MR. CHURCHILL GIVES THE Y-SIGN to cheering members of the ship's crew as he walks down the gangway of the vessel that took him to America. The Prime Minister returned to his country on June 3, 1941, after nearly a month's tour that took him to Washington, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Tunis. Brighter and wider prospects are before him, as he faces Mr. Churchill in his address to Parliament on June 6.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


With the exception of the capture of Pantelleria, the implications of which are discussed below, no event of outstanding importance took place in the period under review (June 6 to 20, 1943). There was even a slight lull in the air attacks on the German industries and on Italian targets. That the Allies did not follow up the victory in Tunisia as quickly as was popularly expected was presumably due partly to the necessity of reconcentration and partly to the complexity of the preparations for any great amphibious enterprise. There may also have been a modification of plans influenced by the unexpected readiness of the Tunisian victory and its greater quality than had been anticipated. Planning becoming available owing to the marked improvement in the war against the U-boats.

The conduct of the tactical operations was either complete or well under way, though the major thrust on the Kursk front was not delivered till June 9th. The advance of that date no doubt contributed to his ultimate decision, and it is intended to take the offensive in Russia again it is not clear why he delays. Is it because he wishes to be certain as regards the strength and dispositions of the forces of the Western Allies before committing himself?

The period has been marked by an increase in the number and weight of local engagements in Russia, in which the Russians seem as a rule to have taken the initiative, with the German counter-attacks frequently where they have lost ground, particularly at Minusk in the Ost salient. But on the whole there has been no change in the Russian situation.

PANTELLERIA

With the capture of Pantelleria and the establishment of air supremacy over the Sicilian Channel, the strategic importance of Pantelleria had largely disappeared. Its airfield could at any time be made practically unusable, and it could be closely blockaded, and if it was used at all it would be only to a great extent a base from which the Allied convoys might be attacked had there been only some few and restricted, giving no alternative points of attack. There were, therefore, good reasons for trying experimentally whether the island could be com- piled or induced to surrender by a concentrated bombing attack, combined with naval bombardments and a strict blockade.

The readiness of German troops in Tunisia to surrender when they found themselves in a hopeless situation made it not improbable that the garrison of Pantelleria in an even more hopeless position would set a limit to the sacrifice it was prepared to make. The island during the Tunisisian battle had experienced heavy bombing attacks, and an immense bombing force had been available to make a devastating attack on so small a target. The same forces might likewise be used in neutralizing the island, and it is possible that the island was known to be heavily armed and had a substantial garrison, in capture by a landing might, however, prove costly, particularly on the beaches where it could be effected few and restricted, giving no alternative points of attack. There were, therefore, good reasons for trying experimentally whether the island could be compelled or induced to surrender by a concentrated bombing attack, combined with naval bombardments and a strict blockade.

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but they sufficed to show that a measure of resistance was still possible. (See page 70.)

The success of the methods adopted gave rise at first to a belief that this was what Mr. Churchill had in mind when he spoke of an "experiment worth trying," and that a new technique had been discovered for eliminating or reducing the difficulties and dangers of a landing in face of opposition. Actually, Mr. Churchill was referring, I think, to the strategic bombing of Germany as a possible method of forcing her to unconditional surrender; and that there was a widespread failure to realize that the methods employed would be inapplicable to most large-scale landings. It is, for instance, obvious that a prolonged bombing of a particular section of the enemy's coastline would give definite indication of the point selected for a landing, thus eliminating the element of uncertainty, which is one of the main advantages held by amphibious enterprises.

Now would the prolonged concentration of a bombing of a small section of the enemy's defences deprive him of power to bring up fresh troops and reserves for counter-attack; to meet which successfully is one of the main problems of a landing-force. Undoubtedly, heavy bombing would force the enemy's troops to take shelter, but even prolonged bombing might fail to destroy many of his well-protected weapons—which might then be re-employed at a critical moment. Concentrated bombing at the moment of landing and in cooperation with subsequent attacks by the landed force would be, of course, of the utmost assistance—practically an essential. But its object would be to neutralize the enemy's air force rather than to eliminate it.

Prolonged preliminary bombing would be apt to be subject to the same objections and to produce the same disappointing results as the prolonged bombardments of the last war; which towards its end were superseded by short hurricane bombardments immediately preceding assault.

The bombing at Pantelleria was on the whole analogous to the reduction of a garrison by artillery. It was a war of destruction. And it is rather a case of employing a new weapon than a new method.

Correspondents on the spot have been at pains to remove any early misapprehensions, and to emphasize the fact that a landing on an enemy coast remains a very formidable undertaking. In any case, the initial landing is only the first step towards the building up of an invading force adequate to co-ordinate a long and heavily committed campaign.

break the blockade of the island is not surprising in view of its past record... But there is something in the Italian argument that while the fleet remains in being it can compel the Allies to maintain a number of battleships in the Mediterranean, and that may be of considerable leverage that might have been done them in an engagement.

It would be unsafe to deduce, because the garrison of Pantelleria left their posts to take shelter and finally surrendered, that Italian troops would not display much determination in case of invasion under circumstances more favourable to defense. For one thing, the garrison was mainly composed of indifferent second-line troops; and in any case there were no reports of any serious, or even extensive, air attacks—except anti-aircraft weapons, except under immediate threat of a landing. In fact, keeping guns silent with a view to concealment till the critical moment is a course that has plenty of good precedents; and the fact that some of the troops did offer sporadic resistance on their own initiative tends to show that demoralization was not complete.

On the whole, it is wiser to look on Pantelleria as a unique episode. Lessons to be


There were, apart from these considerations, many interesting features about the operations which would seem to bear on the general situation.

Why did the Luftwaffe, from their numerous aircrafts in Sicily, make practically no serious attempt to interfere with our bombing aircraft? I think it must be presumed that it was considered that the attempt would prove too costly, and that it was deemed preferable to husband air strength rather than expend it in the defence of an island recognized to be in a hopeless position. It would be a mistake therefore to assume that little air opposition will be encountered in future operations. After the surrender the Luftwaffe did make various counter-attacks in order to interfere with the resumption of the assault work. Such attacks would naturally have some element of surprise and would be much safer to carry out than attacks on bombers with fighter protection.

The failure of the Italian battle fleet to put up an appearance or to make any attempt to

FAR EAST Here also there has been an absence of outstanding incidents, and operations have been almost all confined to air and submarine activities. A heavy air attack made by the Japanese on Guadalcanal met with a striking reverse.

The Chinese counter-offensive on the Yangtze goes ahead, and Tojo's admission that the Japanese army is engaged in large-scale operations in China is interesting.

Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, has also made the very interesting statement that Australia may now be considered secure from danger of invasion. It may be remembered that not long ago he made a somewhat alarming appeal for reinforcements, and he is not suspected of being unduly optimistic. We may therefore conclude, I think, that substantial reinforcements have been received, and that the reorganization of Australian defences has been completed. It is even more reassuring to find that Mr. Curtin looks forward to Australia playing an important part in offensive operations to come.
Maybe These Are Next on Our Invasion List

THE DODECANES: islands in the Eastern Mediterranean off the coast of Turkey, were first occupied by the Italians in 1911 and later by the Germans in World War II. The main islands include Rhodes, Kos, and Crete. 

1. Medieval tower in Rhodes town. 2. Acropolis of Lindos on the island of Rhodes. 3. Bodrum harbor. 4. Ancient Greek theater on the island of Crete. The clock tower is a prominent feature of the harbor.

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Why Did We Close the Frontier With Turkey?

Mystery Moves in the Near East. Following reports of Ailing concentations in Syria and Egypt, the frontier between Turkey and Syria was temporarily closed on June 13, 1919. The Suez War, the war line between Allied and Allied countries, and the Suez front, were the areas affected by this move. The map shows the position of the frontier. Y. W. troops are seen on the map. Photo: British Official. Map by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph.
Why the White Flag Went Up on Pantelleria

The fortress island of Pantelleria, captured by Allied forces with Gibraltar and Malta, surrendered to the Allies on June 11, 1943—the first Indo-European of a heavily fortified territory by the Axis in the Mediterranean. The surrender was by Gen. CRISTIANO CLIFFORD, who represented the combined British forces on this historic occasion.

