THE ELEPHANT RETURNS TO ACTIVE SERVICE. U.S. troops in India, constructing bases near the Burmese border, have adopted the elephant (no newcomer to battlefields of the East) as a powerful ally; as, before them, the Japanese used elephant transport in their advance into Burma early in 1942. American soldiers in a jungle outpost in the Naga Hills region are here shown adjusting a load while their patient beast of burden waits to lumber off.

Photo, Sport & General
THE BATTLE FRONTS


AFTER the short lull which followed the battle of Akarit, the final phase of the battle for Tunisia opened on April 19 with the attack by the 8th Army. In the following days it was taken up along the whole front by the other armies of General Alexander’s command; while the Allied forces maintained a devastating attack on the enemy’s sea and air communications, on his airfields and on every vulnerable target. The Navy was no less active in attacking his sea communications. It would seem, therefore, that the fight this time will be to a finish, for the alternative of evacuating any large part of the Axis forces can hardly exist.

The struggle is, however, likely to be long and costly; for the enemy holds a fortress naturally strong and powerfully fortified. In it he has picked troops of the highest quality and they are certain to fight in a spirit of fanatical desperation. Moreover, the Allies will have to depend chiefly on their infantry and artillery, for the superiority in armour they now possess will avail them little. The terrain gives few opportunities for its employment. Air co-operation will, of course, be of immense assistance, but where so much cover for the defence is available it can only be really efficient if land attacks force the enemy into the open.

Progress during the final ten days of the struggle, though slow, has been highly encouraging. One after another the enemy’s most fiercely held strong points have been taken and his main outer position has been weakened. Even when that is taken his citadel at Bizerta will remain to be captured; however confident we may be in the final outcome, initial successes achieved by the 8th Army should not raise premature hopes of rapid victory.

In Russia the lull in major fighting will probably continue till the beginning of May, but both sides are evidently preparing rapidly for a renewed offensive. With their better communications the Germans are likely to secure the initiative, except in the Kuban.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Before the campaigns are overshadowed by greater events to come, let us review their achievements and note some of the critical decisions taken and opportunities lost by the enemy. The achievements of Montgomery’s 8th Army have been so outstanding that its campaign is sure of its place in military history, but we should not forget how much it owed to Wavell’s Army of the Nile and to Auchinleck’s 8th Army. The experience of desert fighting and the knowledge of the enemy’s methods and armament which they acquired were invaluable.

Moreover, the great base organization on which Montgomery’s success so largely depended had been steadily built up during the earlier campaigns. Montgomery’s army had to break new ground and to adapt itself to many new circumstances, but the foundation had been laid, even in the matter of close cooperation between land, sea and air forces which was brought to such perfection.

Wavell’s campaign, considering the inadequacy of his resources and the fact that he was a pioneer, was in some ways the most brilliant of all, and it should not be underrated because he had a less formidable opponent than Rommel. His decision to take the offensive and his brilliant victory at Sidi Barrani decided the issue of the campaign just as Alamein. The capture of Bardia and Tobruk were outstanding achievements, but it was the brilliant interception of the retreat of the remnants of Graziani’s army by the Armoured Division that fully revealed the potentialities of mechanized troops in desert warfare.

How impossible it was for Wavell, with his small force exhausted and already with a long and inadequately equipped line of communication, to advance to Tripoli is clearly proved by the difficulties Montgomery had later to overcome. Any such premature attack would have invited disaster; for, dominating as was the position Admiral Cunningham had acquired by his bold offensive attitude, he could not prevent the dispatch of reinforcements to Tripoli. Rommel’s appearance was shortly to prove this, and Malta had not yet become an unsinkable aircraft carrier and an offensive had been well under way to achieve the elimination of the immediate threat to Egypt; and by securing the airfields of Cyrenaica had rendered a service to the Navy.

Yet Wavell’s success was due primarily to his decision on April 19 to send him reinforcements of troops and material, ill as they could have been replaced after Dunkirk, and it was due to Admiral Cunningham’s aggressive attitude that part of them was able to take the Mediterranean route, thereby arriving at the critical moment. The results of Wavell’s victory were realized to the full by Auchinleck, and the enemy’s capture of Crete deprived Admiral Cunningham of the dominating position he had established in the Eastern Mediterranean; but Tobruk, retained by another notable decision, held out, preventing Rommel from fully exploiting his success.

The degree of success achieved by Rommel on his first appearance draws attention to the great opportunity Germany had lost. If Germany, with masses of troops and armour in excess of what she could have afforded the invasion of Britain, had decided to stiffen Graziani’s army for the invasion of Egypt, could Wavell have successfully resisted the onslaught? Why did Hitler neglect the opportunity? Was it because he was confident that the war would be won in Britain, or was it because his General Staff, till Wavell showed them the way, did not realize the possibilities of mechanized desert warfare? Opportunities lost seldom recur, and I suggest we have here one of the major mistakes Germany made.

Auchinleck’s campaign, though by hard fighting it inflicted heavy losses on the enemy from which he never fully recovered, failed to come up to expectations at any time, and ended in disaster. I am convinced that Rommel had not foreseen and had not prepared for the invasion of Egypt; and, justifiably exploiting success, he drove his troops to exhaustion till they were brought to a halt by Auchinleck’s reserves summoned from Palestine. With an immensely long line of communication he was then obviously in a dangerous position. Somewhere I wrote at the time that I hoped he would meet the fate I was convinced would
have been Wavell’s if he had attempted to reach Tripoli. My hopes were in due course confirmed, but I admit I had to wait longer than I expected.

Rommel no doubt expected that he would receive adequate reinforcements before a counter-offensive could be launched against him; but the Navy and the Middle East air force, taking full advantage of their offensive base at Malta and of Rommel’s desperately long and restricted line of communication, saw to it that he was largely disappointed. Before he was strong enough to strike again, Alexander and Montgomery were in command of a force that had grown proportionally at a greater rate. Control of sea communications, even with enforced detours, had again vindicated its decisive importance.

Reconstituted, re-equipped and given new commanders, but retaining many of its original constituents with their great records and wealth of experience, the 8th Army was again formidable. But before the processes of reorganization and re-equipment could be completed Rommel again took the initiative in the hopes not only of carrying his ambitious invasion plans to fruition but of anticipating the arrival of British reinforcements, which he must have known were still in passage. His attack, met by skilful and ingenious defensive tactics, was repulsed with heavy loss, and he had no option but to fall back to the naturally strong and heavily fortified position.

There he doubt confidently expected to defeat attacks and possibly to deliver a decisive counter-blow. The mere fact that, in his withdrawal, after the failure of his attack, no counter-attack on a major scale was delivered against him may have increased his confidence and caused him to under-rate his enemy. But Alexander bided his time till his preparations for the decisive struggle were complete, and in particular he awaited the arrival of Sherman tanks which would make good deficiencies revealed in Auchinleck’s campaign. The story of the battle of Alamein needs no retelling.

The courage and determination displayed by the troops and the great skill with which every arm was employed to wear down the enemy’s defence and to dissipate his reserves before the delivery of the final thrust, all contributed to make victory decisive. Only by deserting his Italian allies and by the speed of his flight was Rommel able to save the remnants of his army. Pursuit was amazingly rapid, but it could not keep pace with an elusive mechanized force which could travel by an intact road and leave mines on it to delay the pursuer.

Even air pursuit, which at first created havoc, was eventually out-distanced; for airfields, required by short-range aircraft, had to be captured and cleared by the land forces. Falling back on his depots and bases in Cyrenaica, Rommel’s supply difficulties were less than those of the pursuit with its ever lengthening lines of communication, and he was also able, by picking up reserve equipment and personnel, to make good some of his losses. Pauses in the pursuit were therefore inevitable.

His flight had in fact become an orderly retreat. But by tempering the speed and vigour of pursuit with caution Montgomery gave his opponent no opportunity either for counter-offensive action or to make a protracted stand. The pursuit was certainly one of the major achievements of the 8th Army. The vigour and dash of the fighting troops, the skill and courage of the sappers in their endless mine-clearing task, and the ceaseless toil of the supply and maintenance services, in which the Navy and Air Force took a notable share, all contributed to produce a model display of sustained dynamic energy.

The battle of the Mareth Line and the Wadi Akarit, with which the role of the 8th Army as an independent force ended, served to give its commander a new opportunity to show his versatility and capacity to adapt methods to circumstances, and the troops to display their courage and tactical skill in whatever task was given them. These were actions in which boldness and promptness of decision and tactical initiative were even more essential than in the set piece of Alamein. To have fought two such engagements in quick succession and to have followed them by vigorous pursuit testifies to the thoroughness of the administrative preparations carried out during the pause after the occupation of Tripoli.
WITH THE FIRST ARMY IN TUNISIA: 1, Gen. Anderson (left) and his A.D.C., Maj. Clarke (U.S.), confer with a Brigadier during the G.O.C.'s visit to the forward position of a famous county regiment. 2, Men belonging to a squadron of the R.A.F. Regiment ready for action with their 2-pounder anti-tank gun. 3, Some of the prisoners, mostly Austrians, captured during an infantry and tank attack on enemy-held hills N. of the Medjez-el-Bab road on April 7, 1943.

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Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright
Doughboy Joins Tommy on the Road to Gabès

TUNISIAN LINK-UP. On April 7, 1943, news was flashed from Gabès to Gafsa that the U.S. 2nd Corps and the 8th Army had met near the Chemel Mountains, 15 miles E. of Guettar. Top, American and British patrols welcome each other on the Gafsa-Gabès road, when a junction was effected between the two forces for the first time. Below, 8th Army men leave their trucks. Doughboys clamber from their tanks, and there is hearty hand-shaking and back-slapping. Helmets were temporarily exchanged, and, in the absence of beer, the historic meeting was celebrated with cigarettes and chewing-gum.
Montgomery’s Masterstroke at Wadi Akarit

TEN MILES or so to the north of Gabés lies the Wadi Akarit. There is little to distinguish it from its fellows. It is just another watercourse: a raging torrent in winter and in summer a dry-up ditch. When at dawn on 23 March 1943 it was a battlefield it was still the time; and down the middle of the wadi ran a sluggish, winding stream, fringed on either side by a belt of scrub which was the north of El Hamma. Then the ground rises to the quite considerable heights of the Shott el Jbel.

