"The beginning of the end!" declared Mr. Roosevelt when he spoke of the Allied invasion of Sicily on July 10, 1943. Many months of arduous training made Britons, Canadians and Americans irresistible when at length the day of the Sicilian adventure arrived. First air-borne troops landed on Sicily before it was light, and this night scene shows men of the R.A.F. Regiment unloading runways from a landing-craft during a dawn rehearsal at a training centre.

Photo, Daily Herald
THE BATTLE FRONTS


THE invasion of Sicily is an accomplished fact, and although the complete occupation of the island and the annihilation of the Axis forces defending it may take some months, the issue is no longer in doubt. Moreover, clear proof has been given that amphibious operations on a great scale are practicable and that the Allies possess the resources, organization and leaders to carry them through successfully.

In Russia the German offensive (which had just started when my last article went to the press) whatever it was designed to achieve, has evidently failed conspicuously. The Russian counter-offensive has compelled the enemy to adopt a defensive attitude. It may result in the Soviet forces regaining the initiative which they had temporarily lost at the close of their great winter campaign. This will be discussed more fully below, for it is one on which there has been great diversity of interpretation.

In the Far East the American operations in New Georgia are proceeding steadily, but the Japanese force at Munda is strongly entrenched and is certain to fight like rats in a trap. In their attempts to assist the Japanese Navy has twice suffered serious losses; and the expenditure of Japanese aircraft has been high. These results are more important than the rapid annihilation of the enemy. The New Guinea operations also are bound to go slowly, but the capture of the Mubo port by the Australians is an important step towards closing in on Salamaua.

SICILY

The amazing complexities of the success with which the invasion of Sicily was accomplished should not suggest the idea that the difficulties and dangers of amphibious operations on a great scale have been exaggerated. Rather should we be astonished that it was possible to organize an armada of such huge proportions, to safely transport it to a point of embarkation, and to bring it safely and in secrecy to its appointed theatre of action.

The success of the operation depended primarily on thorough preparation and a wonderful organization of the part of all three Services, but especially by the Navy. But we should not lose sight of the other factors which contributed to success, some of which were due to mistakes made by the enemy, unlikely always to be repeated. Control of sea communications by the Navy and mastery in the air were clearly essential preliminaries; they did not imply action by those two Services outside their own sphere, but the conditions were favourable for their attainment owing to great numerical and qualitative superiority and the possession of suitable bases.

The first phase of the actual operation—the sea passage—could have been carried through in fundamentally favourable circumstances. The immense size of the armada and the fact that Sicily was a clearly indicated objective made it seem, however, that surprise in the fullest sense would be unobtainable. That surprise was achieved is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole operation.

It was due primarily to the amazing accuracy in time and direction with which the various components of the convoy reached their disembarkation points along the 80 miles of coast on which landings were to take place. That the armada escaped observation either by aircraft or by the enemy’s light ships was partly accounted for partly by the completeness of our sea and air reconnaissance, but mainly by the gale which sprang up during the time of the passage may have induced the enemy to relax precautionary reconnaissances.

It would certainly be unwise to count on similar attainment of surprise in future operations. The disembarkation of the troops thus was accomplished with great speed, and absence of confusion, much helped, of course, by the perfection of the landing craft employed. The first phase of the operation gave a triumphant display of Naval efficiency, but it rested on the Army and the Royal Marines to take full advantage of the wonderful start given them. Clearly they displayed immense dash, sustained energy and initiative as they drove rapidly inland.

FIRST the beaches were firmly secured; then without a pause, the troops pressed on to establish a bridgehead. Within 24 hours one had gained, of a size adequate for the deployment of large forces, containing three airfields and, even more important, the port of Palermo. The Italian troops first encountered were chiefly local coast defence militiamen, whose morale could only be described as feeble. With troops they fought with determination. Airborne troops, landed by parachute and gliders during the night some hours before the arrival of the main body, contributed to the success, though owing to the stormy weather, parties got separated and were not in every case put down at the points intended.

Full information as to what they achieved is not yet available, and some parties were certainly overwhelmed and captured; but it is undoubted that their appearance helped to distract attention and to give rise to the impression that only a sabotage raid was in progress. They must, therefore, have given great aid to the main operation. The well-timed and heavy bombing of the Headquarters of the defence added to the confusion and accounted largely for lack of co-ordination in the resistance offered.

The second phase of the invasion, the capture of a bridgehead, had therefore been unexpectedly easy and great energy was shown in exploiting this success. A counter-offensive was expected within 72 hours after the first landing. A measure of caution consequently was necessary, and in any case lack of transport limited the size of advanced parties and the distance to which they could penetrate in order to enlarge the bridgehead. But no counter-offensive came, and, except for local counter-attacks at Augusta, after its capture by our advanced troops, and at Gela against the Americans, the Axis was concerned mainly in defence.

The two counter-attacks mentioned were carried out by parts of the Herman Goering Division, a new division under an old name.

STRIKING TOWARDS CATANIA, second largest city of Sicily, the 8th Army had breached German defences at Lentini on July 11, 1943. Four days later (July 15) they had captured an important bridge across the Tonnara River, 12 miles west of Lentini. Map by courtesy of The Daily Telegraphs.
They had some temporary success, but were eventually driven off with heavy loss. Why the great opportunity for counter-attack, which must always exist in the few days immediately following a landing in any region where the enemy has substantial forces, was not seized is difficult to explain. It was more surprising than the failure of the Italian fleet to interfere with the landing operation, and the failure of the Luftwaffe to act vigorously against shipping and congested beaches.

Why Did the Axis Fail to Counter-attack?

It appears probable that the enemy was convinced that the landing would be made at the Western end of the island and had disposed his counter-offensive reserves on that assumption. The assumption would not have been unwarranted, for there are more and better harbours at the Western end, and it lies closer to the air bases and harbours of Tunisia. The Allied air forces had also paid special attention to that end of the island.

The enemy may also have considered that a landing in the south-east of the island close to his air bases on the Italian mainland was improbable. With his reserves wrongly disposed the Allies were given a chance of exploiting the unexpected, and the bombing of defence Headquarters combined with the bombarding of roads must have added greatly to the difficulty of readjusting faulty dispositions. Having lost this opportunity the enemy was compelled to fall back on a purely defensive strategy in view of the rapidly increasing Allied strength. Henceforward the campaign is bound to develop on normal lines, with Catania and the main Axis east and west communications passing through Enna, as the chief immediate objectives.

The struggle may be protracted in view of the mountainous and defensible nature of the country, but the Axis forces with little hope of reinforcement or of successful evacuation are clearly in danger of disaster comparable to that of Tunisia. Since the naval and air superiority is well established there should be few of the difficulties which caused delay in bringing the Tunisian campaign to a climax.

RUSSIA

When their offensive opened against the Germans, presumably in order to mislead, announced that it was merely a local counter-attack which had unintentionally grown in scale on the initiative of local commanders; and that it was the Russians who had made the first move. This pretence was not kept up, but at no time have the Germans claimed that their attacks amounted to more than operations to forestall a Russian offensive.

When, however, they were able to announce the penetration of the Russian defences they admitted that the battles raging were of unprecedented violence and promised to produce results of decisive importance. In Mosco it seems to have been thought that an all-out offensive had been attempted. To me personally it seemed inconceivable that the Germans, with danger threatening in the west and south, would risk weakening themselves in an all-out offensive entailing long advances and the employment of constantly increasing numbers.

That the offensive had been carefully prepared and was on an exceptional scale cannot be doubted. The very large number of Panzer divisions employed was sufficient proof of that. But the probabilities seemed to be that territorially it had a limited objective and that its main object was to forestall and disrupt Russian offensive plans. Its immediate object was evidently, by simultaneous attacks, southwards from Orel and northwards from Bydgorz, to pin down the Russian salient west of Kursk, encircling and annihilating the strong Russian Armies there.

The very high proportion of Panzer divisions in the two thrusts made it clear that blitzkrieg action was aimed at in order to make Russian withdrawal difficult. Obviously, if rapid decisive results could be obtained not only would Russian offensive power be greatly reduced, but a shorter and more defensive front could be established, giving, especially, security to Orel which would no longer stand in an exposed salient. With these results achieved greater freedom to devote forces to meet the threat of the western Allies would be attained.

From the first the German plan, whatever it was, miscarried. The thrust south from Orel failed, after heavy losses, to make any substantial progress. The thrust northwards from Bydgorz after some days of desperate fighting did succeed in driving wedges through the Russian defences and emerged into open country. It is impossible yet to say how deep the penetration was, but it is clear that forcible fighting continued and the Panzers never succeeded in establishing freedom of movement. Both sides threw in reserves, and the Germans claim that a great battle of attrition was in progress in which Russian reserves would be exhausted. It was, in fact, a case of victory going to the side which could conserve its last reserves.

