COMMANDER OF THE 1st (HIGHLAND) DIVISION, Major-General Douglas Wimberley, D.S.O., M.C., hailed from Inverness. His men, mostly desert veterans, have been winning new laurels since they landed in Sicily, as part of the 8th Army, on invasion day, July 10, 1943. They were among the first to enter Cassino on August 5, having fought magnificently through every stage of the great advance. Maj.-Gen. Wimberley won his D.S.O. in the fighting against Rommel, and his M.C. in the 1914-1918 war.

Press, British Official
THE BATTLE FRONTS


WHEN I wrote last it was clear that the initiative had passed to the Russians and that the Germans were in danger of a major disaster if they decided to cling to Orel at all costs; the capture of Orel constitutes a notable Russian victory, and though the German retreat was carried out skilfully it cost them heavy losses and necessitated the use of all available reserves to keep the Russian pursuit in check. Doubtless this involved a transfer of formations from the Byelygorod front and gave Zhukov a chance of delivering one of the brilliantly timed blows which had been such a feature of his winter offensive.

It looks as if it took the Germans by surprise and the resulting break-through has placed them in a position even more critical than it was when the exceptionally early thaw came to their aid in the winter. The attack cannot have been merely a brilliant improvisation, which could hardly have been exploited so rapidly and fully. But it is amazing that Zhukov after the great defensive battle waged for the Kursk salient should have been left with a force sufficient to seize the opportunity. It will be disappointing if the Byelygorod break-through does not presage ultimate decisive victory.

The week that saw the fall of Orel, Byelygorod, Catania and Monsa may prove to have opened up new vistas which will lead to modification of Allied plans. The capture of Sicily can be regarded only as a preliminary step.

RUSSIA Once again Russia has surprised both the enemy and her friends in fulfilling all expectations. Last winter the initial success of her offensive, though surprisingly great, was to some extent due to the strategic mistakes of the enemy which presented a great opportunity, and winter conditions were in her favour. What really amazed military observers all over the world was the astonishing competence of the administrative organization which enabled the momentum of the offensive to be maintained with the most inadequate communications far beyond the range at which it was thought it must be lost. The campaign gave convincing proof of how formidable the Red Army was under winter conditions; but it did little to shake the belief that in summer the Allies were capable of matching its superiority when it regained its mobility.

When the German Kursk offensive opened there was an almost universal expectation that the belief would be justified, and the complete failure of the attack, in spite of the formidable character of the force employed, had to be explained by the admitted courage and tenacity of Russian troops in defence. Nevertheless, the success of the defence, especially after the defences in the Byelygorod area had been penetrated, caused great surprise; and for the first time German invincibility in offensive action became open to doubt. Few, however, believed that the Russians would be capable of repeating in the summer their winter successes.

The comparatively slow progress of the attack on the obviously exposed Orel salient seemed to indicate the limits of their offensive capacity and gave little hope that they would be capable of breaking through the main German defensive positions. Even so, the fact that the Germans, in spite of great efforts, were unable to bring the Russians to a well-earned surprise.

Then came the greatest surprise of all—the break-through at Byelygorod followed by its rapid exploitation. Here was something entirely new, vitally affecting prospects in the remainder of the summer campaigning season. It was a success which could only be explained by a definite superiority of the Russians both in generalship and in power of resilience.

It could hardly be argued that the Germans must have been caught on the rebound, after the failure of their offensive, for Byelygorod had for months been a strongly-defended position and formed an ideal rallying line. Even if the Germans had weakened their hold on it by transferring picking formations to the Orel front, there should have been ample reserves available to relieve them. For there must certainly have been a considerable concentration of less mobile troops assembled to support the original offensive spearhead. The break-through was effected, therefore, not at a weak point in the enemy's front, and was, consequently, all the more important in its implications. It was a soft spot, only in the sense that a successful break-through reached a particularly sensitive area in the enemy's rearward organizations, and had major strategic results.

When the Byelygorod break-through was followed by the penetration of the German defences between Smolensk and Bryansk, again a sector where they might have been expected to be exceptionally strong, a still further proof was given of Russian offensive power. In the winter campaign, when the German situation was at its most critical, the Russians were desperately handicapped...
in their attempts to give the decisive blow by the immense length their lines of communication, entirely dependent on motor transport, had reached, and by the retarding effects of snow on movement. The weight of their forward threats was consequently reduced. Moreover, the approaching thaw gave the Germans prospects of a period of respite, and encouraged them to hold on at all costs to dangerously exposed positions, rather than attempt difficult retreat which might otherwise have been inevitable.

Now the Russian base of operations has been immensely advanced and has a restored railway system to supply it. They are, therefore, in a much better position to exploit initial successes, both by weight of blows and by speed of movement over firm ground; and the Germans can expect no respite.

With the initiative lost, and their lateral lines of communication threatened, the German problem, always inherent in defensive operations, must be that of moving reserves to the threatened points, and unless they can concentrate reserves for counter-attack on a wide scale their situation is extremely precarious. If they are compelled now to carry out a withdrawal to a shorter defensive line, the evacuation of warlike stores from their forward areas will be immensely difficult. Moreover, they must be saved, not merely to prevent them falling into Russian hands but in order to fill the depots on a new defensive line. It is highly improbable that any position far in the rear is well stocked, and to stock it rapidly from home bases would, on account of the great distances and limited railway facilities, be a slow business. Retreat on a large scale would in particular involve an immense expenditure of petrol supplies difficult to meet.

SICILY The capture of Sicily, giving us practically complete control of the Mediterranean route, proving the practicability of large-scale amphibious operations and providing us with new air bases, was undoubtedly a vital and important preliminary step. There has been some disappointment that, during the time required to clear the island, further operations for which preparations had obviously been made were not undertaken. It is, however, impossible for anyone without the fullest knowledge of resources available, of the political factors involved, and of the full scope of the Allied plans, to offer any explanation of the apparent inaction.

The occupation of the island has clearly caused a notable disturbance of the dispositions of the enemy's troops; and it must be realized that it would have been quite impracticable to forestall the German occupation of the Lothbury plain. Whether it was ever the intention of the Allies to undertake a complete occupation of Italy, involving immense demands of shipping, is, I think, doubtful; and it is possible that the success of the Russian offensive may make it less, rather than more, advisable.

The actual fighting in the island followed the course expected, once it was apparent that the enemy, though he had failed to counter-attack in strength, was determined to play for time. The terrain gave exceptional opportunities for delaying action and made it impossible to take full advantage of the Allied superiority in numbers and armament. Only highly-trained and determined infantry could have overcome the especially difficult obstacles encountered.

Catania might possibly have been taken by a frontal attack, under cover of an artillery barrage; but the cost would have been heavy and the chances of failure were considerable. In any case, the greater portion of the garrison would almost certainly have escaped to continue their resistance in the defiles beyond. It was, therefore, in this case, undoubtedly correct to evict the enemy by manoeuvre.

What the enemy's object was in fighting so desperately for time is still not quite clear. Possibly it was merely to gain time to assemble craft for evacuation, and for the concentration of anti-aircraft defences; but probably there were other political and strategic motives which presently will be revealed in yet more triumphal action.
Our Infantry Show Their Mettle in Sicily

BRITISH FOOT-SLOGGERS soon found ample scope in Sicily for demonstration of their superb skill, daring and endurance. The mountainous interior of the island offered opportunities for such displays. Though they soon could decimate after all the bombing and strafing from the air had been completed it was the man on foot who had to affect the actual conquest of towns after town.

Up steeply-lying hill roads, across gorges and swift-flowing rivers they had to fight their way almost yard by yard, exposed to enemy snipers and strongpoints favoured by the terrain.