After the occupation of Tunisia by the Allies, it was obviously Pantelleria's turn. The little island, of whose fortifications Mussolini had been wont to boast in the days before the War, lay in the very middle of the Sicilian Channel, blocking the free passage of the Allies. Everyone expected it to be attacked; almost everyone, even in Italy, expected it to fall. But few could have expected that it would be taken at the cost of some 40,000 men, who were in the 20 stories that the defenders were able to shoot down—20 out of hundreds.

Preliminary bombarding of the island began on May 8, and each day that passed saw a stepping-up of the aerial and naval bombardment. One by one the little houses of Pantelleria village were pounded into dust. Jetties were smashed, roads blocked. A water-distributing plant was broken, and it became more and more difficult to distribute supplies. The 15,000 troops in the island—chiefly the Fifth Infantry Regiment and Fascist Militia—had to spend most of their time crowded into tunnels and trenches and the huge subterranean hangars on the airfield. The civil population scattered to isolated houses on the hillsides.

By June 8, said Rome wireless, the island had had four naval bombardments and at least a hundred district air attacks, recently at the rate of 11 a day. But the answer of the admirals commanding the island and the garrison (Admiral Gentilvecchi) to a call for surrender contained in leaflets signed by General Spatafore (commander of the Allied North-West African Air Forces) could be imagined: "The stout defenders of Pantelleria are still standing upright, ready to exact a high price for the final attempt at a landing. Later it transpired that Admiral Gentilvecchi had retired to a safe haven. "Bombing bad, but the island can hold out if it gets no worse, I need not surrender."

But it did get worse. Two days later (Thursday, June 10), there was a tremendous aerial bombardment. The island simply stopped functioning. Business was closed, people were home; the airfield was packed with craters. Everyone—everybody—said that the Italian Luftwaffe was completely smashed, that every fighter in the skies was shot down, and that last night's raid had begun the end of Pantelleria. Grenades were thrown into the beaches; there were a few bursts of machinegun fire, but they were short and ineffective.

But a shot was fired in the harbor. As the transport was being loaded, a Tommy gunner on the decks of a British cruiser opened fire on three German destroyers that had come to attack the Allies and the Italian troops eating the meat of a sheep. The cruiser opened fire, and the enemy began to scatter. Racoon reported that the German destroyers were on fire. The others were ordered to surrender. Admiral Gentilvecchi was not present. The German cruiser quickly turned upon the transports and began to fire on them. Then they began to have a little lunch before going. Small arms were used, and they landed on the island through engine rooms. The guard of the beachhead—400—was surrendered. The enemy landed and occupied the island.

The Italians had fought their surrender so late that our invasion had to roll on for some time by its own momentum. The bombing programme was dropped finally to a halt, but not before several Italian positions had been raided superbly and Admiral Gentilvecchi, apparently bewildered by the situation, fled into the hills. They did not find him until six o'clock. The commander sent an emissary with an interpreter to chase him, and finally he consented to walk down to the airfield. There—a handsome, elderly man with gray hair and plenty of gold braid on his uniform—he waited with General Maffioli. They gaped with astonishment when the British general drove up in a tank; they had never dreamed that tanks could be got about so swiftly and maneuvered up to the airfield. Gathered in a small room, the Allied Commander produced a sheet and a half of typewritten conditions, and gave it to Pantelleria to read. After querying several items the Admiral signed. And so Pantelleria was surrendered.

Pantelleria village, where 3,800 inhabitants used to live and keep their boats, was an ugly heap. There were big stretches of the countryside practically covered with bush cover. The "guards"—the dark, sandy-skinned, wizened men wearing the ancient Roman tunics, carrying carded woolen looms and wooden hoes already worked with their pathetic trivial belongings, was a grotesque sea-sawing club with a dozen enemy fans in view. The scene, with the soft, sun-baked country, was heighted by the smell of hot bricks and the July flowers, by the smell of hot bricks and the July flowers, by the smell of hot bricks and the July flowers.


LAMOEDEVA, the little Moselle island lying about 100 miles S. of Pantelleria, is some seven miles in length and about two miles wide, with an area of nearly twelve square miles. It was occupied by our forces on June 3, 1943, after being subjected to heavy air and naval bombardment. There were few Italian troops on the island, but a large number of German troops had been used by the Axis on an I-beam base. 70

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Never Such a ‘Blitz’ on So Small a Target

BOUNDED AND BATTERED PANTELLARIA was captured by our forces on June 11, 1943 at a cost of 40 Allied casualties, and after an attack lasting 10 days. 1. One of the many soaring of destruction that confronted our landing-guards. 2. White cross marked out on the airstrip was the first indica- tion of surrender. 3. About 12,000 Italian troops were taken. 4. Prisoners washing in the uncovered water of the harbour, while a British sentry keeps an eye on the proceedings.

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(Photos, British Official / Crown Copyright / Associated Press)
AXIS AIR CONVOY SHATTERED IN THE SICILIAN STRAITS. Loaded with badly-needed fuel and supplies for the hard-pressed Axis forces in Tunisia, 15 giant air transports (Ju 52s), flying at low-level in the vain hope of eluding attacks, were attacked off the U.S. Mitchell bombers and Lightnings of the N.W. African Air Force over the Sicilian Straits on April 19, 1943. Twenty-five of these transports were shot down, most of the Ju 52s under their assailants' withering enfilade. The aircraft are carried by Mitchell and Lightnings.

Photo, Associated Press
THE WAR AT SEA

For some time past there has been much talk of invasion possibilities. Un- doubtedly the enemy are growing increasingly nervous as the signs of prepara- tion for such an enterprise on the part of the Allies grow more numerous.

One of the greatest worries that beset the Axis rulers is that there is no saying where the principal blow will fall. However anxious they may be to leave no likely point un- covered by strong defending forces, it is manifestly impossible to be strong every- where. Moreover, when a landing is made it may prove a mere frontal designed to draw attention from the real danger-point.

It is the fact that the United Nations control all the sea approaches to the enemy coasts, with the trade routes across the ocean by which supplies and reinforcements must travel, that constitutes the real problem. With these advantages, it is possible to strike almost anywhere, meanwhile keeping the enemy guessing in vain. There is no sure method of baffling and confusing an oppo- nent than by making use of sea power to cloak the coming attack.

On the face of it, the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, garnished by the dispirited Italians and lying at no great distance from the ports of North Africa, offer the most tempting target to the invader. Yet there are many other openings concerning which the Axis have shown acute anxiety. The temporary closing of the frontier between Syria and Turkey, following on the visit to Ankara of Admiral Sir John Cunningham, the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Levant, has given rise to a suspicion that the islands of the Aegean may be in danger.

WILL the Navy Attack the Aegean Islands?

These islands form the outer ramparts of the enemy position in the Balkans and Greece. The largest and most important are Crete, Scarpanto and Rhodes in the south, and Lemnos, Mytilene and Kios in the north. Strategically, Crete and Lemnos hold the most valuable positions. With an air superiority added to control of the sea, it should not be difficult to recapture these islands from by one. The former island has the added advantage of being a valuable source of radio broadcasts (evidently designed to extract information); that her preparations are on foot in the British island of Cyprus. Though Cyprus is nearer to Syria than it is to the Aegean islands, its situation should make it a valuable base for attacks on either Crete or Rhodes. Much money is reported to have been spent on the construction of airfields in the island.

With the Aegean Islands in Allied hands, the enemy forces in Greece would find their position unfurled. Moreover, passage of the Dardanelles would then be easy for Allied shipping. Germany is clearly afraid that Turkey would in that event join the ranks of her enemies, offering a clear route for supplies to the Russian forces in the Black Sea. In fact, the possession by the Allies of the Aegean Islands would inevitably be the prelude to enemy evacuation of the Balkans and South Russia.