After nine days a German report stated:

"SIcily Invasion Commanders"

The British forces taking part in the invasion of Sicily were under the command of General Sir Harold Alexander, GCB, KCMG, who led the Eighth Army in North Africa.

The commander of the American forces (formed of the new United States 7th Army) is General Sir George S. Patton, Jr., US Army.

Other senior officers under General Eisenhower, commanding the combined expeditionary force, were:

- Sir C.-E.-C. Mediterranean, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, GCB, KCB, GCMG, KStJ, CB, RN, commander in chief, Mediterranean, who led the Eighth Army in North Africa.
- Sir C.-E.-C. Mediterranean, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, KCB, CB, RN, admiral of the fleet, move, (British) Mediterranean fleet.

From the first the German plan, whatever it was, miscarried. The thrust south from Orel failed, after heavy losses, to make any substantial progress. The thrust northwards from Bydgorz after some days of desperate fighting did succeed in driving wedges through the Russian defences and emerged into open country. It is impossible yet to say how deep the penetration was, but it is clear that forcible fighting continued and the Panzers never succeeded in establishing freedom of movement. Both sides threw in reserves, and the Germans claim that a great battle of attrition was in progress in which Russian reserves would be exhausted. It was, in fact, a case of victory going to the side which could conserve its last reserves.

After nine days a German report stated:
Swift Advance Follows Landing on Sicily’s Coast

PUSHING ON INTO SICILY. Allied forces had occupied one half of the island by July 21, 1943. British infantry (1) advance from Pachino, capture of which was announced on July 12, towards Augusta, which fell two days later. Two infantrymen (2) enter a street in Pachino. Army packmules (3) for use in mountainous areas are led ashore from landing-craft, and (4) unwilling Italian prisoners are marched into the main square of Licata, capture of which, by the Americans, was announced on July 12. July 11 and 12 were memorable for the quickest ever advance on Sicily. The enemy were retreating towards Messina, in the north-eastern tip of the island, facing the "toe" of Italy. But the struggle for Catania—some 28 miles north of Augusta—was still proceeding, with General Montgomery's men of the 8th Army making steady progress towards the conquest of the town.

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British Official photographs by radio from Algiers
After Sicily Comes the European ‘Fortress’

SICILY—AND THE LARGER TARGET. Stiffer enemy resistance encountered by July 19, 1943, indicated that the first phase of the Sicilian conflict was over. By then we had occupied all that part of the island south of a line drawn from Empedocle to the outskirts of Catania. The upper map shows Sicily's communications and air bases. The lower one, polar and inner fortification “walls” of Hitler's European “Fortress.” Solid black arrow indicates our Sicilian thrust; broken arrows, directions of further possible invasion blows.
The United Nations Attack Europe’s Under-Belly

AMERICAN SHERMAN TANKS are seen in the top photograph splashing their way towards the Sicilian shore during the Allied landings on July 19, 1943. By July 19, U.S. forces had advanced westward from Gela to Porta Empedole (see map on page 113). Below, infantrymen have just disembarked from the landing-craft on the left. This new type of vessel has shaped instead of square bows, resulting in greater speed and it is fitted with ladder-gangways to facilitate disembarkation. (See also illus. page 139.)
Our Invaders Set Foot on the Sicilian Shore

JUST OUT OF THEIR LANDING-CRAFT, Allied infantry wade up the Sicilian beach, the foremost of them heading in the direction of the sand dunes seen in the background. The Italian shore defences "folded up like a concertina," and within a few hours after the landings on July 10, 1943, our troops had penetrated several miles inland. By July 13 Allied forces were firmly established in the S.E. corner of the island, and by July 19 one-third of Sicily was in our hands, together with more than 80,000 prisoners.
LANDED BY THE ROYAL NAVY on a beach in Sicily on July 10, 1943, British troops, wading knee-deep, have here formed a chain to pass the American and British flags to the U.S. 2nd Army's vital 7th Infantry Division. After the Allied invasion, Germany, now ploughing through the door of Italy, is supplied by sea. Allied air forces, escorted by the Allied Navy and further protected by aircraft, have kept up increasing invasion forces fully equipped with guns, tanks and other supplies essential to the successful prosecution of the great task in hand.

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

As this is written, reports of the internal condition of Italy suggest that the end of Italian resistance cannot be too far away as was thought before the invasion of Sicily began. In these circumstances it is perhaps hardly surprising that the Italian Navy has shown no sign of coming out of port to fight. That this is due to any lack of courage on no one who knows the Italians is going to believe. Neither should it be ascribed solely to inadequate air support, though this may be a contributory reason. Another explanation that has been presented is that there are no longer enough destroyers in the Italian fleet to provide an anti-submarine screen. This is hardly supported by the facts.

It is true that fully fifty of his destroyers have been sunk since the Duce decided to take the fatal plunge in June 1940. Probably about a dozen more have disappeared in various ways, so that the total wastage may be assessed at about one third. But there were 130 destroyers or large seagoing torpedo boats in the Italian Navy at the start of the war, with a number still under construction.

In addition, there are at least two Yugoslav destroyers, the Dubrovnik and Libljana, which are reported to have been taken over by the Italians and renamed Premuda and Senesino respectively. It would seem, therefore, that there may be quite 70 still in service: enough to afford ample screening to a bigger battle-fleet than ever Italy has been able to muster, even if some deduction be made for destroyers under refit.

This leads to the conclusion that the object in keeping the Italian fleet out of action is mainly a political one. Mussolini doubtless considers that the retention under his control in two different ports of some six or seven battle-ships, over a dozen cruisers, some 70 destroyers, and an uncertain number of submarines and other warships, is equivalent to the possession of a certain number of bargaining counters. But he will find it difficult to bargain with adversaries whose only terms are unconditional surrender.

Whether similar ideas are entertained by the Nazi rulers of Germany it is impossible to tell. At the end of the last war, when the situation became desperate for the Germans, their fleet was ordered to proceed to sea and fight, but broke out into mutiny instead. This mutiny did not affect the submarines, being confined mainly to the big ships at first. Long periods of idleness in port, with the gradual picking out of key ratings for duty in U-boats, led to discontent and insubordination.

There is always the possibility that similar conditions will produce the same results. Germany's big ships in the present war are by no means so numerous as in the last, but they must have had an even duller time. Several of them have been stationed for over a year in Norwegian waters, far removed from their homes and with a definitely unfriendly population around them. They have the added discomfort of knowing that the homes of many of them are in nightly danger of being wiped out by Allied bombing, which was not the case in 1918. Then it was permissible there may be some element of truth in the stories from Sweden of sailors in the German squadron at Trondheim becoming restive under the strain.

MIGHT Have Won War For the Axis

One of the principal objects with which Germany dragged Italy into the war was connected with the fact that Italy's geographical position, aided by the possession of a powerful fleet, gave her the opportunity of cutting British communications with the East through the Mediterranean. Until quite recently, indeed, it has been necessary to send the bulk of our shipping via the Cape of Good Hope instead of through the Suez Canal, involving an enormous addition to the distance to be covered and consequently to the time occupied in the voyage.

From London to Aden via the Mediterranean and Suez Canal is just over 4,400 miles; by way of the Cape of Good Hope it is 10,200 miles. This extra strain on our already overstretched shipping resources, combined with the greatly improved opportunities given to the U-boat attack on commerce by the simultaneous withdrawal of France from one side and the entry of Italy on the other, might well have won the war for the Axis.

It must be admitted that it was a close thing.

Had Japan come in sooner the situation would have been even more desperate. As it was, the United States had been given a certain amount of time to prepare for the danger which ultimately materialized at Pearl Harbour. This second crisis of the war was almost as acute as the first, and but for the experience gained in dealing with the earlier emergency it is questionable whether it would have been possible to struggle so successfully with the second.

After the war is over in Europe there will remain a tremendous task still to be accomplished in the Pacific and Far East. It will require all the resources of the United Nations to overcome the stubborn resistance which the Japanese are accustomed to offer even when there is no hope of relief from a desperate position. Not until the Japanese fleet has been induced to fight it out and has been completely annihilated will the ultimate victory be in sight. Nor is it to be expected that surrender will follow immediately; for the real rulers of Japan are the soldiers, who do not grasp the implications of sea power.

Had it been left to the Japanese naval chiefs, it is to be doubted whether they would have allowed the seized sea power of the British Empire and the United States would ever have been taken. But with the army holding the controlling influence, wielded by Tojo, it was not to be expected that naval views would receive much attention.

By this time it is possible that some glimmering of the truth is beginning to penetrate into Japanese Army circles. Their troops are being sacrificed freely in endeavours to hold back the Allied advance in the Solomons and New Guinea, but without complete command of the sea it has proved impossible either to prevent landings in New Georgia or Nassau Bay or to reinforce the threatened garrisons. Already severe losses have been inflicted on the Japanese naval forces that have vainly attempted to escort transports to New Georgia.

