JEFF TURNED AMBULANCE is carrying a wounded German prisoner to the rear of the 5th Army during fighting in the hills around Salerno. This was an ambushed warfare country. Covering 100,000 men from the backwater, Italian mountain men moved from hill to hill and systematically creating. Gradually to escape, they tried to convey as many as possible part of the way. More of them were put to ambulance work in the back areas.

Photo: British Official: C0057055
Our Roving Camera Visits Busy War-Workers

WOMEN ENGINEERS help to repair electric cables alongside a railway line, damaged during a recent air raid in the London area. Few war-time shockers are not taking seriously.

N.P.E. MEN of the London region have joined with the Big Program to commemorate the centenary of the British Red Cross Society on August 16, 1942. The flag was designed by Sir George W. Wolstenholme, Carter King of Arms, assisted by Home Office officials.

ROSE HIP SYRUP, high in Vitamin C content, is now being manufactured in a plant (left) which once produced vinegar. This plant has been adapted to remove the fruits for later pressing, and leave the plant to make health-giving syrup is produced.

SEA-HARVEST thanksgiving service was held at the Congregational Church in Wall. The church was decorated with corn, rice and wheat, and samples of cotton. Flowercrescent, corn and wheat. Flowers of blue, yellow and red now decorated the service in workaday jerseys and some sweets.

SPINNING WOOL is a recreational occupation taught at Bradston Hall, Lanesborough. One of the many English country homes converted into Red Cross convalescent homes for women and children. Photo by H. M. Photo, Bradston Hall, Lanesborough, donated by Daily Mirror.

PAGE 354
BATTLE FOR GOMEL, northernmost key-point in the Delugov front extending south to Kremenchug, has resulted in more steel plates on the US Army's undamaged armour, than on the German steelworks.

A case has been made for the possible use of long-range air attack, and it rightly

SAY it is the role of the Navy to carry out what may seem a part

This is not to say that the enemy's ships or air attack action, or the

We claim, justifiably, that our air attacks have been more effective than those of the German air force, and that our own aircraft production might be seriously

Neither, therefore, for the moment, the enemy's advantage in either air to air or anti-aircraft action, even if the task of opening is open.
In the Footsteps of Garibaldi the Liberator—

Anti-tank obstacles had to be removed before the Volturno river bank could be reached, and these were British Sherman tanks swept up in the river by the enemy. After a delay caused by the enemy, together withappaing the enemy's positions, they were brought to the river's edge where they were destroyed by the rackety, and in the end, a British field gun was brought in to help. A German tank was destroyed on October 23, 1943.

Shore-landing, beached, and secured right by British Army engineers, formed a part of the Allied invasion of Italy. The beaches were used to ferry reinforcements, supplies, armaments, and food. After the beaches were secured, a U.S. 155 mm howitzer was landed. It could be used normally, the heavy guns had weathered a great deal.

With a 155 mm howitzer, in the footsteps of Garibaldi, the Allies moved into action against enemy positions across the river. Meanwhile, more than 60 miles across country in the brother city of Naples, the Canadian commanders of the 1st Canadian Armored Division prepared to make a move into the Volturno, where on October 23, 1943, Gen. Montgomery issued a battle order.

Photo: British, Canadian, and U.S. troops. Map by courtesy of Illustrated News.
the 5th Force the Volturno, Rome-ward Bound

CROSSING THE VOLTURNO RIVER. British infantry of the 5th Army make use of a pontoon bridge built by their counterparts, American engineers. The Volturno battle began on October 14, 1943, but it was not until the morning of October 7 that the crossing was possible. By October 9, General Clark's men had driven the enemy from most of their positions on the 100-mile front, while the Volturno against 40,000 German troops.

to open the road to Rome, some 55 miles to the north.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtie

WHAT is left for the German Navy to do? As pointed out in my last article, in page 327, there is no longer a battle fleet that it can cowarder itself safe from attack, whether that attack comes from the sea or from beneath the sea. Of its larger units, the biggest lies disabled in a harbour in the north of Norway, and others are under repair at Gdynia or other ports in the Baltic. Only one important vessel is known to be in seaworthy condition, the battleship Schleswig-Holstein. It is still believed by a few people that, as a desperate resort, the remnants of a fleet that remains to Germany will be ordered to proceed to sea to do what damage it can to our commerce. A careful examination of the facts tends to discredit this.

It is two and a half years since the battlecruiser Blucher, in company with the heavy cruiser Prinz Eugen, sailed out into the Atlantic to add her weight to attacks being made on shipping by the U-boats. At that time we were still alert to escort and patrol vessels, and instead of ships for all purposes. Now we had enough aircraft to perform the many tasks required of them. Yet the departure of the two enemy ships was promptly reported to the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet by a reconnaissance plane flying on a routine patrol, and shortly afterwards an assortment of large destroyers was seen by sea and seaplanes in the air in every direction, and the Blucher and her consort were intercepted as they passed through the Denmark Strait, between Iceland and Greenland. Though stormy weather was hurled against us by the wind as the result of bad weather, it was re-

gained in time for the Blucher to be brought to action and work before she could reach the storm, the nearest post of refuge available to the ship after she had been damaged by torpedo attack.

