
In 1886, when Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield joined the Royal Navy, the British nation considered its first line of defense against those threats that had been a constant concern for over a century. The Navy had been transformed since it was founded, evolving from small, local galleys to a global fleet capable of protecting Britain's empire and interests around the world.

In a century great changes have been made. It is due to Lord Chatfield and a few more like him—never very many—that those changes have almost all been improvements. The Navy has been transformed since he passed out of the Britannia. It certainly needed transformation. He tells the story in a straightforward, sailor-like style, throwing in frequent references to his domestic life, telegrams announcing births of children, troubles with furnished houses; and telling often, too, how he get a little bit of sodden or stuck pigs or made a century at cricket. All of which makes it a pleasantly human record as well as one of historical value.

The bearded men who commanded our ships in those days had plenty of individuality. They were, many of them, "powerful personalities," but few of them were mentally alert. When they combined intellect with character, they tended to be intolerant and quarrelsome, as Jacky Fisher and Percy Scott were. To those two Lord Chatfield gives the chief credit for "changing the whole friction of the Navy." He admits that Fisher was too headlong in his methods, sometimes even brutal, and that Scott had a cocksure manner which brooked no argument to an undertaking created by a forceful 'manner' of pushing his wares."

Naval officers at that period were mostly inclined to suspect and dislike innovations. They might believe that it was good if they decided what they should get out of their old ruts, use their minds, alter their methods. One cause of this was that in general they drank too much. When a new gun was introduced, Chatfield introduced many much-needed reforms in a ship which had an inefficient captain and an antiquated second-in-command, he received a certificate, not commending his good work, as he expected, but merely saying he had "conducted himself with sobriety," as if that was very unusual.

When he got his first ship as midshipman, the hard drinking that went on in the gunroom was "not untypical." The sub-lieutenant in charge was "not infrequently drunk," and the other officers the same. A boy's first evening taught him what to expect. After dinner another sub-lieutenant rushed in, pursued by the Captain's orderly whom he had just double-crossed. His first act was to raise his walking-stick and sweep all the tumblers, wine-glasses and decanters off the table. Glass flew in all directions. He then called to the sailors, in a drunken voice to open the trap-hatch to the pantry, a small opening about two feet square. With a cry to the frightened mess-boys in the pantry, "Catch me if I'll kill him," and then ran and jumped head foremost through the trap-hatch, amazingly without hurting himself severely.

With such examples before them, the seamen for the most part drank hard, broke their leave, and committed petty offences against discipline. When shore leave was granted patrols had to be landed to keep order, stop fights, arrest drunken men. "It is good to compare the fine yet imperfect material of those days with the highly-educated, self-respecting seamen that have now been developed—to me the finest representatives of our countrymen. Drunkenness is almost unknown among them, and leave-taking is looked down upon (instead of being almost the fashion) and occurs comparatively seldom."

This has largely been brought about by the change in the ships. The type of man who "went aloft in a gale at night or hauled on the main brace or sheet without encouragement because his life depended on it" has become a skilled seaman-mechanic, able to use and repair delicate machinery. The navy has been transformed.

"Trusty cart-horse has given place to the Derby winner." This has made it necessary to alter methods of handling the lower deck and the spirit in which they are led and trusted. "The modern seaman may be more critical of those who command him, require greater care, attention and comfort, but well handled you can get more out of him because he has more to give."

Yet Lord Chatfield recognizes that "to live a sailor's life in a ship of war is hard and trying. He has none of the comforts known to the civilian, or indeed to the other fighting Services. His work is unregulated by the clock, because he must cope with weather and emergencies which happen only on the sea. No sailor can go to his hammock with certainty that he will not be roused in the night. Returning from wet and cold work in a boat, no hot bath and armchair await him, nor does the barrack gate stand ajar for him to join his family in the evening. He sits at meals on a hard wooden form at the wooden mess-table. No individual could lead a contented life under the White Ensign unless he was trained to it from boyhood, and had the spirit of comradeship and unselshless service impressed on him in his malleable teens."

The A.B. is good-tempered, "because ill-temper in a ship does not pay and speedily leads to ruin." He is cheerful and optimistic "because he must so often live on hope." Lord Chatfield has found it of absorbing interest to command seamen. He knows they like "a firm but just hand over them, the unruly punished, the well-conducted rewarded." The portrait he draws does equal credit to them and to him.

There has been change too in the relations between the Navy and the Admiralty. Even in 1919 there were "piles apart." The Board seemed to be separated altogether from the sailor, it was "a body that wore top-hats and was his permanent enemy." That was improved by making our Navy Department less bureaucratic, substituting naval private secretaries for civil servants, creating a better understanding between the latter and the men in the ships.

Some very grave and dangerous defects in the Navy's efficiency system in 1914 were cured. Lord Chatfield exposes in his account of the poor-quality shells supplied to the Fleet and used with weak effect at the Dogger Bank and in the Battle of Jutland. Our gunnery was better than that of the Germans, but they said our shells were "laughable," and they were right. The officials in Whitehall stuck to it that there was nothing wrong. Only when trials had proved the contrary could they be made to give the Navy shells that would pierce armour as those of the enemy did.

Someone ought to have been hanged for this. Beatty wrote a letter to be published if he was killed, telling where the blame lay. But he was not killed, and the letter did not appear. A report made by Lord Chatfield raised the question whether an inquiry should be held and those who had so grossly failed in judgement brought to book. It was decided to let the matter rest, since "an inquiry would inevitably drag into its list of witnesses all kinds of personalities. So, to save a few prominent people, the folly which had lost so many lives and ships was overlooked. Social considerations overcame national. The guilty escaped scot-free."

The Admiralty erred also when it announced during the first stage of Jutland that the German Battle Fleet was not at sea; but this did not much affect the course of the battle, though some ships came under very heavy fire and suffered severe damage. Lord Chatfield's account of the engagement is vivid and exciting, though there are points in it which make me feel a little uneasy. For instance, he attributes to chance the silhouetting of our ships against a clear sky and the enveloping of the enemy's in the gloom of a dull grey sky. Surely there was more than chance in this. Again, he mentions that an order given by him to alter course was "misheard." Alarming to think such a thing could happen during a critical action!
Bizerta’s Significance in Tomorrow’s Strategy

Unlike tragic Singapore, Bizerta—the most important port between Algiers and Alexandria—is strongly defended against attack from the landward side as well as from the sea, and the slowing-down of our First Army’s advance to the occupation of Tunisia was not surprising in view of the circumstances. The French have always been masters of fortification, and when Admiral Muselier was put in supreme command of the defences of this vital base, he employed excellent craftsmen to make it as nearly impregnable as might be. Heavy batteries—their guns having a range of over 25 miles—command all land approaches from south and west. Similar weapons dominate the narrows between this pointing finger of territory and Sicily. Attack from the sea by the United Nations might be costly in a high degree; it is an accepted fact that ships are almost impotent against fixed defences.

“Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?” he quotes. To gain a correct impression of the outstanding value of Bizerta, however, one must look beneath its mediocre surface. It is far more vital to Mediterranean strategy than ever Singapore was to the Pacific, for it commands one of the most important stretches of sea-water in the world, one that is next in importance to the English Channel. Admiral Muselier transformed it into a most formidable arsenal, for not only was this distinguished French sailor responsible for its naval efficiency, but he was placed in supreme charge of its air facilities; and the present war is proving daily that sea-power is dependent on air-power for continued potency. He worked well, and established airfields of unique value. Many of these are already in Allied hands; each fresh capture must bring added qualms to Axis hearts. Once we have secured air-supremacy in this

Any surface fleet desire of denying this passage to the Axis forces would be liable to relentless attack by U-boat and from the air, by U-boats based on Bizerta itself or at other Sicilian ports. Araf’s flights flying not only from Sicilian and Southern Italian airfields but also from Pantelleria—the rocky islet lying roughly midway between Malta and Pantelleria Axis sea-sofa of the Mediterranean, but that the Maginot Line was to France: a strategic certainty.

But with Bizerta and Tunisia as a whole in Allied hands Pantelleria loses all its value: it cannot be overemphasized. Next summer, and so on summer, by Allied forces. So, too, do the Sicilian airfields lose their value: Allied aircraft operating from Bizerta’s spacious fields might blast these strongpoints of Axis existence, and so diminish the ominous threats to the seaborne traffic of the United Nations.

Once Bizerta and Tunis fall into our hands, the systematic subjugation of all South Italy and Sicily becomes inevitable. Turin, Milan, Naples. Genoa have proved the material as well as the moral value of concentrated air-attack. Assuming that Mussolini has transferred his eluminated navy—or what fraction of it still remains and the Adriatic ports, these harbours are brought within easy range of our heaviest bombers. Taranto automatically loses whatever value it had as a haven; and Palermo and Messina, Syracuse and Catania, are judged by modern ideas of distance—within easy piston-shot of Bizerta-based aircraft.

Bizerta is, indeed, the most vital citadel of the Middle Sea. It is good for defence; but its capacity as a taking-off place for attack can be overemphasized. No wonder Hitler is stripping his Eastern Front to bolster up its defence! By striking a ruthless blow at Tunisia the Allies have sealed the Fuehrer’s death-wish in Russia. It is hard to hold both the Russian line and Tunisia he stands to lose both, as events are proving.

Naval control of the Mediterranean is likewise dependent on the possession of this area. With the Italian surface navy practically concentrating in its harbours, Axis sea-strategies can consist only in the employment of submarines. Valetta, on Malta, was the only harbour open to Allied warships between Alexandria and Malta; and the occupation of Morocco and Algeria; and the ports of these countries are not much better than open roadsteads. Malta, until Sicily is subdued, is a precarious haven at best. But if Bizerta be overcome and safely in our hands, an overwhelming anti-submarine flotilla can be based there in complete safety. Conceivably, before surrendering, the Axis will apply a scorched earth policy to Tunisia; but even so, the skeleton of a great and invaluable harbour will remain. And it is to the last resort, to the extent that the port of Bizerta was prepared for practically all eventualities. It has dry docks capable of holding the greatest battleships. It has repair shops in adequate supply. It has superbly designed and protected submarine docks. All the destroyers and corvettes and mosquito craft needed to overwhelm the Axis anti-submarine forces can harbour in the port or its spacious approaches. From its airfields not only can bomber-attacks be launched at the vulnerable Vichy France, but submarine pens equipped to tackle the submarine threat, can operate with ease.

No wonder that, to secure possession of this unique stronghold, General Anderson and his Allies are taking infinite pains!
Finest Harbour on the North African Coastline

TUNISIA'S CHIEF PORT, Bizerta, lies at the head of the Gulf of Tunis. The harbour works were begun in 1891, when the lakes were dredged and channels constructed to admit warships. At Ferryville are situated the arsenal and naval establishments. Two large aerodromes have recently been built, one on the shores of the Lake of Bizerta, and the other near the outer harbour. Top, right, Bizerta station on the railway to Tunis and Sfax. Top left, scene at a bazaar.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

The hard core of the air war has crystallized over the area surrounding the broken, natural central bridge of the Mediterranean, where land, which has since subsided, once joined Europe with Africa and divided the inland sea into two great lakes. Across this bridge the prehistoric monsters fought their way southwards to escape from the rigours of the European Ice Age. Today, modern monsters in the shape of tanks have crossed from Europe, using ship and aeroplane where the sea has covered the missing span.

Everywhere the tempo of the air war is rising, for it is the speed of aircraft which gives them their advantage over all other weapons of war and vehicles of war transport.

Above the narrow stretch of water that separates Cape Bon from the nearest part of the Sicilian coast must wage an air battle for mastery of the sky. For that stretch of ninety miles is within the range compass of the swiftest and most deadly fighters—those of the Hurricane, Spitfire, and Messerschmitt classes; and whoever holds aerodromes on both sides of the broken span of the bridge holds an important military advantage. Indeed, no advance into Europe through Sicily by United Nations forces can be contemplated until British and American fighter squadrons can operate from aerodromes in Sicily in addition to those at Tunisia and Bizerta.

The British First Army advanced eastward from Algeria after the union of French North Africa with the cause of the United Nations. Paratroops were dropped in advance to seize points ahead of the army and to deny them to the Axis forces. The advance of the First Army was rapid in the direction of Bizerta and Tunis. It carried troops far in advance of the forward airfield at Bône, and close to the Axis-held airfields at Bizerta and Tunis.

That advance stretched the Allied front in Tunisia almost beyond the effective range of Spitfire short-range fighters based on Bône, and gave the Luftwaffe the opportunity to deploy dive-bombing aircraft from the line of troops of the First Army without having to face the fury of the Spitfires.

It may have been partly the local air superiority which the Axis forces enjoyed in the air over the advanced battle area that enabled them to force the slight withdrawal of the advanced elements of the First Army to more favourable positions where cover was easier to improve.