Though there seem to be plenty of cruisers and destroyers left in the Japanese Navy, the supply cannot be inexhaustible, and sooner or later the time will come when there are not enough to go round. At the same time, the Allied superiority in all classes of warships would be increased, and the Japanese would be finding themselves in an ever increasing state of inferiority. When the European situation has been cleaned up, the naval reinforcement immediately available should be sufficient to turn the scale in the Allies' favour.
Allied Navies Do a Mighty Job Magnificently

SUCCESS OF OUR LANDING OPERATIONS in S.E. Sicily on July 10, 1943 was due largely to the faultless efficiency of the Allied Navies. The invasion armada was composed of about 2,000 vessels of all sizes, from cruisers to "lily ships," and the troops were put ashore dead on time. Top, en route for Sicily: inset, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsey, K.C.B., K.V.O., Naval Commander Combined Operations in the Mediterranean. Bottom: American L.C.I. landing-barges laden with troops ready for departure. PAGE 137
They Helped to Make the Invasion Possible

BRITISH INVASION CRAFT which played so successful a part in the assault on Sicily on July 10, 1943 represented many months' work in our shipbuilding yards. These boys (1) heaved the rivets which the riveters (2) are seen driving home. A great side-piece (3) being moved into position for riveting. Finished invasion barge (4) being transported seawards by means of a barge. The steamheater (5) is welcomed after a hard morning's work well done. The smiles became even broader when these Home Front workers learned of the great results of their arduous labours. Another type of invasion craft is shown in the opposite page.

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How Our Assault Troops Crossed to Sicily

NEW TYPE OF INVASION CRAFT that greatly increased the speed with which assault troops gained the Sicilian beaches. Built in U.S.A. from Anglo-American designs, it has several interesting features, including the ladder gangways (see also page 138) which are lowered as soon as the vessel enters shallow water, enabling troops to disembark from both sides. Top, U.S. troops clambering up one of the gangways during rehearsal in Britain. Bottom, one of the new craft with gangways raised.
With a Red Bomber Squadron in the Caucasus

Soviet Air Force crews assembled at their base (1) for the take-off: they are about to set out on an important sortie. Capt. Malinin, the Squadron's Commander, is seen on the right. 2. Stormovik dive-bombers swoop low among the mountain valleys as they attack enemy ground targets entrenched on the precipitous hillsides. 3. In close formation the Stormoviks roar above snow-clad peaks. Capt. Malinin, Commander, smiling and confident, gives the signal for yet another take-off.

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Photo: S. Koffuor, Exclusive to The War Illustrated
ON THE CENTRAL RUSSIAN FRONT, in the Byelgorod-Kursk-Orel sectors, battles began on July 5; three days later German tanks drove a wedge into Soviet positions at Byelgorod. By July 14 the enemy had little to show for his terrific onslaught. In the first six days of the offensive he was reported to have lost 2,400 tanks and 1,000 planes. Bottom, Russian anti-tank gunners fire at a Panzer unit across a river in the Byelgorod area. Centre, U.S. Boston Bombers flown by Soviet aircrews operate over Kursk. Top, German machine-gun post in the mouth of the Kubin bridge-head, where the Russians took an important position on July 18, 1943.
Intensive planning and material preparation on a colossal scale—with nothing left to chance—was accomplished in time for the attack on the Axis armies in Sicily. Here ROBERT DE WITTE explains what tremendous thought and labour are involved in the pre-
parations to move an attacking force, such as that which descended upon Sicily.

Two thousand ships laden with men, equipment, lorries, armoured cars, tanks—these and more formed the spearhead of the invasion force which struck at Sicily in the early hours of Saturday, July 10, 1943. They will be followed by more ships, more men, more materials every hour until the island is conquered.

To have assembled this great force with its equipment down to the last boltcase and sent it off according to a split-second timetable within two months of the last major battle securing the ports in North Africa is a remarkable feat. You need only appreciate this thing that the Germans, for all their reputation for organization, have been utterly belied. Just what the preparation of such an invasion armada involves is not appreciated even by those who see loaded ships in endless procession leaving port.

When the last Axis soldier in North Africa stopped fighting many people expected that they would pick up their newspapers in two or three days and read that Allied forces had landed in Europe and were continuing the drive against the Axis armies where they left off in Tunisia. As days passed there was 'nothing happening' as the man-in-the-street put it.

In a very great deal was happening, more perhaps than at the height of the battles in Tunisia. Victories in modern war must be speeded up by preparations, and for the next battle, mass preparations are made for the next battle. And they are not over yet. As has been observed in the cases of the beaches the pause is likely to be a long one, for completely new techniques and new preparations are being brought up for the next operation, which is necessarily amphibious.

Planning Delivery

A modern army requires a fantastic amount of equipment. A modest figure is 12,000 tons per division for 'warlike stores.' Put this in another way and you find that moving a comparatively small army of 100,000 men requires a concentration of perhaps 100 large merchant ships. Bringing the stores to the beaches might be as much as several hundred trains or perhaps 40,000 lorries. And mere numbers is only half the problem. The men, materials, weapons, food, medical supplies and so on must be brought in the right order to the right place at the right time.

Remember that the British army uses 3,500 different items of equipment, from the largest tank to the smallest 20-ton tank. Full production will yield 700,000 different items were assembled and packed. They included over 20,000,000 lb. of good, 38,000,000 lb. of equipment and 10,000,000 gallons of petrol and oil. The fuel was conveyed partly in tankers, partly in small drums which could be carried ashore by two soldiers. The 'logistics'—as the U.S. call the men who plan the movements of men and materials—also worked out and set in motion the machinery for the replacement of all this material as required. Experience shows how long a pair of boots or a set of tires will last. Replacements must be there. And the period varies with the pace of the fighting and the terrain. The Eighth Army required 2,000 tires a day. U.S. soldiers were expected to wear out boots at the rate of seven pairs in three months. In kinder terrain tires, caterpillars, boots and 'spares' of all kinds are not required in such numbers.

Shipping is the determining factor in amphibious operations, and upon the number of ships available may depend the size and formation of the invading force. Long experience enables the experts to say very precisely what materials and men they will transport, not such a simple matter when you remember that the order in which materials are packed, the unloading facilities at both invasion port and attacking points, and the proportion of material to be packed ready for action, all have to be forecast and computed with a mathematical accuracy. The practical method of packing is in cases, where a long procession becomes too large to be broken down and loaded in units, the stuff is packed into a large container, which is then loaded on to the ship. These containers are usually large enough to hold the entire load of material for a whole division.

Many of the calculations have, of course, been made for a major amphibious operation—a case study in the calculation of nearly 180,000 packing-cases for a division.

Prisoner Problems

Then there are maps and photographs. The experts will prepare them first for themselves, of that they may not only make a general calculation on the tonnage that can be handled on each beach and harbour, but a really detailed one, down to the exact berth to be taken up by each ship with its special load. The total will require maps and photographs in thousands. Over 1,000 different maps and 5,000 different air photographs were printed, some of them in hundreds, for the invasion of North Africa and Algeria. The more detailed maps have to be made, if possible, the minutest features, on a scale of nearly one inch to the furlong.

Even this very condensed account of some of the preparations that have to be made for a major amphibious operation will explain the 'pauses' that must occur. The Germans had six years to prepare for their attack on Poland and Belgium, and the Allies had three years to prepare for the invasion of Britain. Yet they required a long pause for preparations for the initial success in Flanders, and they waited nearly a whole month after the initial success before considering the time to be ripe for the final attack which was to precede the sea invasion of Britain.

One of the reasons for the delay when the German attack might have caught Britain unawares was that they were chocked with the prisoners and booty they had taken. They had made elaborate preparations for clearing prisoners rapidly; but weeks had to be spent in degassing them.

We have been faced with something like the same problem in North Africa. The 291,000 Axis prisoners, taken at the end of the very overloaded lines of communication, have been a major problem, absorbing transport and manpower.

Plans, perhaps in some detail, may exist now for moving all the major battalions away from the High Command and send them to the front. The High Command may anticipate the war, the battle plan and it may probably work out to the last yardage just what will be required for anticipated operations far ahead on the line of battle. The problem of the long-range amateurs. But the actual carrying out of these plans will be exceptionally difficult, for even the idea that the Allied troops are moving towards the front is a matter of the interest. These plans, however, may exist.
Our Sea-Soldiers Storm the Beach

The recent landings on Sicily owed much of their success to the toughness, efficiency and skill of our assault troops, the result of months of most rigorous training. The first British officer to step ashore in Sicily was a Royal Marine—and here are men of that famous Corps of sea-soldiers carrying out a grim rehearsal. At top they are seen gaining the crucial initial foothold on land, while below a section is providing covering-fire for its advancing comrades.
**Swift Work Follows the Landing**

Clothes and equipment folded in a ground-sheet and pushed before them as cover and pum-pum (1) Marines of the advanced landing-party negotiate a river a short way inland, to work round to the enemy’s rear. A concrete sea-wall backing the beach (2) proves no insurmountable obstacle with disciplined hauling and pushing, and a jetty (3) is rope-sailed with incredible speed, whilst a rifle group seen to be that the Brits proceed slowly shall not be wildly interrupted.

