'WE ARE CLOSING DOWN FOR EVER,' was Von Arden's final message to Hitler just before the great Tunisian surrender. By May 13, 1943 not a single Axis soldier was left fighting in N. Africa, and a week later Gen. Eisenhower announced that the number of Axis prisoners had reached the 300,000 mark. Here a German prisoner of war, with a white flag, is led in his captives—Germans from the 415th Artillery Regiment.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


SINCE the collapse of the Axis in North Africa there has been a more complete cessation of land operations than at any time since the months following the fall of France. The bluff is not likely, this time, to last so long, but there is a curious resemblance in reverse between the two situations.

Then, we were awaiting the invasion of Britain and Egypt; now it is the invasion of Europe that is expected, with Britain and Egypt providing offensive bases. Then, while the Axis held a great deal of the world in its hands, its fate was being fought out across the English Channel, and with London and British industrial centres targets for bombers. Today the air war is again the main battle in the new; but the targets for bombers are Berlin and the war industries of Germany and Italy, while the battle for air supremacy as a prelude to invasion is being fought across the Mediterranean.

Now it is the attacker not the defender that is winning. Now it is the Allies who have captured a great line of naval and air bases for their operations.

During the fall of 1940 Germany's Eastern front gave her no cause for anxiety, but now it is precisely there that her armies are most deeply committed. Thus, she scoffed at the idea that American material aid could reach Britain in time to affect the issue even if it could run the U-boat blockade. Now she has learned to her cost that it is not material aid alone that America can give, and in spite of all her efforts the U-boat is becoming a dwindling asset.

TUNISIA

When I last wrote we had not yet fully learnt the extent of the Tunisian victory, nor about some of its most amazing features. It seemed probable then that the Axis forces might be found to have been weaker than had been estimated and that a proportion of their troops might have been evacuated.

Yet, on the contrary, it has now been proved by the numbers of prisoners and booty captured that the enemy's numerical strength was greater than expected; that he was not seriously short of munitions or supplies; and that, far from having evacuated part of his force, he had received substantial reinforcements thereby before disaster overtook him.

It is true that some of his detachments were isolated, and may have run short of supplies; after Alexander's initial break-through had detached central control. But a large section of his force, facing the 8th Army, was intact and had not been heavily engaged.

Von Arnim had undoubtedly been misled and duped by his staff and had placed his forces in a position of potential failure. But it is highly probable that the Axis forces were being held in reserve by their own high command, and that they are the Axis forces were being held in reserve by their high command, and that they will break out all in the same position as the Allies.

CAFE ROYAL—FINAL AXIS STRONGHOLD IN AFRICA. These two Infanterie stand on the steps of a cliff in the Cape Roan peninsula, overlooking the sea from which the enemy was dislodged from taking a Port Said. Thousands of prisoners and an enormous quantity of military stores of every kind fell into the Axis' hands, and a centre of resistance was established.

ITALY

The battle for air supremacy in the central Mediterranean has now shifted northwards and the whole Allied air force based on North Africa and Malta, liberated from the task of cooperating in land operations, can devote itself exclusively to securing complete supremacy in the air over the Sicilian Channel and to making the enemy's bases from which he that supremacy might be disputed as far as possible unusable.

Whether it is intended to invade Sicily, Sardinia, or Italy itself or not, it is obvious that we must take advantage of the newly acquired African air bases to make the Mediterranean route as safe as possible for the passage of convoys, and the attack is naturally being pressed home while the enemy is still weakened by his losses in Africa.

Not long ago it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to establish air supremacy, or even a staked degree of air superiority, beyond the orbit of short-range fighter aircraft based on North Africa and Malta; but it would seem that the results obtained, especially by the Americans Flying Fortress, that we have in the bomber which can operate without escort an ideal weapon for pressuring home the attack on a weakened enemy. To this end, it is expected that the fortress will prove a weapon in the Battle of Britain the results might have been disastrously different.

Obviously, the greater degree of air superiority we establish in the central Mediterranean, the more vulnerable to invasion Sicily, Sardinia, and Italy become; and whether they are attacked or not the enemy will make a determined effort to prevent the invasion on quite a new scale. The enemy will be determined to prevent the invasion and will be becoming weak everywhere in the attempt to be strong everywhere.
GERMANY

If the Allied air forces are achieving great results in the Mediterranean, the recent successes of the Home-based aircraft have been even more remarkable with the attack on the Mohne and Eder dams, an outstanding achievement —incorporating the greatest blow in its last effects German war industries have yet received.

The cautious may ask why it was not done before; but that implies ignorance of the problems the destruction of the dams involved. It is evident that no ordinary bombing attack could have shifted such a great mass of masonry. To achieve the results obtained an exceptionally large and concentrated weight of explosives had to be placed with absolute accuracy, and detonated at a correct depth to obtain the maximum effect of water pressure. That in the face of powerful flak resistance. The amazing thing is that the attack in two cases was completely successful. The highest standard of training, skill and courage to give effect to precise calculation was clearly necessary, as well as an accurate, suitable type to deliver the load. Seldom have modern arms and modern technique justified itself so completely.

RUSSIA

The last week of May came without either side making a major move, though feverish preparations were clearly in progress. Emotion was the more intriguing because the ground in the north, where preparations were most apparent, had for some weeks been in a condition favourable to mobile operations. It had

扩展他们的桥梁工头穿过黑德河，可能意味着一个对德军在登特拉河的攻击。

德国在库巴的攻击并未被放弃，但已经被限制在一个非常严格的背景下。从多尼茨河岸，德国将确保他们能通过自己的攻势。这必须被期待，然而，如果和当德国人采取积极的行动，那么他们将能够帮助我们与一个强政府合作，与盟军的控制力和将可能成功地有初期的成功。

远东

它现在逐渐成了我们整个区域的安全问题，因为日本人和印军之间有频繁的联系。现在正在招募的军队，以及德国人和印军之间的关系，是会导致这种类型的恐慌。

太平洋

美国在南太平洋的行动表明，日本在南太平洋的行动可能比预期的更为激进和持续。这项工作可能会导致更长的战争，直到双方都准备好进行真正的战斗。然而，这可能有助于我们更好地了解南太平洋的局势，这对我们来说是至关重要的。

左图：库巴的乌克兰妇女

右图：在阿卡纳丛林中，布里格尔·温彻的“快枪手”们在侦察。在丛林中，他们使用轻便的武器，以便于机动和隐蔽。这些英勇的士兵展示了典型的环境。
ALLIES IN BIZERTA. The U.S. 3d Army Corps occupied this port base on May 7. Inset at top, resistance had to be overcome in the streets. So swift was the advance upon the city that the enemy was unable to complete the destruction of the port.}
With Unbounded Joy Tunis Greeted the Allies

ALLIED OCCUPATION OF TUNIS. 1. Gen. Alexander and Air-Marshal C. Coles drive into the city, taken by the 1st Army on May 7, 1943. 2. A German who has been a prisoner of war is freed. 3. French civilians who have been captured and freed (left) are greeted by Allied troops. 4. German and Italian prisoners of war are released. 5. The commercial and residential quarters (4) were hardly damaged.