In this situation it is possible to see the clear lesson of modern tactical warfare, namely, that the movement of surface forces, either by land or sea, without the air cover of the most effective types of fighter aircraft is fraught with grave risks when such movement takes the forces concerned into a zone where enemy aircraft can operate in force.

The most important reinforcement to any British Advanced Air Striking Force; and again during the Battle of Britain. The effect of such action is too temporary, unless overwhelming surprise is achieved as in the case when the Luftwaffe bombed the Dutch and Belgian Air Forces before dawn on May 10, 1940, with no declaration of war.

With these past examples known, there was no reason to assume that bombing the aerodromes at Bizerta and Tunis would be effective in reducing Axis air superiority over an advanced fighting zone to a degree which could compensate for the absence of short-range United Nations fighters.

The milesages involved are of special interest. Bône to Bizerta is 376 miles, to Tunis 136 miles; Malta to Tunis is 217 miles; Tunis (Sicily) to Tunis is 142 miles. The front-line fighting at Mateur is 22 miles south-west of Bizerta; in the Teboursaub sector it is 20 miles west of Tunis.

The crucial part of the ground operations is associated with the Axis possession of two important advanced aerodromes, and the United Nations lack of them. Small wonder, then, that Mr. Churchill, speaking at Bradford on Dec. 5, indicated that it would be no easy task to drive the Axis completely out of Tunisia. It will be a hard fight, its course dictated by the situation in the air.

Realizing this, the Axis have sent many of their latest aircraft to North Africa. Among them are Messerschmitt 109s, and Ju 88's, 86Ps, stratosphere fighter and bomber respectively. One of the few large Blohm and Voss 6-engined, 45-ton flying-bombs possessed by the enemy was shot down off the Tunisian coast; originally designed for transatlantic air transport, it was converted into a troop-carrier, and believed to accommodate 80 troops.

The advantage the Americans are securing from their policy to build 25 per cent of all multi-engined aircraft as air transports is beginning to show to advantage in the Pacific war zone. A complete field hospital, flown into the Papuan area of the island of New Guinea in ten large transports, was working south of Buna the day after its arrival. Two-ton 105-millimetre guns were flown 1,500 miles from Australia to the Buna-Gona area, where the Japanese are hemmed in against their beachhead; each gun and tractor, was carried from Australia to New Guinea in a Fortress, but the last lap over the Owen Stanley Mountains was made by smaller transport aircraft. The guns were to use the forward landing-ground, each one carrying half the load borne by a Fortress. The guns were in action soon after their arrival in the fighting zone.

The R.A.F. has no substantial number of air transport aircraft yet, but this is a gap which must be made good.

On Friday, Dec. 4, American Liberator bombers made the first United States attack on Italian metropolitan territory by appearing suddenly over Naples in a series of low-level attacks with direct hits on a battleship and other targets.

Two American pilots have power-dived the Thunderbolt fighter to a speed of 725 m.p.h., probably the fastest speed yet attained by man.

German parachute craft have been using phosphorous-boluted bullets; one British air navigator, wounded by one, died of phosphorous poisoning six days after an operation successfully extracted the particles of metal. The R.A.F. must remember this when the day of reckoning comes. In air fighting this is foul play.
Mustangs Are the Eyes of the Army

MUSTANGS are the product of North American Aviation, Inc., of Inglewood, California, and have appropriately been termed the "eyes of the Army." Used extensively by Army Cooperation Command of the R.A.F., these powerful fighters are now cooperating with Fighter Command and have scored outstanding successes over the Continent. Among their many targets have been railway engines, gun posts, bridges and important lines of communication.

These machines have a wing span of 37 ft. 3 in., a length of 31 ft. 3 in., and are fitted with a single 1,150 h.p. engine. A distinguishing feature is the shallow radiator aft of the wings. The tapered fin and rudder has a square apex, and the cockpit cover is comparatively short. Mustangs habitually fly at what the R.A.F. calls "zero feet," that is, skimming the sea and tree-tops, in their long-distance trips to attack enemy targets. Their first big test-came with the Dieppe raid on August 19, 1942, and subsequent attacks were made on other vital centers with such success that an American air expert, Maj. T. Hitchcock, declares that the Mustang will prove the "best fighter for 1943."

WORLD'S FASTEST ARMY COOPERATION AIRCRAFT, Mustangs have made history by attacking targets in Germany by daylight—the first time that single-engined fighters based in Britain have reached the Reich. Top left, a pilot of Army Cooperation Command of the R.A.F., receives instructions from the Air Liaison Officer at an operational station. Top right, climbing into his Mustang on the airfield. Below, making a low-loyal attack on an armoured car: a training photograph. PAGE 439 Photos: L.N.A., Planet News, Central Press
RETURNING from a raid on Turin on the night of November 18, 1943 a Halifax bomber was discovered to be on fire: a powerful flare had caught alight and had not dropped clear. Flames spread to one wing, and soon the aircraft was filled with smoke. The captain (Wing Cdr. B.V. Robinson, D.S.O., D.F.C.) ordered the bomb doors to be opened in the hope of releasing the burning flare, but it could not be moved. With the fire spreading and the Alps only a few miles ahead, a crash seemed inevitable; so he ordered the crew to jump out by parachute. He was preparing to jump himself when the fire suddenly went out, and he brought the machine safely back to England.

That speaks volumes, not only for the heroism and determination of the pilot, but for his aircraft. Many and many a time a Halifax has stood up to severe punishment and has made a successful return. As will be seen from the photographs in this page, taken at a depot in the north, the wounded Halifaxes are overhauled, repaired, and put back into service as good as new. 1. Dismantling a damaged plane; 2. repairing a damaged nose; and 3. a shell-torn fuselage. 4. Another Halifax in hospital. When a plane is too badly damaged for repair, components are reduced to salvage, after the sound parts have been removed and sent to store for future use. Photo, Central Press
BENGHAZI, capital of Cyrenaica, occupied by the 8th Army on Nov. 29, 1942, was first taken by British Imperial forces under Gen. Wavell on Feb. 7, 1941. Subsequent evacuation by our troops and occupation by the Germans were announced a few weeks later, on April 3. In Nov. 1941 the second British drive into Libya began, and by Christmas Eve units of Gen. Ritchie's army had swept into Benghazi, having covered the 250 miles from Derna in five days. Again the tide of war turned, and on Jan. 29, 1943 the British withdrew. Advancing from Jedaba, Rommel occupied the town; and during the ensuing months constant bombing attacks were made by Allied planes operating from Egypt.