**Staff Hazards are Taken at a Stride**

Even a vertical cliff (4) gives the “Jabber” foot-hold, bunched as they are with battle equipment. At the top of the rope, sudden action may develop—but the men above are speedily protected by comrades with light machine-guns. A cross-river scramble and a sheerwood climb (5) are tackled as easily by these U.S. Rangers who have trained with their British allies, they are swinging down netting into their waiting boats to carry the inland advance a stage farther.
The Attack is Pressed Home

A dense smoke-screen to cover the advance (1) is put down by low-flying Blenheims, whilst a Jeep (2) summons Spitfire support by radio to aid the foremost units. Ultimate success is largely dependent on uninterrupted and rapid intercom-
munication, and this is provided and maintained by men of the Royal Corps of Signals; here (3) an A.A. gunner protects cable layers. Personal camouflage, especially at dawn and dusk, is vital and in (4) two Marines prepare to rush an enemy reconnaissance patrol and with bayonet-work ensure that news of the advance shall not leak back that way.
VIEWs & REVIEWS
Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

THERE P.B.I. I suppose everyone knows what the letters stand for. The phrase was invented, I believe, during the last war. The poor boys in the infantry invented it themselves. It is an example of that half-poise, half-pathetic humour in which the English, Cockneys especially, excel: I feel sure it must have been a Cockney who first spotted the P.B.I. after reading infantry Officer (Batsford, 6s). I am more than ever convinced that those initials exactly fit the text.

As the author is a serving soldier he cannot put his name to the book. All we are told about him is that he is a young man, about twenty-four; but what he writes reveals a stubborn, obstinate character and a lucid, observant mind. He needed them both in France during those catastrophic weeks between the opening of the Hun offensive in May 1941 and Dunkirk.

Of the first eight months—he went out at the beginning—little is said; but there is one painfully significant, casual remark: "During those eight months I don't think I took part in one field exercise. We have learned since then the absolute necessity of practising over and over again the operations the infantry will be called on to undertake. There was no general on our side who saw it in those months of digging and drinking." Alexander must have known; it was he who started intensive field training after Dunkirk; but he was not high enough up at the time.

The truth was the commanders-in-chief did not want to go to war. We know the Government were being put through the most realistic rehearsals of what they had to do when the offensive started. We did nest to nothing in that line. Fortunately the commanders-in-chief are very different men now.

Educated French people the author found friendly and understanding. With the peasants he had some trouble. One day a piece of anti-aircraft shell made a small hole in a farmhouse roof. He went to ask if men should be sent to mend the tiles. "All the thanks I got from the old woman of the house was a hysterical tirade on England's responsibility for the war, and a pewter mug hurled at my head."

No more helpful was the French General of a division who later was encountered in a village near Lille. "He had lost his division, so it seemed to care very much. In fact, the only thing that worried him was our fault. He hated our intrusion and tried to order us out. But we stayed."

He refused stupidly to have anything to do with the line of to do in any way the miserable refugees who arrived in streams. The mayor of the village and the one policeman had bolted. "So we British were left to deal with the pathetic and ever-increasing lines of wail. A food counter was set up and a tin of something with a packet of biscuits given to each person. Their gratitude knew no bounds.

It was not easy to spare these nations. They had to be protected again against the pressure of French Moroccans or they would all have been stolen. One of the little force was on constant duty "guarding our stores, hiding what liquor there was in the village, stopping fights, and carrying home drunkards."

Very different was the squadron of Cuirassiers that I was supposed to accompany for a few hours. "They were as good as only good French troops can be. They were a genuine example of the French, the selflessness and guteness of it all, that it came as a great joy to meet the real France again."

If there had been more of that "real France" the invasion would not have taken the army so completely unawares. I well remember how surprised some of us were when the Germans struck at France and Belgium on the morning after Chamberlain had dismissed Parliament for a fortnight's holiday. How was it possible, we asked, that he did not know what was coming? At the front they were equally in the dark. Our intelligence failed criminally. "To say we were caught with our pants down would not be a statement," says Infantry Officer. We were utterly unprepared for the astonishing sequence of events which followed.

Infantry Officer in the 'Phoney' War

The author was actually on his way to the coast for ten days, leave which had been granted in a manner of speaking, with no anticipation of the war suddenly becoming real instead of 'phony'. He hurried back, and found his battalion in Belgium. The Belgians were in panic retreat. When it was suggested to a Belgian Guards colonel that he might 'forget about escaping and try to defend Brussels,' the capital of his country, he retorted furiously, 'You English teach me how to fight a battle! Pah, I spit in your eye!'

How chaotic the Battle of France was many incidents illustrate vividly. Here is one. While the battalion was moving away from Brussels towards the enemy, some of it under machine-gun fire. It was very frightening to see red-hot tracer bullets flashing past our ears in the darkness. We flopped down quick and started to reply with our Brens. Then it was discovered that the machine-gunners were not German, but belonged to the Middlesex Regiment! Here is another episode that shows how things-unexpected everything was happening. A German policeman was directing traffic at a crossroads in Flanders. The German troops were supposed to be twenty miles away. An armoured car came hurtling along the road. While it was still some distance away the policeman waved it on.

Suddenly a burst of machine-gun fire came from it and bullets spurt on the ground at his feet. He took a flying leap on to his motor-cycle, which by the grace of God was taking over at the side of the road, and went off hell for leather with the armoured car, a Hun, after him, firing for all it was worth.

He got away, but "the incident shook him. No wonder!" What the car was doing twenty miles behind the lines, God alone knows," the book says piously.

Really there were no "lines." No "front" lasted for more than a few hours. The text account of a battle in the Napoleonic wartime can be found in Sienbiedt's novel, Le Rouge et le Noir: it is better even than Tolstoi's descriptions in War and Peace. The book under review gives an excellent idea of a modern battle, fluid and confused, small separate engagements going on in many places far distant from one another, small bodies of troops compelled to act on their own initiative: that is to say, on the initiative of some completely junior officer or sergeant—or private, maybe.

In the first real fight we had with the enemy it was the author who did most of the commanding. The chief incident was the knocking-out of an enemy tank which was left 'stuck bottom-down and belly-up in a ditch.' Some motor-cycle combinations were also smashed and a dozen Germans put to flight by six of our fellows. It is not the sort of thing a kid that make up the infantryman's battle today, in open warfare.

His worst ordeal is being bombed or shellted without much chance of cover. But a lot of artillery fire can be sent over without much result. For an hour two 'Jerry pumped shells at us and not one man did he kill. In fact, only two or three were hit and those not badly. Yet at one time they were marching 'in full view of his guns.' Luckily he could never quite get the range."

If he had done we should have missed a piece of writing that both depresses and thrills—and makes one think.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FRANCE commenced—when our men out there were largely inactive—was the heroism of the French farmer. It was supplied by many chance instances. When the Frenchmen were on the phone to their Bren gun carrier, these men of the Royal Irish Rifles went 'back to the land' and hired out to a field worker's plough, which when there was as yet no real war, and after, is given in the book Infantry Officer, reviewed above. PAGE 478, Photo, British Office.
Cyprus—A Thorn in the Side of the Axis

A LITTLE larger than the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk combined, and with a population of some 380,000, the famous island of Cyprus occupies today a very important strategic position in the Eastern Mediterranean. Since the beginning of the war the role of Cyprus has oscillated more than once from the offensive to the defensive and back. It is not generally known that up to the French collapse it was partially garrisoned by French troops from Syria, no doubt with offensive designs on the Italian islands of the Dodecanese.

Thereafter, with the fall of Crete and with Rommel's advance, Cyprus lived through critical days; but, although the necessary naval and air operations could be better carried out from Alexandria and Malta, General Wavell (as he then was) made the

But Rhodes, the obvious first objective in this area, is less than 300 miles from Cyprus, as against nearly 400 miles from Alexandria. Not far from Rhodes is Leros, whose port between lofty hills and with a winding entrance from the sea has been turned by the Italians into their most powerful base in the Dodecanese. Further afield are the Black Sea ports of Varna in Bulgaria, and Constanza in Rumania, not to speak of the oilfields in the latter country.