What Gen. Montgomery called "the wonderful feat of arms" by the 78th Division at Centuripe (see also page 19) was one of the infantry's most remarkable achievements in the course of the campaign. Photos, British Official / Crown Copyright

EIGHTH ARMY troops are shown tackling a Sicilian railway station, covered into a street by the enemy.

From the shelter of a stationary truck (1) a Bren gun team attacks a group of enemy strongpoints strongly entrenched in the station. Then comes the moment for a bayonet charge (2). Peasfield gained on the platform, belted doors are smashed, opened, an enemy strongpoint is shelling Nazi routed out.

The initial phase of the vigorous action is illustrated in page 224.

"Mopping-up" is one of the urgent jobs requiring attention after a town has been taken. As soon as Catania fell to units of the 8th Army on August 3, 1943, our infantry set about mopping up small encircled groups of enemy in the city (3). They found on the coast the enemy had pulled out the night before, having spent most of the previous three days mending buildings, including the post office, the Bank of Sicily and a big hotel. See also story in page 223.
British Artillerymen Back Up the Infantry

A GUN FOR EVERY JOB, expertly handled, was a major factor in our Sicilian triumph. Varied terrain called for a variety of artillery.

1. A self-propelled gun is a manoeuvre calling for agility and skill, as exemplified by this gun crew, all "on their toes."

Following the taking of the Prima Solo bridge (see p. 387) the 9th Army pressed forward by the aid of its powerful artillery. A battery of 25-pounders was brought up to deal with the situation (2). Different methods were called for in the hill fighting: (3) gunners loading a 6.5 howitzer; which was fired at difficult and inaccessible country of the interior.

Near Cassalu our troops captured an Italian howitzer intact, and very shortly it had been turned round and was punishing its former owners during a night artillery operation (4).

Photos: British Official: Crown Copyright
Gaily the 8th Army Marched Into Catania

MONTGOMERY'S MEN GET THERE! Patrols of the 8th Army enter Catania (top) on August 5, 1943, and find the Cathedral intact—evidence of the accuracy of our air bombing and naval bombardment. Lieut. B. J. Garwood, of the Durham (inset), received the Mayor's surrender, while our troops were welcomed by the liberated townsfolk (bottom).
The 78th Division Plucked Sicily’s ‘Cherry Ripe’

CENTURIP, 'FAIRY TALE TOWN' of Sicily, on the higher slopes of Monte Calvario, had lost some of its picture-postcard glamour when the vanguard of the British 78th Division entered it after three days' hard fighting. Royal Fusiliers, Sherwood Rangers and London Irish, famed as mountain fighters in Flanders, stormed their way through jagged gorge and high-banked river to the town — 'Cherry Ripe' — to them — and occupied it on August 5, 1943, on which day also Catania fell. Adriano was taken two days later.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

The latest results of the war against the U-boats, announced in a joint statement by the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt on August 14, are the equivalent of a great sea victory.

Over a period of three months enemy submarines have not only failed to inflict any serious losses on our convoys, but themselves have been incurring casualties at the record rate of one U-boat sunk every day. During the first seven months of 1943 Allied shipping was increased by 3,000,000 tons, losses notwithstanding.

These figures eclipse anything accomplished in 1915-18. During those in the worst period for the U-boats was the month of May 1918, when 16 were destroyed. In no other month were so many accounted for, the next most successful being September 1917, when we destroyed 10, and the following November, when the total was nine. Thus there was no continuous run of heavy losses for the enemy to face, such as has been revealed recently. Nor was the shipbuilding output of this country and the United States in 1917-18 comparable with that of the present war.

Already it is evident that the Germans are paying a high price at a loss to meet the situation which confronts them. Their first reaction was to alter the tactics of the U-boat flotillas, which found that the wolf-pack system of preying upon convoys had ceased to pay them. Instead, as indications of the refutation the official announcement to recent sinkings having taken place in distant areas, enemy submarines have had to seek targets in remote seas, where there is a chance of finding merchantmen unescorted. This policy is not going to yield any rich returns, such as might have been expected when a heavy attack was launched on an inadequately escorted convoy.

No secret has been made of the fact that the defeat of the U-boats is mainly due to a more abundant supply of escorts. From such accounts of the situation in the past three months as have appeared, it would seem that 10 to 12 warships, comprising destroyers, sloops, frigates and corvettes, is no unusual total for a convoy escort. In addition, the mid-Atlantic gap between the extreme operating ranges of shore-based aircraft on either side has been bridged by the employment of carriers of the escort type, whose planes are able to patrol the waters around the convoy routes and drive beneath the surface any submarines encountered. Not infrequently the patrolling aircraft are able to drop depth-charges which damage the U-boats and leave them an easier quarry for the warships that are immediately directed to the spot by signal.

Though no figures of shipping losses have been released since the middle of 1941, an indication of the improvement during the present year is contained in the official statement that in the first six months of 1943 the number of ships' tons per U-boat was only half that in the second half of 1942, and only a quarter of that in the first half of 1942. (See chart, p. 201.)

An excellent opportunity appeared to be offered to the U-boats when the Allies invaded Sicily. Over 2,500 vessels were involved in the operation, and any attack on the island and landing reinforcements and supplies, yet the total losses the enemy succeeded in inflicting were only about 80,000 tons, and that at heavy cost to the attacking submarines.

GERMANY Faces a Death of Experienced U-boat Crews

In spite of these discouraging results the Nazi propaganda agencies are working manfully to keep up the courage of the German people, who are regaled at frequent intervals with imaginary figures of the tonnage which is claimed to have been destroyed. While it is admitted that the submarines' task is becoming harder.

However many U-boats remain in service, they cannot continue operating freely in the face of such severe losses as have been incurred in the past three months. Doubtless there are sufficient submarines in reserve or completing to make good the casualties, but the training of crews will need to be accelerated to man them all. An even greater difficulty will be to provide experienced captains, since it is usually the daring and enterprising ones whose submarines run into trouble. The slower and more cautious captains do not as a rule accomplish very much destruction, as analysis of the results of the last war shows plainly enough.

LATE MOMENTS OF A U-BOAT, at the mercy of an escort carrier plane. Two headquarters of Nazi U-boat officers ride alongside a Allied depth-charge, which is just about to spell doom for the enemy vessel— one of the 86 sunk by the Allies during the quarter May-July 1943. (Photo, Newsweek.)

In these circumstances the Germans are obviously batting on a losing wicket. They are endeavouring to retrieve the situation by increasing the force of air attacks on shipping, but the area within which their aircraft can operate effectively is less than was earlier in the war. For the Luftwaffe to be required to provide fresh squadrons for war against seaborne commerce may well prove the last straw.

How in the morale of U-boat personnel likely to stand the severe losses inflicted upon it? Judging from the last war's experience, it is improbable that it will be affected to any serious extent, though more hurried training may result in some loss of efficiency. In 1918, it will be recalled, it was the crews of the German heavy surface ships, and not those of the destroyers and submarines, which became discomfited and ultimately broke out into mutiny. There are far fewer big ships in the German Navy today, and their influence on the situation is correspondingly less.

At the same time, the fact that those ships are mostly in Norwegian waters, and that their crews must be feeling acute anxiety for their homes and families in the Reich as the Allies' bombing programme continues to extend, is a factor whose importance must not be overlooked. The less friendly attitude which is now being adopted by Sweden must also have a depressing effect on their spirits.

In connexion with the evacuation of German troops from Sicily across the Straits of Messina, I was recently asked: "What is the Navy doing to prevent this?"

Those who raise such questions would do well first to examine the geographical position. The Straits of Messina are narrow and tortuous, as a glance at a large-scale map will show. There are strong currents and whirlpools, to two of which the ancients gave the names of Sylla and Charybdis. To cross in power-driven boats at night is a simple matter, as the distance to be covered is not more than two or three miles.