It was on March 23 that Rommel was booted out of the Mareth Line. On Wednesday, March 31, General Montgomery, who was in a position to command in contact with the powerful enemy forces holding the Wadi Akarit line. By the following day, General Montgomery had advanced up sufficient guns and ammunition for a forty-eight-hours' bombardment. Then before it was light on Tuesday, April 6, the attack went in.

That an attack could be mounted on so huge a scale in so short a time was amazing; it reflected the very highest credit on the 8th Army’s staff and their military efficiency. But just as amazing was the fact that the attack was launched at night—and not a moonlight night either, but one that was pitch dark. Only the constant crack of training and battle experience could tackle successfully such a task; only a general supremely confident in his plan and his staff and his men, and in himself. Once again that confidence was justified to the full.

FIVE HUNDRED guns opened the battle, splashing the enemy’s hills with a hail of metal. Then at 4 a.m. British infantry, the fast of whom had been brought up in position an hour before, moved up the foothills towards a gash in the mountain rampart between two hills, the 400-ft. Jebel Roumania, and "Hill 275," the 1,000-ft. Jebel Fatnassa. This gap, about two miles wide, was the 8th Army’s main objective. The assault was witnessed by Lloyd Williams, Reuters special correspondent, who was with the 8th Army. This is his picture of the scene:

While the infantry moved forward across the dark valley, artillery of the 8th Army kept up its mighty concentration of shellfire, and the hills and on the southern slopes of the mountains. A running line of angry red explosions began to move backwards over the enemy positions as the guns let go. For more than an hour shells fell steadily and heavily in hundreds and hundreds. For more than an hour the guns continued, and stopped only when the infantry swept into the hills.

From the rising ground in front of Rommel's line I watched this assault. Red and white lines of tracer bullets criss-crossed the valley, and now and then the rapid fire of machine-guns could be heard. Over the enemy lines very lights rose and fell as our infantry pressed home their attack. German guns feebly answered the might of the 8th Army’s barrage.

As darkness faded the battle increased in intensity, and when morning came the whole plain was black with grey smoke from shells. In the distance the brown hill of Roumania appeared distorted into fantastic shapes as our shells exploded round it. Hill 275 was wreathed in dust and smoke, and the highest peak—about 1,000 ft. high—seemed to be erupting like a volcano.

By this time British infantry were already nearing the summits of both these hills. High up from them came sharp flashes, while the bitter cold dawn wind carried the sound of machine-guns and mortars over the valley. As the sky cleared, Rommel’s tanks dashed forward to exploit the gap between the hills across the route prepared by our infantry. They rumbled over the hill, crossed the valley, and disappeared, as they disappeared from sight I saw them fanning out into an interior of smoke and explosions.

British transport columns followed them, bouncing over the wide straight track for the gap. More and more tanks squirmed along, disappearing into the gull of smoke. Anti-aircraft shells battered in the sky behind the enemy front lines, showed that bombers and fighters of the Western Desert Air Command had gained their job, attacking Axis guns and transports.

From the outset the attack went like clockwork. This was shown by the fact that the infantry who had been ordered to capture Jebel Roumania by 5.22 a.m. actually completed their task by 5.15 a.m. But without hard fighting. Indeed the assault on these two vital heights by only had to the 1st (Highland) Division was described as "one of the greatest heroic achievements of the war."

Their precipitous slopes intersected by deep wadis, the heights had been thickly strewn with machine-gun, mortar, and anti-tank gun emplacements, blown down by the defenders out of the solid rock. The Seaford Highlanders and the Cameron Highlanders had to attack across two miles of meadowland and were actually in the foothills when our barrage opened. When our last shell dropped they swarmed up the slopes and charged the defences. Within an hour both heights had surrendered and nearly a thousand Italian prisoners were streaming back. Aware that the positions were lightly held, the Germans put in a fierce and courageous counter-attack. But the men of the 51st Division gave them a mauling the 8th Army needed an anxious time. At one moment the Seafords could muster only 40 men. They called on clerks, the Intelligence Staff and orders to bring in every man to settle the enemy off; then held on until tanks and the Black Watch came to the rescue.

The extreme left flank was occupied by the 4th Indian Division—that gallant body of Punjabis and Rajputans, Gujratis, Mahartars, Baluchis, Garhwalis and Sikhs, with two or three battalions of British infantry as their tried and trusted comrades, who have been in every stage of the African campaigns since they first went into action in December 1940. In the black of night they stealthily scaled a high massif, and poured their gazs into the enemy's trenches without a shot being fired.

In the afternoon the Germans counter-attacked time and again, but every assault was repulsed with heavy losses. The enemy had been decisively defeated, and during the night it became clear that they could not maintain their Wadi Akarit positions. Early on April 7 British mobile force, having passed through the gap that had been opened, started the pursuit. In the afternoon men of the 8th Army made contact with American forces operating from El Guettar.

ROMMEL was in no position to make a further stand. Closely pursued by the veterans of the 8th Army, attacked on his flank by Americans and French, threatened in the rear by the First Army—he hastened to withdraw from the great plain of Central Tunisia. Sfax was entered by the 8th Army on April 10, and by April 12 they were in Kairouan the same evening. Sousse fell two days later. Not until the attackers reached El-Bulul did they come up against any really serious opposition.

On April 12 it was announced that the 8th Army had taken 20,000 prisoners since the opening of the onslaught on the Mareth Line on March 20.
How the Northumbrians Scaled the Wadi Walls

ROMMEL'S MARETH LINE DEFENCES constituted a fortress of tremendous strength, both natural and artificial; its principal features are shown in the upper drawing. Very noticeable is the deep Wadi Zigzag, across which the 56th (Northumbrian) Division advanced under very heavy fire to establish a bridgehead deep in the heart of the enemy's lines. The Green Howards led the attack, some scaling the sides of the wadi with the aid of ladders (lower drawing). The main attack was delivered by the Durham Light Infantry, who did all that brave men could do to maintain the bridgehead. The engineers built a causeway of brushwood over the slippery mud of the wadi bottom, but this proved inadequate for the passage of more than a handful of British tanks. Eventually, on March 22 Rommel brought up his armour, and, despite their determined resistance, the Derbans were forced back across the wadi. But only a few days later the Northumbrians swept forward again, this time victorious (see pages 708 and 718).

Drawings by Percy Home and E. Byatt, by courtesy of The Sphere
H.M.S. INDOMITABLE, one of Britain's largest and most powerful aircraft-carriers, was begun in 1937, and belongs to the Illustrious class. She has a displacement of 23,000 tons and a complement of 1,600. According to details published when the Indomitable was laid down, her length is 753 feet and she carries sixteen 4-5-inch guns. The Indomitable played a leading part in the N. Africa landings last November, and achieved a fine record in the Mediterranean. In August 1943 she was one of the carriers protecting the famous convoy to Malta. This powerful vessel also carried fighter-planes to Malaya and Ceylon. She is equipped with Seafire fighters and Albacore torpedo-bombers. Some of the latter are here shown ranged on the flight-deck. Capt. G. Grantham (inset) commands the Indomitable.
The War at Sea

by Francis E. McMurtrie

It is some time since any heavy sea fighting was reported in the Solomon Islands area. Indeed, the last action which could properly be termed a battle took place on the morning of November 30-December 1 last. The official name for this action was the Battle of Lunga Point. It was the outcome of a desperate attempt by the Japanese to return to their Formula-Tokyo-Formosa-Far East route by going through the darkness to their hard-pressed forces in Guadalcanal. Not only were many transports sunk with troops on board, but the enemy lost six destroyers on this occasion. The only American loss was the 9,000-ton cruiser Northampton.

Operations since have been mainly confined to the air, though they have involved naval losses on both sides. Thus the United States Navy had the heavy cruiser Chicago and two destroyers torpedoed by enemy aircraft, while the Japanese have had six cruisers and as many destroyers sunk by air attack.

In spite of their losses the Japanese are believed to be massing forces for a fresh attempt to pierce the Allied defences in New Guinea and the Solomons, with the ultimate object of invading Australia. There is always the possibility that the next serious approach may come from a fresh quarter; such as Timor, for example. That the Commonwealth Government view the position with considerable concern is apparent from the warning words of Mr. Curtin, Dr. Evatt and other Australian speakers.

It is pointed out that so long as Japan controls the sea lines of communication between her home bases and the conquered territories to the north of Australia, very little can be attempted at some selected point beyond bomber range, such as Truk, in the Caroline group, and directed to the attack whenever the enemy thinks fit. In short, until the main Japanese fleet has been definitely defeated the danger will remain imminent.

Preparations for Heavy Blow at Japanese Sea Power

Fortunately the United States Navy is increasing in strength almost daily, and the numbers of ships of all classes available for service in the Pacific must be very much greater than, say, six months ago. That the Japanese can add to their strength in similar measure is beyond belief, for their shipbuilding resources are definitely limited; moreover, a great part of these resources must be fully engaged in making good the steady depletion of the Japanese mercantile fleet, which has lost a serious amount of tonnage not only in the Solomons operations but also through the activities of American submarines. There are probably twice as many of the latter in service as there were a year ago, so enemy shipping losses are likely to go up rather than down in future months.

When the time is ripe it may be expected that the U.S. fleet in the Pacific will make a forward move. Whether this move will come from the Solomons or from some other direction it is useless to speculate; but one of the first requirements for such an undertaking is the presence of aircraft-carriers. In October last the loss of the Hornet reduced the number available to three—the Enterprise, Ranger and Saratoga. But since that date several new carriers have been completed, including the Essex, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Independence, Princeton and Belleau Wood; and at least five more have been launched and are nearing completion. It may therefore be inferred that preparations for striking a heavy blow at Japanese sea power are well advanced.

Suggestions continue to be made that the German warships which have been stationed in Norwegian waters for some twelve months past may be preparing for an incursion into the Atlantic, with the object of wipping out a convoy or two. Thus it is argued that the 40,000-ton battleship Tirpitz, the 26,000-ton battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, the heavy cruisers Admiral Hipper and Prinz Eugen, and the aircraft-carriers Graf Zeppelin and Peter Strasser might well be employed in company as a squadron for this purpose.