This lesson has not been lost on the enemy. Today there are no German ships and aircraft of every type, and the choice of a large German warship put on a routine patrol, without being brought to action for so long as in 1939. If in the present situation the rash decision was taken to send ships to sea, which units would be selected? They would need to be of similar speed and characteristics, able to act together with effect. Now the Schnellboot's speed is 27 knots; the speed of the battlecruiser Admiral Scheer, also believed to be in Norwegian waters, is 26 knots. Practically all British cruisers are capable of 32 knots or more, and the modern battlecruisers of the King George V class, equal to 30 knots. The last U-boat

SIR DUDLEY POUND, late Admiral of the Fleet, has died in Australia. He was born at Calcutta on June 8, 1879, and in 1918 was appointed Lord of the Admiralty and Chief of Naval Staff. On October 8, 1939, he was appointed Admiral of the Fleet. He died on October 9, 1941.

Norway are in a much more unpunished position than those of the ships at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven in the last war. It is largely necessary, therefore, that they would feel any enthusiasm for an expedition that could have only one result. Almost certainly they would demand instead that they might return to home waters, as the Lützow did at the end of September. This seems to exhaust the possibilities of action by the German surface fleet; for the moment, destroyers, motor-torpedo-boats, minesweepers, and to do, are already hard put to it to maintain casual patrols in the face of Allied activity. In October, Norwegian light forces raidied the "leads" or inshore channels behind the islands bringing the counts of their own country; British and Allied motor-gunsboats and motor-torpedo-boats carry out attacks on enemy coastwise traffic in the North Sea and Channel almost nightly; and our air-
craft strew mines plentifully off the enemy shores in the Baltic and North Sea, causing many more casualties than are likely to be reported until long afterwards.

A COUSTIC Type Torpedo Fails to Achieve Success For Nails

Thus the Germans are forced to fall back upon more of their chosen sea weapon, the submarine. In recent months the U-boats have obtained a measure of success in every attack they have made upon convoy. An effort to spring a surprise by the use of a new type of torpedo, said to be of an acoustic pattern which could be triggered from a distance, failed; the Germans achieved the success hoped for in the U-boat battle in September. All previous attempts were made by the enemy's gaining an advantage over the gunners, in which the results occurred too rapidly that the advantage has been merely transient; and this effort is likely to do any better. Meanwhile, the submarine losses must be a drain on the skilled personnel available; for expert seamen, and especially technicians, cannot be trained to取代 needed work, and must be turned out by new production methods. There are, moreover, the reports that the control of German submarines has sensibly improved to the number of engineering works put out of action which formerly supplied essential plant and equipment for U-boats. Submarines passing through the Bay of Biscay on their way out and home run the gauntlet of countless attacks by our naval and aircraft. To counter this, enemy planes have done their best to drive our machines away, and it is hoped that if the Germans can spare enough of the Luftwaffe to do more than make an occasional demonstration in this direction. In general, therefore, the outlook for the German Navy does not seem any brighter than the future of the German Army.
‘You Will Never Lack Friends,’ said The King

BACK AGAIN IN BLIGHTY, hailed by the King and Queen but ‘while you are in these islands, you will never lack friends,” are the first words pronounced by more than 1,000 ex-prisoners of war as they landed at Liverpool yesterday. The following day the Atlantic dashed at Liverpool with 364 disabled heroes whose long period of Nazi captivity was over.
Neutral Portugal Tries Out Her Defences

Our allies for two years now have not been Portugal. Portugal is neutral in this war. Though her recent assistance to Britain at bases in the Azores has facing page and page 93 chart where her sympathetic lie. Portugal has long been under Nazi occupation, and now with Germany coming under the heavy of the United Nations, Dr. Salazar's Government has raised the necessity for even greater vigilance. That on his declaration that Portugal, under Italian Pernambuco, and so at down on Oct. 12, 1943, military maneuvers on the largest scale began throughout the country. Paredes and seashore keep air attacks are overcrowded. Barricades and air-raid shelters are giving up. (2) Youth Corps are in training (4). Unofficiers, eschew the ranks. Portugal's modern army stands to it A.A. guns of the light pattern (6).
Azores are New Atlantic Bases for the Allies

Cluster of Islands which form a natural cross-roads for Transatlantic communications are the Azores; see map above, where harbor and air-base facilities have been granted to Britain by the Portuguese Government. These islands, which are less than one hundred miles from Lisbon, are spread over a distance of 800 miles and have a total area of 130 square miles. São Miguel is the largest, Gorre the smallest.