These objectives, which lie between 600 and 800 miles from the nearest Allied-occupied territories, are all closer in a direct line to Cyprus than to any available alternative base. Whether with a Greek or a Turkish interpretation the United Nations contemplate using Cyprus aerodromes for such raids is one of the many questions, answers to which are being vainly

Mr. Churchill has referred to the not inconsiderable body of troops in Cyprus, including many Indians and his own former regiment, the Fourth Hussars. The Germans have stated that the island is crowded with American troops, which may or may not be the case. There are some thousands of refugees from Greece, and of course the one desire of all the able-bodied men amongst them is to oppose the oppressors of their native land. The Cyprus Regiment, comprising transport and pioneer companies, came into being on a voluntary basis in the first months of the war. It has served in Greece, Crete, Egypt, Libya, Syria and Rumania, in addition to the difficulties attending the evacuation, some 7,000 officers and men fell into the enemy's hands and are now prisoners of war in Italy or Germany.)

For home defence there has been formed the Cyprus Volunteer Force, while several detachments of Cypriot girls, some of whom are now in Palestine, have been recruited for the A.T.S. This is a special priority for the local girls, for the local flowers are for the local girls in the orient. For the local girls, flowers are for the local girls in the orient, flowers are for the local girls in the orient, flowers are for the local girls in the orient, flowers are for the local girls in the orient.

R.A.F.'s CEASELESS VIGIL OVER CYPRUS. This British escort is in the Mediterranean Sea (see page 644, Vol. 4) has for many months held itself in readiness to face an imminent assault. Recently there has been every indication that the island may play a vital role in our offensive war. A Hurricane squadron is shown patrolling above the menacing

bold and, as it turned out, very wise decision to send to the island substantial reinforcements from her hard-pressed forces.

To such a degree was this done that the Germans, in spite of repeated Allied radio warnings of invasion, became rather shy of attempting to capture what they and the Italians are now constantly speaking of as a strong base, whose possibilities are only diminished by the German base at Crete, but which has, say the Germans, a friendly Turkey on its flanks.

No one now seriously expects that Cyprus will be invaded; it is clearly for offensive purposes, and especially for the air offensive, that preparations have been made. A glance at the map may suggest that targets which most suitably be attacked from Cyprus. Not Crete, which is much closer to the Libyan aeros, nor even the greater part of Greece, although the airfield six miles south of Salonika which we bombed on June 6, 1943 is eaudistant from Cyprus and Benghazi.

fished for by German radio propaganda.

If we decide upon an offensive in the Aegean it may be that the Dardanelles will be open to the Royal Navy. The passage of merchant shipping by day is no unrestricted, while warships would be allowed to pass if giving assistance to a State which is the victim of aggression, which the Soviet most certainly was two years ago. It should be remembered that Cape St. Andreas in Cyprus is a mere 52 miles from the Asia Minor mainland.

I t is common knowledge that Famagusta, the island's chief port, does not bear comparison with Malta or Alexandria; on the other hand, the great Mesopoitan plain in Cyprus, celebrated in ancient times for its crops of cereals and now being brought back by irrigation works to its former prosperity is much more desirable from an airman's point of view than the restricted and rocky area of Malta.

R.A.F. BOMBSectors in the Aegean, July 5, 1943. The British escort is in the Mediterranean Sea (see page 644, Vol. 4) has for many months held itself in readiness to face an imminent assault. Recently there has been every indication that the island may play a vital role in our offensive war. A Hurricane squadron is shown patrolling above the menacing

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source of Supplies

Their chief product, the locust bean, after being a drug in the market for a year or two (in this country it forms the staple diet of the grizzlies at the Zoo), came with the war into good demand as fodder for military and civilian transport animals throughout the Middle East. Cyprus, by the way, has an admirable breed of mules that have done excellent war service. They can be more recalcitrant than ordinary mules, but the men who understand them will perform incredible tasks. Among the war materials produced in Cyprus are asbestos and chrome, while a large number of men and women are today wearing buttons manufactured in Cyprus, without being aware of it.

I must not be imagined that Cyprus has been immune from air attack. On April 29, 1943 her gunners shot down their fifth enemy bomber. These hostile visits have, if anything, increased the war zeal of the people. They are as sturdy today as were their ancestors in the fourteenth century, owning to a separate branch of the Eastern Church was founded there, and the archbishop was given the privilege, which he still enjoys, of signing his name in red ink!

After the French collapse, even when the forces in Cyprus were reduced to a minimum garrison, a spark of the offensive appeared in the sortie against the Italian seaplane base of Castelionzo, which is generally assumed to have been made from Cyprus. We have lately been informed that this small island has been "abandoned by the enemy." One can understand their apprehension as Cyprus becomes to them a more and more formidable opponent.
As Handed Out to Others by Mussolini

ALLIED BOMBING OF SICILY readied mounted in intensity during the weeks preceding the invasion. In late May, Gen. Eisenhower sent his forces to Italy. On June 10, Gen. Mark Clark took command of the Allied forces, and the Allies began to prepare for the invasion. On June 10, the Allies began to bomb Sicily, and the Italian government declared war on the Allies.

For a week preceding the invasion, day and night attacks by the N. W. African and Middle East Air Forces were maintained. Air-Marshals Tizard and Tedder planned the heavy daylight raid on the Italian airfields. On July 10, the USAAF delivered the first raid on Sicily, and the Axis communications were paralysed and the Italian forces neutralised during this "softening" of the island.

THE SICILIANS had full and overflowing draughts of the week's news of the Allied victory. They were radiant and joyful. The hopes of the Italian people, long held in suspense, were now being realized. Mussolini, the "Handed Out" leader, was revealed to be a fraud and a traitor.

A stirring message to the Italian people, signed by Pres. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, was broadcast from Algiers on July 14, 1943. "We take no satisfaction in invading Italian soil and bringing the tragic news of savagery to the Italian people. But we are determined to destroy the false leaders and their doctrines which have brought Italy to her present position."
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

It has become axiomatic in the course of this war that air superiority is essential to the success of surface forces. Up to the present this has been the more readily conceded in relation to land than to sea operations, due partly to the influence of old-fashioned traditions upon the British outlook on sea power, and partly to the fact that the naval side of our war organization persists in carrying the nomenclature of the sea into the air, calling aerodromes H.M.S. So-and-so, and attributing the success of sea-borne air forces to the parent carrier ship rather than to the aeroplane.

This naval outlook upon the aeroplane to the category of the torpedo, or the shell, or the man with a telescope aloft upon the crow's nest; but in effect it merely bends the new method of war to conform to the physical restrictions of the older method with which it is associated, because to operate outside those restrictions would benefit but little the functions of ships in war.

I remember before the war began, in the year 1935, when the Admiralty took over full control of the Fleet Air Arm, it was promised by some of the military officers that the future navy would operate one-third of its strength on the sea, one-third in the air, and one-third in the air. It is impossible during war to state what the proportions actually are, but it is certain that all naval developments have moved in this direction since the war began.

It is a fact clearly brought out in retrospect, but not properly perceived at the time, that the success of the evacuation of Dunkirk was due to four primary causes. These were (1) that characteristic of the British soldier which refuses to accept defeat; (2) the superb handling of the rescue craft; (3) the weather conditions which prevailed during the "Operation Dynamo"; (4) the covering operations of fighter, bomber and coastal aircraft of the R.A.F. No skill in organization upon the part of the officers commanding the naval, land, and air sides of the evacuation could have achieved success without having had that skill inalienably allied with the four characteristics I have mentioned.

In the invasion of Sicily we have seen the obverse side of the Dunkirk operation: the British soldier going forward into battle from small craft supported by the Navy and Air Force; all the same characteristics were exhibited; and there was the same general on the spot, General Alexander. This time there was no lack of material, and there was something which was absent at Dunkirk—the heavy guns of the big ships in support to provide artillery against the coastal batteries defending the Sicilian coast; during the evacuation of three years ago there was but the relatively light field artillery of the B.E.F. to counter the gun-crews of the Wehrmacht, and at night the bombers of the Royal Air Force.

Hitler Betrayed His Fear of the British

At Dunkirk and after, all the cards were apparently on the side of the Germans. They had gliders for carrying troops. We had none. They had transport aircraft. We had none. They had glider-borne troops. We had none. They had superiority in tanks, aircraft, guns of all calibres, trained men. We had the military loot from Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium, France, Poland. They had thousands of barges gathered from all the inland waterways of Europe. How, then, did they come to fail?

It was because they believed that the capture of the United Kingdom could be made easy by its preliminary reduction (in the military sense) through the bombardment of the Luftwaffe. That bombardment over, the troops would just be able to sail over and walk in. Upon that, apparently, their whole strategy hung. Why? Because they were afraid. The German as an individual suffers from an inferiority complex towards his British counterpart. It shows itself in divers ways—in some Germans as arrogance, in others as an attitude of cringing. There are exceptions, but they are in the minority.