PHOTO: BRITISH OFFICE
Fantastic scenes of surrender and defeat were enacted during the last battle of Tunisia when the hopelessly disorganized and shattered Axis forces were rounded up in their thousands. At one prisoners' camp alone, Germans and Italians formed in at the rate of 1,000 an hour, and to overstatement was the Allied victory that the roads were choked with what appeared to be inexhaustible streams of captives. In May 1943, Gen. Eisenhower, Allied Command. In Africa, announced that the total number of prisoners taken in Tunis since the Battle ofle March was 357,000, while in addition 26,000 of the enemy were killed and 9,000 seriously wounded. A vast crowd of soldiers, sailors and airmen is shown seen at a prisoners' camp near Tunis.
Italy Trembles at the Thunder of the Guns

At six o'clock on the evening of June 10, 1940—just three years ago—Mussolini appeared on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia, the No. 10, Drowning Street of Rome, and announced that Italy's declar- ation of war had been signed by the Ambas- sadors of Britain and France, those "piano- catic, and reaction pieces of the west."  Proletarian and Fascist Italy, backed by the Duke, was at her feet. She had only one watchword: "To conquer!" Up went the blue flags of Fascism, and the sound of delicious cheers uttered by the crowd of German Fascists.

Swiftly in reply came the voice of Mr. Duff Cooper, in a broadcast speech from London. "Mussolini," declared the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "is still buying money and selling prisoners.

At the time this remark about ruins was con- sidered by the political purists to be not altogether nice, as being slightly indecorous. But few of our latter-day prophets have been so unjustly and so helplessly justly in their predictions as Mr. Duff Cooper in his grim warning to Italy, then infinitely more naive and naive than his visitors. He is still the Posh-Bash of Posh-Baby, holding exactly all the portfolios of the Italian Cabinet he was holding in the former Cabinet. He still overawes him little Victor Emmanuel, keeps his eye on Count Point D'Este, he still plays musical-chairs with his subalterns, fre- quently asking out to lunch to encourage the squire.

But since he has lost one-time disillusion, he may suspect in the present match of a comedian and a tragedian, that the Italian Emperor is the successor of the British King. He does not believe that Mussolini has any retaliatory blow to strike, and the King's industrial system, his social complex, his intellectual ideology—in all and everything she displays—

While upon rust, rust on rust.

Confusion worse confounded.

Only three years have been added to his reign in his Roman puppet, behind the desk placed in the far corner that he has in a long and cheerless view of his visitors. He is still the Posh-Bash of Posh-Baby, holding exactly all the portfolios of the Italian Cabinet he was holding in the former Cabinet. He still overawes him little Victor Emmanuel, keeps his eye on Count Point D'Este, he still plays musical-chairs with his subalterns, fre- quently asking out to lunch to encourage the squire.

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While upon rust, rust on rust.

Confusion worse confounded.
Will Invasion Follow the Bombs on Sardinia?

SARDINIA, some 150 miles N.N.W. of Bizerta, has felt the full weight of Allied air power. The island has four main airstrips with a seaplane base at Cagliari, where a number of Malta-bound aircrafts have taken off. While the island itself has been relatively spared, the attack on Sardinia has been an important step in our campaign against fascist Europe. Top left, above, is the infamous village of Oristano, with its ancient fortress. Below is a view of the Gulf of Orosei, seen from the island of Figarolo. Left is a view of the town of Alghero, with the Gulf of Porto Pia in background.
Only 100 Miles Divide the Allies From Sicily

[Images of Sicily and Allied soldiers]

1. View of Palermo from the sea. 2. Street scene in Palermo. 3. Sign indicating the way to the A.A. zone. 4. A view of Catania's harbour.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

An even more serious portent for Germany than the loss of her arms in Tunisia is the failure of the much-advertised U-boat offensive in the Atlantic. Grossadmiral Doenitz, who superseded Grossadmiral Raeder early this year in consequence of the latter’s inability to prevent Allied convoys getting through to Russia, must have disappointed Hitler sadly.

In his address to the United States Congress on May 19 Mr. Churchill revealed that in the early months of this year, and especially during the first three weeks of May, the number of U-boat killings had broken all previous records. Thus this may to some extent be connected with the fact that in recent months there have been more enemy submarines at sea than ever before, the primary factor is undoubtedly the much stronger escorts which it is now possible to provide for convoys. In the case of one convoy that was exposed to a series of attacks by a U-boat and its escort, 9 of the escort vessels mentioned as taking part in repelling the U-boat attacks numbered no fewer than ten. These comprised two destroyers, a seaplane tender, two of the new lighter, four corvettes and an ex-U.S. Coast Guard cutter. It is quite likely that there were other vessels besides in the escort, which in any case was much stronger than it has been usual in the past. It is this strengthening of escorts that counts for most in defeating the U-boats, though there are other contributory causes.

A valuable aid which should not be overlooked is the escort aircraft-carrier, as the type is termed in the Royal Navy, though in the United States Navy the expression “aircraft escort vessel” is preferred. Scores of these have been built in American shipyards, and photographs have so far appeared of four of them, H.M.S. Battle and Teazer, and the U.S.S. Enterprise and Long Island. All have been used as merchant vessels, but flight decks have been superimposed on the ordinary hulls, with lifts to bring up aircraft from the extensive hangar space below. Various types of aircraft, up to a maximum of 30 fighters, can be carried. Some of these ships are propelled by Diesel engines at speeds in the region of 16 knots, but others, including the Battles, have geared turbines and high pressure water-tube boilers, so are probably faster.

To provide a continuous air patrol around a convoy as it proceeds on its way is the important duty carried out by these extremely useful ships. Smaller, cheaper and more rapidly built than the big fleet aircraft-carriers, they have done much to help in overcoming the U-boat menace, as a submarine is obliged to keep under water when an aircraft is overhead.