The Azores now provide for the Allies an excellent outpost for anti-submarine operations and offer an extensive air cover for our convoys.

Horta, Island of Faial (1), is the finest harbor in thePico-Madiera Converse Basin. At right is a view of the historic College Chapel—there are good harbor facilities for destroyers and other escort craft. Allied troops have already landed on Faial in a fine show of precision. At bottom, of which is Angra do Heroísmo.
Air Transport Is Rivalring Wartime Shipping

Air was first used for transport in America in 1911. Today, the world's airlines are catering for passengers and cargo on a scale never before envisaged. The latest in this development is the introduction of the world's first all-cargo airline, Airfreight Ltd., which recently began operations. The company, founded by three American businessmen, is using specially designed aircraft to transport goods between major centers of the world. The service is proving very popular, and bookings are pouring in from all over the globe. Airfreight Ltd. is already planning expansion, with new aircraft and routes to be announced shortly. The company's success is due in no small part to its innovative approach to air transport. By offering a high-speed, reliable service, Airfreight Ltd. is establishing itself as a leader in the world of air transport. The future looks bright for this exciting new venture.
R.A.F. Runs Biggest Airline Service in the World
On a 2,000-Mile Front the Russian Battle Rages

WOMEN IN THE FRONT LINE are a commonplace of the fighting along the whole 2,000-mile Russian front. Corporal Klossia Danilowa (1) is an air-raid warden who has been in over 100 battles. Sergeant Zapasov Pavlov (2) is a field nurse who is seen feeding a recently killed fellow-soldier in the Kursk Front. In the same sector a civilian woman (3) is seen helping to carry water to the front. In a village near Paltava return peasants (4) with their cattle. North-west of Smolensk a column of American trucks loaded with fuel is moving up to the Vishkin Front.
Soviet Scythe Swings South From Kremenchug

With banner proudly flying, Red Army troops march through Kremenchug (1), strong German bridgehead on the left bank of the Dnieper, taken on September 3, 1941, after three days' hard fighting. Soviet troops advance on a pontoon bridge (2) in preparation of their entry to a position (3) to the right, a victory over the German advance. The Red Army then advanced northward on the Dnieper and established the strong bridgehead advanced from 40 kilometers in the Donetz area in the Mariupol area and in the Crimea.

Page 393

Photos, Reis Chronicles. Pictorial Press. Map by courtesy of Reis Chronicles
Hungary—Axis Hyena—Fears the Reckoning

There is panic in Budapest. The fall of Mussolini, and European statesmen to express open sympathy with Hungarian expansionist ambitions, came as a shock to the ruling clique, under Admiral Horthy, who had backed so on Asia victory. HENRY BAERLEIN sees how the Horthy regime is trying to look out of the war without paying the penalty for its crimes.

Stenich, the Hungarian, most choleric hyenas, grabbed what the Germans did not want. However, there was always the friendship with Italy, and this resulted in the Vienna Award whereby Hungary, through Ciano’s influence, was given a great slice of Transylvania populated by far more Romanians than Hungarians. Germany acquired in this transaction on the understanding that a large Hungarian army would go to Russia. Powers in Russia began to undermine Horthy’s faith in the German triumph. These doubts were shared by his son and successor-designate, Stefan, who was thereupon invited to visit Hitler at the Eastern front, but on August 20, 1942, it was announced that Stefan had been killed in action.

Adm. Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, with Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister, Kautil, Soviet Chief of Staff, and Marshal Voroshilov in Budapest at the close of the Nazi Pact. All were on the Axis barrier when this cheering picture was taken at Hitler’s HQ, or the Eastern Front. But now Italy has become an Allied satellite, and the Russians are delivering the German armies still up to their necks. The article in this page discusses how Horthy is fading out to the changed situation.

This was rather farcical upon him, since the finest square of all had already been dedicated to Mussolini. For Italy was the Great Power to which Hungary attached herself; Italy would, it was hoped, restore Hungary to the comparative greatness she enjoyed before the Treaty of Trianon after the last war. Italy would be grateful because Hungary, like Germany, Austria and Albania, had not protested against Abyssinia’s invasion.

So, with Italy and Germany at her back—although to have Germany there was not very comfortable—Hungary thought that she could with impunity how the friendliness of her neighbors, even of Yugoslavia, Egypt, was not without a saw in it.

Adm. Horthy has now found a new exponent of his utterly democratic sentiments, for the world has by now, he hopes, forgotten the many hundreds whom he, as chief of the White Terror, caused to be drowned in the Danube or hanged. His new spokesman, now waiting in Budapest to travel, is one Bernocpuska, a lesser nobleman, a member of what they call the “prevailor’s party” of the Social Democrats. Meanwhile he has been given the status of Minister of Industry.