A LIGHT as exposed to attack as Sicily is the Calabrian peninsula, forming the “nose” of Italy. Not many people remember that in 1936, when Italy was mainly occupied by Napoleon’s armies, British counter-stroke under Sir John French were landed in Calabria and fight their way to Messina with heavy loss at the Battle of Maida. History has its own trick of repeating itself when circumstances are similar.
Two More U-Boats Sent to Their Doom

Our U-Boat Killings in May, stated Mr. Churchill on June 5, 1943, exceeded the never's output. 1. U.S. Coast Gunboat's depth charges cripple a U-boat. 2. Showing the crew. 3. German gunner, a target from their equipment to their advantage in underwater. 4. Crew of the Corvette “Sandown,” recently a convoy escort. 5. In the Mediterranean, destroyers chased close to sink the U-boat in sight.

Photo: Scottish Echo. Associated Press, Press Photo. Barratts
Norwegian Patriots Give the Nazis the Slip

SINCE Norway was occupied by the Germans in 1940 increasing numbers of patriotic Norwegians have escaped to Britain. These photographs were taken by a party of 16 Norwegians who recently arrived in these shores. They were officers of the Lysefjord Grenadiers, a special commando unit formed for the purpose of carrying out sabotage raids under pretense of a fishing expedition. Their ship was a large, seaworthy motor vessel, and their trip was unimpeded by enemy patrol boats. 1, Two men—the last of the party—row out to the waiting vessel. 2, A conserver is held before the party before they sail. 3, Keeping a sharp eye on all. 4, Norwegian vessel is stopped. 5, It proved to be a Norwegian vessel. 6, Norwegian vessel is boarded. 7, Norwegian vessel is razed. 8, Norwegian vessel is seized. 9, Norwegian vessel is sunk. 10, Norwegian vessel is burned. Photo by courtesy of The Royal Norwegian Government. PAGE 78
Texas Makes Sure We Won't Run Short of Oil

"BIG INCH," the world's longest oil pipeline, speeds oil for U.S. and Allied war needs at the rate of 300,000 barrels a day. This 28-in. line runs some 2,911 miles from Midland, Texas, to the mid-west state of Illinois. From there a second pipeline (scheduled to be completed by June 1943) will cover 1,583 miles to the New York City-Philadelphia oil refining region. This network of pipelines has become the principal source of oil for the war industries of America's eastern seaboard and the United Kingdom war machine in Europe.

1. Laying a section. 2. Map showing area traversed by "Big Inch." 3. Sections of pipe are joined together by electric welding. 4. Tractor-crane lowers a new ft. section into position. 5. One of the large machines. 

Photo-Mansion Press
The Glorious 155th Battery Fought to the End

Long and glorious is the history of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, but it may be doubted whether it contains any more story than that of the stand of the 155th Field Battery on Feb. 28, 1943, in Tunisia. Here is the official account, with photographs of one of the rare survivors, and five others of the brave band reported to be prisoners of war in Italy.

Leo Mills, veteran general of the last war, was filled with indignation.

Racing from his post in the House of Lords he crash-landed in several terms the propaganda department of the War Office, and pointed out one or two notable omissions—Lord Croft's more unusual omission, giving the names of the regiments which had been fighting in Tunisia. Why were we told so little about our units and their leaders, he asked. Today wonderful deeds were being done about which people were told nothing. He would give one example. A battery of artillery was told to cooperate with an infantry regiment. At the end of the battle, when morning broke, every officer and 95 per cent of the men were lying round the smashed guns. The Germans knew what had happened; the Army knew what had happened; but when the report came to the colonel of the regiment it was marked "secret," "secret from whom? It was one of the things that ought to have been read by every unit of the British Army.

That was on June 3. Two days later the Ministry of Information issued an official account of a field battery's most gallant action in the Tunisian fighting. There could be no doubt that this was the incident to which Lord Milne had referred. The date was June 1. The place was Sidi N. In the hills twelve miles east of Hums Gap were the 155th Field Battery. The battery was the 15th who, with a battalion of the Hampshires, had been ordered to hold the place. If Sidi Nell fell Beja, the key to the northern Allied line, strongly threatened by a strong German force, would fall too. Beja in their hands the enemy would soon have made the Medjer el Rab untenable, and transport to and from the Algiers ports extremely difficult. They did not get Beja, because the time was won by the 155th Field Battery and the Hampshires at Sidi Nell suffered to put Beja into a state of effective defence. But the artillerymen paid the price.

On the evening of February 23 no signs were visible of enemy movement, and the Divisional Commander, Maj. Commander Royal Artillery, and the C.O. of the Field Regiment to which 155 Battery belonged spent two hours examining the countryside for signs of a possible attack. The battle could detect nothing ominous. But during the night heavy light signals began to go up in the hills around Sidi Nell, and at 6.30 next morning heavy mortar fire opened on the British guns. After 45 minutes' shelling came a direct assault. German tanks drove down the road from Mateur. Four 25-pounders went into action. No. 1, speaking in the top of a slope to cover the boiled-up ground. Three tanks were hit as they attempted to pass through a minefield and the road was blocked. Checked in their initial thrust, the enemy sent in every infantry who turned the battery's southern flank in cover of a hill.

The 155th Field Battery fought on and smashed the guns and set the remaining ammunition on fire. When all seemed lost, the battery returned to the attack and advanced again to a surprise awaited them. At its dying gasp, the 155th Field Battery could still hit. No. 1 gun of F Troop, whose crew had showed themselves heroes among heroes, destroyed the leading tank. A moment later a direct hit killed all the survivors, with no man left. No. 1, No. 3, and No. 4 fought on. One officer, four men, and all who could stand, ran from gun to gun, serving each in turn. Although the cause was decided they fought out the day to the last man and the last round at ranges which shrank from 50 yards to 10 yards.

At 8.30 the Germans, heavily mauled, moved on to crush E Troop as they had crushed F. At nightfall No. 25-mmler and several Bren guns were still engaging at ranges of from 10 to 20 yards. German tanks which were lumbering through the position, storming the last resistance, swarming round on their tracks and crushing in slit trenches. A few minutes earlier the last message had come over the wireless: "Tanks are on us," followed by the single V tapped out in Morse.

When the battle began there were at the guns in the command posts and observation

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Gen. J. G. BRYCE
gue. F. L. HARRISON

Battalions survived, and 112 other tanks and self-propelled guns and infantry in support, had worked round both flanks and were within 100 yards of the guns. A few British infantry and small arm fire at close range. At 9 o'clock strong detachments of infantry were across the road to the rear and no more ammunition could be supplied. For several hours every round had been manhandled forward under heavy fire.

The battery might have saved itself many lives had it concentrated throughout the fire of all its eight guns at a range of 1,300 to 2,000 yards on the German tanks and artillery whose columns were clustering the way up from Mateur. But its first duty was to protect the Hampshire companies by all means in its power, and it put four guns in supporting fire by concentrating in support of the position.

About 3.30, on every ground of military probability, the battle was almost over. So at least the German Command reasoned. What was meant to be the death blow was struck by a column of tanks which rode along the road into the heart of the battery. Thirteen other tanks gave cover firing with guns and machine-guns from hull down positions. A Mark VI led the attack. This was boated three guns in the tanks. A Mark V led the infantry attack. A Mark IV tried to pass round the wreckage, but it also was knocked out by No. 1 gun. The same gun set on fire antitank tank. Then the surviving tanks drove back and destroyed machine-gunned both F and E Troops, whose positions were easily spotted, for they were now engaging the enemy over open sights. Hull down, the enemy tanks had a great advantage. Concentrating on one gun at a time they killed the detachments,

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The battery was the 15th who, with a battalion of the Hampshires, had been ordered to hold the place. If Sidi Nell fell Beja, the key to the northern Allied line, strongly threatened by a strong German force, would fall too. Beja in their hands the enemy would soon have made the Medjer el Rab untenable, and transport to and from the Algiers ports extremely difficult. They did not get Beja, because the time was won by the 155th Field Battery and the Hampshires at Sidi Nell suffered to put Beja into a state of effective defence. But the artillerymen paid the price.