 Mention in Press reports and in the Prime Minister’s speech of “new weapons” for combating submarines has given rise to sundry conceptions as to their nature, improved search methods, heavier depth charges and radio-location of submarines on the surface are amongst these. Another is the use of helicopters, of a type which can rise and descend almost vertically, and hover over a target if desired. Carried on the decks of merchantmen, helicopters add a new terror to the various devices which threaten the U-boat’s existence today. (See illus. p. 728, Vol. 6.)

Everything, then, points to the fact that the U-boat attack is being held, but that our adversaries will not yet weary in their power to intensify the attack, rather than submit to defeat, may be taken for granted.

AMERICA’S Sea Power in the Aleutians

Though to people in this country it may seem a very remote theatre of war, the operations in the Bering Sea, between Alaska and the coast of Asian Russia, are of considerable importance, and may have a far-reaching effect on the struggle with Japan.

It was in July 1942 that it first became generally known that the Japanese had sent an expedition into the Bering Sea. Forces of uncertain strength were landed in the islands of Attu and Kiska, where airfields were in due course laid out. These islands are amongst the westernmost of the chain known as the Aleutians, extending from the south-west coast of Alaska along the southern fringes of the Bering Sea in the direction of the Kamchatka peninsula. In one of the extremities of these, Uncle Joe, is sited the American naval base of Dutch Harbour.

For a considerable while hostilities in this region were mainly confined to sporadic air raids on Attu and Kiska by United States forces, and on various American islands by the Japanese. In August 1942 a naval bombardment of Kiska was also shown there. This interfered with the effect of delaying, but not stopping, Japanese efforts to consolidate their positions; and in October, as a counter-move, American troops landed in the Andreanof Islands, thus providing a base somewhat nearer to the enemy-occupied territory.

For the greater part of the year weather conditions in the Bering Sea are so bad that warlike operations can only be undertaken intermittently, and are subject to considerable waste. The same can be said of operations from the Aleutians. It is a case of the enemy not being able to operate, and of an American bomber not being able to close.

In May strong forces of U.S. troops were landed at two points in Attu and, after bitter fighting drove their opponents into a small area around the village of Atka, on Chichagof Harbour. This is in the north-east of the island, and is often incorrectly referred to in transatlantic news reports as “Chicago Harbour.” It is actually named after a Russian admiral who died in 1849.

Attu having been reconquered, the Japanese garrison of Kiska, farther to the east, is left between two groups of American-held islands. Their relief is therefore rendered difficult if not impossible, and surrender should be only a question of time.

Undoubtedly the end to the Bering Sea expedition is a serious defeat for Japan, whose obvious intention in invading was to divide American forces in Alaska from those already operating in the Aleutians on the western side of the Bering Sea. Now the position will be changed to the disadvantage of Japan, which will be exposed to air attack from Siberian bases should Russia join the nations at war with Tokyo.

From the Kamchatka peninsula or from the Siberian Maritime Province, Japan’s air forces were directed against Japanese bases in Hokkaido, and directed against the United States’ bases in the Aleutians. This is a danger which the enemy had hoped to avert by moving first in this direction.
Our Merchant Seamen Should Be Safer Now

The image shows various scenes related to maritime safety and rescue equipment. The text is not fully visible, but it appears to discuss the importance of safety devices in the context of merchant seamen.

1. A hurricane fighter is shown on the deck of a ship.
2. A raised lifeboat with a rope attached to it.
3. A person is shown feeding a rope to a barge.
4. A woman is standing on a deck with a lifeboat in the background.
5. A man is operating a lifeboat with various safety equipment.

Lifesaving devices in the sea war: 1. Hurricane fighter on its catapult mounted in the bow of an Allied supply ship. 2. Crewed lifeboat has a rope attached which forms a loop behind wearer's back to facilitate rescue. 3. A person feeds a rope to a barge to save a life in the water. 4. Lifeboat with women on board, showing the use of various safety devices. 5. Lifeboat with a rescue bag and a firehose on the deck. 

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Sailors with Wings Are Taught Their Job

1. An instructor gives instruction to a trainee at a Naval Air Arm station in Britain. 2. A seaplane rests on a quay alongside a naval vessel. 3. A pilot takes off from the deck of a ship and flies off the port side. 4. Sailors are instructed to handle the controls of a seaplane and to give the order of launching a seaplane. 5. Sailors train in the use of seaplanes for anti-submarine operations. 6. Sailors are instructed in the handling of seaplanes and in the use of the deck of a naval vessel for launching and landing seaplanes.
Where They Plot the War Against the U-Boats

PRACTICALLY the whole of this large room is covered with charts. The precise nature of the areas covered by these charts I cannot reveal, but I can tell you something of the fascinating things which go forward in this room day and night. For this is the headquarters in the tremendous battle against the U-boats.

"air operations.\" Here, once again, messages are filtering through day and night from the steadily increasing Coastal Com- mander patrols. Giant flying-boats have given the U-boat commanders a new type of headache. They can spot submarines more easily than the surface observer. They can also bring terrible destruction to bear.

Dominating both these sections again is a second glass compartment. This is the room of the Commander-in-Chief Western Approaches, Admiral Sir Max Horton. Sir Max was one of our most distinguished submarine officers in the last war, and has an intimate knowledge of U-boat campaigns. He was considered a favorite amongst the Germans, who regarded him with deep respect. The Russians also thought highly of him; his submarine fought side by side with their submarines in the Baltic and he frequently came back with German ships to his credit.

From this higher, glass-fronted room Admiral Sir Max Horton can see all the details on the charts below without getting up from his desk. Next to his office is a small cubicle. It has a bed in it where the Admiral can sleep. Actually, in these days, complete relaxation is rare. Any hour of the day or night the C-in-C is liable to be called upon to attend to work of the utmost importance.

It is a twenty-four-hour job directing the war against the U-boats.

When you enter the underground H.Q. you are greeted by the atmosphere from wireless sets of various calibers. It is the most exciting atmosphere in the world! It is the ringing of small bells, eventually making up a handyly noticeable background.

Full of activity, the atmosphere from wireless sets of various calibers is a constant feature of the underground H.Q. The atmosphere is one of constant excitement, with the ringing of small bells providing a steady background.

Full Speed Ahead! This compartment was packed with wireless sets and operators, all busy transmitting messages to and from various stations.

HALF TIDE: This is the time when the tide is about to change, and the seamen on board the ship are preparing for the battle that is about to follow.

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What Are These ‘Hairpin Squads’ of the R.A.F.?