We are having a foretaste of the speeches that Bernocpuska will have to face, as well as of the Allen in The Front Page, the Government in the Senate, and the Chamber of Deputies; this is not only because although in 1942 K 17 per cent of Hungarians are in the armed services, and although she has never captured her industrial workers, of whom she has told the world so much about the contributions of grain and labor. Hereby Horthy has been wondering whether the tankers, the weapons, the drugs in the Euraian oilfield, whose continued passage through Hungary is essential for the Nazis, can be made to look like warships that are carrying grain.

So desperate has the Horthy regime become in its efforts to persuade the Western Democracies of its innocence that it is now using The Népszava, the Social Democratic party’s official organ (too often threatened with reprisals for its outspokenness) and The Népszava, the official organ of the Socialists, to spread the idea that although in 1942 K 17 per cent of Hungarians are in the armed services, and although she has never captured her industrial workers, of whom she has told the world so much about the contributions of grain and labor. Hereby Horthy has been wondering whether the tankers, the weapons, the drugs in the Euraian oilfield, whose continued passage through Hungary is essential for the Nazis, can be made to look like warships that are carrying grain.

This follows a demand that Budapest, which for the last four years has been humbling like a beacon with the production of Nazi-Fascist-Hungarian armaments, has every right to be considered an open city. "The workers desire that this should be understood," says Népszava, "not for the sake of Budapest, but for the sake of Europe, especially Southern Europe." Between the two wars Hungary spent on arming her grievances, such was its vast that if she had diverted even a quarter of them to social purposes her governing classes would now have to face for less internal discontent, of which Népszava until recently was such a glamorous voice. The 1,250,000 harmless peasants, who live in a shambles of conditions, are still well aware of the Agrarian Reform that was introduced in the Succession States, making the Hungarians who remained in those regions better off than those still included in the realm of St. Stephen. They are also aware of the secret ballot, practiced in only some Hungarian elections. The Assembly, including Count Bethlen, who during 1923-31 was, according to the Népszava, quite a "secrets" party, and Payer, head of the Social Democrats, to persuade the Western Worlds to believe that Horthy is still possible to prevent a German occupation of the country remains to be seen.

PAGE 260
Prelude to a Fortress Raid

"To destroy factories and transport and weapons of the Germans so that our invasion casualties will be cut down" is the "stern assignment" outlined for this winter by Lt.-Gen. Spaatz, (right), commanding United States Army Air Forces. Operating with deadly effect to that end, their daring daylight raids fitting nicely into the round-the-clock program designed to give the Nazi minimum rest from punishment. Below, a Fortress crew listens intently to last-minute instructions before setting out to the distant target.
Take-off at Dawn for the Day's Stern Task

Preparations completed, a Fortress over the central of trailers loaded with anti-terror bombs (1). With their loads aboard, one by one the great engines of destruction head down the runway (2) for the take-off. Airborne (3), each takes up its appointed position in the formation, which is seen above the clouds (4) and headed for a German industrial centre—without an advance-guard of planes mounting anti-aircraft guns, as the Nazis foolishly declare.

Dead on the Target the Bombs Rain Down

Enemy planes sighted, a Fortress waist-gunner goes into action (5) and at least one would be interfered is blinded out of the skies. Five miles above the target an oxygen-masked bombardier (6) calls over the intercom, "Bombs away!" A glance downward, and he gives the American counterpart of the thumbs-up sign. Smoke and flames from the target—the 100-acre F.W. 190 factory at Marienburg, 300 miles beyond Berlin—soar high as the last Fortress turns for home (8).
Homeward Bound With Headline News

Success of the day’s operations will be added to the achievement on October 8, 1943, date of the great Bremen raid, when 865 planes were employed, all crew numbered over 5,400 men, and 2,110 tons of bombs were dropped - the planes used 1,000,000 gallons of petrol and 2,000,000 gallons of oil, and together flew 8,500 miles. Portresses returning (1) with an escorting Thundersboll fighter (2) - a Special Pilot taking cover behind a bomber during bomber which RAIDED Germany overnight (3) - a crew indicate unafraid (4) that no casualty is to be regretted, whilst one displays his armoured apron (left).
Wen do the Germans make war more speedily than other nations? If you ask them how they do it, you appeal to Capt. Falls. He is a military correspondent of The Times, and one of the best of war communions. In his new book, entitled by Battle (methuen, 6s.), he takes up this position all through.

It is not entirely, not indeed chiefly, about the operations and campaigns of the past four years that he has written. “I have,” he says, “maintained my resolution to write about the future, rather than the past, of modern war.” His object is to use the lessons of experience and the theories of the past in the consideration of the present, and in the present to show to the future the way to avoid them.