Men of the 8th Army in lorries (top photo) passing the wreckage of Axis motor transport as they entered the place on Nov. 29, 1942. Immediately above, keenly interested inhabitants watch Australian infantry marching through the streets on Feb. 7, 1941. Right, the crew of a South African armoured car column enjoy their Christmas fare on the Cathedral Mole at Benghazi—a photo taken on Dec. 24, 1941.

Photos, British Official; Credit Copyright

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THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

When did you last see the "drunken sailor" of the convivial chorus—a drunken soldier, airman or civilian? More beer is being drunk, and more people are drinking than ever before. Do you nowadays the rolling drunkard who, according to G. K. Chesterton, made the rolling English road, going home trampled through the gutter, the mess (completely with black eye) and querulous of sniffing, ragged littleurchins. Few there are, who, wisely, at least, take "one over the eight." It is the best measure a round an expensive business, taxation being what it is; it was very much easier to escape from Hogarth's London when the gin shone in the sun than it is now, because the strewed cellars used to advertise: "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, straw for nothing." May- be it is because the composition of present-day beer is such that a cup of tea brewed so that a mouse could dance on it is a much more harmful beverage. Long before the eighth glass we have had more than enough of—water. Or it may be that we are constitutionally more temperate than our fathers were, and know better when to stop.

Pubs, too, have changed a lot. Those dazzling establishments described by the English reformer J. A. Roebuck a hundred years ago— "splendid windows, brass rods and ornaments, a fine showy counter, immense tubs of spirits and gay dams ready to serve it."—are as dead as the "spit and sawdust" bars once favoured by the proletariat. The public house is now a very respectable place—so respectable, indeed, that it is causing trouble. This is one of the conclusions reached by Dr. Ernest Barker, who after a lifetime spent in the study and teaching of political ethics, has recently devoted his attention to an analysis of our drinking habits during the war. Writing in the monthly bulletin of the Fellowship of Communal Living, London, he notes that the "local" has been quietly but successfully invaded by women; it has become the "gossip shop" of towns and the "Plan for posters" and other diversions jointly shared. He regards this as an inevitable development; women are working everywhere side by side with men. They are clearly coming to sit by their side, and drink by their side, in times of leisure. And, indeed, he sees some good in it. Women may bring a breath of fresh air into a frowzy atmosphere, he says, and sweeten and humanize the pubs. There may also be some evil, but "as long as beer is the drink the evil is a possibility rather than a fact."

Dr. Barker is not so happy, however, about the drawing of the young—of both sexes and particularly young boys still in their teens—into the public house. They see money burning in their pockets; they have been working by the side of grown-ups to earn the money; they want a fling. In spite of the Thirteenth Triennial, which maintain discipline there is a good deal of noisy display; and "to spend 9s. a week on beer would seem to be moderation in the view of a community that a young lad's saucer is £3 a week." To continue my quotation: "Reflection suggests that it is in no way surprising that drinking should have increased. The unemployed have ceased to be unemployed, and they can now get their pint of beer (that I confess, makes me happy). The community generally is earning good wages and in these days of restricted supplies it has few things on which it can spend. It turns to beer—beer and tobacco—and tobacco even more than beer." From reports received lately it would seem that the lad who spends 9s. a week on beer will spend 1s. on cigarettes; indeed, one observer records that "it is not far from the truth to say that for every shilling spent on beer most adolescents spend four on cigarettes." How shall we judge of this habit? "When I drink a glass of beer (which is rarely) smoke a Cigarette (which is far more frequently) I say to myself, 'I am paying my taxes; and this is a painless and indeed a pleasant mode of extraction.' When a community at war, under a system of high indirect taxes, drinks and smokes it is not going to the dogs, but it is drinking and smoking, and perhaps war is not the most stable foundation for a nation's culture."

Sir William Beveridge, whose Report on Social Insurance and Allied Services was published on Dec. 1, is a "social engineer" of the first rank. Born in 1879, after pioneer work as a Civil Servant in establishing Labour Exchanges and National Insurance, he was Director of the London School of Economics from 1919 to 1937, since when he has been Warden of University College, Oxford. (Photo, Topical)

Anyhow it smokes far more than it drinks, and beer is an innocent compared with tobacco.

In truth it is all to the good that "pubs" have changed, since there are still plenty of places where they are in the, a smoker's haven, best to ensure that the choice shall still lie between 'gloom and drink,' as those penetrating and authoritative writers on English social history, J. L. and Barbara Hammond, put it in their book, The Age of the Chartists. A century ago the English Society was a fear- some institution. Sunday theatres were frowned upon, yet W. F. Davenport-Garner had invented his moving-picture camera; public transport was in its infancy, and even excursion trains were condemned by the more strait-laced since women making day trips to the country and seaside were exposed to the temptations of ice cream.

To quote from the Hammond's again, "For the masses of the working classes there was only one day in which they were [free of the discipline of the mill and workshop. On that day they were refused recreation of mind or body, music or sport, but instead a beauty of art or nature." To the London of Little Dorrit "There was nothing to see but streets, streets, streets; there was nothing to breathe but streets, streets, streets." That was a century ago; are things very much better today?

Recently there was published a letter above the signatures of Mr. Leslie Henson and seventy other leading actors and actresses stating that "owing to the persistent action taken by the Lord's Day Observance Society in upholding the law passed in 1677 and never repealed or adjusted to modern requirements" they regret "that they are not allowed to give stage performances for any charity, or performance to which money is subscribed, on any Sunday."

While making it clear that actors and actresses will still be happy to give their services for the free entertainment of His Majesty's forces and the Lord's Day Observance Society having no jurisdiction over these activities," Mr. Henson declares that: "We are not going to wangle round the law any more, though it is being enforced in England by selling tickets through clubs. We cannot perform for charity on Sundays unless the money is taken through clubs, although cinemas everywhere are open, and the B.B.C. broadcasts plays every Sunday. At a Sunday show at the Coliseum, because the frock worn by a soprano looked like a crinoline the show was stopped and the singer had to change into street clothes before being allowed by the L.C.C. Representative, sent there by the Lord's Day Observance Society, to continue.

Much the most important development on the Home Front of recent days has been the publication of Sir William Beveridge's report on Social Insurance and Allied Services. A document of over 100,000 words, it must be read by every British citizen. It is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office (Cmd. 6404) at 2s. 6d. Its proposals affect every man, woman and child living in the United Kingdom; it is the greatest thing of its kind since Mr. Lloyd George's Health Insurance Bill of 1911. And as likely as not it will give rise to as vast a volume of controversy. But about the spirit in which it is framed surely there can be no quarrel.