For heavy warships to venture into such narrow waters would be to risk destruction by mines, to say nothing of heavy guns in coastal batteries on either side of the Straits. Light draught vessels such as motor torpedo-boats and motor gunboats have more than once, under cover of darkness, delivered attacks upon enemy vessels sheltering there.

Even aircraft found it difficult to interfere effectively with the traffic across the Straits. At one stage a mass of anti-aircraft artillery whose incessant fire made it extremely hard to hit small craft in motion.

THE FOUNDING OF MUNDA by U.S. warships surprised heavily to the east of this important Japanese naval base in the Solomon Salores. After a fiercely fought battle, over a month, the fleet led by General MacArthur's lieutenants August 8-14, a light cruiser during a bombardment in which 15,000 shells were fired. (See story and illus., pp. 258-25.)
Catania Softened-Up by Allied Navies’ Big Guns

NON-STOP NAVAL SHELLING of Catania—probably the most prolonged naval bombardment in history—preceded the 5th Army’s assault on the city. When our men entered it (see p. 197) they found ample evidence of the accuracy of the shelling. A British battleship led the firing (top and bottom) with broadsides at from 10,000 to 11,000 yards range. During the engagement—in which the warship Queen Elizabeth of the Royal Hellenic Navy participated—destroyers depth-charged a U-boat (centre) that attempted to interfere.
Will Allied Planes Spell the U-boats Doom?

Step by step the U-boat menace is being met and mastered. And in that process a great and growing part is being played by aircraft. Indeed, as Capt. FRANK H. SHAW tells below, the men of the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command are of the opinion that, given the planes they can provide, they can give the best answer to the enemy's much-vaunted submarine.

My pilot claimed no fewer than seventeen aerial attacks on enemy U-boats during recent months; and he expressed the opinion that in the long-range Sunderland or Liberator or Catalina—or the Whitley, for that matter—the Allies had the best answer to Hitler's savage U-boat threats. Over the Bay of Biscay, in the Sunderland's wardroom, he intelligently expressed his views; and, though a child in years, he was a sagacious veteran in experience, which counts more than many years of theorizing.

It seems enemy submarines, when attacked, vary in behaviour according to their nationality. It is said that in the case of the German, as usually crash-dive, when spotted from the air and in danger of attack. Just why this should be is my pilot had no opinion to offer, unless it was that the "flee" command was more humane to their crews than the Hans, and gave them an extra chance of survival. Better to jump overboard than die, poisoned and drowned and suffocated, in the clammy dark of the Biscay deeps.

One long-range U-boat-carrying aircraft have one main advantage over surface warships—speed. The increased range of vision is also worth taking into account. The Sunderland in which I travelled recently attacked and badly damaged a U-boat that was just coming into position to scatter torpedoes among a convoy; and the destroyers and corvettes shadowing the U-boat might not even know of the pilot's proximity. He had probably detected the escort's precise whereabouts by his listening devices and had planned a quick hit-and-run assault on the unguarded vessel of the convoy. Instead there was this young pilot, with deep-charges.

"We shook up that cussed U-boat!" grinned the pilot. "It was a picnic; he tried to dive—but the depth-charges frightened him so high out of the water that we saw his keel as white as clouds gave him a pretty braced; he wallowed like a harpooned whale. The escort ships hadn't even turned about by the time our attack was over. The corvettes found just oil and a smear of debris; and the Sunderland's crew were allowed a "probable." If they hadn't spotted him, two, three or four—maybe even more—of that crack-dive in 20 seconds, and can cruise on the surface at round about 20 knots. He has the entire ocean in which to hide; and the range of vision from a warship's bridge is limited. My pilot backed the aircraft against the surface ship every time."

"It will be better when the anti-submarine aircraft are trenched in, of course," said Young Sagacity. "I know we're not exactly limiting our output. Assume that one aircraft attacks one submarine—to be relieved by another the moment it's got rid of its load of d.c.s (depth-charges)—the good old Merchant Navy would have a better chance. As it is, a man hesitates to unload everything on a single target in case another and even more urgent target shoots up just as he has discharged himself. You don't attack with machine-guns, cannon even, if fitted; but these U-boats are tough and can take a lot of punishment; and that sort of fire is wasted when the target is large."

To drop heavy depth-charges across the U-boat swells more than doubles the hope of destroying him; the sea-disturbances following the big burst is bound to shake him a thunderbolt and follow his swirl. Crossing him, we dropped a couple of d.c.s, and nothing happened beyond the burst. But after a bit the look-outs—and every member of the crew turns into a look-out at such times—reported a small quantity of oil. That mightn't have meant anything; it's simple to squirt a gallon of oil out through a valve. But presently a little more oil seeped up—at about the same spot."

The pilot's face glowed. He was seeing it all again; that victory which means so much to our arms."

The aircraft then circled the swells. Everyone was keyed up, with the gunners watching in case of air-attack. The pilot went in and dropped another charge of depth-charges; these exploded precisely. Up came the Hun, rolling hard. Before his conning-tower was right up, men opened the hatches and began to jump over the sides. Others, better disciplined, manned their A.A. guns and opened fire; but a spray from the Heinkel's machine-gun drove them out or caused them, too, to leap overboard.

With the flying-boat going at full speed, it wasn't too easy to distinguish them. As it turned out, the U-boat appeared to be tilted the wrong way, down by the stern. The commander appeared in the conning-tower and must have tried to recall his crew; but they swam away all the faster, whereupon the German shot them up with a machine-gun. Another charge dropping close to the hull caused it to fold like a pocket-knife; the wreck went down hump-backed. All that remained was a few red gun-flashes and signal the trawlers to pick up survivors.

Coastal Command has no desire to steal the Navy's thunder; but the impression is growing strongly in the Command that big, long-range aircraft provide the best antidote to the marauding submarine. The radius of action is wide; with an adequate number operating, aircraft relaying aircraft without gaps, there need be no single moment, day or night, when a convoy is not covered by an efficient air-umbrella.

"We feel we cannot do enough to help the Merchant Navy," said my pilot. "The way they carry on, come hell or high water, they deserve the best protection they can get."

Two of this youth's best attacks occurred at Dunkirk. Once the muffled sounds of German Lights Bared uselessly the other time. A corvette collected survivors from No. 1, but no corvette was handy in the second case.

These long-range flying-boats are usefully employed against enemy surface ships. This one in which I travelled caught one blockade-runner fairly west of Finisterre, hurrying for a Biscay port. As no answer was given to the private signal, the Sunderland went down to investigate; whereupon the blockade-runner opened fire with everything he had. Had the Hun kept quiet he might have had the benefit of the doubt, as a blockade-runner as a matter of fact, its evasive action became immediately necessary. But the Hun kept running; two, two more guns opened almost against his paint. As the ship was not divided into innumerable water-tight compartments, he promptly disintegrated. The opinion was that his magazine had exploded. "Only 100 H.E. rounds wasted such a Brock's benefit!" said my pilot.

I foresee a time when the air will be full of flying 'planes; when that time comes the Hitler's dreams of final victory will fade into distorted nightmares.
Behind the Scenes in Waging the Atlantic Battle

GREATEST BATTLE of the Atlantic in this war was fought during May 1942. The U-boats were routed and our losses were the lowest since 1919. Much of this success is due to Capt. A. J. Baker Crosswell, D.S.O., (1), Escort Training Captain, Western Approaches, and his staff aboard H.M.S. Philemon, who are conducting the selection and destruction of U-boats and conducting training course based on their researches. Among the exercises taught are the art of boarding an enemy vessel (2) and the maneuvres known as the “Grid Iron.” (3) Adm. Sir Max R. Horton (4), Con., W. Approaches, goes aboard the Philemon.
METAL MONSTERS must in ter-
rible conflict in the historic Battle
of Orel. The capture of this city
—hinge linking Hitler's central
and southern armies—on August
9th was followed by its fall to
the Russians through more
than 40 miles of violently fortified
battles reinforced with all the de-
vices of military science by the
Nazis during their 22 months' oc-
cupation.