He does not want wars in the future. He is aware that “if we do not master war it may end in throwing the whole world into chaos, so great has now become its disruptive strength.” He sees that the barriers still existing between total war and total barbarism are few and flimsy. They may have to be broken down by dire necessity. If they are, “too much the worse.” Capt. Falls is no Blum. He does not consider war either desirable or unavoidable. But it is plain that he is not very hopeful about the prospect of chaos and collapsed civilization being taken to heart after this war any more than it was between 1919 and 1919. There are now, as there were at the beginning of that period, “high, even extravagant hopes” of producing the desire for peace, of making war a thing of the past, and of making the world so one as to be able to live together.

He maintains that the difference lies in the ability to consider the past, and that the present should be discussed from all past wars or from war as a whole. It would not be unfair, I think, to credit him with the ambition, reasonable and in his circumstances praiseworthy, that the volume may be used as a text-book to educate officers for future wars.

Many books have been written about what “it is, one might say, a philosophy of what. But I never saw any book that claimed to offer a philosophy of peace. Nor can this notion of a ‘philosophy of war’ be squared with one of Clausewitz’s pet phrases. The spirit of Friction being an element of chance which was potent in war, the spirit of the element of action in the uncontrollable forces. Among the latter he named Weather. Nowadays, says Capt. Falls, this has been fully recognized and the weather made the object of great skill and planning.

The combatants will endeavor to receive reports and prognostications from stations many hundreds of miles from the scene of action, and each will strive to prevent the other from the other the other. Yet still a shift in the weather and a new plan to change the fate of great battles. Or else “the breakdown of a vehicle which blocks a road through a cutting, the loss of a message, or the death of a leader is a critical moment, may seriously affect the conduct of an operation.”

No matter how steeped in Clausewitz the German generals may be, they are not able to learn from him how to fight Nature, nor does he teach them how to harness against chance mishaps which may spoil plans carefully laid in accordance with the best principles. That these principles might be studied by British staff officers more than in the past can readily be conceded. When the German drove us back in Libya during the early summer of last year, they employed the “Accepted German framework” of methods. British commanders might have parted their threats if they had recognized them by what they were. That they did not do so was due to lack of study of the material that is readily at our hands. We have the reason, never officially stated, why the German officer was Mr. Churchill in the campaign in the community of the 8th Army and the French general lived in the country and seeking one turning among the others, which have been the impotence of a character, who would not slow down enough for us to collect our thoughts or pick out the correct road on the map. With a few warnings we should be sure of it—how the pace he goes is in doubt.

That is a brilliant example of what theologians call “excess”—interpretation, taking a plain. Everybody can see from it how a general, with his troops either advancing or retreating at a speed he never dreamed of when he was a young soldier, is liable to get flattened and to find the making of rapid decisions very difficult. It is Capt. Falls’s outstanding merit that he writes in a way all can understand. It gives him the need for more and greater illustrations that make his meaning perfectly clear.
Our 17-Pounder Anti-Tank Gun Kills ‘Tigers’

**TERROR OF ‘THE TIGER,’ Germany’s monomaniac tank, is the British 17-pounder gun’s most dangerous foe. Above, right, is a British gun crew training at Medmenham. Below, right, is a British anti-aircraft gun.**

**ASTONISHING ACCURACY** is one of the special points of Britain’s 17-pounder anti-tank gun, designed in 1941 to counter the heaviest German tanks which War Office experts then anticipated. It has proved its great worth in the Mediterranean theatre of operations. It can knock out the most heavily armoured enemy tanks at 1,000 yards range.

The gun entered action in the Western Desert and North Africa in the early part of 1942, recent reports tell of its spectacular use in the Tunisian campaign, and in two years to produce a gun of this type from the time its manufacture was decided on by the Ministry of Supply achieved the miracle of producing the first specimen in only five months. Since then the 17-pounder has been in large-scale production and there are now more than 3,000 in action.

The 17-pounder measures just over 24 feet from muzzle to end of barrel. It has a semi-automatic breech block which makes it possible to fire 8 rounds an hour. It is fitted with a muzzle brake which absorbs much of the recoil and stabilizes the carriage. It fires 17-lb. shells—the shell and cartridge are fired together, as in the case of a rifle.

There is widespread testimony to its exceptional accuracy and it is known as “a magnificent tank killer.” Strangely enough, the 17-pounder first went into action on the same day as the new German tank with which it was designed to deal. The first report, received stated, “Terrorise the enemy and the German tankers are reduced to panic. The 17-pounder is truly a magnificent tank killer.”

It is said that the sole remaining account made of the firing was the remarks of a German major who said: “I have never seen such long-range fire before.”
These Are Days of Reckoning in Nazi Germany

This GERM PROCESSION passing along a ruined street in northern Germany illustrates the retribution now being visited upon the German people for their hideous crime. casualties in this territory are greater than in any other area. But as the Allied Nations' bombing campaign and power to grow daily, fewer places remain where such devastation as this is not possible.
THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

Our prison population of about 13,000 rather more than half are now doing useful work for the War effort. This experimentally satisfying fact was revealed by the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, in a recent talk to the Ministry of Information. The prison workshops are as busy as can be. In the four years ended last March a range of 180 articles, some seven million units, was undertaken by prisoners on the writing and sewing of clothing. The value of this output was about £30,000,000.