Hitler betrayed his fear of the British as a fighting race in Mein Kampf. One German who was a colonel before the war, and whose name I last saw reported with the rank of major-general somewhere in south-eastern Europe, came to London for his first visit to England about six years before the war. He witnessed the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. And this is what he afterwards said to me: "You British are not a military people, but you are a martial race!"

The Germans, on the contrary, have been for generations a dragooned military people by compulsion, but they have never been, in the inner British way of taking to war (when the need arises) as a duck takes to water, a martial race. That is why we defeat them and how victory over us eludes their grasp. It is not in the spirit of the power of the German people to defeat the power of the spirit of the British people.

And so we have come to learn something of the meaning of air power and its application to war. We have applied it for the first time in its complete form to the invasion of Sicily. In the night before the morning when the German glider-borne troops plunged through the darkness over the stormy seas between the Mediterranean and Italy, the British and American glider-borne troops were flown in far beyond the D-Day, and the American troops were landed from the air. The British paratroops were flown in and the two combined to put two divisions ashore in one night in the light of a half-moon.

Bomb-Blasted Almost Without Ceasing

The bands of lightly-armed men who emerged from the gliders moved forward towards strategic objectives with the purpose of seizing them and holding them, by this means to aid the subsequent advance of the sea-borne assault forces who would follow before the dawn. Parachute troops dropped through the darkness over the darkened Sicilian interior. Under cover of night they landed on an island which had been blasted from the air for seven days and nights almost without cessation, by the might of a United Nations' Mediterranean air force of great and unintermittent power over the Axis airfields. The enemy's Sicilian headquarters and its communications network were blackened and rendered useless, and telephone building in Taormina had been struck by direct bomb-hits the day before.

With daylight on July 10 came the waves of fighter-bombers, fighters, bombers, bringing in, endless succession, support to the landing troops and the advancing troops; and protecting the sea-borne vessels of all kinds. Quickly the advance went on; airfields were captured and put into use with a scant delay in spite of their having been ploughed over. The push north along the coast to Messina, and westwards along the south coast, moved with a rapidly beyond normal expectation.

Many bases, which were not previously established was large enough to guarantee the power to disembark all troops and supplies with the utmost facility; while strategic bombers ranged to Palermo, Messina, Naples, Turin, and the hydro-electric power stations of northern Italy. These last two targets are being attacked by Bomber Command from Britain.

We have demonstrated to the world that the United Nations can achieve what Germany, under more favourable circumstances, failed to do in 1940. And we have used methods extended to us to give that demonstration we must thank, first, all those who con­ structed themselves at the German "Operation Dynamo"; second, the boys of Fighter Command who defeated the Luftwaffe over British; and third, Adolf Hitler who turned east because he was afraid of Britain!
Preparing Our Bombers to Batter the Ruhr

NON-FLYERS OF THE R.A.F.—the ground staff—do tremendously important work behind the scenes. As a base from which our giant aircraft make devastating and almost nightly attacks against industrial targets of W. Germany, incendiaries are taken from an immense dump (1) and loaded into waiting planes. A W.A.A.F. meteorologist (2) gets a last-minute weather report before the raiders set off. This bomb (3) is given an appropriate inscription. A formidable bomb-load (4) is being prepared for the waiting Halifax.
Our Gliders Made History in Sicily’s Skies

**AIRBORNE TROOPS LED THE INVASION.** Towed by twin-engined bombers, Morane gliders landed Allied troops in Sicily on July 9, 1943. (1) Morane glider, towed by a Wellington aircraft as a transpotation; at (2) after a sight shot. It was announced on July 9 that a freight-carrying glider, the U.S.-built Waco CGG "Vandier", had been towed by a Dakota plane from Montreal to Britain, captained by (2) Sqn.-Ldr. R. G. Sneyd, R.N.C., R.A.P. Transport Command (right), with Sqn.-Ldr. P. M. Gibb, R.C.A.F., as co-pilot. (3) The "Vandier" being unloaded through the hinged nose; it carried 13 tons of medical and war supplies. (4) An amphibious U.S. transport-gliders skims the water. Photo, British Official; Planet News
'Given the Works'—Germany's ME 109F Dissected

The above drawing shows an ME 109F which has been shot down while trying to intercept a raid by Martin Marion bomber (A). The German pilot has baled out. Interesting features of the plane can be identified in the drawing. The engine is a Daimler-Benz DB 601 N 12-cylinder inverted V type, developing 1,300 b.h.p. at about 18,000 ft. The cylinders are supported by three L-shaped brackets (G) resting pads (R) on two large brackets (C). The oil tank is at (D) and oil cooler at (E). Air is taken into the supercharger at (F). Armament includes two 7.9-mm. Machine-guns (D) and a 15-mm. cannon mounted between the cylinder banks and firing through the spinner (B). The pilot fires these weapons by means of separate buttons on the control stick (J). Armour protection for pilot's back and sides is seen at (K). Hood to open cockpit cover.

Over 90 gallons of petrol are held in the tank behind and beneath the pilot, giving a range of about 400 miles at over 300 m.p.h. Maximum speed is 375 m.p.h. and greatest height 37,000 ft. Wing span is 36 ft.
He Flew From ‘Shangri-La’ to Bomb Tokyo

On an April morning of last year a small man, with shrewed eyes and going a little bald, walked along the deck of the U.S. aircraft-carrier Hornet for the start of the greatest adventure of his life. This man, now in his middle fifties, had spent twenty-five years as test pilot and stunt flyer; this was his first combat operation. It was more than that; it was his own idea, conceived at the moment he heard of the Pearl Harbour attack four months earlier, and he was personally to lead the raid on the capital of Japan on April 18, 1942.

If he looked a little preoccupied it was because the Hornet, steaming within 800 miles of Tokyo and far from its base, had been spotted by enemy forces. Plans had had to be hurriedly changed and the take-off made 10 hours in advance. What was to have been a night raid was now to be a day raid, with a strong possibility that ground and air defences, warned by radio, would be in full operation. Maj. James Doolittle and the 80 men he had personally selected for this task were not worried about the danger. They were worried that they might be driven from their targets and that months of careful preparation and rehearsal might be spoiled.

The Hornet turned into the wind and the plane piloted by Major Doolittle flew from its daughter-circling until it had been joined by the other bombers. Then, with the Hornet turning at full speed for its base, the bombers flew towards the Japanese capital. They went in low to escape observation.

The bombs raining down not only on Tokyo but also on Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka brought the Japanese the greatest shock in their military history. How Doolittle and his men completely deceived the defences; and how 64 of them, after making forced landings because of the unexpected distance they had to travel, reached the Chinese lines and found their way back to America—all this is now a matter of history. For a year the world knew no more than that U.S. planes had bombed Japan from a base which President Roosevelt called ‘Shangri-La’ in a playful allusion to the mythical country of James Hilton’s novel, Lost Horizon.

Today it has been officially confirmed that the base was an aircraft-carrier, and that the planes were Hornet-bound Major Doolittle, who had been twenty-five years ago astonished and thrilled the American public by his spectacular flying. As the whole daring and well-conceived plan was revealed, it became evident how well Major Doolittle deserved the Congressional Medal of Honour and the rank of Brigadier-General given him a month after the raid.

It made him American Hero No. 2, second only to General MacArthur in popularity with the public.

A few months later ‘Daredevil’ Doolittle was in London on a mission, the nature of which the Axis was left to guess. Few recognized him at the West End hotel where he stayed, for indeed Doolittle bears little resemblance to the hunched-figure, hawk-eyed ace of action. Presently Axis war-weariness was satisfied about Doolittle’s mission. Hundreds of tons of bombs from 100 Fortresses fell on Naples in April last in the first attack made by U.S. planes on Europe from North Africa. They were under the command of Maj.-Gen. Doolittle.

U.S. planes followed that up with the first air raid on Rome, in full daylight on July 19, 1943, the North-West African Strategic Air Force—of which Maj.-Gen. James Doolittle is commanding general—combining with Middle East air bombers to pound the carefully chosen military targets for 24 hours. Of more than 500 planes which took part only 13 failed to return.

Doolittle Takes the Helm

His bombers have operated in many different places, with only minor losses. On one occasion Doolittle himself had a narrow escape, the Flying Fortress in which he was travelling with a number of staff officers being attacked simultaneously by four enemy aircraft. The co-pilot was hit, and Doolittle took his place; and after two of the enemy planes had been damaged the Germans gave up the attack.