Smashed German tanks (1 and 4)
marked the line of the Soviet
advance. Other enemy armours—
of which this tank and self-pro-
drive panzer (3) is an example—
takes in perfect condition and
sent to the Russian rear, were to
play a further part in the con-
cluding stages of the battle.

While on the way to the front
the Russians were careful not
to encroach upon growing corn
(2) or other crops, so vital for
their continued drive, which by
August 16 had taken them to Malye
Luki, 10 miles east of the River
Dnepr—Britons' earlier encoun-
tered. They captured Krasno-
ogorsk from Zhizdra, 38 miles to the northeast.

Photo, U.S.S.R. Official; Pictorial
Press
A Dagger at Russia's Heart Torn from Nazi Hands

CAPTURE OF OREL—followed in a few hours by the taking of Stalingrad—was the most heartsealing and significant development since war fired up on the Eastern Front. It ended the general inferiority of the Red Army to the Wehrmacht in summer fighting; it finally removed any German threat to Moscow; and it "hacked out the strongest molar in the jaw of the Nazi southern defence line.

The fall of Belbekov (1) on July 32 marked the last phase of the campaign, for it was then the strongest remaining outpost of Orel facing the Russian lines. A regimental gun-fallows Soviet infantry through fields that only a day before were devastated by the Germans. A battery of medium mortars gives powerful support (2).

Inside the Orel citadel at last, a spokesman of the Commanding Generals of the Red Army talks to inhabitants of the charred and shattered town (1), which was in the grip of the enemy's last line of resistance in the Nazi defence system.

Photo: U.S.S.R. Official; Pilotier Press

PAGE 208
From 'Fortress Europe' to 'Citadel Germany'

With Germany reeling under terrific blows and reverses, Hitler is preparing his last stand—or it is being prepared for him. DR. EDGAR STERN-RUBARTHE explains here the reactions of the beleaguered German people, reviews the possible plans of the military Junkers who now and then plainly enough what stands at the end of Hitler's road.

For exactly 130 years the Germans have been trying to satisfy the necessities of war—until the R.A.F. carried it there. Gifted with imagination as they undoubtedly are, this lack of experience, fostering some sort of superstition as to the safety of their own homes, has contributed not a little to their acceptance of risk and odium of Hitler's preposterous campaigns. The realization of what it now means to them, to their families and homesteads, is more bewildering, exasperating, and demoralizing by far than the same experience for Frenchmen, Russians, Italians, Balkan peoples and many of the nations whose souls, within living memory, was swept by war.

Gestapo and concentration camps, for a while, were able to deal with the consequences of that sudden realization, as long as the Nazi leaders could explain away his predicament to the German man-in-the-street as a trystant hardship to be borne for the sake of ultimate victory. After all, there was something "heroic," some patriotic duty in suffering the loss of home and home, life and limb if it contributed to the reassuringly glowing future of the fatherland and the creation of a German uninfamed with the Jew, the Bolshevik, the Jew, Jews, Photocurts, and whatever other bogies Goebbels's inventive brain had created for the Nazi dupes.

But this stage of the war is past; the enormous credit given to Hitler and his gang by a popular war within whose own organs were being right, and the rest of the world完善, is exhausted. Under the blows of the R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F., of the utter failure of the third, but relatively limited summer offensive in Russia, the Nazi's most brilliant offensive in Sicily, the dwindling U-boat campaign, that had been obedient but grossly unskilled, the German people, is beginning to turn and twist in the fetters applied by the Nazi dwarfs; Mussolini's sudden downfall, and the defection from the Axis cause of all Hitler's puppet states reveal of their own accord, from their own, and the oppressed peoples, are completing the drastic cure.

Significant posters have turned up in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany: "Hitler hat Achsenbruch gehabt, Maria, wieder Fuehrer!" In German "Achsen" is "axis," and "Fuehrer" means "leader," in the official designation of the "driver." This license: "thus this slogan, randly spreading in Germany, implies that Hitler has incurred a break of his axis (Achsen) so withdraw his driver's (Fuehrer) license! A few months ago it was the Nigerian such blasphemy, or any other public criticism of the Nazi leaders and their policy, would have meant the execution of scores of careless talkers, and the concentration camp for many of them.

This, too, is at an end; the Gestapo and the S.S., wherever denunciation occurs, have long since been ordered to stay out, to let popular wrath express itself. The result is the collapse of the looting by desperate means. Mussolini's mass demonstrations, or of joint Italian-German demonstrations in armament

For the political consequences, the taking back of their lines in Russia so as to shorten them fly at least one third, the giving up of the Balkans, indestructible without the 26 to 34 Italian divisions and the wholly enervate 23 Bulgarian—they want to keep, at least for the time being; and in view of the freeing of Doctor's U-boat campaign, the shores of France and Norway, but to provide also for their evacuation in an emergency.

For their line of defence are clearly mapped out already; they embrace a rear of Norway, with a glads surrounding her rigged and ill-defensible frontiers, from the tip of Finland to the Straits of Dover, along the Maginot line, the Swiss and Austro-Mato border to the eastern tip of Slovenia in the Carpathian mountains; from there straight north across Poland to the southern front of East Prussia—thus including some 60 to 70 million foreign people, instead of the 250 million they at present hold down.

There is a rather fantastic element of political speculation in that scheme, too: the hope of coming to terms with Russia by a devastating and lost soil! While this conception was being profoundly and consistently reduced territory would facilitate some of their, at present, most difficult tasks: transportation, exchange and reinforcement of fighting units, food distribution, etc., and make heavily depleted fighting forces do for a longer period, the plan seems bound to miscarry because (a) it affords the same advantage to the United Nations, plus the active support of liberated nations thirsting for revenge, and (b) it would expire at once fell sweep the whole of that "Citadel" to our bombs, from Vienna to Konigsberg, from Kreop's to Skoda's, from Upper Silesia to the Rub, and turn Germany proper into an anti-hill of desperate men, women, and children trying to escape destruction.

Yet, better strategies than Hitler as Bial-chitsch, Bock, Romsdag, Mau-stain—all of them, characteristic, belonging to the end because they are, in effect, all about the destruction, the destruction of United Nations, plus the active support of liberated nations thirsting for revenge, and (b) it would expire at once fell sweep the whole of that "Citadel" to our bombs, from Vienna to Konigsberg, from Kreop's to Skoda's, from Upper Silesia to the Rub, and turn Germany proper into an anti-hill of desperate men, women, and children trying to escape destruction.

The new strategy, however, is that of a multi-armed system largely replaced by unreliable and short of men, from which all over occupied countries, by pushing their underground resistance, convince the United Nations, plus the active support of liberated nations thirsting for revenge, and (b) they would expire at once fall sweep the whole of that "Citadel" to our bombs, from Vienna to Konigsberg, from Kreop's to Skoda's, from Upper Silesia to the Rub, and turn Germany proper into an anti-hill of desperate men, women, and children trying to escape destruction.

Thus, too, is at an end; the Gestapo and the S.S., wherever denunciation occurs, have long since been ordered to stay out, to let popular wrath express itself. The result is the collapse of the looting by desperate means. Mussolini's mass demonstrations, or of joint Italian-German demonstrations in armament...
British Paratroops Seized This Bridge

Here was fought one of the grimmest battles of Sicily. The 400-ft. long Primo Sole bridge (top) spanning the confluence of the rivers Simeto and Gomolunga, and key to our successful advance on Catania, was seized on the night of July 13-14, 1943, by British paratroops, changed hands again and again, and was finally held by the Durham Light Infantry. German prisoners (below) taken during the prolonged and bitter fighting there included many paratroops.
Pressing on From the Bridgehead

The Pinsa-Sala bridgehead has been well secured, our men pressed onward along the arrow-straight, six-mile road towards their objective—Catania. A British 6-pdr. gun (1) pounds enemy positions in the city’s northern outskirts. Scottish troops (2) move up towards the grim fighting which awaits them. In the opposite direction go carts laden with Sicilian families and their goods, returning now that the fighting from which they fled has passed beyond the area of their homes.