On the evening of February 23 no signs were visible of enemy movement, and the Divisional Commander, Maj. Commander Royal Artillery, and the C.O. of the Field Regiment to which 155 Battery belonged spent two hours examining the countryside for signs of a possible attack. The battle could detect nothing ominous. But during the night heavy light signals began to go up in the hills around Sidi Nell, and at 6.30 next morning heavy mortar fire opened on the British guns. After 45 minutes' shelling came a direct assault. German tanks drove down the road from Mateur. Four 25-pounders went into action. No. 1, speaking in the top of a slope to cover the boiled-up ground. Three tanks were hit as they attempted to pass through a minefield and the road was blocked. Checked in their initial thrust, the enemy sent in every infantry who turned the battery's southern flank in cover of a hill.

The 155th Field Battery fought on and smashed the guns and set the remaining ammunition on fire. When all seemed lost, the battery returned to the attack and advanced again to a surprise awaited them. At its dying gasp, the 155th Field Battery could still hit. No. 1 gun of F Troop, whose crew had showed themselves heroes among heroes, destroyed the leading tank. A moment later a direct hit killed all the survivors, with no man left. No. 1, No. 3, and No. 4 fought on. One officer, four men, and all who could stand, ran from gun to gun, serving each in turn. Although the cause was decided they fought out the day to the last man and the last round at ranges which shrank from 50 yards to 10 yards.

At 8.30 the Germans, heavily mauled, moved on to crush E Troop as they had crushed F. At nightfall No. 25-mmler and several Bren guns were still engaging at ranges of from 10 to 20 yards. German tanks which were lumbering through the position, storming the last resistance, swarming round on their tracks and crushing in slit trenches. A few minutes earlier the last message had come over the wireless: "Tanks are on us," followed by the single V tapped out in Morse.

When the battle began there were at the guns in the command posts and observation

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Gen. J. G. BRYCE
gue. F. L. HARRISON

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Proudly We Danes Serve Under the Red Ensign

In earlier pages HENRY SAUERLIN has told how serving hands and with our own fighting men and merchant marines there are many drawn from the countries on the Continent at present overseas by the enemy. In this article he describes the gallant Danes who have taken their place in ships flying the Red Ensign of the Mercantile Marine.

The captain summoned us as a con- ference," said a big, jovial Danish seaman in the very pleasant club which has been established by the British authorities in a certain port for these friends of ours who have no Government of their own, and who are a bit discouraged by the events that have occurred. He explained it, Allan in all but the last chapter, and the captain said: No. What did we want to do? Not a single man was going for back to be under the Germans. We went to the Farnes and a few days later a British warship arrived and asked if we would like to serve under the Red Ensign; and, of course, we said yes.

"That was democratic of the captain, when he asked you," I said.

"But he knew the answers beforehand. We are a people who have had and must have freedom. We have the sea in our blood."

A DIFFERENT sort of captain was in command of another Danish ship, as I was told by a fair-haired fellow who sat beside us. This man hailed from the port of Denmark that was recovered from Germany after the last war—and it had beenatted by Bismarck in 1864. The captain was a Danish subject, but retained his German sympathies, and a very unpatriotic person he must have been, for when the ship lay in an Argentine port, unable to leave as they had no money for the harbour dues, he gave the men such short commons that they nearly starved, and when Danish farmers on shore sent money for them, he sent it back without telling them of it, but informed the farmers that the men had all they wanted. So they sold the electric fittings to Americans and the captain knew nothing of it, as he was too wise to venture into their part of the ship.

It is not generally realized how large a merchant fleet Denmark possesses, and practically all of it, with several thousand officers and men, are constantly sailing in the common cause. Many of them have not heard from their families since the outbreak of the War. "I have not written to my parents," said one young man, "because of the Genito, but they know about me." "I asked how that was possible," I said. "They know," he said, "that I am doing my duty. When they wrote to ask if I could come back again, there was an arrangement with the American Government whereby some 20 Danish ships in New York harbour were placed at the disposal of the Allies and, instead of remaining safe in port, would now be facing all the perils of the sea, shooting shrimps the next morning on the Copenhagen bourse—to the rage of the Nazi, for the Danes were making it clear that they knew who was going to win the War." Member of her crew, "by German radio from Copenhagen to said for home. Of course we refused, and for eleven days we steamed in that place—every new and then a German plane used to fly around and signal us so that we had no rest. When they were not bombing us, we were being shelled, and after them they bombarded our ship, killing one man and wounding another. But at last we got a fishermen who knew the fjord very well; they told us to go to the shelter of the land, they could not do it. Everything had to be done at once, because we heard that the Norwegian Army and the British troops were landing that part of the country. So we repaired the ship and a few Norwegian soldiers arrived. They knew where some Germans were interned—there had once been bombed England and had to come down in Norway with engine trouble. We took the Nazis on board; they protested that it was against International Law. We reminded them that they had broken it every day since September 1939. What about these 450 Danish seamen who had been drowned when they sunk our neutral ships? They said that Germany and Denmark were not at war. "May be," we replied, "but we, the men of this ship, are at war with you." "As for my ship," said an elderly seaman, "in the middle of a great storm she ran aground on Holy Island. I think there are 200 people there, and we were quite sorry when we had put the ship right again and had to leave. They paid us a compliment, those people, saying that we were the best drinkers of whisky they had seen. We emptied the Island. Perhaps I'll get a little drunk on the day of victory, but until then no more."

A NON-UNION Dane told me how he had helped to land an idyllic life in Greenland, whether he had gone just before the invasion of Denmark or in one of the ships sent every year with clothes, food and so forth by the Danish Government. "As we sailed up the eastern coast of Greenland, we saw many German ships with cargo on deck; but when we got into the ice, they were suspected they had Germans down below—we wondered how many, hundreds of soldiers. Well, after we had passed the Svalbard, we heard what happened and went on to Greenland. The people there are so friendly, they never lock their doors; I only heard of one Eskimo who had been stealing and they made him load and unload ships for a time without being paid. Even in winter it is so open, because of the Northern Lights, and the stars and the moon are very near. They are Danish too, so much that they paint their houses red and white, which are our colours. Now I am so glad—after the victory we want to live for ever in Greenland."

A conscript of his had joined us while he was talking. "In the last war," he said, "we came from Greenland, we had a lot of money, for the country stayed neutral. But we are all glad to be like the British now, fighting for the right side, so that our children may live in a free Denmark, as it always was and must be.

And these excellent sons of the Vikings, who strayed over here a school, where those respective states and engineers are trained. They are a fine lot—indeed, one of them showed me, not modest pride, his certificate which mentioned that he had passed ahead of everyone. "Thank God for everything," he said; and we can be thankful that these fine fellows are so wholeheartedly with us in the common struggle today."
On the Way to America

That Mr. Churchill had arrived in Washington on his third visit to the American President at the White House when the U.S.A. came into the War, was announced by Mr. Roosevelt’s secretary on the evening of May 13, 1941. On his return on June 6 it was revealed that he had crossed the Atlantic by sea. Mr. Churchill on the bridge of the warship 1, with a British and American gun crew, leaders on the conference on board ship with (left to right) Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, General Sir Alan Brooke, and (right) Field Marshal Sir A. Wavell.
Council of War in Algiers

On the way home from his visit to Washington, Mr. Churchill "thought it well to go to North Africa... in order to deal more particularly and precisely on the spot with the problems of the Mediterranean theater." For a week discussions went on in Algiers, and "the most complete concord and confidence prevailed (the Premier told the House of Commons on June 8) amongst those charged with the 'application upon the enemy of force in its most intense and violent form.'"

Mr. Churchill with his Captains

Home Via the Battlefields

It was at the end of May that Mr. Churchill, his talks in Washington being concluded, flew from the United States to Gibraltar and thence to Algiers. Here he was joined by Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, and together they visited Tunisia and the British and American armies in North Africa. After inspecting the amphitheatre of Carthage he found awaiting him a great and enthusiastic audience of fighting men. (1), and with Lt.-Gen. Auchinleck and Mr. Eden at his side he gave them an inspiring address (2). (3) The Premier is seen making a personal inspection of a German Tiger tank.
VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

By Hamilton Fish

Never before, since war reporting was controlled and organized, have Press correspondents been able to get near enough to the front to be taken prisoner. "Jews are not for us," many people will mutter. But that is not the view journalists take. They want to get in near the news as they can.