As a result of this, with an output of near million units, was undertaken for other Government departments, representing a value of nearly £1,000,000, and there was the normal very large output of clothing, furniture, and other prison stores.

As farmers, too, the men and youths in prisons and Borstal have done splendidly. Some 7,000 acres are now under cultivation, and as well as providing nearly all the vegetables and meat for the prisoners and Borstal institutions, national food production has been helped to the extent of 8,799 head of cattle, 2,400 tons of fruit, 600 tons of potatoes, and 13,000 acres of land under cultivation.

A party of convicts from one prison has been experimenting on the Army and Navy. In 1940 they worked many a tire under machine-gun fire from enemy planes and suffered some casualties. But they carried on, and the degaussing apparatus that they produced sufficed to fit out 235 ships. Nor have the Borstal girls been behindhand: the number which in 1940 were said to be doing nothing was sometimes a little too clever. Now, one is engaged in making parts for planes and tanks.

Did you know that the Feltham issue is? An explanation issued on the occasion of the House of Commons raised to the new highest level of £1,000 millions the Bank of England tells us that it is the total of the notes which the Bank of England is authorized by Parliament to issue against Government debt and securities, as distinguished from notes issued against gold (precious metal). One reason for the latest increase is the carrying of unnecessary notes by private individuals. Notes should not be hoarded but paid into a bank. "Many minor tragedies (we are told) occur every year through the loss or destruction of hoarded notes; and on grounds of safety alone, it is in every one's interest to pay all the money they do not require for immediate use into a bank or savings bank."

But hoarding is not a complete answer to the question: Where do the notes go to? The amount in the bank daily fluctuates; and also the number of notes in circulation is variable, from week to week. In the shops, in the post offices, and used as petty cash by business houses, are also capable of approximate estimation. But the difference between all these and the amount of notes in circulation is the amount to be accounted for by hoarding, the decrease in the size of cheques, and the use of the postal orders, which are not, however, of any great extent."

Still the coal situation is the only piece of Home Front news to claim the right to appear on the front page of the newspapers. There is no lack of coal, but it is a matter of how to get it to the people who need it. The miners' strike has been called off and the coal is now being delivered. But the government must see to it that the miners are fairly paid. The miners' leaders received their suggestions cordially. They estimate that 4,780,000 tons a week is the minimum output required to meet the nation's needs, and that 3,700,000 tons is the maximum that may be expected from the industry under existing conditions. With the present man-power of approximately 800,000 producing at the rate of 51 tons for each man a week, an additional 5,000 men would be required to produce the extra 450,000 tons a week. But the Federation is of the opinion that it is impossible to raise the man-power above 720,000, with a liability to make good the wastage of 30,000 a year.

Given 720,000 men, could the industry increase their weekly output by 10 cwt. for each worker? Yes, says the Federation—provided that the Government assumes full financial and operational control of the mines, so that colliery managers and technicians may become the direct servants of the State; that pit committees are strengthened; that mechanization is accelerated and equipment improved; and that the minimum wage for men working underground shall be £1 a week, and for adult surface workers, £3 6s. (The present minimum is 8s. and 7s. respectively.)

For two days (October 12 and 13) the House of Commons debated the situation. Major Lloyd George, Minister of Power and Fuel, stated that there was no question of the Government taking control of the whole industry, but that the share of each industry, a day or two after the Session was ended, and a considerable number of ministers had come forward, it was clear that it would now be necessary to call men up for the mines just as they were called up for the armed forces. Mr. Willmore, the Minister of Labour, alleged that he had to poisonous and that the miners had lost confidence in the future of the industry.

On the second day of the debate Mr. Churchill told his own Government's policy. There could be no nationalisation of the mines, he said, and that would be harmful to the war effort, and he warned them of the right to the people. "We survived last winter with a small slumbering; we cannot step forward for lack of fuel, and our stocks are higher than last year. We are told of the great unrest in the mining industry. I think that is a little unjust to the miners. Only 750,000 tons of coal have been lost during the last 32 months by strikes, out of upwards of 200,000,000 that have been produced. Loss by strikes and stoppages has been no more than two-thirds of one per cent. As the House looked puzzled, the Premier went on: "If you like, make it 55—two-thirds of one per cent. But then, since the matter was still not cleared, Mr. Churchill turned to his colleagues, and in an aside that all could hear asked, "Don't you think it's a bit peculiar that, up to now, my father was ever a good at figures?"