Rifles and Shore Batteries Triumphant

The shadow of defeat already loomed darkly over Catania when British infantry (3) moved up to Vizzini, scene on July 11 of yet another 8th Army triumph. Three weeks later Catania itself was occupied. Meanwhile, Sicilian coastal defence batteries had been overrun and the guns, captured in good order, manned by the British (4); these men, under Major J. V. Kelly, D.S.O., are overlooking Syracuse (which fell on July 10). Allied invasion ships are seen in the background.
R.A.F. Contributes Its Magnificent Quota

With amazing speed captured Sicilian airfields were reconditioned for use by the R.A.F. A Spitfire (top left) is overhauled by the side of an abandoned German ME 109. R.A.F. Servicing Commandos (top right) repair radio equipment within a stone's throw of a Spitfire revving up for onslaught on enemy transport; while pilots of "The Fighting Focks"—a famous North African fighter squadron— perch on yet another unlucky ME 109 (below) while waiting orders for a fresh sortie.
Who first thought of a Home Guard for Britain? There are many claimants to this honour, one of them, oddly enough, the Trades Union Congress. From the Trade Unions, and from the Labour Movement as a whole, there came for many years an earnest feeling that a Home Guard existed, the most determined opposition to a Citizen Army. I can remember having many heated arguments with Labour men when I was doing my best to support Lord Roberts' appeal for national military training. "No conscription," was the Party's slogan; it was opposed equally to the raising of a vast volunteer force. Yet, according to Mr. Charles Graves, who has written a very full and most interesting history of The Home Guard of Britain (Hitchinson, 160, ed.), it was the T.U.C. which, after the War Office had turned down a scheme put up by the two high-profile army officers, took the matter up and very shortly afterwards the scheme went through.

It is a pity this sudden conversion was so long delayed. At an earlier date the arming of the people, the idea of the Home Guard, leaving the regular army free to undertake operations overseas, would probably have convinced Germany, whether in the Kaiser's time or after Hitler took his place, that we really meant business and not ratting along.

I think there is little doubt that the response to the Prime Minister's call (made through Mr. Eden) for Local Defence Volunteers in May 1940 had a great deal to do with making Hitler postpone the attempt to invade this island. It was a sign, for one thing, that our people were in a unity of purpose, and I believe that there was no Fifth Column here to help him. It wasn't only, even if Mosley, the potential British Quisling, had not been chopped into jail, any attempt to do here what had been done by traitors in Holland and Norway, and probably in France, would have been instantly and bloodily crushed.

It was on receiving help from sympathizers in our camps that our men later counted when he planned his invasion. Ribbentrop had misled him; just as Prince Lichnowsky misled the Kaiser's Government before 1914. When hundreds of us were arrested from the classes hurried to join the L.D.V. the Nazis quoted at the thought of the reception an invading army met with at the hands of the air we should get. Their plan was hurriedly changed.

If they had known more about this new element in the war situation they might have stuck to their original idea. When I joined it a week or two after recruiting began, it was in a condition which could almost be called in the language of the Book of Genesis "without form and void." Why? No officers, we had no arms, we had no notion what our duties were to be.

After some weeks we got a file of orders which we shared, much to the disgust of the "old sweets" among us, who looked on a rifle as a soldier's most treasured personal possession. Gradually the force took shape. By the time its name was altered to Home Guard, in the late summer of 1940, it was settling down to its job.

The War Office was taken by surprise when the decision to enrol a citizen defence army was made. Suggestions had been put up to it that such a supplement to the regulars might be necessary in view of the probable use of parachute troops by the enemy. These were waved aside. The official attitude was "We are doing all that is required." Even when Mr. Churchill forced its hand, it took a long time to carry out his wishes. The Home Guard was sent to tell Parliament there would be no commissioned ranks nor even real N.C.O.s.

As late as November 1940 the headquarters of the force were "a scene of mild pandemonium." There was not then the same urgency as there had been in May, when the organizers were told the L.D.V., "must be ready to fight in two weeks." But it was incredible that after six months they should still be so much uncertain and muddle.

Finance was one great difficulty. The Treasury were very sticky about it. However, the obstacles to the efficient and smooth working of the force were smoothed away until it became what we knew to-day, the most remarkable example in history of what the French call a l'ecole en masse, the uprising of the manhood of a nation in face of danger, the manifestation of a will to victory that has never been surpassed.

It was the complete mix-up of all sorts and conditions of men in the recruiting of the L.D.V., that puzzled and worried Hitler when he was shown translations from British newspapers of reports about the rush to join. The War Office had said that, if the country was appealed to, it did not think the men would come forward for volunteer local defence. That shows how utterly bureaucrats are out of touch with the public. Results began coming forward even before Mr. Eden had finished speaking on the wireless that memorable evening of May 14, 1940. The police stations experienced a busy night. Young men, old men, the fit and the unwieldy gave in their names. Statements as regards age were taken on trust, except in those cases in which we were dealing with the elderly and rogues wanted to pass as under thirty-five, and those recently out of the masters who pretended they had reached the age of seventy.

In the ranks were stars who had fought well and even become famous ex-soldiers. One commanding officer, a V.C., looked at a recruit and said: "I haven't seen you before anywhere?" "Yes, sir, at Buckingham Palace, an investiture," was the reply. "What decoration did you get?" the officer inquired. The same as yours, sir," the recruit answered. He was a V.C., and his name, J. Lesch.

When a brigadier was inspecting Home Guards, he stopped before a man with a long row of medal ribbons on his tunic and said sarcastically, "You seem to have seen a lot of fighting, my man. Tell me, which campaign did you enjoy most?" The private thought a moment, then replied, "I think, sir, it was the one in which I was second-in-command to General Alkeny."

Though Mr. Graves has written a serious history with full details (though not quite full enough dates), he is not above telling a story whenever the chance comes in his way. Here is a good one about a sentry in Scotland. His company commander came round and asked if he had ever fired his rifle. The answer was No. Was it loaded? Yes, five rounds in the magazine. Had he got a target in the breech? No. Had he opened up and showed the breech? "All right," said the officer. Then the private "closed the bolt smartly, thereby sending a round into the breech, pressed the trigger, and—missed his commander by a couple of inches!" There was the silence of the sentry remarked, "Aevel, I've fired ma rifle b00, sir."

CHANGING from a volunteer to a conscripted Army, the Home Guard are keener now than at any time, Mr. Graves claims. No country in the world could have provided so many men able to maintain so much enthusiasm over so long a period of so exhausting a practice. But for the Home Guard England would almost certainly have been invaded. But for the Home Guard it would have been impossible to envisage the invasion of the Continent. Two million men fully armed and trained, knowing every inch of the country in which they lived, well led and drilled on the heart, from a sure guarantee of victory. It is a force which has given confidence to all our friends, the United Nations. It has survived the haphazard origin, its temporary lack of arms, its critics, and its greatest potential enemy—hesitation. It has been and continues to be the moral inspiration for all.

The average age of the Home Guardsmen is now slighty under thirty. The old and unfit have been weeded out "stringently," says Mr. Graves. Those who remain are alert, patriotic, keen. He has a word for their wives, too. "They could not do it if their husbands did not encourage them."