In the last war, the war of 1914-1918, the time when I got nearest to those in which I was interested, I was travelling, roaming about in battle-areas without official sanction—in short, with severe official disapprobation. Lorid Kitchener told a friend of mine, Capt. Beville Bentley, one of the many who claimed to have invested trenches, that he could catch me (this was while I was in France soon after the war began in August, 1914) without giving me a shot. He was right.

But as a free-lance, it was exciting, thrilling, and I was able to pass on to the world what I saw. As a Press correspondent, for the last four years, it has been far more exciting, thrilling, and exciting.

Last month, for the day previous he had announced in Parliament that there were no correspondents in the field—and that morning he had read in the Daily Mail a page from me about the arrival of the first troops wounded at Beaufort. However, he didn't catch me (this was while I was in France soon after the war began in August, 1914) without giving me a shot. He was right.

I was not luckier than Harold Denny of the New York Times, who was captured by the Germans in Libya, and who gives in a book he has just brought out, Behind Both Lines (Michael Joseph). He accounts of his experiences as a prisoner of war. He was right in the middle of a task of engagement, a place, where, to my thinking, no correspondent has a right to go. I was told that the newspaperman's first duty, his true duty, was to be in peace or in war, to his employer. He must not avoid exposing himself to danger, when that is necessary, in order to get news. But he should take care to keep his line of retreat open, so that he can slip off and send his message in time for the next day's issue. That is his chief obligation.

Wall Denny had no line of retreat available. Heard Edward Ward of the B.R.C. were crouching in a slit trench in the desert, and enemy tanks overran them and they had to surrender. The South African volunteers were 110 of them, and the enemy tanks, 110 of them. The case of the handful of men who managed to escape, wiped out. A Vis officer "mustered them to the rear with his pistol." Then another told them to double, so they "broke into a trot, holding our hands awkwardly in the air and feeling more silly than lightheaded," although they "half expected to be disposed of with machine-guns, for the simple reason that a large group of prisoners such as the Germans were then rounding up in a serious hindrance to a flying column in the thick of a battle."

However, they were trotted off for a mile or two, and no harm happened to them, though, when they halted, they had a gun trained on them and an officer said: "Everything will be all right if no one makes any trouble. If one man tries to run this way, I will blow you all down." That seemed fair enough, but what did appear hard was: that they got nothing to eat and scarcely a mouthful of water to drink for a matter of thirty hours. The Germans had nothing to give them, they said.

Perhaps for this reason the prisoners were turned over to the Italians next day. But not before they had been looked over by Marshal von Reventlow, a 'bunch, unshaven, in dirty overcoat," who abused the German soldiers for "wasting their time gossiping to the Englishmen and so delaying the war."

Rommel, says Mr. Denny, was very talkative with captured officers. He asked one who the British spent most of the time and let me smash them in detail? Mr. Denny has no doubt that "Selamon," the fundamental military law of concentration of troops was a major cause of the British failure in the 1941-42 offensive in Libya."

Behind Both Lines

When the journalists were handed over to the Italians, soldiers tried to rob them under pretence of searching for weapons. They got a watch and a pocket-knife from Mr. Denny, he only just managed to keep his fountain-pen and lighter. In their new "pet" the prisoners got the water they so badly needed; and some inferior bully-beef was served out. Which British soldiers warmed up. The officers were accommodated in small tents, the rank and file "lay sleepless with cold on the sodden bare ground."

Next, the American correspondent with an American officer-observer, who had diplomatic status, was sent to Benghazi. At a place on the way they were put into the local prison, a little private house furnished, simply, where they met two very suspicious and inquisitive young men who said they were Moftine and had been captured in a Commando raid. They had evidently been planned there by the Italians to wheedle information: They got none. Nor did an Italian policeman who made a friendly offer of wine and cigarettes, and then asked a question about the British forces—something he had for the moment forgotten! His memory received no help; he did not send the cigarettes or wine.

As Benghazi, there were a great many prisoners in unfinished Italian barracks, "harse-like buildings with only a dozen or more, and straw mattresses and blankets for a few score more. Most of us had to sleep in inadequate clothing on the concrete floor. Many officers gave their blankets to their men, pretending they had others, and then slept coverless themselves."

The Italians, Mr. Denny thinks, did their best, but there were many hardships to endure. On the day going across the Mediterranean to Italy he was in the ward-room where 13 others were too small for all to lie down at once, so at night some of us were standing, like hares in a stable. When the sea got rough, the water poured in, "We were drenched and shaking."

But at Taranto they were given a good meal on a lorry, which was brilliantly lighted inside, the crew standing to attention in the passages. We were driven into the glimmering first-class dining-room. Wax, set, bearded and tattooed, we were served to money tables, decorated with flowers and bottles of good wine. Italian waiters served us in attentive as if we had been de luxe passengers helping with tips. We had a rich minestrone, fried opera of local vegetables, vegeterian soup, a course of vegetables, a course of pasta salad, and in the afternoon a viande of filet mignon, apricots, asparagus, and coffee." We were drenched and shaking."

Later, in Rome, conditions were good; but for a time Mr. Denny was in Genoa prison in Berlin, where he had many bad hours, being questioned and confronted with things he had written, or had not written, about Hitler and the Hun. Eventually he was exchanged and got back to New York, with the conviction that "the Italians are fundamentally a decent people, too individualistic to be cultivated to fit into the Fascist mould."

Well, they had better show it—quickly!
Flying Ambulances Save Many a Soldier’s Life

The Fifth Army’s great advance from Egypt into Tunisia was marked by many outstanding measures, of which the speed of the advance is perhaps the most noticeable. But a fact which appears to have escaped attention is the small number of dead. Below, JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON explains why the mortal casualties have happily been so few.

In the Middle East, however, only one-tenth of the men suffering from head-wounds have so far failed to survive. The speed of the Flying Ambulances, which rush men from the front line to hospitals well in the rear, has made this great achievement possible.

That is why, from the point of view of the military services, the Egyptian and Libyan campaigns were so successful. Similarly, in Tunisia, the Air Ambulances specially conceived those who needed urgent treatment from the front-line dressing stations to the hospitals at base.

General Freyberg, New Zealand’s V.C. leader, who always goes into action with his men, was saved from possible death when wounded in the neck. Only prompt action by a Flying Ambulance enabled him to be tended by specialists before it was too late. Our Australian comrades, who first saw the possibilities in air ambulances 14 years ago—they used one in Queensland—have supplied three for the use of their own troops in the Middle East.

The British machines have trained medical officers aboard who, in their quiet way, have performed some of the War’s greatest deeds. Never forget that for the most part these units are moving back to base or resemble ships over enemy-held territory. On more than one occasion, when attacked by Axis aircraft, these units have had to carry on with their normal duties in a ‘one-man crew manner.’

One lad with whom I talked had two bullets met his left leg—but he said nothing until he reached base and the last of his patients had been taken out of a ward. Then, weak from loss of blood, he collapsed.

On one occasion a young pilot, assisting to take aboard the wounded men, had something of a shock when he saw amongst them his own father, a major in an infantry regiment. The wounded man was in a dangerous condition, and the pilot, when he took the air, knew that everything depended upon his ability to get to base in record time. Is it to be wondered at that he piloted his machine like a man inspired?

Enemy fighters twice got on to his tail, but on both occasions the youngster, with his previous cargo safe, eluded the enemy by taking cloud cover. He landed at base several minutes ahead of the previous record time for the trip; his father was rushed to the operating theatre, and today, thanks to his son’s skill, is once more on duty.

Not so long ago two Boston bombers were forced down after attacking an enemy-held airstrip in the desert. Several men were wounded, but the observer of one machine walked 22 miles in 30 hours and reached an aerodrome. He notified the authorities of his comrades’ position, and a doctor was flown to the scene aboard a Lynxader.

Quickly he tended to the sick and wounded, and by the time an ambulance plane arrived the stranded airmen were ready to be taken aboard and flown to base. Thanks to the Flying Ambulance’s prompt action only one man, killed by German fighters, was lost.