A R.A.F. train-busting ace of Fighter Command, fully alive to the vital necessity of salvage, exultantly returned from a recent railway raid with a chunk of Nazi locomotive embedded in the fuselage of his plane. The fragment had been blown sky-high by his own delayed-action jetties just as he wheeled for a second attack, and the pilot gleefully promised himself to extract it in person and bestow upon the appropriate salvage dump with full honours. Thirty minutes later, when he returned with the tools to finish the job, the tell-tale hole in his fuselage remained, but the trophy had vanished. The “Hairpin Squad” of his station had whisked it away.

Every morning, when the bombers return from the night’s offensive, the Hairpin Squads bear down upon the machines, as one pilot put it, “like a swarm of locusts,” and掏空 them for spare bullets, flak fragments, or cannon-shell shrapnel. After technicians have analysed the material it goes to salvage, and a single station has wrestled enough metal from Hitler in this way to make 75,000 rifle barrels. In addition, in a matter of three months, Hairpins of Fighter Command have salvaged 27 tons of steel, 3 metric tons of silver, 77 tons of electrolytic nickel, 120 tons of rubber, 14 tons of copper sheet—a total of 2,000,000 pounds of material.

Who are Hairpins? They are sections of the maintenance ground crews who work in their spare time from other duties to ensure that nothing is wasted. Headed by a flight commander from the Equipment Branch, they have a name for themselves, because, from derelict steam rollers to W.A.A.F. hairpins, they make use of everything.

Thanks to Hairpins, the toughened glass from wrecked Dewar flasks brought down over this country has helped to make denture plates; one ton of copper for the Arsenal Dental Corps. Thanks, too, to their “waste not” policy, the R.A.F. has salvaged and refined enough engine oil in the past six months to save a tanker a trip across the Azores.

Fighter Command units are still augmenting this total by 10 tons a week. Oil from rags, as well as from engine sumps, is not overlooked; and R.A.F. rag-waste itself accumulates to 100 tons of salvaged wool annually.

The Hairpins have made every effort to salvage harness leather and even old envelopes, with which paper and cardboard were returned to the mills for conversion to fresh cases.

At one airdrome the Hairpin Squad—let us call them Hairpins I—heard with envy that a rival group at another station (Hairpins II) had mounted a direct hit on a salvage. Hairpins I, pleased that the invasion road was over, received permission to disperse an eleven-columned heap of steam rollers. Hairpins I—recently just in front of the motor pool—don’t have any more. Hairpins II dropped near the perimeter track as a defence post. Hairpins II responded with a direct hit on a steam roller. Hairpins I—and here the issue rests at present—knew that their station had been a civil airport in peacetime, and discovered some disused boilers under a building. Cut up, these provided 20 tons of “free” boiler steel, and Hairpins I gained a lasting satisfaction from the fact that the boilers had been made in Germany.

In another instance, a Hairpin Squad worked in its own off-duty time to take three blasted cars to pieces and finally construct one sound vehicle. Duly camouflaged, this was presented to the C.O. who, feeling very proud of his men, mentioned the fact to his higher authorities. “You are not entitled to an official car,” was the response, “only a motor bicycle”—and the treasured car is now being used by . . . the higher authorities.

BLIGHTED R.A.F. timber has been made into 12,000,000 ammunition boxes; and this takes no account of the timber salvaged by the Hairpin Squads for further constructive purpose. A condemned hangar presented a tough proposition in face of a lack of labour to tear it down; but Hairpins dynamited first one wall, then the other, with such skill that the wooden roof was brought down without damage.

In similar Sidney Walker style, a salvage officer faced the problem of what to do with 350 old tin-home cars which had been dumped as obstructions on one airfield before it became operational. The cars were real devil-sticks, for all useful metal such as aluminium and every armament, had been removed. A Hairpin man suggested piling them in heaps and burning the woodwork for the metal residues—and £100 worth of scrap metal was forthcoming.

These facts are all the more remarkable when it is recalled that before the War private contractors cleared R.A.F. rubbish at a cost of between £50 and £100 for each unit. The little-known work of the Hairpin Squads has enabled three-fourths of these scavenging contracts to be cancelled and many others to be reduced substantially, effecting a saving to the taxpayer of £40,000 a year.

Collecting 1,000,000 rare blades alone, the Hairpins accumulated four tons of scrap, and the site realized £270 for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. A plane crashes—and within a few hours, when Hairpins have stripped all usable materials, the aluminium of the twisted fuselage becomes a real stack of ingots ready for dispatch to an aircraft factory. Or a Messerschmitt falls in the Channel—and the local Hairpins go out all to waste it from naval salvage and send it to the 20-acre scrap pile, the funeral pile of the Luftwaffe, where the wings of crushed aircraft fence off the various salvage heaps as tidily as any housewives sort the salvage from her own kitchen.

Salvaging 6,000 tons of scrap in a year from Fighter Command alone, the Hairpins took time off to rescue the H.T. batteries which had illustrated their usefulness in the aircraft. And thanks to all this, soldiers in the Orkneys—where H.T. batteries were unobtainable—now are enabled to enjoy their radio programmes.
Artists and the War

Much well-earned praise is often bestowed on the fine output of the Army Film and Photographic Unit and that of the official photographers attached to the other Fighting Services. The notable work of the official war artists, however, is much less widely known and appreciated, though it has been regularly displayed at the National Gallery, London, since early 1940 and exhibitions have toured the provinces and the Dominions, as well as South America.

A number of outstanding examples have already been reproduced in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED (see pp. 141-6, Vol. 3, and 323-4, Vol. 4), but an important and distinctive feature of the interest selection given in this and the three following pages is that several of those included are vivid impressions recorded on the actual scene of battle. Such are the admirable Western Desert subjects executed by the South African artists Geoffrey Long and Philip Raveyson, and the New Zealander Capt. Peter McNulty. Portraiture is represented by the vigorous works of Capt. Nivelle Lewis, another South African, and two British exponent of the art, Harry Morley, R.A., and William Dening.


**VIEWS & REVIEWS**

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyne

To give the public an idea of the new type of Army which has been built up out of the failures and defeats of the past, that is the object Major-General E. H. Tullmarch set before him in writing The Turning Tide (John Murray, 4s. 6d.).

The phrase "new type of Army" set one thinking. My mind went back forty-four years to the time of the South African War, when I first made the acquaintance of the great British Tommy, as he was then called. He was certainly a strikingly different type from the soldier of today.