A word that is thoroughly well deserved.
Healing Hands of the Red Cross in Sicily

SUCCEEDING THE WOUNDED are Major G. A. Fowler and Capt. J. S. Hutchinson, of the R.A.M.C., assisted by an Italian Red Cross nurse, Yolanda Giarrolo (1). Banderman A. Frapante, of the Isle of Wight, employs a Sicilian mule-cart (2) to take medical supplies to a forward dressing-station. Nursing Sisters of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nursing Service were serving in Sicily three or four days after the invasion started. (3) British nurses resting barely an hour’s ride from the front.
Italians Applaud the Fade-Out of Mussolini

JUBILATION IN ROME followed the resignation of Mussolini, self-appointed Dictator of Italy and Fascist Number One, on July 25, 1943. From an improvised platform, a portrait of King Victor Emmanuel II is displayed, flanked by the Italian flag (top), while a bus conveys a cheering mob flingish the national standard through a street of rejoicing citizens (bottom). Marshal Badoglio replaced the Duce as Governor of the country, with full powers. See also story on page 105.

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Photo, Associated Press
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

Despite the most important aspect of the whole European situation—namely, the Axis—the air war is the one of the most remarkable current features of the war. The American planes advanced from the American aeronautical and armament engineers.

Indeed, the team work of the British and Americans in the air is one of the most remarkable current features of the war. Where the Americans were least advanced (as in heavy night bombers) the British were ahead of the world. And where the British were backward (as in heavy day bombers) the Americans were ahead of the world. This happy combination of circumstances has made it possible to stage the most complete air offensive the world has yet seen. It is a condition of things which the Axis failed to foresee, a failure they must bitterly regret.

The British, having in mind especially the Ruhr—would be safe from bombs must he have placed his faith in gunfire to keep back the night bombers and in the (then) superior numbers of German fighter squadrons to defend the daylight sky. But nothing the German air generals ever did in the way of night bombing approached in the slightest degree the overwhelming of the defences that is achieved in every big raid by Sir Arthur Harris’s Bomber Com- mander. The guns and searchlights, massed though they are, are battered into semiblinding and silenced by the sheer weight of the air bombardment and by the smoke that rises from the smashed and burning target.

Always the Germans learn much in theory, but seldom enough in practice. Their own theory of war before they plunged the world into this second and greater global conflict was that mobile attack would defeat static defence. How then did it come about that Goering and the German air generals failed to perceive that air attack is mobile while air defence is largely static and can only be dealt with by night at so much? My own view is that they never got as far as that in thought. They knew that they possessed great superiority in numbers of aircraft and they assumed that victory would be theirs because the enemy would never get an opportunity to recover.

In June 1940, the Italian Air Force, according to the official German theory by turning his forces against Russia and thereby giving us the opportunity to recover. Finding himself up against a force more than he evidently ex- cected, he had need to embark Japan to keep us and the Americans too busy to bother him while he remained preoccupied with his Asiatic adventure.

We never believed seriously in the daylight bombing offensive. It was thought that no daylight bomber could survive the losses that would be inflicted by modern fighter aircraft. And so we concentrated on night bombers and day fighters. This theory was vindicated in the Battle of Britain, and Hitler’s forces (and theories) met their first defeat.

AERIAL TACTICS

In the Western Hemisphere, however, the conditions were so different from those obtaining in Europe. With its relatively small countries and check-by-check-into-the-sky thinking of the wide spaces of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans— the jump from San Francisco to Honolulu is 2,400 miles and no intervening island—and the 2,650 mile overland crossing from the east to west seaboard, and the 3,000-mile trip from San Diego to the Panama Canal Zone, not to mention the mountain and desert nature of some of the territory, American points of view coincided neither with the British nor the German. The Americans built long-range flying boats and long-range daylight bombers to meet their own hemisphere’s requirements. The extensive nature of the operations which they had to provide for made it imperative that they should provide their bombers with the elementary defences of height and speed and powerful armament, rather than design them to take advantage of the strategic cover of night.

Bombers that operate by night are handicapped by the variations in the hours of darkness in the higher latitudes throughout the year. That is why it is easier for some of our bombers to operate from the southern side of the European front, rather than the western side represented by the British Isles, and why some of the bombers taking off from Britain in the summer months for distant targets, situated several degrees to the south, fly on to land in Africa, instead of attempting to return to Britain, where their return flight would be from the Italian occupied Europe.

So, with the doving-tailing of American day methods and British night methods of bombing, the power of the United Nations to create havoc within the Axis-controlled ring of Europe has risen to proportions beyond the capacity of the Luftwaffe to counter.

These powerful blows are strategically fitted into the general strategy of the war, so that they aid the land offensive in Europe and Russia and the offensive against the U- boat. They are the nearest approach to the application of the theory of General Douhet, the Italian air theorist, that any nation or empire that controls the sea will control the land or the height of irony for Britain and America in combination to prove to the Axis partners that this theory was not altogether true, after all. Germany and Italy, having tried to carry out the theory, thought that it could not be applied in practice. But war is always paradoxical. Air war is no exception.
Last Moments of Service in the Luftwaffe!

DEATH STRUGGLES in the air, caught by the camera, provide some of the most dramatic photographs of the war. A German Me 110 transport plane (1) is hit by a stream of cannon shells from an Allied fighter over the Cape Corps, Corsica; gunfire from the victim's windows suggests that it was a transport airship.

The end awaiting it is as inevitable as that of the Junkers 88 shot down by a Coastal Command Beaufighter in the Bay of Biscay (1); all that remains of the Junkers is a blaze of oil and petrol on the water.

A dog-fight between a Spitfire and an Me 109 over Northern France (3) is caught with a burst at 300 yards; fire is seen around the cockpit of the Me 109 (1), resulting in an explosion in the engine (2) and pieces of the aircraft falling away. A moment later (4) the port wheel bursts into flames; the flames, however, and the smoke trail almost blind the Spitfire's camera vision as the Nazi machine hurtles to destruction.

Photos, British Official
Funeral Pyre of Hitler's Rumanian Oil Hopes

PLOESTI OILFIELDS ABLAZE as 177 Liberators of the 19th U.S. Army Air Force pressed home their daylight attack on August 1, 1943 (see also p. 118). Bombers sweep in low above swirling smoke and flame. Smoke clouds thicken as another release its bomb-load on the refineries, which suffered very heavy damage. One Englishman among the 2,000 airmen who took part was Squadron Leader George C. Barwell, D.F.C., R.A.F. gunner expert, since awarded the American D.F.C. and Air Medal.
WHERE STEEP LITTLE DORSET RISE takes you from Tudor Street by historic Salisbury Square to Fleet Street, this unique view of St. Paul's has recently been opened up by the demolition of bombed property. The Cathedral may now be seen in a setting comparable to that which inspired Sir Christopher Wren—standing on an eminence and isolated in space—with room enough even for the open-air fete and sports meeting which was held on August Bank Holiday, 1943.
This Harvest Will Live in the Memory of Man

Between summer and what the Americans call the fall half a million additional workers are required to help the farmers in the British counties. The magnificent achievements of our agriculture under the stress of war, and of the yet greater achievements within reach—if the labour is forthcoming— and the weather is not too unkind.

But though the countryside and the small farmers can do, for they have not been able to provide all the extra labour required on the farms at the peak periods. So the call has gone out to the town-dwellers proper, to the great mass of people whose contacts with the country are few, but who between yet who have the love of the country still in their hearts. During the summer months a number of Agricultural Camps has been set up in many parts of the country, under the auspices of the County Agricultural Committees; and to these many thousands of men and women, youths and girls, have been proceeding, to spend four days or a week in work on the neighbouring farms. These camps have been extensively advertised as holiday camps; and so they are, although they cater for guests who both pay and work.