On many occasions the R.A.F.’s ambulances have performed some astonishing feats. It has happened, on several occasions, that a sick man needed special treatment, these craft have flown him through the night so that he might reach a specialist. Nothing is too much trouble for the R.A.F. when it means saving a human life.

I have recollected hearing, when in the Sudan, that the Flying Ambulance attached to an infantry regiment had saved the life of a comrade who was badly injured by a stray bullet. The doctor who examined him was of the opinion that he needed special treatment, but that the journey over 40 miles of rough road might prove fatal. A signal was flashed to the nearest R.A.F. base, and the C.O. ordered a Flying Ambulance to proceed to the regiment’s assistance. Touching down near the station, the ambulance quickly took aboard the injured and unconscious comrade, and he was flown 300 miles to Edinburgh. Today that comrade is back at his important task.

When the moment arrives for the Second Front to be opened the Flying Ambulances will play a vital role. By their speed they can assure wounded of the best possible treatment from the dangers of the front line. Surgeons, without the thought of the enemy being near, can concentrate all the better on their immediate task, and satisfaction is assured all concerned.

The Flying Ambulances, when first constructed, were considered something of a "stunt." Modern war has proved them to have been, one of the greatest successes of the "Medical Front."
From Battlefield to Hospital Ward by Air

Transporting the wounded by air is one of the finest developments in the saving of human life brought about by this war. A Lockheed Lodestar in Tunisia (1) stands by while a wounded man is prepared for a stretcher in a field-hospital. Airspeed Oxford aircraft in service as flying ambulances carry two stretcher-cases in addition to the typical medical staff. (2) Two of these machines marked with the International Red Cross, fly above the clouds. (3) W.A.A.F. air ambulance circles above to a patient aboard a glider on route to a field-hospital. (4) A lady who has been wounded in the head, cheerfully awaits a conveyance from an ambulance aircraft.

Photos, British Official / Crown Copyright; Central Press
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

The decision to form a Tactical Air Force in the United Kingdom to operate in conjunction with the land forces is the logical outcome of the experiences of war in North Africa. The section of the R.A.F. hitherto known as the Army Cooperation Command has been embodied in this Tactical Air Force; and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Birkett, who has commanded the Army Cooperation Command since its inception after Dunkirk, now goes to the Technical Training Command. Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D’Albiac, who succeeded the R.A.F. in Greece, assumes command of the Tactical Air Force.

Looking back a moment to the Great War of 1914-18 makes it possible readily to visualize how the organization to employ air power to its fullest extent is still evolving. Practically all the aircraft we possessed during the first three years of the Great War were employed tactically. The few that were otherwise engaged belonged to the Royal Naval Air Service, and under the inspiration of Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, made strategic raids against Zeppelin sheds at Cuxhaven and Friedrichshafen and the rail yards in Cologne. But it was not until we had had considerable experience of Zeppelin and Gothas raids against British towns and cities, that the true potential of a real strategic air force was realized. It sprang up in the mind of General Jan Smuts, and was embodied in his Memorandum to the Cabinet in the early autumn of 1917. So the 4th Wing of the Royal Flying Corps, as the R.A.F. was then known, flew from the most convenient point behind the 400-miles-long trench front from which to bomb strategic points behind the enemy lines. In command was Lieut.-Col. C. J. N. Newall, now Marshal of the R.A.F. and Governor-General of New Zealand. From this first strategic wing of four squadrons, set up in France 3 October 1917, grew the Independent Air Force of 1918 commanded by Major-General Sir Hugh Truchard, now Marshal of the R.A.F. and Viscount Trenchard.

FIELD-MARSHAL Earl Haig then Sir Douglas Haig, widely supported the idea of a separate strategic air force, and contended that it was the only way a balanced strategy could be carried out. The 4th Wing of the R.A.F. would be directly under Army control. This was contrary to the whole idea of the Smuts’s Memorandum, which visualized the strategic air force as an independent military arm for the purpose of smashing the German war organization at distant, selected points behind the front which could not be attacked in any other way.

Before the Independent Air Force was formed in June 1918, the Royal Air Force had been created under a separate and independent Air Ministry.

When the Great War ended in 1918, and disarmament cut the R.A.F. to a shadow of its wartime strength, a decision had to be reached about the policy which would govern the activities of the R.A.F. Five main branches of activity emerged. These were: (1) to keep in being at least the nucleus of a fighter force which would be able to light for the mastery of the daylight air, and at the same time to explore the possibilities of night-fighter defence; (2) to provide an Empire-controlled and defended force; (3) to cooperate, with the Fleet Air Arm; (4) to extend the R.A.F. to the Navy; and (5) to maintain an independent offensive bomber force.

From Nos. 1 and 5 came Fighter and Bomber Commands of the present R.A.F.; from 3 came the Tactical Air Force; from 4 the Fleet Air Arm (at sea) and Coastal Command; and from 2 came the defence units overseas, the establishment of the practical nature of air control in the exercise of chain of command and the first time in history the R.A.F. became the senior and controlling Service on the spot, and the experience of aircraft, aero-engines, terrain and methods which contributed so handsonely to the victory in North Africa.

TACTICAL Air Force as a Separate Command

What is happening in the organization of the R.A.F. today in the midst of war is not change, but the welding together of all past experience into the strongest and most resilient framework of air power. This does not threaten the R.A.F. with disintegration. On the contrary, it makes it stronger than ever. For the methods by which the maximum effect of air power can be applied in the field for the benefit of military operations have been established in accordance with current needs, and they have produced marvellous results. The fact is that air and ground forces working harmoniously as a part of the co-ordinated team under Air Ministry holding still higher directive appointments.

Why, it may be asked, should it be necessary to separate the air force from the other military services, for the purpose of smashing the German war effort?

In a short article it is not possible to go into the whole question, but it may be readily understood that the planning of strategic operations differs from the planning of other theatres of war in that the air force has a given basis for strategic operations long before there is any need for a tactical force. This was indeed the case in the United Kingdom. The higher control of the two distinct types of force may be vested in different authorities—the one political and the other military—yet the two forces must be capable of fusion of effort when the appropriate moment comes.

THE TYPES OF AIRCRAFT May differ in many respects in the two forces, and their equipment in each is of a different type. The strategic forces must employ heavy bombers and at times special attack aircraft of their own; the tactical forces use planes for ground attack, reconnaissance, photo-reconnaissance, and interceptors. While the basic air training must be the same, there will of necessity be a greater variety of specialization in each case; and, not least important, there is the team work of the commanders of the surface and air forces; these men must work together harmoniously if they are to achieve a common result, and they must know one another intimately and get on well together.

In every age the military processes which have been evolved by war have left their traces behind when the need for them ceased. The evolution of transport by land, sea and air is the air has been greatly developed by war. In England, we still drive over some of the old Roman military roads. The Panama Canal was provided by the Cabinet of the Czar. Wars left as a legacy of income tax, passport, identity cards, political frontiers. The present period of this war is pregnant with possibilities in the realm of the air. And the amazing fact is abundantly clear that the United Nations have learned how to use the air, whereas the Germans, who began the war with what was then a tremendous advantage in air power, have learned too little. The German air forces have been outdated to the extent that it is down entirely to the demands of their Army, and the German Army generally, not comprehending because they did not have the training or the instinct of the engineer, believing that aeroplanes could be thrown away as they were accustomed to throw away German lives in infantry regiments, staked everything on a grand slam and did not pull it off.

The United Nations have beaten the Germans in the air in the use of air power. They have swept through all North Africa. They have smashed the Italian islands in the Sicilian Narrows almost without resistance following the use of the carrier ships and their scientific combination with other arms; they can conquer Italy, Germany and Japan, and when the war is over there will be the hands of the United Nations a means to govern as they have never been seen before.
Safe Back From an Uninvited Visit to Germany

OUR BOMBER CREWS RETURN AFTER A RAID. 1. W.A.A.F. sergeant gives a pilot permission to land. 2. B-17 crew makes out detailed reports of their operations immediately after returning from their last sweep. 3. Aircraft is moved away by a W.A.A.F. Reserves have experience gained in the Battle of Britain, when P.f. crews attacked in daylight. 4. Aircraft is moved away by a W.A.A.F. Reserves have experience gained in the Battle of Britain, when P.f. crews attacked in daylight. 5. Ground crew staffs an aircraft's machine-guns. 6. The officer on the right has an egg for the back-frau at the end of the meal. 7. Ground crew staffs an aircraft's machine-guns. 8. The officer on the right has an egg for the back-frau at the end of the meal.
At Labrador’s Port of Call for U.S. Bombers

AT GOOSE BAY, LABRADOR, has been built one of the world’s largest air bases, with full repair and maintenance facilities for aircraft. Here U.S. bombers arrive from the West, rest, and continue their flight to Britain. 1. Workers photographed against face of Victory panel. 2. Cap. Shelby and Lt. Whittall, veteran fighter pilot of the Battle of Britain, two members of the Goose Bay staff, waiting to test up for their trip to this country.