"The proposals of this report represent, not an attempt by one nation to gain for its citizens advantages at the cost of its fellow-fighters in a common cause, but an effort to give to the war a contribution to that common cause. They are a sign of the belief that the object of government in peace and war is the glory of rulers or of races, but the happiness of the common man." And again, "Good for Social Security!" by one who believes that in this supreme crisis the British people will not be found wanting, of courage and faith and national unity, of material and spiritual power, to play their part in achieving both social security and the victory of justice among nations upon which security depends."

Among the other reports that have been seen is that of Lord Kennet's Committee on Manpower in Banking and Insurance. At the outbreak of war there were employed in banking about 66,000 men and 19,000 women. Some 25 per cent. of the clerical and clerical employees have been called up, and in the clearing banks women represent 42 per cent. of the clerical and clerical employees, and military age left almost all are over 35 and occupying positions of some responsibility. But Lord Kennet's committee thinks that part-time service should be released. It rejects the amalgamation of separate banks as a means of releasing man-power, but recommends that banks should close at 5 p.m.; more branches, too, might be closed, although by May last, 1,724 branches out of 8,450 were already working at a lower rate.

The Committee recommends similarly that the staff of the insurance companies (industrial and ordinary) should be combured.\n
Salvage P.S. "Thousands of tons of bones are being lost annually through being buried by dogs."—Letter to The Times

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The night of May 10, 1941 marked the climax of the Luftwaffe's prolonged and savage attack on the metropolis. Front Line, 1940-41, the official story of this grim period of the war (recently issued by H.M. Stationery Office at 2/6), tells of the heroic deeds performed by countless men and women in defence of their city. "May 10 saw nine conflagrations and a further 21 major outbreaks. It was a night that must have grieved the hearts of many a fire-fighter's heart the words 'no water,' so many were the mains broken by the bombs. This remarkable photo shows a building crashing in Queen Victoria Street.
Wartime Faces & Places seen by our Roving Camera

THANKSGIVING DAY, Nov. 26, was celebrated in London by U.S. forces when thousands of them attended a special service in Westminster Abbey. The Stars and Stripes flew from one of the Abbey towers for the first time in its centuries-old history. Above, an American sergeant carries Old Glory along the central aisle.

PARACHUTISTS are equipped with portable wireless sets, and are becoming extremely proficient in tackling the intricate problems of modern signalling systems and up-to-date equipment. Above, a parachutist demonstrates his wireless apparatus during an intensive course at the Northern Command's Signal Training Centre.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT, the King's 43-year-old yacht, which was due to be broken up before the War, is acting as an overflow accommodation ship for a Royal Naval gunnery school. Right, trainees examine the picturesque handwheel and binnacle. The handwheel came from the old man-of-war, H.M.S. Royal George.

BACK-YARD FARM, of 2½ acres in Surrey, produces most of the food for a household of eight. Milk is provided by goats, while ducks, chickens, and about 40 rabbits complete the livestock. Mr. F. Lynne, owner of the farm, is seen above turning a furrow with his 3½-h.p. motor plough. Left, Allied Army and Ministry of Supply officials receiving the first shipment of U.S. UTILITY LOCOMOTIVES which have been built to conform to both British and Continental systems.

MEN OF THE BOOM DEFENCE guard the anti-submarine and anti-torpedo nets that form curtains of steel mesh at the entrances of our harbours. The nets are kept in position by spherical floats on the surface and heavy sinkers on the sea bed. Constant attention is needed to keep these booms in order, and the boom defence ships carry out repairs on the spot.

MAJOR (TE-L-COL) Y. B. TURNER, of the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own), displayed the most conspicuous gallantry on Oct. 27, 1942, in the Western Desert. He led a battalion to an objective where 40 German prisoners were taken, after which he organized the captured position for all-round defence. Later in the action he was wounded. On Nov. 20 it was announced that he had been awarded the V.C.
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness
Stories of the War

Back from Stalingrad We Chased the Nazis

Here is a dispatch from the Stalingrad front of the tremendous battle waged between Gen. Chuikov's Russians and von Hoehn's Nazis. Written by Soviet war correspondents Kuprin and Akushin, this dramatic piece of war reportage is reprised here by courtesy of the Soviet War News.

As the path of our offensive leading to the west over the level steppe of the Don are trenches, blockhouses, dugouts, deep anti-tank ditches, massively-fortified gun sites, abandoned by the enemy. Droves of lost horses wander over the plains, cropping the dry, prickly grass. They have been deserted by their masters, who preferred to trust to their own legs. The ground is thickly strewn with black and green German helmets, gas masks, broken shell and mine cases, enemy bodies and dead horses.

Here is a shell-torn height, its slopes covered with scraps of twisted metal and burnt-out machines. The remains of enemy trenches and blockhouses are barely recognizable. The wide tracks of our K.V.s (Klim Voroshilov tanks) are clearly visible in the earth. The heavy machines swept to the west, destructive as a huge torrent, wiping out everything in their path. Rifles and machine guns are embedded in the crushed trenches. In this area the enemy resisted madly and was exterminated. Traces of hand-to-hand fighting can be seen everywhere. Farther on are abandoned guns, some of them put out of action by our artillery and tanks, some in full working order, complete with large supplies of shells. Salvage companies are loading them on lorries and carting them away to the rear.

Beyond the height is a place known as the ravine of death. Its slopes are furrowed with fortifications. It was the enemy's second defence line. It is shattered. The defenders' bodies in their green uniforms lie mouldering everywhere. Burnt-out lorries and planes with Nazi markings block our path. We try to count the abandoned transport lorries and guns. It is hopeless. There are hundreds of them.

West of the ravine it is the same—the road blocked by smashed vehicles and the verges littered with helmets, guns and other equipment. The enemy attempted to get his supply columns away, but failed. Our mobile units rushed into the breach and caught up with the fleeing beast. Cases of shells and mines, cartridges, broken bicycles, motor-cycles, staff documents, are mixed up with the carcasses of horses and dead Nazis. Here is a huge pair of erect feet boots, their soles stuck with straw and paper. The enemy was busy preparing for the Russian cold, but for him it became too hot. He dropped his boots and ran along barefoot; but even so he was caught. Our men were merciless to those who resisted.