Other camps have been run for school children, a two-year-old development. In 1941 about 12,000 children attended these camps; in 1942 the number grew to 30,000, including some three or four thousand girls; this year it is hoped to have some 50,000. Public and secondary schools have sent out parties in large numbers, and elementary schools have had their holidays altered so that the children can help in the fields. Of these Defence workers have been prominent among the volunteers, both in their spare time and during duty hours. Last year a vast amount of assistance was rendered by the Army—during the war the Air Force will have another task to do.

July 4, American Independence Day, was also celebrated as a day of hard work, but those who could attend the demonstrations that were held in many districts to emphasize the tremendous importance of the coming harvest. In a broadcast from Ottawa, Mr. W. E. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, made an appeal for half days on the farms in order to work with the harvest. "We are now nearing the climax of the year when, he said, "those long hours spent in all weather in the fields reach their fulfillment. After Dunkirk, when every ship-load of munitions gained meant the difference between life and death, the farmers of Britain, with equipment little better than what our armies had, grew a tonnage of food that staggered the world. Again this year we have somehow to make sure that the land should reap a harvest which will live in the memory of man. We are going to be met with the toughest harvesting job in our history, a harvest which the farmers and their workers cannot hope to lift without the united efforts of all. From first to last it will probably mean the best results we shall ever get unless we need the united efforts of all."

INCREASE IN AREAS UNDER CULTIVATION in Britain, 1939-1942

The total area of land devoted to crops and root-hoophooping, for the corn harvest in the summer, and for potato and beet lifting in the autumn, has increased by 3,000,000 tons...
How Britain Reaped Her Record Victory Crops

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES of this year's phenomenal harvest. A combine-harvester on the Crown Estate at Windsor (1) cuts, threshes and stacks in one operation. The corn then goes to the mill (2). Harvesters have a stiff pull up the slope of a Hertfordshire barley field (3). At Abber Weod, London office workers stack the corn crop (4). Suckled Land-Girls stack oats at Felsham, Suffolk (5), and another raises dropped spikes to ensure the corn will be cut properly and not an ear be wasted (6).
I WAS THERE!
Eye Witness
Stories of the War

Catania Was a City of Chaos and Desolation

Both before and after the Germans fled from Catania, astonishing scenes were witnessed in the city. At this front-line Italian port, pictures dated August 6, 1943, by a Special Correspondent of The Daily Telegraph, revealed chaos reigned supreme. But even a week after the Germans were driven out, the city had not fully recovered.

Catania has all the air of a town that has been frozen in time. Of all the conquered towns I have seen there has been none where the machinery of civic life has so completely come to a standstill. There were no signs of any shop or hotel being open. It was a complete contrast to Tripoli, where within five hours of the arrival of the first British troops British officers were booking bedrooms and being served lunch by white-coated waiters in restaurants.

But Catania is a city of desolation. Of its 259,000 population only 30,000 still remained when we arrived, and of these 30,000 habitually slept in air-raid shelters. Such has been the effect of our bombing—for severer than one had anticipated. This remnant population had been living a hand-to-mouth existence.

The departure of the last of the enemy troops signalized the breakdown of all semblance of order in Catania and the looting of shops began. It was worst in the Via Vitore Emanuele, immediately bordering on the central square, the Piazza Duomo.

Here the population had broken into the shops. Standing on a balcony outside the first-floor windows I saw men throwing down bales of cloth and bales of burlap to the populace below. There were women carrying armfuls of silk stockings, and their drab working-class clothes—only the poorest were left in Catania—were in sharp contrast to the newly-acquired gay silk scarfs they wore around their heads or shoulders.

I had a long talk yesterday morning with the Mayor of Catania, the Marquis di San Giuliano, who immediately after the formal surrender of the town, troops made a peaceful advance into the place. There was no street fighting, despite reports to the contrary. The Mayor is a nephew of the Marquis di San Giuliano, formerly Ambassador to Britain, who as Foreign Secretary under Signor Salandra in 1914 was largely responsible for holding back Italy from entering the war on the side of Germany.

The Mayor had received many insults from Germans during their occupation of Catania. On one occasion his car had been stopped in the street and he had been covered with a machine-gun while the contents of his car were looted by German soldiers. On another occasion a number of German officers entered his house at 4 a.m. and insisted on billeting themselves there. As there were not enough beds for all they turned out three women relatives of the Mayor.

Finally, that very morning, as he drove into the town from his villa on the northern side of Catania, the Mayor was held up by German soldiers, who turned him out of his car, telling him that it was wanted for carrying the ammunition to a battery near by. He had to walk into town.

"Fortunately," he added, "it was only a minute's work. I met an officer commanding your advance troops, and I think was able to give him some useful information about the location of that battery."

This deterioration in the conduct of German soldiers towards the civilians of a technically allied country has become very marked in recent months, particularly since the end of the Tunisian campaign. Despite the fact that in their behaviour towards civilians seems to have gone hand-in-hand with their realization that the war could no longer be won.

"When the Luftwaffe first came to Sicily early in 1941," said the Mayor, "the men were cheerful, laughing, joke people. They enjoyed listening to the radio, which always recounted fresh German victories. The date they gave us then for the end of the war was July 1941."

Then came the Russian campaign, and presently the Germans began to admit that they had miscalculated the strength of Russia. But they were still convinced of victory. Tunisia was the real shock. They had told us that they would keep their foothold in Africa. They were just muddled at the time.

"After that their attitude was quite different. You never heard any more laughing and joking, and they did not seem to listen to the radio so much. Then they began to blame us Italians because the war was coming to Sicily."

During the last days of occupation the Germans unashamedly began looting. They were after all a day or two from being driven back, so they carried off furniture, beds, blankets, sheets, pictures, vases, forks and bric-a-brac. Several civilians were shot in resisting before Italian carabinieri arrived and drove off their allies.

I Saw the Americans Storm Munda Field

Munda, in New Georgia, fell to the Americans on August 6, 1943. How its much-bombed airport—of immense importance to the mounting Japanese offensive—was stormed by U.S. infantry is vividly told by Walter F. White, Special Correspondent of The Daily Mail, from which this story is reprinted.

Pityy yards ahead, through the tropical trees, I can see a crowd of ragged-looking Jap soldiers running wildly away in three directions and firing back at us with light machine-guns and rifles as they go. Stumbling over mounds of fallen coconut palms and among American-made bomb craters, they dash back into temporary cover on high ground near Munda Point, where their mortars are firing to cover the retreat.

This is the end of Munda Field. Ignoring the mortar fire, we rush on to see whether our infantry unit or another, pouring down Bibolo Hill on our right, shall be first to step on to the aerodrome. We cross a bare, cratered ridge where heaps of dead Japs lie near their mangled guns and rifles.

Breathlessly we hurry over a Jap burial place where our last torrent of bombs a few hours ago threw up skeletons from their graves. On through scores of billets and lines of trenches. Then comes a final stream of enemy machine-gun fire, throwing up clouds of coral near us and killing one of our officers.

Americans on either side of me advance with fixed bayonets. Here and there a man drops flat to fire at the fleeing Japs, or to fling grenades into a pillbox or ruin with trees in the shadows of ruined native slacks—just to make sure. A rifle butts me, and I spot another who could not run fast as the others drop dead. More American riflemen pause to pump a few more rounds into the prone figure in case he is pretending death.

Someone shouts, "A plane, a plane! Look, there's a grounded plane right ahead of us!" Suddenly through the shell-torn trees there looms the tail-fins of Zero. More Japs are running frantically away from it. A plane comes down and lands, built up in case of some last-minute enemy attack, but we move on.
I Was There!

Another wrecked Zero comes into view, then another, and another. Twenty of them in all. Four of us move forward, clear the under brush, skirt three huge bomb craters, and run towards the planes—straight on to Munda Field.