The prospects of such an enterprise succeeding today are far poorer than they were when the Bismarck and Prinz Eugen made their sortie in May 1941. Not only had proved a failure, or surely some use would have been made of her before now. She was launched as long ago as December 1938. Her sister ship, the Peter Strasser (named after the officer who was in command of the German airship force in the last war), has not yet been put into service, and may not even have been launched, affording additional support for the belief that the Graf Zeppelin is regarded as a white elephant.

U-Boat the Most Promising Weapon Left to Dönitz

My own belief is that, while the Commander-in-Chief, Grossadmiral Dönitz, would have no objection to sacrificing any of these ships if he saw any possibility of using them to advantage, he has come to the conclusion that they are of very little value to Germany, except possibly for attacking convoys bound for North Russia. It is known that the officers and men of the ships in Norwegian waters have been warned that they may be called upon to undergo training for sub-marine service. Dönitz is a fervent believer in the U-boat as the most promising weapon left to him, and he may be expected to subordinate everything else to its use.

Recently Mr. Elmer Davis, who holds a position in the United States Government organization corresponding to that of Mr. Brenden Bracken here, gave a somewhat pessimistic account of the capabilities of the majority of the U-boats now operating in the Atlantic. He stated that they were of the double-hulled type, with considerable capacity for resisting depth-charge explosion, and that they could dive to 100 fathoms, at which depth it was difficult to reach them. These particulars do not altogether accord with those of a U-boat which fell into British hands last year, for she was of single-tank (single-hulled) design and would be comparatively vulnerable to depth-charge attack.

In any case the depth which they can reach will not affect the fact that so long as they are kept under the surface they are more or less impotent. It is for this reason that the presence with a convoy of numerous scouting aircraft is so valuable.
Daring Submarine Raid on Jap-held Makin

RAID BY U.S. MARINES ON MAKin ISLAND (Gilbert Isles) in the Pacific on Aug. 17, 1942 resulted in a seaplane base being wrecked. Makin Island was occupied by the Japanese on Dec. 10, 1941. Top, Marines lined up on the submarine which took them to their objective. Inset, Lt.-Col. Carlson (left), leader of the raiders, Maj. J. Roosevelt (centre), his second-in-command, and Lt.-Cmdr. Pierce, skipper of one of the submarines. Below, the Marines' first glimpse of Makin through their escorting submarine's periscope.

Photo Keystone. Central Press
Bismarck Sea Was a Disaster for the Japanese

HEADING FOR LAE, IN NEW GUINEA, a Japanese convoy consisting of some 22 ships, among them 3 cruisers, 4 destroyers and a large number of transports, was attacked by U.S. and Australian aircraft on March 2 and 3, 1943. The convoy was dispersed, isolated, and then virtually annihilated, not one vessel reaching its destination. The Japs tried to protect their ships with an air umbrella, but lost some 70 planes. 1. Zero fighter destroyed on the ground at Lae. 2. Jap destroyer set on fire by Allied bombs. 3. Medium bombers swoop on one of the transports while another enemy ship burns on the horizon.
There’s Now a West Point Over Here

Everyone has heard of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York; since it opened in 1802 it has trained many thousand highly educated and efficient officers for the U.S. Army. This article by LEIGH M. SCULLY describes another and much younger "West Point"—one which the War has caused to be established "somewhere in England."

SERGEANT NORRIS NEVILS has been selected and is just starting his training as an officer. He is 30, his home-town is at Charleston, South Carolina. He used to be swimming and diving instructor at Miami Beach, Florida, and among his best friends is Johnny Weissmuller. But that’s not why Sergeant Nevils and 64 other men with him are the centre of attraction. The reason is that he’s among the first members of the United States Forces in Europe to train as an officer at "West Point Somewhere in England." And that’s of vital interest to everybody in Britain, because it is positive proof that the expansion of the United States Forces in Europe is so big that now new officers have to be found from the ranks of the men serving here.

West Point, the U.S. officers’ training college in America, is famous all over the world, chiefly because of Hollywood interpretations of it. But at this "West Point" of England, young and old soldiers, from the sunny beaches of Miami to the crowded streets of New York City, are going through a three months’ course packed into which is the military, tactical and toughening training which America’s West Point spreads over four years.

The curriculum is divided into four sections: Weapons, tactics, general subjects and specialized subjects.

It is not sufficient for candidates to know all about—how to operate—every pattern of American rifle, light and heavy machinegun, anti-tank gun, mortar and grenade; they must also know all about British arms.

On the tactical side the candidates learn to command soldiers, squads and units up to battalions. Under this heading, too, are aircraft identification and combat drill. Daily calisthenics, toughening over a 450-yard obstacle course eight times a week, hand-to-hand combat, forced marches from four to 23 miles, night problems for scouting and patrolling—these are other means of turning out better than the best.

Here is a typical day’s work. Reveille at 6.30, parade; 7.15, breakfast; 8.0, classroom, when talks on various subjects are given by trainees; lectures until noon, lunch; 1 p.m., drill; 2 p.m., obstacle course, cross-river bridge building; then weapons class until 6 p.m.; dinner; 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., study for the next day’s subjects. Bed at 10 o’clock, tired but still enthusiastic.

This goes on for six days of the week. Some of the men have to polish up subjects on Sunday. And there is no leave in the whole three months!

Colonel Walter Layman, Commandant of the training centre, believes in living as his students do. He has no orderly, and relies on an alarm clock to awaken him. The other day he had a guest, and the colonel promised to wake him early.

The guest was roused by a knock on the door. "Five-thirty," called the colonel. The guest looked at his watch and saw it was only 12.10 a.m. Half an hour later there was another knock, and the colonel asked: "Are you ready?" The guest protested that Colonel Layman had made a mistake, that the time was not 5.30 but 12.40. The colonel called a major and asked the time.

The major confirmed that the guest’s watch was right. The colonel had bathed, shaved and was fully dressed. He even had his gloves on. He went back to bed, but was up again at 6 a.m.

Of the 65 men now training at "West Point," 14 are coloured soldiers. They were chosen by the only negro General in the U.S. Army, Brig-Gen. Benjamin O. Davis. A list of 84 men was put up to Davis, and the 14 now at "West Point" are the pick—not only fine strapping fellows but also A.1. in mental ability. One was a law student, another a doctor, before the War. They all work with their other colleagues at "West Point" without any consideration of colour.

At the original West Point there is a magnificent chapel with stained glass windows in which are depicted mottoes for each phase of training. At this "West Point" the young officers attend a village church that is similar to the one in the film Mrs. Miniver.

The only motto they have is on a banner fixed with drawing pins to the wall above Colonel Layman’s fireplace. It reads Mellior Quam Optimum (Better than the best). Col. Layman explained this by saying: "We’ve got to turn out officers who know more, can take more, and are better leaders than Germany can produce. To be as good is not enough."

U.S. FORCES IN BRITAIN are very well catered for. In London a palatial club has been organized in Curzon Street, under the direction of the American Red Cross; Left, troops find the Club’s post-office extremely useful. To house the ever-growing U.S. Army in this country the American Corps of Engineers has erected a number of camps throughout Britain; Right, interior of one of the comfortable huts at a camp in the Home Counties.
U.S. RANGERS IN BRITAIN undergo the most rigorous battle-inoculation. These photographs show men of a Ranger battalion recently in training at a Commando depot of British Combined Operations Command in Scotland. All equipment used in these exercises is American.

1. Mines explode as attacking troops cross a river by means of a toggle rope bridge. 2. Serving as a warning to the foolhardy, the grave of an imaginary victim bears the inscription: "This man took up a position on the skyline." 3. Flame-throwers advance for a final assault on an "enemy" hedgerow position.
General Montgomery—The Man as I Know Him

"As a member of my Staff for some years I may claim to know Gen. Montgomery well, both professionally and as a friend," writes MAJ.-GEN. SIR CHARLES GWYNN, K.C.B., D.S.O., and in this intimate pen-portrait our distinguished contributor throws revealing light on the personal characteristics of the man who inspires and brilliantly leads the triumphant 8th Army.

Mr. Churchill does not often choose the wrong word, but for once I think he made a mistake when he spoke of General Montgomery as "that Cromwellian soldier. The 8th Army is not naturally followed suit, for it is always ready to stick a label on any sailor, soldier or airman who suddenly steps into the limelight. Should he already have a label fixed to him—"cock, nigger, or what not?—and to invent one is not difficult. But thumbnail portraits of the new star are apt to be misleading caricatures.

First impressions produced on the general public, including politicians, are liable to persist, sometimes with unfortunate results. Kitchener was a sufferer in this respect; he was labelled as a formidable, unapproachable, inhuman person. Foch, or at least he certainly was, but those most closely connected with him have testified that he was remarkably easy to work with and neither inhuman nor unapproachable. He was also labelled as a great organizer, whereas he was essentially a great improviser with remarkable intuition, rather than the ordinary in the ordinary sense. As a result many approached him with nervous suspicion and his reputation as an organizer led to many misunderstandings.

Before General Montgomery reaches even higher positions than that he now occupies I should like to try to correct any false conception of his characteristics. As a member of my Staff for some years I may claim to know him well, both professionally and as a friend. Of his professional attainments it would be out of place for me to speak in any but general terms. From the position he held he was bound to be a keen, highly trained officer; but at some time I am speaking of it was impossible to form any clear conception of what armies of the future would look like, or of the nature of the operations they would involve. I think he would adapt himself to developments. Speculation there was, but there were no data to provide a basis for definite conclusions. Still, it was my duty to forecast the careers of the most brilliant of the rising generation of officers outside the narrow avenue of normal peacetime promotion.

Perhaps the only thing I can claim is that I valued Montgomery's opinions and felt little doubt that given opportunities he would rise to the occasion. His main interest in life was quite obviously his profession, but his approach to its problems was not heavy handed.

Criticism, the courses of action he proposed to take, or the views he held were incisively and concisely expressed in short phrases, sometimes epigrammatic and touched with humour. His outlook was, I think, essentially practical, and he was more concerned with the Army as he knew it or as it should be, than with a speculative character. Like most of us he realized that tanks, aircraft, and other important developments of mechanization held great possibilities, but that did not shake his faith in his own particular arm of the service—the infantry.