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Photo: Canadian Official. Crown Copyright.
Cross-Channel Sweeps Are Their Speciality

Behind theGermans' lingering war-weariness, the R.A.F. wages a relentless campaign against Axis air power. Under the command of Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, the British Air Force is constantly on the alert to strike at enemy facilities as soon as they are attacked. The R.A.F. is supported by the Royal Navy, which is constantly on the lookout for enemy ships.

**WHIRLING FIGHTER BOMBER (1)**

This Whirlwind fighter-bomber is powered by two 1,200-h.p. Packard engines. The wings are of the flexible type, and the fuselage is of the monocoque type. The highly streamlined cockpit is equipped with a closed canopy, and the wings are fitted with a retractable landing gear. The aircraft is armed with two fixed machine guns, plus additional armament carried in the bombsight. The Whirlwind is designed for high-speed long-range bombing, with a range of 1,500 miles and a maximum speed of 350 m.p.h.

**MUSTANG (2)**

These planes have long-range performance and are equipped for both reconnaissance and fighter operations. The Mustang is a single-seat, single-engine fighter-bomber with a wing span of 39 feet and a length of 32 feet. The wings are of the semi-monocoque type, and the fuselage is of the monocoque type. The aircraft is armed with two fixed machine guns, plus additional armament carried in the bombsight. The Mustang is designed for high-speed long-range bombing, with a range of 2,000 miles and a maximum speed of 400 m.p.h.

**RESIDENT DROPPING (3)**

In this attack Mustangs are seen bombing their targets using a new method of destructive warfare. In this new method, the Mustangs use a special device to drop a number of bombs simultaneously. The bombs are of the incendiary type, and they are released from the aircraft at a height of 20,000 feet. The bombs cause widespread destruction, and they are designed to set fire to the enemy's war material. The Mustangs are also equipped with a special device to drop water in order to extinguish the fires caused by the incendiary bombs.

Specially drawn for The War Illustrated by Haworth

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Mosquitoes on the Bench and in the Air

1. Mosquito in flight.
2. Interior view of cockpit.
3. Fitting engine pipes during assembly.
4. Mosquito maintenance work being carried out by the crew.
5. Mosquito being assembled in the factory.
To Town and Country Goes Our Roving Camera

MOBILE LAUNDRY SERVICE, serving the Home Counties. Men greatly assisted keep our workers with the weekly washing. This National Emergency Laundry Service included washing, ironing and airing, cheaply. London, 1918. Photograph shows women workers and men workers in the laundry queue.

RAZOR BLADES, of which there has been an acute shortage, for many months, and now being produced in bulk. Photograph shows a girl making razor blades. In 1914 only 60 blades were produced every day, but in 1918 the output is over 4,000,000 blades a day. The work is done here with 1000 machine operatives and 500 blade formers. A girl makes 40 blades every minute.

UNITED NATIONS DAY was celebrated in London on June 14, 1945. Among those present were the U.S. and Canadian governments, the British government, and the League of Nations. Photograph shows the crowd gathered in Parliament Square, London.
DURING an air-sea rescue mission the other day off the coast of Greenline, I saw a man, dressed in a life jacket, hanging down on a landing-field and a few yards away from us, was the savior of a pilot, who was found floating in the water. The Italian was not only in the water, but he was also in a lifeboat, which was thrown overboard by the pilot who had been rescued.

We then saw the Italian being hauled into the boat by a ship's crew, and we were told by the Italian that he had been rescued by a pilot who had been floating in the water. The Italian was not only in the water, but he was also in a lifeboat, which was thrown overboard by the pilot who had been rescued.

"I WAS THERE!" Eye Witness

Stories of the War

Now They Call Me 'The King of Lampedusa'" the Italian was called.

When I asked him the reason for this, he said: "I am not only in the water, but I am also in a lifeboat, which was thrown overboard by the pilot who had been rescued." We then saw the Italian being hauled into the boat by a ship's crew, and we were told by the Italian that he had been rescued by a pilot who had been floating in the water.

I then asked him the reason for this, he said: "I am not only in the water, but I am also in a lifeboat, which was thrown overboard by the pilot who had been rescued." We then saw the Italian being hauled into the boat by a ship's crew, and we were told by the Italian that he had been rescued by a pilot who had been floating in the water.
another 25 yards, I struggled out of my harness, stood up, galloped after my chute and collapsed.

I reached the balloon jump. The day was for my first jump from a plane.

We had been waiting half an hour on the tarman. Our chutes seemed to be getting heavier, and our backs began to ache. At last our big bomber ("C") for Charlie came toting up, and we clambered aboard through the hole in the side and took our places. Sergeant T. hooked the static lines from our chutes to the straps and those, in turn, were hooked to a ring on the side of the plane. There was a terrific roar, and the plane began to move.

I was jumping Number One this time, and was able to watch the ground rushing past as I sat on the very edge of the hole. Suddenly I saw the ground start to change. I stuck it as easy from the plane as possible. I had never been so near the ground, but I was not able to move. I was greatly lifted against my harness, so I had to grab and awe it. It was the first time I had been in a plane, and as it dipped from time to time and the plane swayed, I felt quite at home. I was not afraid, for I knew that the landing would be smooth and that I would come down at a reasonable speed.

I wasJess than five feet above the ground before I hit. I staggered a bit, and felt the air around me. I was the first time I had ever felt the force of the wind against me. It was a thrilling sensation, and I was grateful for the chance to experience it.

Ages walk like this—with their hands slapped out.

The sergeant-major gave a demonstration. He then got his parachute. When he got off this parachute, you have got to be sure, and I'll see that they are sure.

Torn words had a wonderful effect on the whole company. They were rich words to Home Guards not in the Scots Guards.

Ourselves, as we "swung them arms" and burst the square, we realized that thus were the bravery of the men. The square was the playing-field of the sergeant-major.

I was one of a London Home Guard company who volunteered for a week's intensive training with a battalion of the Scots Guards. "You will enjoy it," the sergeant-major said. "We should like to have you men in the air force, and we are sure that you will enjoy it."

I was the first time they had invited a H.G. company to spend a week's holiday with them and enjoy the pleasure of sleeping on a stone floor, of parades at 6.30 a.m., breakfast at 7.15, and afternoons of non-stop exercises at high speed until six in the evening.

The results were so wonderful in the evening move off at a smart pace to the nearest pub, about a mile away, drank beer at the N.A.A.F.I. canteen, or tea at the Y.M.C.A., or went to the films. In my "Old Bill" and "Young Bert" plantation were tailors, barbers, factory workers, butchers, cooks, bus conductors, mechanics, and clerks. Some of them had taken the week off work. They had no clothes to sell, and were now working for the army.

They were boys of 16 and old soldiers of more than 50, with ribbons up and memories of bloody battles in France.

The sergeant-in-charge of my section was a magnetically handsome man who appeared to be a very nice fellow. He told us about the big bomb he had dropped on the enemy's lines, and how he had been able to fly over the German lines and come back to his base with the bomb. He was a very good pilot, and was always ready to take on any job.

At this point I should have looked up to see if my parachute was properly opened, because it is often the case when you are spinning the parachute that your rigging lines become tangled. This can be corrected by kicking out wildly until you start to turn slowly in the opposite direction, thus unraveling your twisters; the canopy can then be opened fully. But I forgot about that and was absorbed in the amazing view around me and below me. In order further to appreciate it, I decided to put on my gloves. I managed to wriggle my hand under my harness and succeeded in withdrawing my spectacles from my pocket.