There, stretching 3,000 yards before us to Munda Point, is what is left of one of the world’s most bombed airports. There are acres and acres of craters and practically every installation has been ground to pieces by the fury of our bombardment. Only an occasional window frame or doorway or a few charred papers mark the place which the Japs thought would be the nerve centre of a huge aerial armada which would drive us back towards Australia.

I Power-Dived Faster Than Sound Can Travel

The latest man after, Lieut.-Col. C. S. Hough, of Michigan, Technical Director of the 8th Fighter Command, tells how he power-dived vertically at 780 m.p.h. from more than eight miles above the English countryside to test a fighting machine. His story appears here by arrangement with The Daily Mail.

I confess I shall remember more than anything else the wonderful experience of seeing from that height of 45,000 ft. practically the whole of England spread out under me on a perfect English day. I stayed up there for a little while just to look around, I saw right across to the Bristol Channel on one side and away to the Wash on the other. I saw the Mersey gleaming, and the brighter Bristol Channel.

I took a glance at the North Sea and then at the English Channel and away across to Calais and the Cherbourg peninsula. Gee! What a thrill it was to see the whole of one country at once! Well, then I had to get along, for my cabin wasn’t superfueed for climbing so high, and I wasn’t getting enough oxygen. It was pretty cold up there too—69 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), and all the noise of it like the roaring and rushing of a sea past my cabin and the thrill screaming of the propellers. When I judged that I had reached the limit of possible velocity with the engines full on I thought I would “feather” the propellers to give me even a little more speed.

But as I began to reduce power the nose of the plane started to turn inwards on an outside loop. That cured me pretty quick of any desire to “feather” the propellers. I held on to maximum speed for 10 sec. I had no sensation of speed at all, for there was nothing to impress it on my notice. If I had passed anything going down or could have kept my eyes on the earth leaping up to meet me, it would have been different. When I had got to within 18,000 ft. of the ground I guessed it was time to let the old instinct of self-preservation have its way. So I started to flatten out. This was the really exciting part.

I had only 18 sec. to go before reaching the ground, and I had to act quickly and at the same time very carefully. If I’d pulled out suddenly I wouldn’t have been able to take the tale. However, I got her out in a nice curve—and that was unimportant enough, I didn’t black out—I just grasped out. Everything went gray but I didn’t for an instant lose consciousness. I felt as if someone below was sitting tight on my head and pushing me back from the way the plane was going, and when I tried to move my arm it was so heavy I thought I’d need a crane to lift it.

My whole body felt like lead. Now I could see the ground and the nearly divided fields—and all at once I became conscious of speed. After flattening out I did a little climb that eased matters a bit. A few seconds later I landed. How did I feel? Oh, fine, I just bumbled a little prayer of thanksgiving and went into the office to write my report.

I undertook the test dive in the ordinary course of my research work. In fact I decided to go up quite suddenly—and only an hour before. I had my usual breakfast—toast and coffee and a cigar.

You see, it sort of helps a fighter pilot to know just how much his plane can stand.
We were taken prisoner in December, 1941, when our submarine was sunk during an attack on an enemy convoy at the time of the Japanese invasion of the Malay peninsula. But within two days of being put in the prison camp we escaped.

How we escaped must still remain secret, but it happened on the third morning when we were on the outskirts of a town. By hiding in ditches and behind bushes we eluded the Japanese patrols and reached the coastal road, where we stayed for seven days, and then, because we were getting weak from want of food, we decided to try to find a boat to take us out to sea.

I had copied a map of China and knew roughly where we wanted to go. So on the seventh night we went down to the coast and foolishly tried to take a boat on the mud flats. By the time we had made our way from island to island by night,

Right from the start the Chinese helped us. They were wonderful. One island was inhabited by a small community of poor fishermen, and they fed us and stowed us away in their boat.

We crossed the strait to another island, and there, after four or five days, we were taken prisoner by the Chinese. They were marvellous and took care of us as if we were highly valued guests.

We explained to them and gave us a safe conduct — a small piece of paper with special stamps and a red seal, which we showed to the Chinese guards.

OUr DIARY OF THE WAR

AUGUST 9, Thursday

Our submarine entered Hongkong and was put ashore at the different points of China. We had occupied part of our own camp.

OCTOBER 11, Wednesday

1945th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.

AUGUST 13, Sunday

1944th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.

AUGUST 15, Tuesday

1946th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.

AUGUST 17, Thursday

1948th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.

AUGUST 19, Saturday

1950th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.

AUGUST 21, Monday

1952th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.

AUGUST 23, Wednesday

1954th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.

AUGUST 25, Friday

1956th day — Announced that Russia had occupied the Kansu province of China. The Russians occupied the province of Kansu in China.
In Germany, appeals have been made for a long time yet for less irritability, less rudeness in public. Goebbels has begs them to show a stronger spirit of comradeship. But when one is afraid one is always nery and perturbed. And the Germans have been afraid for at least two years now. A Polish prisoner of war who escaped and got to America reports that in the summer of 1941 they were saying, "It must be over soon. Another year of this would be impossible." What must they be saying now?

I have often been asked the origin of the expression "browned off," which was heard so constantly among R.A.F. men during the first two years of war. Into every article about them it was introduced. Was it, did it mean, "dirty" or "on R.A.F. slang (It's a Piece of Cake), by Squadron-Ldr. Ward-Jackson, published by Sylvan Press, 2d. I find the statement that "it has been used in the Service for at least 25 years" and that its origin is "problematical." I suspect that means it started among airmen. Another booklet on Service Slang generally (compiled by J. L. Hunt and A. G. Pringle, published by Faber & Faber, 2d. 6d.) says "it has long been the approved answer to any inquiry as to one's health," and there is no restriction made in connection to the Services generally. As a verb active it can be used in such a sentence as "The sergeant-major browned him off proper" — but to "browned off" is usually to be "fed up," or bored with something or to "browned off" it said to be taken from cooking. This sounds more likely than the suggestion that it refers to the notable lobster-man which all soldiers, airmen and seamen seem to acquire.

A notor-er term of mysterious origin is "tally ho!" gathered from the conversation of pilots, meant, as the R.A.F. book says "the same thing as "drunk in a hole."" Hamburg was badly "pranged." But the other book defines "tally ho!" as being used when a pilot crashes or smashes his plane. It is a verb, expressing the sort of noise that metal and wood make when they hit the ground too hard. It extended to "tally ho! is a piece of cake," "explains itself" to anyone who likes cake. In a spot, is clearly abstracted from "a piece of butter." An aircraft is a "kite"; "bombs are "generalities." to be delivered; an R.A.F. officer is a "gussie"; a perfect landing on an airfield is a "dry-cupped." If you make a forced landing in the sea, you fall into the drink; "barage balloons are known as "pig "; "scram; and "rum " in the Navy signify "good" and "bad." The naval expression which means "quite correct" is given as "tig- gerty-boo!" it more often has the sound of "ticky-boo!" it comes from a Hindu- stani word. Service Slang ignores it. Was "wangle" originally an Arabic word? It is a perfect example of meaning expressed by sound. Not many new words or phrases have come out of this war. Probably this is accounted for by things being taken more seriously, grimly even, than they were last time. You have to be light-hearted to invent slang.

A reminder may be given here that previous references have been made to the subject of Service terms and slang in page 95 of this volume of The War Illustrated and in page 767, volume 71.
Our 'Desert Rats' Capture Sicilian Railway

MEN OF THE 8th ARMY are here charging across a railway cutting in Sicily to seize the enemy's railway station. Just one striking example of several ways in which our veterans of N. African desert fighting adapted themselves to quite different conditions entailed by Sicilian terrain. How the station was taken at the bayonet point is shown in other photographs on p. 196.

Photo, United Press