He was not a fanatical believer in any particular weapon or theory, but was interested mainly in the co-ordinated development of the Army as a whole, with unprejudiced introduction of such weapons as science placed at its disposal. He was, in fact, no specialist, but a general practitioner who, though he had not lost faith in old-fashioned remedies, was well abreast of the times and always ready to call in the specialist. I was not surprised to hear that he was commanding a Division in France, but I was surprised, though glad, when his appointment to the command of the 8th Army was announced. I had not realized that his qualities had been so fully appreciated. That he had exceeded his own expectations I admit, though I was confident that Mr. Churchill had collected a first-class team.

Alert in Mind and Body, Lighthearted in Spirit

Of Montgomery's personal characteristics I am better qualified to speak. Anyone less like my conception of a Cromwellian soldier I can hardly imagine. That he drank water at dinner I had noticed, but whether on principle or by preference I did not inquire; and he certainly did not impose his principles on his own guests. I also knew that he attended Church regularly: but so did many others, and if he had strong religious views he certainly was not censorious of the less orthodox, was well abreast of the times and it was even more in his general characteristics that he did not come up to my conception of a Roundhead.

There was nothing ponderous about him, and the impression he made was one of alertness in mind and body and of lightheartedness. Judging from published photographs and from his recorded sayings and actions, he apparently retains these qualities. Physically active, he was a better than average games player, especially at those which, like tennis and squash rackets, require quickness of foot and a sense of anticipation. Perhaps because the effects of wounds made it inadvisable for him to over-exert himself he took his games lightheartedly, but with his sense of anticipation he was difficult to catch on the wrong foot. Golf he refused to take seriously.

Lady Montgomery, mother of the 8th Army's commander, photographed in the garden of her home at Moville, County Donegal. Gen. Montgomery's mother was Bishop of Tasmania.  Photo, Press News

Successful people are always targets for criticism, and the censorious have expressed themselves shocked at the tone and wording of his messages to his Army. They have been termed bombastic and undignified, ignoring their intention or how far they were adapted to fulfill it. That they were bombastic in a personal sense is, I think, a ridiculous suspicion and they clearly made no attempt at dignity—which with which I do not think General Montgomery is much concerned; at any rate they were not pompous—a common failing. Surely their intention was obvious. They were not merely exhortations to fight hard; they gave to all ranks of the Army a clear picture of the scope of their task. It was not only to defeat the enemy in one battle and thus remove the immediate threat to Egypt, its full object was to destroy or drive Round out of Egypt altogether.

Now that, I think, was important, for at the public opinion of the troops was gravely and mainly concerned with the vital and pressing problem of local security. It would not have been surprising if that feeling had had its influence on the Army, or if it had resulted in some slackening up after the security of Egypt had been ensured. Montgomery's messages seem to me well calculated to defeat any such tendency, to define clearly in language easily understood what the object was, and to infect all ranks with the drive and energy of their leaders. The message in fact broadcast Mr. Churchill's instructions to General Alexander in terms that would appeal to the troops and perhaps touch their sense of humour.

I should imagine they had less effect on the conduct of the troops in the battle of Alamein than in the sustained and wearisome effort of the pursuit. The troops knew what was required of them and there was no slackening off. In the last war, most notably perhaps at Suvla Bay, the troops very often knew little of the purpose of the operations they were engaged in and their interest seldom extended beyond the limited objectives that were made known to them.
He Rules the Mediterranean Skies

Leader of the new Mediterranean Air Command, Air Chief Marshal Sir A. W. Tedder was seconded from the Army to the Royal Flying Corps in 1916 and, after seeing much service in France and Egypt, transferred to the R.A.F. three years later. In between the Wars he held a number of Air commands, the most recent being that of Air Officer C.-in-C. R.A.F. in the Middle East.
GABES GREET THE CONQUERING HEROES

Following the storming of Rommel's positions at Mareth and Wadi Akarit, the 8th Army swept across the Tunisian plain with irresistible drive. Everywhere the population gave the victor a great welcome. In Gabes, some officers of the Fighting French presented General Montgomery with bouquets of flowers, while some others shook the hand of the great captain who had delivered them from the ruthless invaders.

Photo: R. E. CRANE

oration for Montgomery and His Men

Down the main street of Gabes, the Tunisian army, in the Mediterranean sun, follow the victorious column of General Montgomery, their hero, in triumphal march, while the streets are thronged with joyous citizens, waving flags and cheering. Meanwhile, in the cheers, "God save the queen they in France in Italy" rings out, their brother clairon who fought by the bitter end in France.
**Victory Wings in the Tunisian Air**

Air power working in perfect combination with the forces on the ground put the crown on the Desert Army's triumph in the battles for Tunisia. Hurricanes presented to the R.A.F. by the great Indian State of Hyderabad are seen in the upper photograph flying above a North African village. Below, a parachute being retrieved by men of the R.A.F. mobile parachute packing unit now in Tunisia.
Tragic Story of the Tanks

He formed an Admiralty Landship Committee, Royal Naval Air Service officers at once began making experiments.

All through the early stages “the attitude of the War Office” was, Capt. Murland says, “painfully clear.” It opposed the tank by every means in its power. It had had in its possession since 1912 a plan for a fighting vehicle with caterpillar tracks, but had put it away and forgotten all about it. When the author of this plan turned up in 1919 and claimed from the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors some recognition of his foresight, the War Office pretended never to have heard of him and only “under pressure” produced his papers. By this time the invention had got far beyond what had been in his mind when he made his blueprints.

But, in spite of good results obtained, the War Office still obstinately obstructed the production of tanks. Sir Albert Stern, who was in charge of certain experiments, gave an order for 700 engines when he was satisfied that the right type had been designed. The War Office “disappeared” and had the order cancelled.” Colonel Stern fortunately persisted and increased the order to 1,400. Not till eight months later was this officially recognized; and, as that was in October 1917, it is unlikely that, but for Sir Albert’s firm action, any of the tanks would have been ready when they were needed for our service in 1918. They actually only got into production before the official O.K. came through.

Here is another instance of the military mind’s reaction to the new weapon—or ought I to say the cavalryman’s mind, for at that time the War Office was still a military one and not a distinct service? It was not held by cavalrymen? Of course, they hated theCompact track of the horse. They clung to the traditions in which they had grown up. They knew nothing about machines and heartily disliked them. So, when Sir Ernest Swinton submitted in March 1916 a set of rules (elementary enough) for tanks, they tucked it away and did not even send a copy to the Tank Corps Staff in France.

It was November 1917 before the War Office was governed by these now obvious precepts.”

For ten years, 1928-1938, the conversion of cavalry regiments into armoured car regiments was held up. Then a fresh lot under Lord Gort and Mr. Hore-Belisha were given control of the Army, and mechanization was possible. But “no one could doubt that ten years was too long a delay.” If our policy had been more progressive, we should have been able to start the War with a very large number of highly-trained men and more tanks. That might have made all the difference in France in 1940.

The points that had to be considered in designing tanks were chiefly three thickness of plates, weight of machine, and speed.

As quickly as the “ironclads” were launched when wooden ships went out, new and more penetrating shells and torpedoes were produced. So equal pace with the clothing of tanks in steel plates went the improvement of guns to pierce those plates. That sort of thing has happened since the first ages of organized war. Attack and defence have been elaborated side by side. Tanks have therefore been getting heavier. Light tanks “No tank can be sufficiently fast to cope with the enemy’s machine.” We may yet come to the landship a hundred feet long, weight 1,000 tons, wheels 40 feet in diameter, three turrets with two guns, carrying naval shells and 300 shells to every gun. That was proposed in 1914 by an officer of the Royal Naval Air Service named Heatherington.

Of the much-debated Churchill tank Capt. Murland remarks that “its origin cannot be traced to any previous design. Very heavy armour and a powerful armament increased its size and weight above those of any contemporary British machine.” But reports from North Africa have been showing that in its very much altered and improved condition it has done well. It must be remembered that “put straight into production off the drawing-board” at a time when we needed tanks very urgently indeed. Capt. Murland does not mean this, but as Dunkirk (Mr. Churchill told the miners on Oct. 31st 1942) “we had not 50 tanks, whereas we now have 10,000 or 12,000.”

Though many units of the Royal Armoured Corps have seen service action in the North African campaigns, the Great Tank Battle that has been often predicted has not been fought so far. The author thinks it will be when we invade the Continent. This will be the armoured battle which future historians will point to as the culmination of tank design and development. We need not fear, when it comes, for either our machines or for the men inside them.

by Hamilton Fyfe
Military Camouflage Is a Very Fine Art

To keep the enemy from seeing what he would very much like to see is obviously a matter of supreme importance, and calls for the expenditure of immense ingenuity and craft. In this article ALEXANDER DILKE gives some little-known and seldom appreciated details of the work that is performed by our "Deception Corps." 

The Eighth Army fighting in Tunisia is having to learn new disappearing tricks. The Etzehude attack was so successful in concealing men, guns, and vehicles behind the El Alamein line does not serve when sand gives place to a greener landscape. But experts of the Eighth Army's reserves, can have no difficulty in adapting their materials and methods to a different landscape.

These men include a famous magician, a noted biologist, who is the author of a standard book on the protective colouring of animals, theatre and film scene painters, and others whose peacetime work is the harmless deception of the public. Further north Major Godfrey Baxter "stage-manages" the Army soldiers and vehicles as once he stage-managed the chorus and scenery of the famous Glyndebourne Operas.

Tunisia is greener than the Western Desert, but presents problems in camouflage hardly less difficult, for the plains are almost treeless—which means that everything in the open has to be camouflaged. It also means that a great deal of work has to be done at night. It is little use camouflaging a muntins dump, however skillfully, if the enemy's aerial photographs show you at work on it. Where an important new building is to be camouflaged by merging it with the landscape, it is necessary for the building process itself to be hidden by, for instance, camouflaging the piles of bricks and the lorry tracks leading to the site. Otherwise the enemy photographs would ensure that his maps showed the village church and scattered cottages to be, in fact, an army depot, a tank repair workshop or whatever it might be, and he would bomb it at the first opportunity.