Farther west is the wreckage of a heavy artillery regiment sent by the enemy to hold his defences at the village of Plodovitaya against our advancing troops. Long before it got there it was attacked by our mobile units. The K.V.s encircled the Nazi gunners, who were wiped out before they had any opportunity to get into fighting formation and use their weapons.

Prisoners moving east block the roads—thousands of them, escorted by groups of Red Army men. The cold wind blows through their thin uniforms. They are wrapped up in lofted blankets and scarves. One column consists of 2,800 prisoners—the entire strength of an infantry regiment, captured together with their colonel.

West again, through a liberated village. The country people greet the Red Army men with tears of joy, begging them to come into their houses, to warm themselves and eat. For three months these villagers have suffered under German occupation. The Nazis butchered their cattle, took away their grain. Everywhere is devastation. The soldiers, smoking punctured cigarettes, listen grimly to the terrible tale of a grey-haired collective farmer.

It used to be a wealthy, well-run village. Now it is ruins. On house walls and fences are German notices, road signs and posters. The people are scraping them off, or painting them over. The signposts are being re-lettered in the Russian language. There are two big cemeteries in the village. The graves of the Nazi conquerors are marked by a forest of crosses. Those are the dead of the hot August days and still hotter battles when the numerically superior enemy forces were pressing on towards Stalingrad.

Beyond Abganerovo railway station, towards Aksai, the railway line is blocked with stranded trucks and engines, goods trains crammed with food and ammunition, guns and military supplies. The enemy did not have time to move them before the Red Army struck. Our vanguard groups destroyed the bridges, blew up the track, cut off all lines of retreat. Near by hundreds of disabled and burnt-out German tanks are stacked in an immense scrap-heap.

To the west rolls an endless line of lorries carrying food and supplies, Soviet artillery and cavalry units, reserve regiments and battalions. The offensive continues.
The 'Eyeties' Begged Us to Give Them a Lift

With the victorious Eighth Army in pursuit of Rommel's beaten hordes, T. E. A. Healy, war correspondent of the Daily Mirror (from which this story is reprinted), drove through 70 miles of amazing scenes in the Egyptian desert, and of forlorn enemy troops anxious above everything to give themselves up.

I AM writing this dispatch on note-paper of Rommel's crack forlorn infantry division, the 90th Light. The paper was taken from a German lorry overturned by an R.A.F. bomb outside Fuka. Can you imagine what today has meant, to advance seventy miles in one hop with our Eighth Army?

Continuously to the left, right, and ahead the desert has been strewed with enemy transport wreckage, enemy tanks burnt, bombed and blown up. I've looked on death and destruction till I'm sick of it. It has told me eloquently just how completely we've smashed the Axis in Africa. We went across the battlefield of the last ten days, driving gingly over mined ground and past the wreckage of German and British tanks.

Beside a cluster of German Mark III tanks I came on a grave marked by a cross made of pieces of a jam box, on which a British soldier had written: "Here lies unknown German soldier," and had propped up on the grave the soldier's sword, fork and comb, leaning them against his tin helmet. There were photos about of German wives and children to whom their husbands and fathers will never return. There were letters home and letters from home blowing about in the dust. Up the track we came across still greater masses of guns and ammunition and tanks abandoned.

I NOTED that over only a few graves the swastika of Nazism was inscribed. Others bore the Black Cross of the Kaiser's Germany. Above one grave protruded one of the propeller blades of a Spitfire. It was the grave of a Canadian buried by Germans. Near the graves was a pile of new enemy overcoats and boots, some still fitting on. The scene reminded me of Caledonian Market. One soldier looked up from boot-fitting and said: "Wouldn't der Fuehrer be derfurious!"

As we went westwards the destruction and havoc wrought by the R.A.F. intensified. In a swath almost 200 yards wide enemy transport lay charred and battered. The scene was one of desolation and the worst kind. Many vehicles were blown up on their own mines, for the road on either side was mined a foot off the tarmac.

Movement up the narrow road was slower as we got farther westward because of the great problem we were faced with by the arrival of a stream of prisoners, mainly German, in huge German and Italian lorries.

We knew there was something peculiar about the procession and couldn't make out what it was. Suddenly someone shouted: "Gosh, they're driving themselves to prison!" They were, and only in the front vehicle and in the last there was a guard.

Fully 2,000 prisoners passed in one hour. They were early lorry unaccompanied, and when one of their trucks broke down they clambered out and watched British mechanics repair it.

What a sight for the prisoners it must have been, this immense column of British transport, British tanks and men lifting itself towards the future! Perhaps at that moment as they looked at it they realized why they were beaten and in the bag. Every British transport bore some girl's name. How many must have been young girls like Annes, Isbelle, Margery, Polly, Vivian, Betty, Ellen, Kathleen, Joan, Eileen, Margaret, Jean, Bettea, Evelyn—have been driven in spirit into captured enemy towns in this campaign? Tankmen always give their vehicles humorous names. "La Guerre," "Hun Buster," "Valiant, Defiant," etc. One man broke the rule and named his Mother. We drove past cars abandoned in hundreds, guns left with piles of ammunition, huge heaps of clothing and ground-sheets.

While we had lunch we saw soldiers prodding the cyanide side for mines which are like round covered pudding dishes, with the charge an inch wide in the centre. Soldiers were digging them up like turnips.

A FEW miles farther on I got out of a car and shot another remarkable picture of twenty-eight forlorn and desolate Italians. They came up, saluted, and said they wanted to surrender but could not find anyone to take their prisoner. Everyone was in too much of a hurry.

One spoke French and asked whether we could take them. We accepted their surrender. We stopped a lorry driven by a British officer. He did not speak French. He said he was the "Old Eyeties" to a prison camp, but said he would hand them over to the military police. The prisoners brightened up considerably at this, but took some time explaining to themselves that everything was settled that the Scot said angrily: "Well, bloody well get cracking or I'll leave you behind."

They quickly got on the truck, and as the truck broke away the Italian saluted profusely and said there were some of their mates farther down the road. Would we be so kind as to help them too? But prisoner traffic is too many and there were too many of a hurry to bother. They were popping out of holes all over the desert and looking for someone to take charge of them. The truck began to lift the prisoners from our lorries and even tanks. Some at least of them were covered in vermin.

Over the Alps We Flew to Bomb Genoa

Another smashing success was scored by the R.A.F. on the night of November 7, when home-based bombers inflected on Genoa, Italy's great naval base, its heaviest raid of the war. Impressions of this sensational night attack are below in the form of extracts from a "novice"—a R.A.F. Public Relations Officer who flew in a Stirling.