The House raised its appreciation, recalling the oft-quoted story of Lord Randolph Churchill's query, "What's the meaning of these damned dots?" made when he, forty years before his son, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. So in a space of good humour the coal situation was left where it was—to the hands of the consumer.
They Put Up Flak that Rakes London's Skies

Before gun crew It is just one of the many who put up London's deadly but barrage against Nazi incursions. These men work hard and long, but their many activities are now such a commonplace that they work smoothly. Missiles and men move swiftly as the gun crew set to work on their weapons. Contact with other units is maintained by telephones inobile makes a constant tour of the area. The fire of the gun is directed against enemy aircraft. This post is on the banks of a river, and the men must be alert to the noise of the waves and the calls of the seamen.

Photo: Spect to General
With Giraud's Men in Emancipated Corsica

CORSICA WAS FREED by island patriots aided by landings of French and American Commandos. Southern Commandos approach the hill-protected harbour of Ajaccio, the capital (1), the streets of which, by September 30, 1943, were reckoning in the winning of Guerra (2), depopulated Algerian war-torn, with the blackened houses of a ghost town. Subsistance cisterns (3) groaned their liberation. See also page 365.
I WAS THERE!  
Eye Witness Stories of the War

My Battlefront Tour With Gen. Clark in Italy

Before the crash of battle resumed "peck" (accompanied on October 14 by Gen. McNeil, Clark, C.-C., 10th Army, on a brief tour of inspection) of the Volunteer front this key egg, Gen. McNeil, was heavily shelled by the Combined British Press, accompanied the Combined British Press, accompanied Gen. Clark, C.-C., 10th Army, on a brief tour of inspection.

Clark had already been up two hours, breakfasting and attending to multi-

tudious routine affairs connected with the Fifth Army, when I called at his tent at 8 a.m. He already insisted that his headquarters be housed under canvas during the campaign, no matter what towns or cities the Fifth Army might occupy, in order that his staff might have more luxurious tents or buildings with modern conveniences, his criteria being: "Live hard and be hard. War is a hard thing." Before we climbed into the open jeep which carries Clark's three stars of rank on a plate set in front, the General introduced me to his military policemen: "Limerick, British army, and I Yankee," was wearing U.S. sergeant's stripes, while the American M.P. wore three British stripes. "They drive jeeps just to show there's no rivalry between them," I was told. Clark proudly proclaimed them to be "the best two M.P.'s in the business."

After a few brisk last minutes with his Chief of Staff, ever-smiling, unshorned General, we set off for the front. The sun was shining after two days of incessant rain, and the General was impatient to give the Fifth Army the boost it so sorely needed. We descended the rocky Volturno. This would be the end of his last visit to the front before the dawn that day, settling in motion the operation that would be a real test of his leadership in getting his Army across the river that through his own initiative has been crossed many times, including Herzfeld and Gerolsteiner, to save precious time.

After weeks of fighting my way past endless roads in front, the snows to our feet, the Brack Command Post, was a distant spectacle. The Anglo-American M.P. were in front, and American command planes were already sitting on the Citra, sections Literary would take control, and in American sections Yard said. They made a pretty team—just another unit in this Fifth Army that has been written into our great fighting units.

A British General was surprised to see a war correspondent leap from the jeep along-

side the C.-C., and eyed me suspiciously, but in his easy breezy manner Clark included me in his confidence with a wave of his long arm, and the two Generals went into conference. It was a brief conference, and Clark returned to the jeep. The driver had the engine running as soon as he caught sight of the General's figure emerging from the tent.

We were all up towards the Volturno from now, and salutes came by the score as we sped along the road that a week ago, when I first traveled over it, was heavily mined. Many mines were still there and Trenchmen clearing them praised to salute their American chef, while Doughty boys repairing the det-

moted camouflage screens, their faces filling like those from their hands. The General was impressed. He had a sense of relief in his long legs by stretching

them across the hump of the jeep.

The next spot we visited was only two miles behind the front line, and after the usual conference the General came striding to his jeep. "Now for a climb, we are going to an observation post on the top of the mountain here. I want to get an actual picture of this crossing in my mind."

We had to park our jeep after our short drive. It was a climb all right. An officer told us we'd been falling around the post long before our arrival.

Clark got up on the steep incline as though he hadn't been. Half-way up he pointed across to an adjoining mountain where a large house stood out clearly against the skyline. "I suppose the Germans are in there," the officer grinned and said, "Yes, sir. We were within easy rifle

fire. From this observation post the Volturno front appeared much closer than it actually appeared even on an exact hand. We had fine sights of stars to climb on top of the houses, but Clark spoke with even better to General

W. I. Swear For 22 Hours to Escape From Cos

After German reinforcements had landed on the island of Cos, in the

Dodekanese, twenty-two-year-old private William Reilly made an extra-
norable story, as he told it to Norman Smoot, is given here by arrangement with The Daily Express.

very out of ammunition, Reilly and two other soldiers of a North

Country regiment decided to swim for it rather than be captured. Reilly, who

is in hospital suffering from exhaustion, told me three of them started swimming at 6 a.m., and

swim, but he managed to keep going for several hours, and then the other two lost sight

of him. The man remaining with Reilly kept going by hanging on to a door in a lagoon—where he

reached. They swam for a point two lighthouses. Reilly continues

the story in his own words:

"The other man got cramped, and the last I saw of him was he was shouting to a small boat for assistance. I went on, doing every kind of stroke I could think of—sometimes just keeping my feet out of the water. I reached a rock at noon."