Camouflage is a science we have learned from animals. Hence the professor of biology has no special face to the apparently impossible task of hiding men, guns, and materials on a completely featureless desert, the scientists studied the animals that inhabit the desert, their tricks and colouring, the gazelle and the jerboa were used to hide gun-barrels and Bren gun-carriers. "Hide," perhaps, is not the right word. Camouflage aims rather at presenting no feature to attract the enemy airman or camera. The gun emplacement or vehicle is "seen" by the enemy, but he takes it for a normal feature of the landscape. That is why camouflage experts giving instruction always emphasize to their pupils that camouflage is practical as well as technical.

It is an excellent idea to make your shell dumps look like half-a-dozen native houses, but if the German sniper sees half-a-dozen houses in the middle of miles of nothing, without even a road leading to them, he is likely to become more suspicious rather than less. His suspicions lured!

There is no standard method of camouflaging anything under any circumstances. A network of warfare calls for greater imagination and less reference to textbooks. But those who try it, work by experiment; and these are learned at a special Army school for camouflage in the Midlands. Here the pupils learn a way of thinking as well as a way of doing. The courses they take last several weeks or about three days according to the work they are going to do. Models of landscapes, not only in Britain but also of present and future zones of battles, are used for teaching.

The pupil learns that it is not colour alone that matters but also texture. It is not sufficient to paint the roof of a building. It must be given a "texture" that will deceive eye and camera. The introduction of the use of this fact greatly increased the problems of difficulties of camouflage. It is not only that the photographs show up what may deceive the eye, but that they can be studied at leisure under a magnifying glass. When the photographs compared with those taken a month or six months ago. A little patch of a different shade on a photograph may be the first intimation that a new building has been erected. This, in fact, was the case with one important target in Germany, and when more information came from "other sources," it was promptly and effectively bombed by the R.A.F.

Complete deception of the enemy about the existence of the dump, aerodrome, vehicle park, or whatever it may be, is, naturally, the ideal. But this is not always possible, especially in the case of static targets such as aerodromes. The camouflage expert then tries to make the target difficult to find and identify. The enemy, perhaps, knows the exact whereabouts and even the type of camouflage used on many aerodromes. But it is still immensely difficult when flying at 300 m.p.h. to pick out the group of suburban villas, say, which is really a hangar, and get it in the bomb-sight.

One aerodrome is so well camouflaged to look like a peaceful rural scene that experienced pilots coming down to land have suddenly gone up again fearing that they have landed in a village. The camouflage expert must be able to deceive not only by the eyes, but also by the nose. For the concealment of guns, vehicles and every sort of mobile weapon, netting "gar- nished" with scrim is the great standby. Hundreds of thousands of yards of the netting are made and the scrim—green for Britain and similar landscapes, brown and white for the desert—is made from scraps from textile factories. Wonders of conceala ment can be performed with this netting; it provides a covering that is opaque from a distance yet does not cast a heavy shadow. Hiding shadows is not the least of the arts of camouflage.

The camouflage expert must keep his eye on the weather. British airmen discovered a German landing-ground that had been cleverly camouflaged by having irrigation ditches in neighbouring fields carried across the site. When they fell the water in the real ditches froze to ice. That in the fake ditches remained beautifully liquid—a miracle of Nature in which our air observer refused to believe! Where faked trees are used, they must shed their leaves in the autumn and assume them again in the spring. This is one of the disadvantages of using natural foliage except for rapid emergency camouflage. The leaves start changing colour very soon after being picked, and the change is shown in photographs in a matter of hours.

Soldiers who are "camouflage conscious" do not perform wonders of improvisation. Perhaps the most remarkable instance was in Burma when Japanese bombers approached a number of R.A.F. crates just landed, a tempting target. Our airmen jumped on the crates by the dozen and lay flat, "disturbing" the lines of the pile and also giving it a deceptive Texture. They rose worked, and the bombers passed over without apparently noticing.

Experts can teach camouflage and, in the case of static buildings, work out detailed plans which can be carried out by workmen who do not understand the why and wherefore. But for camouflage in the field it is important that every man should know the principles, for he will have to do his bit in carrying earth from trenches to scatter it far away, or whatever it may be, and he will do it more enthusiastically if he understands why. In fact, camouflage experts say that a few bombs in the neighbourhood are the best teachers!

So far I have written only of what might be called negative camouflage. There is another important side to the camouflage. We believe that there are vehicles or guns when in fact there is nothing. This form of deception help every soldiers. They have grown considerably since war began and no unit in the future will be complete without its camouflage experts.
INGENIOUS METHODS OF CAMOUFLAGE are employed on all the battlefronts. Top left, an effectively concealed fighter at a U.S. air base in China; this airfield is invisible from the sky. Top right, trees form the motif of a camouflage "backcloth" along the facade of a building near Tripoli. Left centre, personal camouflage: a British soldier, wearing specially-designed clothing, assumes a prone position by the side of a hummvee and becomes part of his surroundings. Below, snow camouflage: this photograph from an enemy source shows a skilfully concealed German gun and crew in the Lake Ilmen sector of the Russian front.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

Modern conditions of war involve the lifting of enormous tonnages of supplies. Never have armies been so dependent upon transport. The former military method of living upon an invaded country—relatively easy in the days of small armies equipped with horses—has largely vanished. Even if the Japanese troops can subsist more readily in the countries they have overrun than can troops of the United Nations, they still require great quantities of military supplies to be brought to them.

Our current age of mechanized war has created a monster with a ravenous appetite. It devours most of the output of the industrial man-power of the world. It demands the allocation of most of the world's transport systems to carry its supplies.

Germany was one of the first nations to appreciate the importance of air transport in war. The Luftwaffe generals had the method built up for them by the Deutsche Luft Hansa A.G. (German Air Transport Company) with Junkers aircraft. When it was found that air transport offered the only means of getting heavy mining machinery into the interior of New Guinea to exploit the gold which was known to be there, Junkers aircraft were found to be the only suitable transport aircraft to carry the heavy units involved; even if other planes could carry the weight, they did not possess hatchways through which the large sections of mining machinery could be loaded into their fuselages.

When the Luftwaffe was formed in 1933, the man appointed to organize it was Erhard Milch, for seven years the principal organizer of the Deutsche Luft Hansa. He is now a Field-Marshal in the Luftwaffe. Milch created a transport system of the Luftwaffe. It grew concurrently with the development of the fighter, bomber, army cooperation and naval cooperation branches.

In 1936, when I visited Tempelhof and Staaeken aerodromes, considerable numbers of Luftwaffe transport aircraft were parked there. They were camouflaged Junkers 52s. They were ready for war. German officers explained with a smile that they were "postal" aircraft.

The Junkers 52 was chosen because it was easy to make, reliable (as a civil transport aircraft its airframe did 270,000 miles between overhauls), and more commodious than most other German transport aircraft of that time which (like the Junkers 86 and the Heinkel 111) were actually prototypes of bombers. The Junkers 52 was really the only existing German aircraft which could be at once employed for military troop-transport.

In the early stages of the War the Junkers 52 was a marked success. It could land, or crash-land, almost anywhere, for it possessed a low alighting speed, due partly to its Junkers wing-ailerons. It could carry fifteen fully armed men. It was good for the dropping of parachutists. It could transport a load of about 23 tons. About 300 were used in Norway and they contributed greatly to the rapid fall of that country before the German onslaught.

In spite of the design of other types of troop-transports by other German aircraft constructors, the Junkers 52 is still the principal type of aircraft upon which the Luftwaffe relies for transportation of men, material, petrol, and vehicles (some in parts for quick assembly) to her war zones where speed of supply is important, or where other means of supply are doubtful, non-existent, or in need of assistance.

Our 255 m.p.h. Gladiator fighters in Norway found the Junkers 52 easy prey. The Russian Air Force shot down large numbers during the period when the German Army was cut off in Stalingrad, and could be supplied only by air.

The Junkers 52s met with their greatest successes in the four days' battle for Holland. They crash-landed on the beaches at Scheveningen and disembarked troops. They came down in droves on the Dutch aerodrome of Waddenzee-Rotterdam, and the three aerodromes near The Hague. They had again a phenomenal success in the capture of Crete, where there was scarcely any fighter opposition, and but little anti-aircraft gunfire.

Now they have been in large-scale use again, running supplies to the German forces in north-eastern Tunisia. It must be difficult for the German forces there to obtain supplies by sea, for the northern side of the Mediterranean—is Sicily, Sardinia, and Southern Italy—has been under heavy air bombardment for weeks, and the port at Bizerta has been subjected to rhythmic raids that must have reduced their value very greatly. Loading and unloading facilities for ships are almost as important as the ships themselves, and if the stevedoring cannot be carried out because the machinery has been smashed by bombs, the value of ships for the purpose of transporting stores is largely diminished. Under these conditions the possibility of running in supplies from aerodrome to aerodrome assumes great importance.

HEADACHE for Air-Line Organizer

Luftwaffe Chief Milch

When, as has been the case in the central Mediterranean for many weeks, Axis shipping has had to run the submarine and air attack, the difficulty of maintaining supplies to Rommel and von Arnim is augmented and its cost in ships lost may become an almost intolerable strain on Italo-German communications.

Little is heard of the work of the Fleet Air Arm in the Mediterranean, but it is more than probable that their torpedo aircraft have sunk many Axis shipping as the surface and under-water ships of the Navy. The R.A.F. and Dominion air forces have not been idle with torpedoes and bombs. The U.S. air forces have had heavy ships.

Now, more than at any time during the whole North African campaign, the use of the opposing air forces, United Nations' versions of Axis, will be a speed of outcome of the final battles to ejeect the vassals of Hitler and Mussolini from Tunisia.

Air Vice Marshal Harry Broadhurst and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham have demonstrated their ability to take the stage in the Tunisian skis. Coningham in command of the Tactical Air Force, and Broadhurst in command of the Desert Air Force, sent their fighter boys after Milch's Junkers 52s in British Spitfires and American Warhawks (the latest of the Curtiss Hawk fighters, this one is fitted with a Packard-built Rolls-Royce Merlin engine).

A force of about 100 Junkers 52s transports leaving Tunisia for the northern shores of the Mediterranean suffered 68 casualties, shot down into the sea or forced to crash-land on the Tunisian shore. In addition, 16 of their escorting Messerschmitt 109 and 110 fighters were also destroyed. We need aircraft.