When I first knew him the Tommy of the day—any rate, in the person of Oorahh and Leadon—we could never believe in. Haydon Collin sang the universal poem of him so well that the musical comedy number:

="It doesn't matter what he bebel...
Doe what he parents learned for his name,
Doe they're puttin' the shilling

We call him Tommy Atkins all the same.

It was a nickname used in a way that was half affectionate and half—not contemptuous, but condescending. The idea that soldiers were, as the Duke of Wellington put it, "the scum of the earth," still haunted a good many minds. A lot of people—are especially "chappel folk." I thought a family was disgrace if a son enlisted. Some places of entertainment still put up the notice: "Soldiers in uniform not admitted."

It was the South African War which began to break down the notion that the private soldier was a quaker, fool-mouthed, one too moral hot on society. Kipling rhymed the change in Tommy:

I went into a public-house to get a pint of beer.

The barman looked at me with some sedate eyes.

"I want a shilling, then," said I. "I want a shilling, then.

They gave a drunk civilian room, but don't none for me.

They sent me to the galleys or round the muckertown.

But when I came to London, I said they'd show me in the stalls.

The firing regiments caught the public out.

Oh, it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Tommy,"

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper on the tide.

It's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Chuck him out."

But it's "Listen to ya country" when the gun goes to hit.

Today if a rhumenez were putting words into a soldier's mouth, as Kipling did in Tommy's, "He would not be droppend, it would not be suggested that a private soldier was more 'common' in his speech than an officer. It was still considered correct to say this when Nell Leyland and the last war wrote the aloud poems of humour, Kitchener Chips. Now it would seem out of date, old-fashioned, insulting.

Thus General Tullmarch does not touch on the social changes which have come over "Other Ranks."

in the last half-century or so. He deals with soldiers solely as fighting men. "Killers" he insists on calling them. He shows how they are being trained to kill, and how this training differs from that of the past. The essential aim now is "in our physical development to do in action, in action, and to produce a specialist to be in the part in the team of killers.

The old drill of the parade ground is, the general says, completely superstitious. It is still sold to the comrade to the soldier, the nature of the country in which they are fighting. It is estimated that three months training and wintry weather, without a great deal of exercise for three months" for jungle fighting before a soldier seems to be a liability in battle.

Thus we couldn't throw into the battle, as we did in 1918, totally untrained youths and olden-days men scarcely knowing one from the other. The Tommy of 1918 was a "liability" indeed. I knew, for I saw them, and sick at heart I was in think of their plight. What Gen. Tullmarch looks forward to is the present throughout the Army of the Commando standard of training. It is the aim of all commanders, he states, "to teach their units to reach this high degree and to include the approximations of the Commando troops."

Tribute is paid to the value of Army films for training purposes. They are created by a "combination of military expert and film technicians." They teach almost as well as actual demonstrations of attack and defence, which are not open to scrutiny.

The film can portray the general idea of the whole movement and teach the subject, the subject, the result and demonstrate the wrong way which is one of the most dangerous aspects of the training of most men, and each defined into its special place and carried out the enemy would have seemed so familiarly.

Surprise, the General's opinion, is the element "in which lies our chance of earlier victory."

The German successes in the first few months can be put down to those who were there on the first day. The enemy was not even by the second day. The United States government found that when they landed in North Africa. Unfortunately they did not follow this up when the enemy in the Bitter Lakes region had only 20,000 men to pit against us. Inadequate preparation allowed Rommel and Van Armin to accumulate 200,000, and we have had to advance "inch by inch," as the radio commentators frequently emphasize. To be able to take advantage of a surprise move is more important, recent experience has proved once more, than the surprise itself.

**A New Type of British Army**

ossed into an automaton, he became part of a machine.

Bravely, shoulder to shoulder.

It was how the Boys of the Old Brigade did it.

WILL the South African War stopped all that—or ought to be stopped? Camouflage on the rhymuid caused all of war. War based on the campaigns of Marlborough and Napoleon to be scrapped as obsolete. Individuals had to be forgiven instead of being stumped out. The chief reason why the Boers made it a three years' war, and not, as we were led to expect, a three months' job, was that they had this quality and our men had it not.

From 1914 to 1918 it was not often called for. Trench warfare doesn't give the individual much chance, though trench used brought out personal qualities and special abilities. In this war it is called for as seldom as it has been before, except in fluid body, fighting or such guerrilla warfare as went on for many years in the mountains of Spain. Now, says Gen. Tullmarch: "there is no room for the amateur."

The soldier must not rely solely on orders. He must be "quick-thinking, self-reliant, supremely confident in his own powers."

**The Hitler Youth Movement**, opened from our own social set-up organization, develops these qualities.

The strong narrative of the Rast soldier is the story of all training from soup to nuts for a soldier, not just for a trained soldier, one who can rest at ease in specialities in which he has already proved himself to be most suited.

Specialization is the keynote of soldiering today. "Person was no doubt require more training of larger scale; a good deal more. The leads have to be worked off in specialization. It means to all soldiers in accordance with the nature of the country in which they are fighting. It is estimated that three months training and wintry weather, without a great deal of exercise for three months for jungle fighting before a soldier seems to be a liability in battle.

The problem is to throw into the battle, as we did in 1918, totally untrained youths and one who scarcely knew one from the other. The Tommy of 1918 was a "liability," indeed. I knew, for I saw them, and sick at heart I was in think of their plight. What Gen. Tullmarch looks forward to is the present throughout the Army of the Commando standard of training. It is the aim of all commanders, he states, "to teach their units to reach this high degree and to include the approximations of the Commando troops."

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Will the Atlantic Wall Prove Another Maginot?

The Atlantic Wall, supposed to extend from Norway to the Bay of Biscay, comprises a concrete belt 3,500 miles long to defend the shores of Europe. How much has been actually built, and how much is left untouched, remains to be seen. Three characteristics are evident in the Atlantic Wall: its defensive nature, its complexity, and its apparent immobility.

1. Fortified houses in a French coastal town.
2. Gunners at their positions.
3. Engineers working on the construction of the wall.
4. Anti-aircraft emplacements.
5. Anti-tank obstacles.