The success of Gen. Doolittle, who, as pilots go, is a veteran, is due to his unusual combination of talents. That he has courage, daring and boldness poet without saying. Since he went to North Africa he has been awarded the Silver Star, the third highest U.S. award for gallantry. But a general requires more than this. Doolittle is not only one of the most skilled pilots in the world in anything from a fighter to a multi-engined transport—he has set up world records in both—he is also a most careful planner, a man who realizes that all the courage and skill in the world are not enough without the most careful preparation. He does not go lucky; but he courts it by overlooking no detail or possibility beforehand. It is a safe guess that the alternative plan of a daylight raid on Tokyo which was put into execution was no emergency make-do, but a scheme which had been as carefully rehearsed as the attack which the planes had been practising over American cities two months previously.

All through his long career as test-pilot and stunt flyer, Doolittle’s preparations have equaled the daring of his conceptions. The public had heard only of his breath-taking flights across America and his daring pioneer blind landings in fog. They heard little of his ‘going back to school’ for a refresher course before preparing for a record-breaking flight, or his rigorous physical self-discipline and training before attempting some new feat in blind-flying or altitude flying.

The bare facts of Doolittle’s career which made him the hero of American civil aviation in the years between the wars are quickly told. He learned to fly in the last war, and was named combat experience in France only because his skill made him so invaluable as an instructor that the authorities kept him in the U.S. With the coming of peace he turned to racing and record breaking. There were few important races he did not win, from the Schneider Trophy Race in 1925, when he beat the British, to the Bendix Trophy Race, when he became the first man to cross the U.S. in less than 12 hours.

Doolittle rejoined the U.S. Army Air Force before America entered the War, and was engaged in research when Pearl Harbour, which gave America a shock, gave him an idea. The Tokyo raid was already in rehearsal in less than a month. It was his own idea, and he converted experts and chiefs in the services to his viewpoint that it was possible not only by his enthusiasm but also by hard facts and figures. The raid was not intended as a decisive military action, but as a reply to Pearl Harbour, a demonstration that the U.S. also had original ideas, as a ‘hit’ for morale in the U.S. and an operation to keep the Japs guessing for months afterwards. After the raid Doolittle addressed a series of meetings of aircraft workers in California, and it is probable that his talks resulted in extra production more than equivalent to the number of planes lost (still secret) in the raid.
Before and After the Attack on Japan's Capital

ON THE HORNET'S FLIGHT DECK (above) U.S. Mitchell bombers assembled in Readiness for the Tokyo raid; escort ship is seen in background.
Right, Yokosuka naval base, Tokyo, viewed from one of the attacking planes; Japanese warships are shown in foreground.

AFTER THE RAID some of the pilots crash-landed in China. Above, they are being carried in rough conveyance to a village. Left, they are seen entering the village street on foot. Below, wreckage of Gen. Doolittle's bomber on a Chinese hilltop.

FAMOUS U.S. RAID ON TOKYO and other important Japanese cities which took place on April 18, last year (see opposite page and pages 550-561, vol. 5), was carried out by Mitchell medium bombers. It was disclosed on April 20, 1945, that 16 of these aircraft, commanded by Maj.-Gen. (then Major) Doolittle, took off from the aircraft-carrier Hornet, 800 miles from the Japanese capital. The machines were to fly on to specified landing-fields in China after completion of the operation; but they were unable to make the distance. One landed unharmed on Russian soil, others force-landed in China or in Chinese waters. Two were forced down in Japan, and the crews, consisting of eight men, were taken prisoners.


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I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness Stories of the War

By Air and Sea We Scooped on Sicily

The Allied invasion of Sicily—main stepping-stone to Italy—began with the landing of glider-borne troops on the night of Friday, July 7, 1943. Large-scale landings from the sea began early next day. Here trustee reporter tells vivid stories of the initial operations by air, sea and land.

I was exactly 10.22 on Friday night, July 7, when I heard Major Leonard Barrow, our pilot (I was in one of the U.S. tow-planes taking gliders packed with British troops to Sicily), speak into the interplane phone: "Calling glider, calling glider. Are you ready? I repeat are you ready? We are casting off." Then, before releasing the 300-0, tewinde, the Major added: "And lots of luck, fellows." I jumped on the navigator’s table and looked out through the “blister” atop of Helen B., as our plane was called. For a moment the glider seemed to follow, then its wing dipped and it slipped to Sicily—its cargo of Britons braced and ready. Right and left it looked as if we were on top of Dante’s “Inferno.” The port we were over was throwing up heavy, light and medium flat, trying to clip the darting ships. The coast defences chimed in. I watched it coming at us, my face wet with sweat.

We dove for 187 miles an hour and diving out to sea when a big shell exploded beyond the tail and I saw a stream of tracers diverging like a garden hose towards our trailer companions. "It missed them, too," the radio sergeant breathed, dropping his earphones on the floor. Then Helen B. banked into the darkness as Barrow "poured on some coal," and one night’s ride I shall never forget its crisis.

On the way out to Sicily, on all sides were flares started by explosions. They spread as we watched, as fires will when nobody is around to put them out. Flashes sometimes indicated ground fire as the first airborne troops struck, and then a gun would stop firing and another beacon would go dark. Strangest in the blinking panoply were regularly spaced "street lights" the defenders sent up—suspended starlike for as much as fifteen minutes, they extended for miles. Searchlights probed mopping up groups of Italians en route. More than 700 prisoners, including 15 officers, have been captured already. All day columns of prisoners poured in from the front, a happy-looking crowd guarded by one or two soldiers.

The Royal Navy has been giving the troops magnificent gun support, and big and small ships firing close inshore barrages with thundering salvos. During the day we did not see an enemy aircraft. An Italian submarine made a dive, but the British 1,515 on Saturday morning, July 10, and the Carabini had been rushing ahead ever since. It is a tough job keeping up with them on two feet.

The Italian beach defenses, which followed up like a concertina, were merely barbed wire and some machine-gun posts which fired a few salvos and then gave up. On our beach the enemy were evidently counting on the sand bars and trucks off shore, as a natural defence. But the Canadians surprised them completely by coming in in the heavy surf, and battling ashore through rough water up to the waist.

Coastal batteries shelled the boats, but the firing was erratic. The Canadians went through the beach defenses in a matter of minutes, cleared them and struck inland.

We Battled Ashore Through Waist-Deep Water

I Landed alongside the first wave of assault companies of a famous Canadian regiment on the sandy beach of Costa del Ambrì, four miles, south-west of Pachino, 515 on Saturday morning, July 10, and the Carabini had been rushing ahead ever since. It is a tough job keeping up with them on two feet.

The Royal Navy has been giving the troops magnificent gun support, and big and small ships firing close inshore barrages with thundering salvos. During the day we did not see an enemy aircraft. An Italian submarine made a dive, but the British looked like a Cup Final traffic jam with tanks, guns, and lorry trains through the sand to the roads leading inland. It was almost unbelievable. But the Canadians that first stage could be so easy.

I started this story of the first day in a slit trench; on my cliff position and it is being finished now in the early morning aboard headquarters ship. Last night bombers attacked troops near the beach-head tried to hit ships under the glare of flares. The raid lasted only about 30 minutes and was not effective. Our A.A. from ships and shore was terrific.

The troops were well dug in ashore, and the bombers could not touch them except by direct hits. The R.A.F. has been giving us fighter protection, and you hear the drone of Spitfires nearly all day. The ships have barrage balloons, and that brings in the part of London. Thousands and thousands of troops poured in on the beaches and the British glider-borne troops to Sicily are set to land.

Secrecy Maintained

The day before the attack we started to head in the general direction of Sicily, and everyone was keyed to high pitch. In the morning the wind started to kick up whitecaps on the sea. The wind rose steadily and our spirits sank, for we thought the operation would have to be postponed. Our small boats could not have lived in that sea. But there was bright burning sunshine and no message came telling us the job was off. The colonel told us the attack was to go on. At last we were on our way.

During the evening we learned from R.C. ship that Pathe’s aerials had been turned off. Some thought that perhaps the Italians had got wind of our attack, but secrecy had been maintained too well. The attack was a tactical surprise. The officers met in the Lounge. We are on the eve of a night in the history of the world which will never be forgotten," said the colonel. "We will look back on this night and our children will."

The Americans headed off for the Gela beaches.