It looks as if the day of the Junkers 52 as a war transport is over. Its 190 miles an hour top speed is too slow to escape modern fighters. The Battle of Britain proved that German fighters cannot protect German bomber (or transport) formations. So bigger fighter escorts will not provide the answer. Air-line organizer Luftwaffe Chief Milch must get a headache when he thinks of the Junkers 52s that he provided to give the Luftwaffe world supremacy in military air transportation. Antiquated and outnumbered, they are a liability to the Luftwaffe and to the German Army. And, as for Goering, let us remember that Junkers was the firm that Goering seized and turned into a Government factory.
Sweeping the Luftwaffe from the African Sky

SMASHING ROMMEL'S AIRFIELDS in Tunisia, Allied planes have inflicted crippling blows on vital targets. 1. Her left wing and engine nacelle riddled by flak, this B.24 (Martin Marauder) flies home after a bombing attack. 2. Air Commodore "Bing" Cross, D.S.O., D.F.C., named by Sir A. Coningham on April 14, 1943, as leader of fighter squadrons carrying main weight of Tunisian air attacks. 3. Taken by a U.S. cameraman after a devastating raid by Flying Fortresses on the Axis airport of El Asuna, N.E. of Tunis, this photograph shows smoke-columns rising from bombed enemy transport planes.

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Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright; U.S. Official, Associated Press
Stalin’s Airmen Smite Hard at Nazi Königsberg

‘WINGS FOR VICTORY’ campaign among the collective farmers of the Gorky and Chkalov regions of the U.S.S.R. was responsible for the production of this impressive line-up of planes for the Red Air Force, photographed from the air.

KÖNIGSBERG, capital of E. Prussia, suffered heavily three times in one week when Soviet bombers attacked the port on April 10-11, 12, 16-17, 1943. Great fires and explosions occurred on each occasion as port installations and other vital objectives were subjected to intensive bombing. The raid on April 16-17 coincided with the fierce assault by the R.A.F. on the vast armament centre of Mannheim-Ludwigshafen in Western Germany. At Königsberg the Russian aircraft kept up their attack for two hours, when 10 explosions and 20 fires were observed. All but three planes returned safely.

A number of the Soviet pilots, navigators and radio operators who took part in these raids had already distinguished themselves in attacks on the Reich. Major A. Radchuk, who was over Königsberg on the night of April 12, has recorded his impressions: ‘The Germans, scared by the previous raid, had taken extraordinary precautions. The sky was full of searchlights. In spite of heavy fire from the German ground defences our planes reached the target area dead on time. Our bombs were effective, for we observed a number of terrific explosions down below.”

MEN OF THE RED AIR FORCE are seen in the above photograph receiving presents and comforts from admiring delegates representing the people of the Kuibyshev region. The delegates paid a visit to the fighting-line and were very much impressed by the magnificent skill and courage displayed by the Russian airmen in action. L.t. Vassily Dobrovolsky (below) led four fighter planes to cover Soviet troops from the air. Six Messerschmitts attacked the Russian aircraft and three of the German planes were shot down. Dobrovolsky has brought down 13 enemy planes, and has made 254 operational flights.

LONG-RANGE BOMBER RAIDS made recently by Soviet airmen have included attacks on Danzig, Tilsit, and the triple assault on Königsberg described above. Port installations, railway and military objectives suffered heavily. Men of the Long-Range Bomber Regiment of the Guards are here seen loading up bombs before one of their long operational flights.
IMPORTANT CONFERENCE IN NEW DELHI following the Casablanca meeting last January was announced on Feb. 11, 1943 to have secured the closest Allied cooperation against the Japanese. Leaving the Imperial Secretariat Building after joint staff talks are (left to right, front): Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell and Lt.-Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell. Immediately behind them (left to right) are Lt.-Gen. Brehon B. Somervile, Field-Marshall Sir John Dill and Lt.-Gen. Henry H. Arnold.
THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

Do you smoke Woodbines? If you are one of the many people who smoke ten Woodbines a day and cut that down by one cigarette a day you will be almost square with your pre-Budget expenditure. If you are drinking a half-pint a day by two cigarettes a day you will be in pocket. This little calculation, made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the course of the Budget debate, I gather will not cost you more than the thought that another twopence on ten cigarettes was a pretty stiff imposition. Take a heavy smoker (Sir Kingsley Wood continues) and knock them, and they, and we of not one sex only—who smoked, say, fifteen cigarettes a day; if he cut that number down to thirteen he would be spending no more than before the Budget was introduced. So, too, with drink. The man who used to drink four to seven pints a week could save the extra tax (1d. per pint on beer of average gravity) if he drank only half-a-pint a week less. Then as for pipe-smokers, a man need only give up every sixth pipe to be all square. That is the quota suggested by Charles Lamb, who said: 'One pipe is wholesome, two pipes to流水, three pipes noisome, four pipes foulsome; and five pipes quarrleth.'

And not one of those five pipes has the pipe-smoker to go without!

As the Chancellor said, when one has regard to the suffering and hardship in so many parts of the world, to go without a few drinks or smokes is a small thing enough. Taken all in all, the Budget—the sixth of the War—was an attack on unessential spending, one aimed at people 'who have some money to spare for expenditure on luxuries.' Beer, wines and spirits, tobacco and entertainments all have to pay more tax; and the purchase tax on such things as silk dresses, fur coats, gramophone records, musical instruments, cut glass, jewelry, electric shavers, perfumes and the like is increased from the present 66/ to 100 per cent. The tax increases are intended to raise £100 million in the course of a year, however, which is expected to yield something over £600 million. The expenditure for the current year has been estimated at the truly tremendous total of £5,756 million.

Speaking in the same debate, Capt. Crookshank, Postmaster-General, quoted some remarkable figures. Since the beginning of the War, the post offices sent each year has increased by ten millions to over seventy millions a year. The Greetings service has doubled, from about four millions to about eight millions a year. There has also been an enormous increase in trunk telephone calls; before the War they numbered 22,000 a week, now they are 952,000—80 per cent of them chargeless calls. So great is the strain on the telephone service, indeed, that the charges for trunk calls are being increased, not so much with a view to more revenue as to permit a reduction in the Post Office's man-power. As statistics these figures are dry enough, but they are warm with life when they are translated into terms of wartime separations and changes in the location of home and industry.

You and I and all the other people making up Britain's population spent £4,800 million in 1942 on 'consumption at market prices,' while in 1938 our expenditure was 'only' £4,035 million. Some of the chief items are as follows, the 1938 figure being given in brackets, and million pounds in each case understood: food, 1,520 (1,198); drink and tobacco, 912 (452); rent and rates, etc., 520 (300); fuel and light, 242 (194); clothing, 462 (441); travel (including private motorists, etc.), 215 (296). These figures are taken from a White Paper (Cm. 6348, H.M. Stationery Office, 6d.) prepared by the Treasury and published as a kind of postscript personal expenditure as compared with 11 per cent in 1938. But don't jump to the conclusion that people are drinking nearly twice as many pints and smoking nearly double the number of cigarettes as before the War. What did a bottle of whisky cost in 1938—and a packet of ten?

Why did we take up our allotments? If the question were suddenly put to us we should answer, very likely, with the phrase 'Digging for Victory.' Yet a recent survey of allotment-holders revealed that the Economist has disclosed that only one in twenty took an allotment to help in the war effort. Rather more than half, fifty-five per cent to be exact, gave the reasons they wanted to obtain fresh food. Nearly eighteen per cent said that they wanted to save money, and seven per cent wanted to reduce the trouble of shopping. And fourteen per cent said they wanted to obtain fresh air and (shade of Adam!) health-giving exercise. For one reason or another—and in most people, no doubt, all these and perhaps a few more reasons have had their influence—more than half a million people have taken up allotments since the War began.

The latest figures show that in April 1942 there were 1,586,888 allotments, covering 172,861 acres; figures of production are not available but the average weekly yield from a hundred well-planned 10-rood allotments in 1940-41 was 21 lb. edible weight in the winter, 11 lb. in the early summer, and 14 lb. in autumn. Very likely these yields are a bit on the high side, but there is no reason to doubt that the nearly two million families in this country who have allotments or large gardens are practically self-supporting in vegetables and salads.

How are things going on the Fuel Front? Speaking in London on April 14, Major Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel and Power, announced that, thanks to the splendid effort of consumers and producers alike (and also because of the mild winter), the gap between production and consumption of coal has now been closed. Three days later, however, the outlook seemed nothing like so rosy. 'I have not been satisfied with the position since the beginning of 1943,' said Major Lloyd George at Bristol; 'I have been watching the production returns in the last few weeks with serious concern. Although there has been a considerable increase of over 5,000 more men in the industry than a year ago, the production each week is nearly the same as it was in the same weeks of last year and absenteeism is higher than it should be.'

Carelessness is exacting a heavier toll than valour. In the first two years of the War the casualties of the Armed Forces of the United Kingdom on the Battlefields were 145,012. On the roads last year the casualties were 147,544. The death rate on the roads is now less than before the War, but greater. Three more lives were lost every day in January this year than in the last January of peace. In February, 93 children were killed—more than in the last two months together. These records were first kept. One sixth of the road casualties last year were children under fifteen, and in conjunction with the falling birth-rate the proportion of deaths by road loss is underlined. These figures were given in a recent speech at Blackburn by Mr. Hore-Belisha, M.P., who dotti our pavements with blood to show the commendable attempt to reduce the number of road casualties. Of course, excuses can be made. Road improvements have been stopped, sign-posting has been discontinued. There is the black-out. But, says Mr. Hore-Belisha, "All these factors enjoin upon us the necessity for greater care, not less."
ONE MILLION TRENCH MORTAR BOMBS were recently produced in such record time by a small West Country arms firm that the men and women who made them were invited to visit the practice range, where they saw their work in action. 1, A director reads the Ministry of Supply's telegram congratulating the workers on their millionth bomb. 2, A soldier loads a bomb into one of the mortars preparatory to discharging it. 3, Women operatives riding to the range in Bren-gun-carriers. 

Photos, British Official
In Denmark They Wear Britannia Brooches

Mrs. Isabel Coffey, a Scotswoman who recently arrived in Britain after escaping from Denmark—where she had been living since 1939—reveals how this Nazi-occupied country is keeping its end up and presenting a cool shoulder to the hated invader. Her story is reprinted here from Free Denmark, a Danish weekly paper published in London.