Photos: Associated Press, Pictorial Press, Keystone
Yet Nearer to Novorossisk Drive the Russians

HUNTING THE NAZIS FROM THE CAUCASUS. On April 19, 1942, our Ally launched an attack against the German bridgehead in the Kuban-protokolje, facing the Crimea (see map). Later that day, they had captured Kerch, a key military base. By April 21, they had advanced 25 miles from Novorossisk. The Soviet forces were supported by many tanks and planes. The photos show the fighting in action. An early attack on Kerch, April 21, 1942. Russian planes bombarding Kerch. April 22, 1942. A German ammunition depot in Kerch. April 23, 1942. Russian torpedoes are seen on patrol.
THE WAR IN THE AIR
by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

The Japanese forces outside Japan and the Japanese within Japan will be stepped up to counteract power and frequency. Thes...
THUNDERBOLT, America's latest fighter (P-47) now operating from British bases, has a top speed of 345 m.p.h. and weighs 13,000 lbs. Its powerful armament consists of eight 0.5-in. machine-guns, having a combined rate of fire of 8,400 rounds a minute. A single-seat, low-wing monoplane, it is built to be extremely maneuverable and is powered by a 2,000-h.p. engine giving a speed of about 360 m.p.h. These Thunderbolts in flight. A four-gun in each wing give this plane its punch. The Thunderbolt's name.
Lancasters Breach Ruhr Dams by Moonlight
Floods Complete the Havoc Wrought by Bombs

IN THE RUHR VALLEY: An R.A.F. reconnaissance photograph showing the inundations at Friedenau-Bendorf, 13 miles from the Möhne Dam (first dwarfed to a point) following the bursting of the Möhne and the Emscher flood of all the Ruhr Valley downstream. The dam was split in two places, with a few minutes, the river was raised to a height of 150 feet above flood level.

Isolated Electricity Works
Swollen Roads

MÖHNE DAM
13 Miles upstream

Destroyed Road Bridge
Wrecked Railway Coaches
Submerged Sidings

Photo: Anthony Siggard / Crown Copyright
Aggressive Defence Is the Home Guard's Duty

The general spending up of training so marked in the past year has been immensely facilitated by the substantial external instructional centres. There are now three G.H.Q. schools, one in Harrow, another in Romford, and one Town Fighting wing, all staffed by regular officers and N.C.O.s familiar with Home Guard requirements. In addition, courses are run at Commando Training Schools where the use of Home Guard weapons is taught together with certain specialist subjects such as signalling, mapping and intelligence. All this is a part of the invaluable help being given by the Auxiliary Territorial Service, to which must be added the contribution of their cadre of administrative and administrative work, and, of course, the over-welcome cooperation in exercise and the readiness extended to individual units by the Field Army itself.

It is no small satisfaction to the Home Guard to know that it is returning thanks to the Army every day in the form of "recruits" who are already well-trained soldiers at the moment they join the colours. A number of the Home Guard does in fact start his Army career many weeks ahead of the raw recruit; moreover, every man joins the proficiency test provided for in Home Guard Regulations is now to be given with the assurance that he has been made as fully as possible to understand his own, any army on a raid should be trained in an air raid when the Home Guard has rendered good service to the Civil Defence authorities.

A year ago the newly-formed A.A. units had found their feet today half the batteries have mastered the hard facts of defensive shooting, and some of them have been given the benefit of the same in the air. The fact that the Home Guard has never been able to provide a spare chassis for the assault or the strength of the enemy's power when trained, the home-town which does not receive the instruction which makes the Town Fighting wing, is far more effective than a formal test.

The Home Guard thus becomes a powerful weapon in the battle against the new enemy of the future, a weapon which can be used to good effect in a campaign of annihilation against the enemy. It is a weapon of the future, and the only way to use it is to train the Home Guard to use it effectively.

L.D.V. ON PARADE during the recent annual inspection at the signal-bahmen and other soldiers who have been trained in the Home Guard, and who are now ready to be called upon to defend the country in the event of war. They are a ready-made army, trained and equipped to fight against the enemy at a moment's notice.

Photo, Fox
Told in vivid dispatches from front-line war reporters in Tunisia, here are the stories of the final assault, which culminated in the capture of General Guise Arno, leader of the vaunted Afrika Korps, now dissolved and taken, from North Africa of Axis domination.

So here we are in Tunis (May 7). We are in the attack. Going on in the streets. In friendly rivalry, came the First and Eighth Armies have gone in side by side—the Derbent Yemins, the 3rd and the 5th Task Force and the 11th Hansars from the latter. I can tell you just what the first hour or two after our entry was like. With other correspondents I had been all day close on the backs of our troops, trying to capture a moment of the battle, and switched on to St. Cyprien. In front of us were a couple of tanks, one a half-track armoured car, and a solitary jeep. We had topped the rise beyond St. Cyprien and seen the wide expanse of Tunisia lying before us under a thick pad of black smoke from burning enemy petrol dumps. The enemy was firing in masses, with little lamp firing in one part or another of the city as we began to descend the hill. Eagerly we counted the kilometre stones that brought us ever nearer to the city—six, five, four. The nearer we got the louder grew the cheering of the freed people.

Galloping women lined the streets as we passed through. Elderly men were cheering with the guns of schoolchildren. Outside a villa appropriately named the Villa de la Violette a pretty girl in a light blue jumper impudently threw a bottle of wine into our hands. A few paces farther on other women threw flowers into our car. The cheering swelled to a roar as we approached the central station of Tunis, the terminus of the railway to the capital, Tunis.

Then at 4.30 we drew up behind the abandoned armoured cars, our car the only Allied "civilian" vehicle in Tunis. We all jumped out. The town was already swarmed by crowds of half-hour of life. One building could not be beaten. The firefighters were standing up in our car among a chaos of cheering people. There was a sudden crackle of machine-gun fire, loud and a repulse.

There were German snipers in the town, and we could hear them firing from the windows of houses. In a moment we were out of the car and down flat on the ground, under the shelter of the nearest house. It was a strange sensation. Against the wall overarched machine-gun barrels were pattering in quick succession. The building was hit in a street battle. We can only describe it by saying the town was suddenly Holly-wood—anything one could possibly have dreamed.

Suddenly a voice called out, "There is a German firing from the house above you." Whether it was so or not we did not wait to discover. We crawled along the ground some distance, and then got to our feet and made quick going for a couple of hundred yards. We were on "dead ground," and in a few minutes were in position. I had been present at the entry of Tunis in 1917, 1918, 1920, 1936, 1937, and this was the first time that I was present. It was a strange sight to see the Germans in their old town, both of them only two stories high, and all seemed mixed up in indescribable confusion.