I had never seen anything like the square-bashing sergeant-major, and the sergeant-in-charge in this particular group.

They had been, however, never anything as sharp as he was. Sometimes they said so. An incorrect movement, a man forgetting with a laugh, was like the loss of a battle.

One day the Home Guard, moving an inch without an order, brought curses and censure on the whole company.

"You want to look like a lot of apes?"
I Was There!

With the United States Air Force.

My Diary of the War

June 9, 1942

June 9, 1942, Wednesday. I left New York for Washington, D.C., for a weekend. We arrived at the Washington National Airport at 8:00 p.m.

June 10, Thursday

June 10, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 11, Friday

June 11, 1942, the first day of the war. The United States declared war on Germany. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 12, Saturday

June 12, 1942. The United States declared war on Japan. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 13, Sunday

June 13, 1942. The United States declared war on Italy. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 14, Monday

June 14, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 15, Tuesday

June 15, 1942. The United States declared war on Germany. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 16, Thursday

June 16, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 17, Friday

June 17, 1942. The United States declared war on Japan. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 18, Saturday

June 18, 1942. The United States declared war on Italy. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 19, Sunday

June 19, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 20, Monday

June 20, 1942. The United States declared war on Germany. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 21, Tuesday

June 21, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 22, Wednesday

June 22, 1942. The United States declared war on Japan. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 23, Thursday

June 23, 1942. The United States declared war on Italy. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 24, Friday

June 24, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 25, Saturday

June 25, 1942. The United States declared war on Germany. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 26, Sunday

June 26, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 27, Monday

June 27, 1942. The United States declared war on Japan. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 28, Tuesday

June 28, 1942. The United States declared war on Germany. The President signed the Declaration of War.

June 29, Wednesday

June 29, 1942. A new war had started and the United States was at war. The War Department had ordered the first large-scale military operations.

June 30, Thursday

June 30, 1942. The United States declared war on Japan. The President signed the Declaration of War.
WHAT is the real meaning of the word "prag"? This word, which cropped up so often in our conversations with our friends in their flying experiences? Recently the subject has been given considerable space in the correspondence columns of The Daily Telegraph, but alas, the obvious guesses are as varied and contradictory as they are numerous. No one, whether the engaging expression "to prag a target" is vivid in the peacetime imagination of the interlocutor of the discussion; "when and how this word came into use in the R.A.F. I do not know, but I hasten to add that it is derived from the Scots word, "pore" or "poo," meaning to hurt or wound (Gaetic, "poo," to pound) or mash.

Another possible origin, although in my opinion less likely, is from the Norwegian prefix "pra." This has meaning to make a path or grove.

A few days later a Flight-Sergeant in the R.A.F. stationed in this country informed me that his unit had coined the word "pragging" as a synonym for any kind of operation or manoeuvre, any change of target or focus of attention, any change of pace or style, any change of speed or range, any change of direction or location. The word was born in the 500-pounders of the invasion ports and invaded the field of discussion. "A changed prag or trig or whatever you like anything done most effectively," he wrote; "so does a heavy bouncing raid. When completed efficiently, the praging is known as a "wizard pragging." Another correspondent pointed out that in Devonshire "pragging" is one of the oldest known methods of fishing: "to prag is to fish from above, and a prag is a multi-plunged barRED fork attached to a ten-foot pole."

Yet another declared that the word was introduced into this country by members of the R.A.F. who have been in service in Malaysia, since the Malay word for war and peace is the same. But already it had been stated that "if our South African cousins used this word they would give us the word to confirm that the metaphor is the Zulu for "big stick.""

Unfortunately I have neither a Malay nor a Zulu dictionary on my staff so am unable to confirm these etymologies; and the many English dictionaries available within reach have not proved to be very helpful. From Sakel I learn, however, that under the entry "Protag" in the English dictionary, contrived by the Teutonic base "pro"—originally "pro," a push—there are the Dutch words "Proget" in press, and the German "Prager," a paperboy. But this derivation is not very helpful—though it would be nice to know, that is, if the Germans who are being most efficiently pragged, we have chosen a good old German word to describe their ordeal. I am convinced, however, that we are making a mystery out of nothing. Here, I feel sure, is the one and only explanation worthy of serious attention.

I take it from another letter in The Daily Telegraph's correspondence column, from Group Captain Patrick King, who writes:

"I have heard the word "prag"—"to prag the plug"—so often in the last few weeks. What does it mean?"

"In other words, prag is an American equivalent of "crash," derived from the impact of a mortal aircraft with the ground. Its usage is restricted to operations involving the loss of a piloted aircraft, as being more expressive than "crash," which was adequate in the days of modern aviation. Since this reply arrived I have received information from other sources that the term "pragging" is now used in all manner of contexts. I believe that the expression is very widely adopted and is now considered to be a natural part of the language."

For this discussion of praggy nomenclature which the man was sentenced to 112 days' imprisonment.

Then there was a man about to go overseas who posted a letter on his post to his wife, saying: "If you send me a cod with the word "prag" on it, so as to enable this pilot to identify the plane of his unit, you might as well; you might as well make it a little more personal."

The man was charged with the word "prag" and was asked if he wished to make any reply to the charge. "Yes," he said, "but you can't make a fairy tale out of a cod."

Mr. R. H. K. B. (Mrs. Roosevelt, if you please?) are masterpieces. Young and old alike will enjoy this little artistic jeu d'esprit—if they are able to get a copy.

The letter comes from a reader in Preston a letter which will be of interest to those who live in London. "On reading back the articles in The War Illustrated on the blitz and the raids, I came across a caption to a photograph which said that London had borrowed 2,000 buses from the provinces; and I recalled that one day last week, while travelling on a Corporation bus in Preston, I noticed that inside, behind the driver's cab, there was a small brown plaque lettered "London 1941." This has must have been one of those which Preston sent to London at that time. It would be interesting to know if this practice is general amongst all the 2,000 buses concerned. On inquiry at the headquarters of the Corporation bus, they were informed that about 2,000 buses were offered to London on three different days, but it appeared that no case has yet been found necessary to accept the loan of only 200. They came from 44 provincial cities and towns, from Inverness to Plymouth, from Manchester to Birmingham, from York to Leeds. All have now been returned, and with each was supplied a cheque such as the reply to the correspondent describes. It was a thoughtful little tribute to a good friend of London which all good Londoners will be glad to know was paid.

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"INVASION" is very much in the air just now. Vast military movements are in progress, and it is but natural that we should feel some curiosity as to the destination of the men in khaki, navy, and Air Force blue whom we see marching out. But we must not express our curiosity in words—unless we are willing to expose our informant to a possible contamination of having imparted secret information to an unauthorized person. These courts-martial will not be lenient in such cases; but here are officially-released details of events that will show how seriously the offence is regarded.

A senior officer after taking part in a combined operations exercise went in this week. He added a signed autograph to donor, telling him that he was going abroad, and that he believed the opening of a second front was imminent. He gave dates, and particulars of the type involved, and pointed out that he was associated with the equipping of the invasion force, and also gave some indications of the possible theatre of operations. The lady passed on this information, and it came to the notice of the authorities. The armed forces are now in strictest confidential character, and the identity of the person concerned was being explored and imprisoned for a year. Another case was a man employed on clerical duties who gave access to secret information of high importance. A third man, who was employed in the field of military communications, had his identity passed on to the authorities. The man reported by the lady responsible for the information was a resident of the city, and was implicated in giving information to the enemy. The third man was a middle-aged man, who was employed in a responsible position. The authorities were satisfied that the information was correct, and he was charged with the offence. The man was sentenced to 112 days' imprisonment.

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Sailors of the Netherlands Navy in Action

HOLLAND FIGHTS ON. Abroad a Royal Netherlands Naval torpedo-boat, this A.A. gunner and officer spotter are fully prepared for enemy attack. Their small but fast vessel of 330 tons, brought to this country by its crew in 1908, performs important night patrols off our coasts. The torpedo-boat's armament includes 3.7in. guns.