It would be a gift to the enemy if I were to tell you how I managed to escape from Denmark. It is, however, no secret that as late as January last I was living at Damehotellet (Ladies’ Hotel) in Gammel Mont in Copenhagen, and that the Germans phoned the hotel several times a week to make sure that I was still there. And, like all other foreigners, I had to report to the Danish police every week.

In August 1939, on my doctor’s advice I went to the Vejejfjord Sanatorium for a cure. Then the war came, and after Christmas I decided to return to Britain. I bought the ticket for the plane journey home, which had been arranged for April 17, 1940. But the Nazi invasion put a stop to my plan and I had to stay in the Sanatorium until, in April 1942, I went to Copenhagen. During all this time I was allowed to move freely about the country, except in the restricted area of Jutland where it is necessary to have a special permit.

I examined, of course, all chances of returning to England, where my three sons, aged 17, 13 and 11 years, were at school. One day I went to Gestapo headquarters, in Dagnarhus, to try to solve my problem. I was shown into an office where an official was seated. He kept me standing before his desk for more than ten minutes before looking up. At last he asked me, in the most brutal manner, what I wanted. I never hated anybody as I hated that man at that moment, and I felt certain that the hate was reciprocated. I need hardly say that the result of my visit was negative.

The streets of Copenhagen are crowded with Germans, especially sailors. Wherever you go you realize how the Danes cold-shoulder the Germans; they make it a rule to leave the company of a railway compartment as soon as a German enters. To avoid this humiliation the Nazis usually prefer to stand outside in the corridor or on the platform. And how can they blame them? The obvious nervousness of the Nazis when an air raid alert is sounded! The swastika dangles over many buildings taken over by the Germans. The other day they requisitioned a large school building near Osterport Station and built deep shelters within the houses, for use, I believe, as safe and commodious Nazi headquarters in Copenhagen.

As a rule, the Nazi troops are allowed to remain only a few months in Denmark; the German authorities don’t regard it as desirable that their soldiers should become accustomed to the relatively good conditions here. The occupying troops are terrified afraid of being sent to the Russian front, and many prefer to commit suicide. I have been told that, at the beginning of the occupation, the Germans wanted to buy the equipment of the Danish army, but the offer was declined by the Danish government. Then the Nazis simply asked for it and, as far as I know, half of it had to be surrendered. The Danish Nazis are hated even more intensely than the Germans. Never had I seen the loyal population give vent to this icy contempt so openly as on the occasion of the Danish volunteers returning from the Eastern front and marching through the capital. One day one of my young student friends had a fight with five of Denmark’s few Nazi students; he gave me the comforting assurance that the five looked much worse than he did after the encounter.

All the time I was in Denmark I enjoyed the help I received from my sympathizers and friends, and I am making it a point of my life to thank them in any way I can. Unfortunately, owing to lack of "raw material," the demand for these emblems cannot be met. The interest taken in Britain is tremendous, and no noise sounds more welcome in the ears of the Danes than the roaring of British planes on their way to German targets inside or outside Denmark.

In fact, the Danes have felt neglected by the R.A.F. because the Germans in Denmark have not been attacked on the same scale as in other countries. While I was in Vejejfjord Sanatorium a British pilot being chased by German fighters had to jettison his bombs, and as a result thousands of window-panes were broken in the town. But I never heard a word of blame for British airmen. On the contrary, pilots taken prisoner are greeted cordially, and graves of R.A.F. men are kept decorated with flowers.

I always got the underground papers Fri Danmark (Free Denmark) and De Frie Danske (The Free Danes). Those responsible for these print their envelopes in which they are sent to subscribers the name and address of a German business firm or some German headquarters as the sender! In this way the greater part of these clandestine papers get through; only a few fall into the hands of the Gestapo.

Torpedoed by U-boat Twice in Twenty Minutes

This is the story of what happened after the torpedoing by a U-boat of the liner Avila Star (see also p. 216). The author is 19-year-old Maria Elizabeth Ferguson, awarded the British Empire Medal for her great courage and services she rendered to wounded men during 24 days and nights in an open lifeboat. She has written the story of this tragic ordeal specially for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

I had been two years in the Argentine with my father, who is a planter, when I decided to return to England and join up. I put my name down as a volunteer and started on the journey home, to join the Boat Section of the W.R.N.S. One night, when we were 300 miles off Portugal and were down below in the lounge chatting, there sounded a metallic thud.

The ship quivered, the engines stopped, and the lights went out. A torpedo had struck us. We rushed up and slithered across the smoking deck to the lifeboats. It was pitch dark, but emergency lights were quickly switched on. Unfortunately, we had some difficulty in lowering our boat—the poor old Avila Star was listing at thirty degrees—and twenty minutes elapsed before we were pushing away from the ship’s side. Suddenly, without warning, I found myself splashing about in the water.

I helped the others in the wallowing lifeboat to push off, and soon after we got away we heard the dull roar of boilers exploding as the Avila Star went to the bottom. I sat in the boat’s stern, nursing two injured men, whilst others signalled with torches to try to locate the other boats. And so, tactics about in the darkness, that first dreadful night passed. In the morning, when it grew light, we discovered that our boat had no bottom. It was kept afloat only by the air tanks round its sides.

The five other boats, which we could now see, came closer, and the seventeen of us swam across to two of them. The boat I was in had only 37 men and one other woman aboard, and in that open boat we remained for twenty days and nights. At first the boats all managed to
Those who were wounded—several were cut or scalded—we tended as well as our equipment allowed. But we had only a small first-aid box, and ten men died before we were picked up. We lowered them over the side. Three more died later. For seventeen days we saw nothing but a bird, some empty bottles, seaweed, and once a piece of meat and a loaf floating by. The sight of the latter raised our hopes, and on the afternoon of the seventeenth day we heard aircraft. Anxiously we lighted flares to attract the attention of the pilots. But I wondered if we had any real cause for hope, for I knew that from no great height a fairly large ship looks no bigger than a small fishing smack, and a lifeboat must seem like a pinhead—almost invisible.

But they sighted us, and dropped tins of biscuits and small kegs of fresh water. We picked these up and drank the water immediately; but salt water had got into the tins and the biscuits were quite uneatable. They also dropped us a chart, showing our position and with a written message that help would come soon. From the chart we learned that we had sailed about 1,500 miles, and were now about 100 miles from the African coast. If that promised help did not come we might never reach land at all.

For three weary days after the planes had come and gone we saw nothing but sea, and our spirits were at the very lowest ebb when at last we sighted a ship. We soaked a dry rag in petrol, tied it to a boathook, put a lighted match to it, and to our intense joy the vessel altered course in our direction. As it got closer we made out it was a Portuguese sloop, the Pedro Nunes. We were taken aboard, and sent to hospital at Lisbon. Eventually I reached England—at least five weeks later than I had bargained for.

We came upon the E-boats lurking near our convoy route and gave chase at full speed. They were so surprised that they were unable to get a proper start before we were upon them. At about 70 yards we opened fire. The E-boats split up into two groups, three in one and two in the other. I took the larger group, and the other M.G.B., commanded by Lieutenant Philip Stobo, K.N.V.R., of Rickmansworth, gave chase to the other.

We closed to within 25 yards and concentrated our fire on the second of the three E-boats. Our fire must have taken their gun crews out of action. Our heavier armament was scoring repeated hits on the engine-room, hull and bridge. Lumps could be seen flying off the E-boat. From the light of our gunfire we could see one of the enemy gun crews completely flaked out at the foot of their gun. There was no sign of life on board.

The third E-boat made a half-hearted attempt to engage and a few bullets went through our superstructure, one shattering our searchlight. But we were determined to destroy one E-boat at a time. We continued to pump shells into the second E-boat in the line when suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a flash from its engine-room. The decks opened up like a tin can. And that was the end of an E-boat!

The leading E-boat, which I believe was commanded by the senior German officer, was our next target. We overtook him and engaged with our forward guns. There were several direct hits, and the E-boat tried to take evading action by changing course. This presented us with a wonderful opportunity. We were about 40 yards away and by a sharp alteration of course came into direct line to ram. We bore down at full speed and struck the E-boat with our bows about 20 feet from her stern. There was a shudder as the E-boat heeled over at an angle of about 50 degrees. It seemed to us as though we had gone straight through her.

Just before we rammed we could see the whole of the E-boat’s deck lit by our gunfire. There appeared to be only three men still alive on her deck. Her captain was dancing about on the bridge and waving his arms frantically. After the ramming we circled round to see what remained of the two E-boats. There was nothing but wreckage.

As there were still three boats at large we resumed the chase. But they saw us in time and retreated at full speed. Nevertheless, we managed to score four direct hits on the bridge of the rear E-boat, and then one of our engines gave us a little trouble. It turned out that our engine-room staff had been working under great difficulties,
I Was There!

Among the first prisoners of war in Italian hands exchanged in the Middle East, in May 1943 to reach home, Cmdr. W. L. M. Brown, D.S.C., of Chelsea, tells in The Evening News, from which this account is reprinted how war-weary Italians are now reacting to the depressing news of the enemy’s victory at El Alamein.

"The reaction to R.A.F. bombing that I heard was often—though I am not convinced it was a genuine reaction—was ‘Get on with your bombing.’ ‘Finish off this business.’ ‘Get on with the second front.’ ‘The war is over. We got what we were not permitted to speak to prisoners and, therefore, we had access only to those who were dissatisfied. There was no tendency to run Mussolini down, and I don’t think the Italians are on the verge of a revolution.

"Commander Brown described himself as a ‘naughty’ prisoner. Captured in July, 1940, when his reconnaissance aircraft from the Warspite was shot down off Tobruk, he was in five prison camps during his captivity. He reached his final camp at Gavi eight months before the Armistice because of incidents that occurred at a previous camp.

"This concerned a tunnelling episode for which I was blamed,’ he said. ‘But the Italians never really bawled me out.’"}

**OUR DIARY OF THE WAR**

**April 13, 1943, Tuesday**

Focusing light on submarine deposit-money, sunk in Mediterranean last year.

**April 14, Wednesday**

The R.A.F. forces attacked enemy airfields at Mila and Castelverde in Sicily.