*Your Destination is Sicily, and you will be the first American troops to land in the U.S. officer (standing) is saying to his paratroopers, in their transport plane. A story by Ivo Peterman, American correspondent, who accompanied the British and Americans airborne troops to Sicily on July 9, is given in this page.
We sailed right ahead under the first-quarter moon that glided the ocean.
I was going in with the naval commander in the naval motor-launch which guided the assault troops to the right beaches. At 1 a.m. we went down the side. Slowly the assault landing-craft gathered around us for the run-in. Many troops were seasick in them. It was a thrilling moment. Tremendous explosions boomed out in the night. I think it was bombarding far inland.
Some Royal Canadian Engineers from Nova Scotia and two companies of an Ontario regiment were touching down ahead of us. There were spurs of machine-gun bullets at their boats and along the beach, and then I heard our Bofors and 3-in. guns.
Some of the beach defences were still pegging away with their final shots before being wiped out. A coastal battery half way between the beach and Pachino, was firing machine guns. Shells crashed into the sea around us, too close for comfort, but they did not hit a thing.
I closed off down the beach with one thought in my mind—to dig in against dive-bombers, which I thought was certain to come. I had no spade, so I scooped out the sand with my hands and my tin cup. The sun was now up. Infantrymen with fixed bayonets were prodding the bushes on the dunes. The first prisoner I had taken was a soldier in a pig-iron; apparently, others had run.
Canadians moved up the hill to the right of the beach and occupied it. There was some firing at farmhouses among the vineyards of the gently rising land and stone walls around most of the fields. For half an hour I waited tensely for enemy planes, as did many others, but they never showed up. The beach was organized now and special British beach groups had the whole situation well in hand.
First Italian Prisoners
Canadian infantry were now racing up the road leading to Mazzini, a mile and a half from the beach. In an old monastery on the hill-top they surprised nearly 200 Italian soldiers and captured the lot of them. Troops of an Ontario regiment by now were about three miles inland and pushing ahead at top speed with Royal Canadian Engineers and British sappers going ahead through the fields with mine detectors. They located several large mines and dug up scores of the latest model German mine.
On the right flank a British formation had equal success in landing and taking out beach defences. They occupied the tip of the peninsula and I believe captured Pachino. Vancouver and Winnipeg regiments virtually walked in standing up and uninfused inland, clearing out pocket resistance and occupying high ground with British troops on their left.
After about an hour on the beach I began to trudge up the Mazzini road. At the first turn I met a batch of Canadians who had made the initial assault. They told me that the first civilian they ran into was a Sicilian who had lived in Toronto for seven years. Brem gun carriers were ashore now and they cluttered along the hard dusty roads on their way to the Pachino area. Long columns of troops followed up the assault infantry. The beach was a conglomeration of soldiers, vehicles, landing-craft, radio sets, and beach-markings dictating where craft could come in.
About 400 yards from the beach I went round a sharp turn in the road and saw the

Gela Beach Was Like a

The ships in the invasion fleet joined up on the right before the invasion of the naval guns which kept the enemy landing-craft from hitting the beach at Gela, on the south coast of Sicily, told me. It was a rough night (we went on) and I thought the soldiers were going to be sick. They weren’t—positively. We slipped slowly in, and about 11 o’clock saw our airmen busy bombing. There was a good first prisoners coming in. Two hundred Italians taken at Mazzini were marching down the road with three Canadians escorting them with fixed bayonets.
Canadians and British troops were in their tropical kit and wearing shorts. They looked like veterans; by noon all were covered with white dust. A frequent comment to us, as we passed them was: “Say, where’s the war?” This whole advance seemed unreal, and was nothing like what the troops expected. They’d got over the first hurdle in good style, and many had been in action and they were feeling like kings of Sicily—Rory Maude, Combined British Press, with the Canadians, S.E., Sicily.

Fourth of July Display

deal of A.A. fire. We thought the whole show had been given away, but we were mistaken. There were a lot of searchlights about, and we thought they were looking for us.
One searchlight flashed out to sea and we tried to put it out. We were out of range, but an American cruiser in the vicinity put it out with its first salvo. It was some shooting. There were many fires on shore. There was little coastal battery fire by the enemy, either because he had no powerful guns at the spot or our airmen had knocked them out. We saw the landing-craft go in. There was a certain amount of opposition, but they got in safely. The surprise seemed to be complete. I don’t think the enemy thought we were going to assault that particular beach.
There was a good deal of machine-gun fire. There were also numbers of explosions and a lot of noise. It was something like a fourth of July display.
We stayed ashore for an hour and a half, giving what help we could with our guns. There was a good deal of shooting going on, but it came mostly from the sea. If the enemy had had sufficient and large enough guns he could have given us a lot of trouble.
We returned to our parent ship and some enemy planes came over, but only just a few. From beginning to end we had complete air superiority. Whenever we looked up into the moonlit sky or heard a plane it was five hundred to one that it was an Allied one. We screened our parent ship for some time and were then asked to take more landing-craft to the beach. When we drew close in enemy shells were falling some yard away, so we said to the landing-craft: “That’s the way. Stop in and help yourselves.”

There must have been some casualties
Italian Prisoners Helped Us Land Our Guns

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LY a few hours after they were captured, Italian prisoners were cheerfully helping to unload storerooms and ammunition from Allied landing-craft on the Sicily beaches. The first prisoners were made known on the first day of the landing. They came down from the hill where they had been fighting and surrendered.

I sailed in with British infantry on a troop-landing ship which had done service at Landing of the Boulogne, and in North Africa. A droll little twig shed and high were running. By the dim light of a sickle moon they could pick out the other ships conveying into line. Tank-landing craft, like the others of the M.T.B.'s ploughed, lugged and dived, were well behind the deep trough of the sea. Escort destroyers circled on the watch for submarines and enemy surface craft.

Midnight came—zero hour. The troops were piped from the mess decks into the assault craft. "Away, landing-craft!" came the order, given by Lieut.-Commander J.R. Bradt. We slithered over the tops of the waves as quickly as we could. It took some time to reach a wave. A searchlight suddenly lit up and

I knew there were mines in the vicinity, but I didn't tell my crew. There were in action on the beach. I didn't tell my crew. It was the first time, but they behaved like veterans. Quite frankly, I didn't expect to come back.—

I was alone. I was in the cockpit. I was in the air. I was in the fight. I was in the battle. I was in the...
lost the statement that "the next-of-kin of casualties have been informed." This is done as a matter of course, not only by the Naval authorities but also by those of the Army and the Air Force. Yet the expression continues to be used, just for old sake's sake. I dare say old naval men would feel something valuable was missing if they did not hear it always tucked on when "regrettable incidents" are made known to the nation. That phrase, by the way--"regrettable incident"--was so frequently included in Boer War communiqués that it became a joke and was hastily dropped.

In several Continental countries they used to help railway passengers to get trains without having to ask questions of harassed

officials. No one was allowed on the platforms before a train came in. All who were waiting for trains sat in a big comfortable waiting-room. When a train was signalled a porter put his head in and called out the names of the places it was going to. All who were bound for those places filled out. This applied only to long-distance trains. For suburban services it was not required. For suburban services it was not required. I think, than the loudspeakers now installed at many of our stations which often produce merely a blare of incomprehensible sound.

I was reminded of that Continental method when I sat on Paddington Station waiting for a train to the West, where business took me a few days ago. As the hour at which it was expected drew near, I lined up on the edge of the platform. Many who had not waited got even better places than some who had. As the train slowed down we grabbed the handles and scrambled in. In the North passengers queue for trains, which is a much better plan; and safer, too, for boarding a train before it has quite come to a standstill is a risky business.

To the news that no mere whisky

is to be made has been added the announcement that stocks of wine are so low. It looks as if we might have Prohibition forced on us by circumstances, instead of being jockeyed into it by addicted politicians, as were the Americans. Since North Africa was freed from Vichy rule some small amount of Algerian wine has been arriving, but it is grotesquely dear considering what its price used to be. Fifteen shillings a bottle for what should have cost one shilling and sixpence--if you know where to buy it. Plenty of other wines seem to be found for it, though.

While five shillings a bottle is the authorized limit for a hotel or restaurant meal, it is possible to have a very costly dinner at home. Salmon at 5s. 6d. a pound to start with and

its American

is a very costly dinner at home. Salmon at 5s. 6d. a pound to start with and at 6s. in the shops. (They have been as much as 9s. each, but I have to tell you the keenness of cheap wine at nearly £10 a dozen. Chicken at 12s. 6d. apiece could be added.

It is a terrible affliction to be deaf. Many people say they would rather be blind, if they were compelled to choose between the two disabilities. Blind people have their other faculties sharpened, and everyone is kind to them. Deafness has a dulling effect on the mind and arouses very little sympathy; it is regarded as the thoughtless, rather than a misfortune. It is painful, therefore, to know that shortage of shipping space is causing a number of deaf persons to be without the aids to hearing on which they have been accustomed to rely.

These, I am told, came from the United States. It may be that salmon is the same material that is now more urgently needed for vegetable production. Anyhow, they don't come; and this causes much suffering among folk whose lot is hard enough at all times. It is just "one thing too many."
Two Far-Famed Warriors Seen at Ease

MEETING IN LONDON last May, Gen. Montgomery (left), C-in-C, 8th Army, is here seen in conversation with Field-Marshal Viscount Weygell of Cyrenacis and Winchester, Viceroy-Designate of India. The General had returned from N. Africa, while the Field-Marshal had come back from the U.S.A., where he had been present at the Churchill-Roosevelt conferences at Washington. Photo, Planet News