FIVE-ELEVEN in the afternoon: I'm airborne but didn't know it. I poked my head up the astro-dome to find out how the take-off was getting on, and discovered that we were about 500 feet up—so smooth had been the getaway. Several other Stirlings are circling around, gaining height and preparing to set course.

5.5 p.m. "Tee cross, cross, cross". It is still light enough to observe that, owing to the state of the tide, the white line of sea breakers does not at all conform to the map. There is a fine sunset to the starboard beam as we cross the Channel. Strips of cloud are lit by a fading red. I go down into the bomb-aimer's hatch to try to spot the moment when we cross the coast of France. But the dark blue on the windows imperceptibly changes to cloud and I can smell the mist in the aircraft. And so the only news I get that we are over France is the gentle evasive action of the pilot.

6.50 p.m. We are passing through a rain storm.

7.30 p.m. St. Elmo's fire round the propellers. Now again in the astro-dome I can see the cilia and fibres of the brain, and the front-gunner reports blue darts on his gun barrels and flame trickling around the metal of the turret. This lasts about ten minutes, then I'm up in the front of the Alps, and suddenly the flight-engine switches on oxygen. The smell and feel of the mask are strange at first and rather like an anaesthetist's apparatus.

8.14 p.m. I am lying flat over the bottom beam. Though there is no moon, the Alps come into view—surfaces of a grade of purplish-white peppered with black. The captain suggests that if I come forward again I shall soon see Genoa. I take several deep breaths of oxygen and then try to pull out to struggle forward. Though the Stirling is a huge aircraft, it seems that nothing could be big enough for me, a novice, to move gracefully. As I climb towards the nose my dangling inter-com. winds itself around everything from the automatic pilot to the flight-engineer's neck. Just visible in his macabre red light, the captain looks up, grins, and shouts "How are you feeling?"

FIVE "I say," says he. "I'm all right."

"Don't call me that," says he. "I'm always out of my first trip. If you're worried, think what those poor silly Eyeties must be feeling. Look over there. That's Genoa."

No fun being in Genoa on a night like this. We are the first aircraft to reach the target, but searchlights are wandering fractionally across the sky while we're miles away. The flash is not as expected. At first, all I can see are cascades of white gun-flashes on the ground. As we circle over the Mediterranean in towards the target, I begin to see the light stuff coming up and some red trails ascending.

9.5 p.m. Now it becomes frightening. There appears to be no way through the wall of searchlights and flak. The front-gunner goes down into the bomb-aimer's hatch and the pilot starts violent movements to avoid the astro-dome I can see the glow of our exhausts, and the great hump of the outer engines rising up and descending again against the wall of the fluffy light from the beams. As we wind our way along, the giant humps on either side continue to rise.

9.16 p.m. "Open bomb doors!" comes through the inter-com., and then the I.O.K. comes down and says, "I'm putting my oxygen mask and bite into a small English Newton apple. For some reason it gives me great pleasure to munch an English apple over Genoa; it helps me to live."
tips, flick the tail, and, fantastic as it seems, never catch us. But the flak comes nearer, and the red fireballs closer as the captain levels out for the bomb run and calls to the bomb-aimer, "O.K., remember the precise target!" We are dead steady for a mighty long 20 seconds before the bomb-aimer reports, "Bomb's gone!" And now the flak begins to thin.

The lattice-work of searchlights which from a distance I thought we would never penetrate now seems to have the most comforting wide spaces between them. Then down below, their red, huge fires are not so far along the coastline and harbour. A bomb flash adds to bomb flash, and before we are out of sight not one solitary searchlight remains on. I step down towards the wireless-operator to have a look. We hesitate for a moment, grunts "It looks good!" and we change places. I peep again at the glorious view of the coast and pattern, and then, once more, the scene merges into the cloud over the plains of France.

Static electricity again brings a kind of dangerous beauty to the Stirlings, and then hail pouring in. Near coast of France cloud gives out, and the flak and searchlights appear.

01.36 a.m. I can see the very comforting light of our flare paths back at base. "O.K.,"

SATURDAY NIGHT IN GENOA. "It looks good!" said the wireless-operator in the accompanying story, when he looked down on the dock area strewn with scintillating pockets of fire. In this picture, the explosion of the raid on Oct. 26. The vertical streaks are descending flares.

V for Victor," says base. "You can land now." And so we land and wander into the interrogation-room and people make the usual jokes, such as "You can identify an Italian fighter because he is always going the other way!"

And so to the operational breakfast with bacon and egg and hot tea and the "line neatly written on the table. My statement about thinking our incendiaries were Italian searchlights goes straight into the line book. But I'm forgiven, being a novice.


DECEMBER 2, WEDNESDAY

Russian Front.—Soviet troops broke through German lines on the E. bank of Don.

U.S.A.—Announced that Jap had re-occupied Attu in the Aleutians.

Russia.—Soviet troops in Okhotsk and other places in W. Germany bombed by night.

N. Africa.—Allied troops beat back big German counter-attack with tanks and dive-bombers in Teheran area.

Mediterranean.—Two Axis supply ships sunk by torpedo boats and Italian torpedo-hunters sink by light naval forces off Tunisia.

Australia.—Arrival of U.S. troops in New Zealand announced.

DECEMBER 3, THURSDAY

N. Africa.—Another enemy counter-attack repulsed near Teheran. U.S. troops and tanks attacked by Allies in Tunisia.

Australia.—Allied airmen shot down 23 Jap fighters and drove off naval convoy attempting to reinforce Buna-Gona area of New Guinea. Off Guadalcanal, U.S. aircraft scored hits on two Jap cruisers and one destroyer.

General.—Announced that defence pact between U.S.A. and Liberia was signed on March 31.

DECEMBER 4, FRIDAY

N. Africa.—Axis forces recaptured Djdjado; hard fighting proceeding in triangle Teheran-Djedjado-Merzou.

Mediterranean.—U.S. Liberators bombarded Naples by daylight without loss, doing much damage to warships and port.

Libya.—Allied heavy bombers raided Tripoli by night.

Russian Front.—Russian offensive continued inside and outside Stalingrad.

Australia.—In New Guinea U.S. troops broke through at a fresh point in Buna-Gona beachhead.

DECEMBER 7, MONDAY

Air.—Whirlwinds and Mustangs attacked railways and shipping in France, the Low Countries and Germany.

N. Africa.—After counter-attack by one of our armoured units the enemy withdrew in Teheran area.

Libya.—Our heavy bombers attacked Misurata and aerodrome near Mersa Matruh.