**April 15, Thursday**

U.S.A.-American aircraft made eight more attacks on Kiska.

**April 16, Friday**

Large-scale daylight attacks by the R.A.F. hit Italian airfields at Ostia, Crotone, and Valeria. In the biggest night operation of the year more than 600 R.A.F. bombers and fighters hit targets at Pisa and Mannheim-Ludwigshafen; 55 missing.

**April 17, Saturday**

Heavy night raids by the R.A.F. hit the entrances of E-Boat bases on the east coast, wrecking Italian submarines.

**April 18, Sunday**

Battle of the Gulf of Syra.

**April 19, Monday**

The R.A.F. forces attacked enemy airfields at Lecce.

**April 20, Tuesday**

**April 21, Wednesday**

Admiralty announced loss of submarine deposit-money, sunk in Mediterranean last year.

**April 22, Thursday**

**April 23, Friday**

**April 24, Saturday**

**April 25, Sunday**

**April 26, Monday**

**April 27, Tuesday**

**Flashbacks**

**1940**

April 13. Second battle of Novik; seven German destroyers sunk.

April 15. Announced that British forces had landed in Greece.

April 25. Enemy pressed forced withdrawal of Allied forces in southern Norway.

**1942**

April 14. Siege of Tobruk began.

April 16. Heavy night raids in London.

April 17. Yugoslavia capitulated.

April 23. Announced that Greek forces in Macedonia and Epirus had capitulated. Greek Government moved to Crete.

April 24-25. Imperial forces began to evacuate Greece.

April 27. German troops entered Athens.

**1944**

April 18. U.S. bombers from aircraft carrier Hornet raided Tokyo.

April 23. R.F.A. made first of four raids on Rostock.

April 24. Germans made "Bodeker" raid on Exeter.

April 25. Bath heavily bombed.

April 27. Reprisal raid on Norwich.

**North Africa—First Army launched campaign to capture Tunis.**

**Mediterranean—U.S. and R.A.F. fighters shot down 31 Mosquito fighters and 11 fighters in Gull of Tunis.**

**Australia—Japanese bombers raided positions in Ellice Islands occupied by American forces.**

**April 23, Friday**


Australia—U.S. bombers attacked Jap air base at Tarawa, Gilbert Is.

**April 24, Saturday**

Mediterranean—Ten more enemy supply ships sunk by our submarines.

Australia—Allied heavy bombers raided Kendari, air base in Dutch East Indies.

U.S.A.—American warships bombarded Holts Bay and Chickag Harbour in the Aleutians.

**April 25, Sunday**

North Africa—French announced capture of Jebel Nobeltour, on road to Pont du Fahs.

Burma—Japanese renewed their attacks on British line in Pansu peninsula.

**April 26, Monday**

North Africa—R.A.F. bombers made one of War’s heaviest night raids on Duleibg.

North Africa—On the First Army front, British infantry captured the whole of Longstop Hill.

Mediterranean—Daylight raid by U.S. heavy bombers on airfield at Bari, Italy, followed by night attack by R.A.F.

U.S.A.—Eleven American attacks on Kiska, and two by Canadian fighter-pilots.

**April 27, Tuesday**

North Africa—In Mesel-el-Bab sector the First Army was engaged in a bitter attack, and counter-attack; French troops made progress towards Pont du Fahs.

Mediterranean—Flying Fortresses raided airfields at Villaldrada, Saragossa.
I these days, when women have proved themselves the equal of men in so many occupations once believed to be entirely outside their capacity, both physically and mentally, I think the occasion deserves the other day in picking up one of my favourite books, The Life of Colonel Hutchinson, by his Wife, that nearly three hundred years ago the first women with the men who made the Declaration of Augustus might have been traced. Mrs. Hutchinson, in her classic description of her husband's life and his defence of Nottingham Castle against the Commonwealthers, tells us all to the fact that the women in Nottingham went about during the siege in bands of fifty, "to put out the smouldering fires lighted by the firebrands of their husbands". This book lay manuscript for many years and was not given to the world until 1806, when the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, one of the Colonel's descendants, edited it and added numerous footnotes. His reflection on these early N.F.S. workers will no doubt raise a smile today among the valiant women who adorn that service: "This is a curious fact," says he, "and points out a useful way of turning to use and profit the timorousness and watchfulness of the sex.

Ten years have passed since Franklin D. Roosevelt assumed the Presidency of the U.S.A., and it was a dark hour, the darkest perhaps in modern American history. But from the day of his inauguration he has been in very deep the captain of his people. Some men are great in deeds, some in words; a few, like Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt, are great both in expression and in action. On this side of the Atlantic we have come to recognize in the President's voice the voice of a friend; and so there should be a wide welcome for the book, Addresses and Messages of Franklin D. Roosevelt, which has been recently published in this country by H.M. Stationery Office at Is. Here is what the President said in 1933, in 1942 and in the years between: here is his Good Neighbour speech, his Fireside Chat in which he called America the Arsenal of Democracy, his Third Inaugural Address, his joint statement with Mr. Churchill on the Atlantic Charter, his addresses to Congress calling for a declaration of war against the aggressors of all the countries of the Axis. The book is a reprint of a document printed by order of the United States Senate, and its republication by our Government is, I believe, an unprecedented recognition of a great man's great words.

Are you up to date in R.A.F. slang? You know what brownsoff means, and could possibly define Get cracking, piece of cake, and stooge; but when you hear a young pilot quoting you that he has been shot down in flames you will be relieved to find that he is referring not to a battle in the sky but to a set-back on the amatory front—merely crossing in love. The phrase may also mean that the victim has been severely reprimanded; a close relation is, tear off a strip—meaning, to take down a peg. Perhaps you may guess that a blouse job is a young woman with fair hair; by the exercise of a little imagination you may realize that flinging a woo means meeting a young lady, blonde or brunette. Shagbog officer stands for someone who does not know what he is doing. Tail-end Charlie is, of course, the rear-gunner; the dustbin is his position in the aircraft, and the drink is what he drops into when he falls out. But you may not recognize an R.A.F. photographer in stickyback, the doctor as quack, the chief engineer as chief plumber, the senior W.A.A.F. officer as Queen Bee, and a W.A.A.F. motor-coach as the passion wagon. Perhaps I may add that I have learnt of these phrases in preparing a new edition of The A B C of the R.A.F., which contains a glossary of R.A.F. slang.

One of the most famous of R.A.F. slang terms is Mae West, used to describe the rather rotund and bilious stow or waistcoat which has saved the life of many a gallant airman. That the world-renowned film-star rather welcomes than otherwise this use of her name seems to be evident from a letter which was quoted recently by Hannen Swaffer in The Daily Herald. So pleased was she on discovering in the war film Air Force that its airmen referred to their bulging life-jackets as "Mae Wests" that she wrote to the local training unit of the R.A.F.

"Dear boys, I've just seen that you flyers have a jacket you call a 'Mae West' because it bulges in all the right places. Well, I consider it a sweet honour to have such great guys wrapped up in me, know what I mean? I hear that I may get into the dictionary because of this. I've been in 'Who's Who,' and I know what's what, but this'll be the first time I ever made a dictionary."

Not long ago I gave a "mention" in these notes to an eye-witness account of the Dieppe raid of last August (Wing-Commander Austin's We Landed at Dawn). Here is another, Rehearsal for Invasion (Harrap, 6s.), written by Wallace Rayburn, the Montreal Standard's war correspondent with the Canadian Forces in Europe. He goes without saying that it makes interesting reading; how could it be otherwise when a man with a journalist's trained eye saw the things that Rayburn saw? He tells how they left for France, how they struggled ashore who were left managed to get away and back to England. Among those who didn't come back were 31 Canadian airmen, the Colonel C. C. I. Merritt, O.C. of the South Saskatchewan, who for his courage at Dieppe became Canada's first V.C. of this war. Rayburn who later ran into the raid, had a last glimpse of the Colonel striding down a street in Dieppe on the way to tackle a very hot spot of a bridge. He showed signs of getting stuck, a lunge that was flying round him. His tin hat dangled from his wrist, and he twisted it around as he walked. His men followed him as he advanced, and under the white concrete fortress on the hill. Watching this display of bravery and inspired leadership I felt a thrill run through me. A stretcher-bearer standing beside me shook his head incredulously and said: 'My God!'"

When introducing his Budget on April 12 Sir Kingsley Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that he had not overlooked the suggestion that had been made to levy income tax on current earnings. No acceptable plan has been forthcoming so far, but a close examination of the matter is still in hand. Income consumers may arise which may add weight to the proposal. As everyone knows, we pay tax based on our income, but year up to the previous April 5. As long as we continue in employment, this is satisfactory enough. But as The Economist points out, this state of affairs can hardly last for ever. After the War many workers will wish to retire from industry; women's services, will wish to return to their homes. Are they to be saddled with an income tax liability for which they have not made, and could not have made, provision? Will husbands whose own earnings have declined shoulder their wives' tax liability in addition to their own? Or are the tax-collectors to be saddled with the making of a pretty problem.

Twice in a Lifetime. The title is apt enough for a well-illustrated shilling booklet published for the Belgian Information Office by Evans Brothers Ltd., giving details of the oppression and privations suffered by the German invaders on the Belgian country and people. Only too exact is the resemblance of 1940 to 1914; only too plain is it that today as in the years between the two wars, the German invaders are the Germans of 1914. The text describes the two wars, and the photographs show how only too often what happened in 1914 was all too completely paralleled in 1940 and since. Among the photographs is one of the old Libre Belgique on which is a picture of Governor von Bissing holding in his hands a copy of the banned publication; facing it is a reproduction of another front page, bearing a photograph of General von Falkenhayn showing that he folowed the example of his predecessor in seeking the truth in La Libre Belgique of today.
Who Said the Horse Was Obsolete in War?

MOUNTED PATROL IN TUNISIA uses horses under cover of uneven ground and scrub with marked success. This patrol was the idea of Sg.t-Maj. L. A. Dumas, a Canadian, and it has brought in, besides valuable information, a quantity of enemy equipment left on the battlefield. This photograph shows the colonel of a famous British regiment leading the patrol on a white horse. Some of the riders are men who were connected with racing stables before they joined the Army.

Photo, British Official. Crown Copyright