Out of the thousands of soldiers more and more Germans were appearing. Some were under escort, but the masses were coming in to surrender themselves freely. They trampled stoically along in twos and threes or fours, sometimes with their hands up and sometimes not. Anyhow, they seemed to have no fight left in them. And yet a hundred yards or so away heavy street fighting was still continuing. Elsewhere a group of Germans had surrendered to a couple of British four-gun carriers. The troops manning the carriers were under orders to go on with the surrender and take the remaining nests of enemy snipers in the town. But they did not know how to do with the numbers of prisoners. They simply piled them into the carriers, where they considerably outnumbered their captors. The troops then went forward into action, taking their prisoners with them.

Not the least remarkable feature was the fact of the British prisoners. Some 800 of them had been housed in a large covered-in cattle shed on the outskirts of the town. On Wednesday of this week 300 of these had been removed by sea to Italy. The bulk of the remainder were due to go today or to-morrow. I found these 400 in their imprisonment on the same street and body was dying down in their immediate neighbour. They ground us with stress and began spontaneously singing any music music, half a car that came into their heads.

Most of them had been there about a fortnight. They had suffered severely from dysentery. All were weak from hunger. They had not been positively ill-mannered, but the administration of the prison camp had simply broken down in the last few days, and sanitary arrangements had been practically non-existent.

When I entered the prison I saw lying on the floor, soaked in blood, a badly wounded Italian soldier. He died within a few minutes. His face is a grim illustration of the attitude of the Germans towards their allies. He had been on sentry duty outside the prison and had wandered perhaps some group of civilians. Suddenly a German cameraman swept sound through the town. Its occupants saw the apparently innocuous with the civilized. With one round of machine-gun fire they mortally wounded the sentry, who had to be dragged in and succeeded by the very men whom he had been set to guard. This was how the last German prisoners behaved as they fled.

What an amazing 48 hours it has been since our final Blitz attack started with the

How We Did Rejoice in Liberated Tunis!

I t is a wonderful thing seeing a city come to life after the Germans have gone. Tunis has given itself up to three days of rejoicing, and there are no signs of it ending yet. Shouts, cheers and yells keep coming up to this bare bedroom window from the main street, where Ist and 5th Tank units are flowing through the crowds. For two days before we arrived all French people were confined to their houses, and for six months before that they could not go beyond the city limits. Now, as though the whole war were finished, they have burst out on the streets, waving flags, throwing flowers on every passing truck.

The singing and shouting have not stopped since dawn.

Only the military curfew put a stop to festivities last night. A broadcasting truck passed through the streets at 7.30 p.m., and in French and English it was announced that "everyone, including military personnel, must be off the streets in half an hour." They melted away reluctantly and made up for the loss of time today. At dusk I went into a music hall, which carried on in spite of the fact that the Germans smashed the electric power plant before they left. A notice outside said: "Despite Aftos and Boncic the show goes on."

Footlights were a row of candles, and
I was there!

...but this crowd is in no mood for frenetic cheering. France has had too long a time for worrying over German feelings. French and Allied officials are making a clean sweep through the administration of the camp. Refugees from Bizerta, Sousse, Sfax and Tunis itself are being sent out. Already young Frenchmen are being called up. The food situation is being taken care of at once. It is announced this morning that everyone is to have 100 grams (more than a pound) of bread daily, and the new coffee ration starts this week.

I went into the offices of the local newspaper, *Dzidzio Tounesien*, where the Germans printed most of their propaganda. Just before they left a party of German saboteurs entered the building, smashed the stereotypes and poured nitric acid on to the paper rolls. "They just left them," said the head compositor, showing me a great pile of anti-British cartoons and printing blocks. With a superb gesture he swept them off the table into a rubble heap.

There were stacks of the last issue of the German daily newspaper *The Oasis*, which was started for the Afrika Korps two years ago. This is one German paper that will never be published again. This issue was dated May 9, the day after the Germans had left. In place of *The Oasis* a newspaper for British troops appeared off the same presses today—*The Tunis Telegraph*. The first man to get in was a Sergeant Lynn, who was the first man to get into Tripoli, the newspaper says.

Alist Moorehead, The Daily Express.

For 60 Miles I Drove Past German Prisoners

TOO (May 11) I have seen, what must be the greatest collapse of the German Army ever known. I have been in the Chancellery of the German Reich, begun ten years ago to hold the world into submission.

For sixty miles I have been driving past German prisoners conveyed with German soldiers, driven by German flying the white flag. More than 40,000 additional German troops have surrendered and are coming back unguarded except for an occasional British private.

Perhaps nothing could more starkly highlight the utter cracking in German morale than the fact that thousands of men have been sitting down beside the road waiting to accept their surrender.

...these hundred men, led by officers, surrendered to me and one other correspondent near the end of the road. I know they were not slowing us, but men of the Afrika Korps and the Hermann Göring Regiment.

In the next few days, as the French advance, we shall have to ask ourselves whether we are sitting down beside the road every time the other side offers to accept our surrender.

PRISONERS ON HORSEBACK. These three have just come up of the agony of being shot after. Photo. British Official

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CELEBRATING OUR VICTORY IN TUNIS. Delighted with joy, civilians turn out en masse at central mood to greet the victorious Allied troops. As told to this and the preceding page the streets of the town were thronged with cheering and weeping multitude. PAGE 29

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Was There!

How Von Arnim Surrendered at Last

On brigade column of the Fourth Indian Division was marching through hilly country in the St. Marie du ZI zone, 28 miles south of Tunis, on May 13 (as an officer of this famous unit), when some German forces came forward with white flag flying. The forays brought Col. Nolte, Arnim’s Chief of Staff, with other officers and interpreters. Nolte said that he had been authorized by Arnim to seek terms of surrender for the supreme commander of the Axis forces in Tunisia, for Gen. Krause, German Panzer general, and their Staffs.

Nolte was taken to our divisional headquarters, near Amed Asker, where he was shown a typewritten note setting out terms for the unconditional surrender of the Axis forces and the immediate cessation of hostilities. He reiterated that Arnim was surrendering in the name of all the Axis forces and their Staffs, and that they had no right to accept other terms than those of the unconditional surrender.

The British generalls outside his car, stiffly saluting each one before inviting them inside. Arnim and Krause then talked with the British generals through an interpreter.

The Axis commander declared that his forces were too widely scattered for him to order them to cease fire even if he wanted to. Nothing more could be done, and Arnim’s surrender was accepted. He and Krause gave up their revolvers, and later in the afternoon, when arrangements had been made for their removal, Arnim emerged from the car. His Staff Officers, lined up outside, stood in attention and remained at the salute for nearly half a minute. Arnim acknowledged the salute and then walked down the ranks of his officers, shaking hands with each one of them.