Russian Front.—Many German counter-attacks repulsed on Central front and N.W. of Stalingrad.

Australia.—In force flying over New Guinea 20 Jap aircraft were destroyed. Allied bombers attacked Lae and Finschhafen.

DECEMBER 8, TUESDAY

Air.—Conseillette attacked industrial and railway targets in Holland and N.W. Germany. Turin again raided by night.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued to make progress in and around Stalingrad and on Central front in spite of violent German resistance.

Australia.—Allied ground forces at Buna threw back enemy counter-attack; Allied bombers and dive-bombers attempting to relieve Jap forces.
I am sure that on Christmas Eve, when this number of The War Illustrated will be in the hands of my readers will be delighted to know that next month "huge stores of food, clothing, etc., will pour into Great Britain from America, and large stocks already laid down will sustain the famished section of Europe and Norway, freed from direct Axis intervention." But we are warned that it will not be roses, roses all the way, Japan will still fight on tenaciously. This, it would appear, is known to those who are aware of the "eventful year of 1943 opens under the influence of Saturn/Mars conjunction, with the emphasis on Capricorn the Goat." But as I am not one of those who know anything more about goats than they are the most odoriferous of domestic animals, I can only pass this cheering information on with due acknowledgement to my entertaining old friend the prophet "Old Moore," from whom I have so often culled words of cheer in these pages.

Some day I feel sure that his persistence will be rewarded; though the stars may at times be a year or two fast as he reads them, events must at some time or another catch up with the forecast. While I am offering some odds against that taking place in January 1943 I have a profound conviction that when we have said good-bye to 1942 we shall be stepping into the most momentous year of the War, before the end of which we may well have listened to the death knell of Nazidom in Europe and be turning to the cleaning of the eastern hemisphere from the yellow stain with which the Japs have soiled it. Still, the path ahead of the nations struggling for freedom is beset with thorny thickets and prickly pitfalls and only simpletons will expect to go primrose-gathering even in the face of an enemy as for roses, let's remember they have thorns when we go gathering them. Out of this muddle, "Where is the flower, safety?"—I remembered Neville Chamberlain quoting this when I heard it again from the lips of Hitler (Henry IV) at the Westminster Theatre the other week. And I'm sure we shall do so, if not in 1943 certainly in 1944.

One of the many lessons we have learnt in these War years is the reassessment of values: things we have long cherished suddenly seem worthless, what we have despised all our lives suddenly have a value. The value of transport is not likely again to depreciate, since War conditions have emphasized its supreme importance in every concern of modern life. Though I have done my best from time to time to illustrate this in these notes, I confess that not until last autumn had I become so transport-conscious as I found myself when, confronting the vast crops of lovely apples, I had to see the orchard becoming ankle deep with windfalls. Nobody wanted to buy them, few were willing even to take the crop for the picking. They could not all be stored for lack of accommodation, and many of them, though splendid specimens, were not good keepers.

Thanksgiving eventually to some enterprising young people associated with the Y.W.C.A. and other organizations, I had the satisfaction of seeing something like two tons of this rich harvest cleared from the orchard and transported for use in certain schools and canteens, whence letters of keen appreciation for the gift were received. But it was really no gift; merely the removal of what, owing to the sheer abundance of the fruit, had become an embarrassment. And yet in some parts of England, and in London, as I myself had frequent occasion to observe, apples in no way comparable with any in the generous sackfuls joyously picked by Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and members of the W.V.S. from my orchard of little more than an acre, were selling freely at 8d. per pound. I know of many other instances where apple acres in the same district were in similar plight, and I have no doubt they could be multiplied by the thousand throughout the country, so that when produce which does not fetch the purchase money cannot be bought under 8d. at a distance from its place of origin, it is worth remembering that the true value resides not in the article but in its transportation from where it is abundant to where it is scarce.

In looking at a news reel of Mr. Wendell Willkie some little time ago, I made a note: "remember Big Bill Thompson of Chicago." I came across this note last night, and after a little cogitation it struck me that I must have some fanciful resemblance between the 'thirties leader and Chicago's aggressive mayor of twelve years ago. Then I remembered that Big Bill aquired some momentary fame from warning King George V not to put his snoot into Chicago." Why Big Bill did this I forget, but I can conceive no advice ever so needlessly offered. It is impossible that, as Mr. Willkie had just started to "prod" Great Britain to open a second front without knowing that in closest alliance with the official American leaders he would not do a bit of prodding in North Africa which will stand in history for centuries to come the thought struck me, while watching the self-satisfied Mr. Willkie on his friend listening to his voice, that his advice was just about as apposite to the case of Britain's leaders at this day as Big Bill's was to the least aggressive and most moral of British monarchs, whose qualities are so eminent in his son today. Perhaps our Press has given too much space to the utterances of the said Mr. Willkie, who has nothing more than political capital out of the great opportunity provided by the generous gesture of Mr. Roosevelt when he sent his political opponent to report on aspects of the War on all fronts. His ungenerous use of this opportunity to feed an ancient republican prejudice against the British Empire should, in my opinion, reduce the interest of his name as a headline on the front pages of the British Press, even though we have no counterpart of Big Bill Thompson in England who would be so impolite as to tell Mr. Willkie to keep his snout out of the British Empire.

Not a week goes by that I do not have occasion to marvel at the way in which Malta carries on, despite its thousands of air raids, as I am continually receiving letters from readers of this paper and I can give only occasional mention to any of them. One from a reader named Eddie Gauchi (I am afraid I have no idea of his signature) of B'Kara, took only about ten days to arrive in London and contained an order for the binding cases for Volume V, as he has all the others safely bound, and while congratulating me on the recent changes in the characters of our cover he adds, "I hope you will continue to publish The War Illustrated in this way, or in any other way, as in you are performing a splendid work for all of us who are proud to be members of the British Empire although we cannot all have an opportunity of visiting its capital city."

The following I had written some weeks ago and the Malta scene has changed meanwhile. The island that could take it is now the fortress that can give it! And even mention as still further evidence that "British delivery is not just to hand from Geo. W. Crossan, of Hamilton, N.Z. Not even a single number has failed to reach what he calls this farthest outpost of the world he had received every issue up to No. 130 when he wrote to me in September.

Looking through an old stage journal of 1892 today, I notice that its letter from America is headed "Across the Pond"—the facetious name for the Atlantic current, I suppose. The name is most appropriate in the contracting world in which we are living, when eight hours suffice for its aerial crossing! Many a true word spoken in jest.