The officers clicked their heels and some of them gave the Nazi salute. All were dressed in their best uniforms with dark helmets and gave a remarkable display of military etiquette. Arnim entered an open car and stood holding the windshield with his left hand in Hitler fashion while he gave the final salute to his Staff. The car rolled slowly away to the H.Q. of the British 1st Army, followed by other cars carrying Krause and other German officers, along a road packed with Italian and Germans driving themselves into captivity in their own vehicles.

Arnim stood up in his car practically all the way acknowledging the salutes and cheers of his defeated soldiers. He dined with other captured German generals in a small tent at 1st Army H.Q. Then he had a talk with General Appel—Knipper’s Special Cor—respondent to Tunisia.

Our Diary of the War

May 14, Monday

12:33 P.M. Mediterranean—Air raids on Allied airfields at Bizerte and Tunis. Airfields at Bizerte and Tunis and an airfield at Bizerte were reported damaged in two air raids by German aircraft.

12:33 P.M. Rome—German troops were reported destroyed in two air raids by German aircraft.

12:33 P.M. London—German troops were reported destroyed in two air raids by German aircraft.

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12:33 P.M. Paris—German troops were reported destroyed in two air raids by German aircraft.

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Flashbacks

May 21, Monday

12:33 P.M. Mediterranean—Air raids on Allied airfields at Bizerte and Tunis. Airfields at Bizerte and Tunis and an airfield at Bizerte were reported damaged in two air raids by German aircraft.

12:33 P.M. Rome—German troops were reported destroyed in two air raids by German aircraft.

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May 24, Monday

12:33 P.M. Mediterranean—Air raids on Allied airfields at Bizerte and Tunis. Airfields at Bizerte and Tunis and an airfield at Bizerte were reported damaged in two air raids by German aircraft.

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May 25, Tuesday

12:33 P.M. Mediterranean—Air raids on Allied airfields at Bizerte and Tunis. Airfields at Bizerte and Tunis and an airfield at Bizerte were reported damaged in two air raids by German aircraft.

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May 26, Wednesday

12:33 P.M. Mediterranean—Air raids on Allied airfields at Bizerte and Tunis. Airfields at Bizerte and Tunis and an airfield at Bizerte were reported damaged in two air raids by German aircraft.

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SIR, I thought the other day, London streets have never been cleaner, as it is now, when so many of the streets have been reduced to a minimum, when careful pedestrians on bus and tram drop their tickets in the boxes provided that the pass the places are no longer strewn with a rich collection of evidence of journeys taken, and when the morning's newspapers no longer clutter up the gutters but are "in" special receptacles. (For the benefit of possessors of the bridge over the Thames, every evening and distributed free to the carriage.)

Yet only a day or two ago I had mentally congratulated my fellow-citizens on their advancement towards litter-consciousness. I read in the Ministry of Supply, of second or two after I had declared that tons of paper are still being wasted daily through people throwing away cigarettes, empty boxes, and other odds and ends. Our streets are littered with presents from the war." 

In Press is a big place, and only a task driver of long standing can possibly have seen the multitude of looks and corners that make up its vastness. I believe he felt that Mr. Peet has done somewhat behind his bench. He was opening the

"Private Scrap Builds a Bomber" Exhibition at Charing Cross Underground Station, and he may well have felt the necessity for putting a little stimulus into our waste-paper collections. Undoubtedly there is plenty of paper being wasted, every day, every hour. But Mr. Peet should look near home. Perhaps he will take note of such an abundance as the instruction printed on the front of an O.H.B. carton, if it were only received from the National Savings Committee. "War Economy-Open by slipping along the flap edge. Re-used envelopes valuable and currency labelled."

Now this is one of those foolish envelopes so profusely distributed by Government departments (though to my mind they are most inconvenient) which are printed "Open by slipping along the flap edge."

Now it would be more sensible to urge that the envelope be so designed that it could not be slit open. A little thought displayed on the part of the artists would make it known that many a mailbox makes a muddle.

This is unfortunate, to say the least, that on the very day that Mr. Peet was denouncing the paper-wasting habits of the people at large, the newspapers should be carrying richly detailed and illustrated accounts of a certain rubbish dump in the North London district of Hackney. Before the War, it appears, the site of the dump was liable to flooding, and so it was chosen as a suitable place on which to dump the refuse.

The level of the ground would be raised, the sewage line is at risk of suffocation by the refuse of the city, and as soon as it was chosen as a suitable place on which to dump the refuse.

The contents of the indispensable "The Paper Scrap Book" and the "Scrap Book," both of which are designed to provide instructions on how to make a paper "in" special receptacles. For the benefit of possessors of the bridge over the Thames, every evening and distributed free to the carriage.}

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In Press is a big place, and only a task driver of long standing can possibly have seen the multitude of looks and corners that make up its vastness. I believe he felt that Mr. Peet has done somewhat behind his bench. He was opening the

"Private Scrap Builds a Bomber" Exhibition at Charing Cross Underground Station, and he may well have felt the necessity for putting a little stimulus into our waste-paper collections. Undoubtedly there is plenty of paper being wasted, every day, every hour. But Mr. Peet should look near home. Perhaps he will take note of such an abundance as the instruction printed on the front of an O.H.B. carton, if it were only received from the National Savings Committee. "War Economy-Open by slipping along the flap edge. Re-used envelopes valuable and currency labelled."

Now this is one of those foolish envelopes so profusely distributed by Government departments (though to my mind they are most inconvenient) which are printed "Open by slipping along the flap edge."

Now it would be more sensible to urge that the envelope be so designed that it could not be slit open. A little thought displayed on the part of the artists would make it known that many a mailbox makes a muddle.

This is unfortunate, to say the least, that on the very day that Mr. Peet was denouncing the paper-wasting habits of the people at large, the newspapers should be carrying richly detailed and illustrated accounts of a certain rubbish dump in the North London district of Hackney. Before the War, it appears, the site of the dump was liable to flooding, and so it was chosen as a suitable place on which to dump the refuse.

The level of the ground would be raised, the sewage line is at risk of suffocation by the refuse of the city, and as soon as it was chosen as a suitable place on which to dump the refuse.

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They Led the Triumphant Host in Tunisia

VICTORS IN CONFERENCE. The three men whose brilliant leadership contributed in no small measure to the overwhelming and successful campaign in Tunisia, are here shown conferring in front of Army H.Q. in Tunis. Left to right: Gen. Alexander, C-in-C, 1st Army, and right Air Marshal Brooke-Popham, A.O.C. Tunisian Air Force.