"I was so exhausted I just fell asleep. When I awoke, I was on a rock and the moon was up."

"I could see the land. It seemed only about 400 yards away. Had I known it was a mile and a half I don't think I should have tried it."

"But I pushed off again, and at 1 a.m. I reached the beach and fell asleep again. I woke at sunrise, and walked about two miles over rocks which cut my feet up, until I got home."
We Smashed a German Spy Plane 7 Miles Up

Here is the story (world copyright) of the recent destruction of an Me010, Germany's latest spy plane. It is told by Major A. M. Stuart-Ross, R.A.S.C., who commanded one of the A.A. battalions responsible for this splendid achievement. See oversize-photograph opposite.

Stavros was howling as the gunners and S.A.T.S. girls jumped to action posts around the four 45-gnm. It was 8.25 p.m. It was the moonless night of the 9th. The sky was deep blue; not a speck on the wide stretch of Channel beyond Portsmouth Harbour and naval base.

I saw a few thin wisps of white vapour very high up. Lt. Bob Dowling, my Gun Position Officer, had his spy plane in the sky. He told me that one of the enemy was coming in over my sector. This was exciting news. The Me010 was—and is—the Luftwaffe's latest, smallest, and fastest plane. Fitted with racks to carry two 500-lb. bombs, it could fly at more than 400 miles an hour.

But that one had only 20 m.p.h. more speed, for it carried no bombs. In its slim belly, Zeiss lens down, was a reconnaissance camera. It was a spy plane, executed by two heavily-armed Focke-Wulf 190s. If it got away it would carry back a beautifully detailed panorama picture of the Portsmouth naval base and everything in and around it. From the Cornhill Post came a yell. "On target!" We had the height. It was terrific. Thirty thousand feet seven minutes from the moment the shells were flying at that sub-stratosphere height. None had ever scored a hit for the record. Voices bawled and repeated the fuse number. The fuse was on the nose of the 86-th. rounds were twisted to near the extreme limit of range.

First! The guns crashed, the shells screamed away, flying up seven times faster than the target plane was flying along.

We were shooting approximately five miles ahead of the target. What we calculated was that the spy plane and at least one of the shells would collide near that rendezvous. Our shells would reach the spot 40 seconds after leaving the guns.

I saw the first shell-bursts make a perfect chequer-board pattern into which the target plane seemed to be flying. The second flash exploded in tiny white puffs ahead of the first. Scattered, and the target was turning dark. A bluster of orange fire jettisoned out of it. And the vapour trail turned down, and it was black now. The spy plane was falling, a smoking wreck, to earth.

The gun action had lasted less than a minute. But into those 40 seconds was packed the training of years for the oldest members of the integrated gun team, and twelve months at least for the youngest.

I Was in Singapore When the Japanese Swept

This story of the war's latest days on the island of Singapore has been specially written for "The War Illustrated" by Flying Officer William Furneaux, Royal Australian Air Force. At the time of the incidents narrated he was a member of the Malayan Volunteer Air Force, attached to the R.A.F. He left with other airmen two days before the island was invaded.

A Pattern being blown out of our Singapore airport by Shellbarks was stationed at the Bulit Timah racetrack, where we were instructed to take them. But when the aeroplane was attacked we were not notified. We were instructed to return to the airport by Shellbarks, which was being repaired, and that was when we noticed it and attack it, but we had been通知 them all along through the trees.

About the time the Johore Causeway (linking Singapore Island to the Malay Peninsula) was blown up, we, the M.G.A.F., were ordered to move bag and baggage to Sumatra. On February 8, 1942 most of the machines had gone off to Palembang, Palembang, and even as far as Batavia in Java. I was one of a few officers left to conduct the embarkation of the ground staff and stores, equipment, etc., and it was possible to fly over to Palembang a machine which was then being repaired. A terrific artillery barrage was going on across the Strait of Johore and we were expecting Japanese parachutists at any time.

We were also expecting vast reinforcements, and even when the Japs were actually on the island they made their first landing on February 9, most of us did not think it possible they could take it and finish us off. We were having a devil of a time with our heavy stores; we took them down to the docks several times, but had to bring them back owing to a flaw in the shipping arrangements. On the night of February 10 we were given the order to embark.

The rascals—our station—was now the fighting front. Tengah aerodrome was lost, and an English military company was bravely holding on to the Bulit Timah road towards the enemy, to try to make a stand at Bulit Panjaiting Village whilst other troops were coming in during daylight. Troops were leaving the road at about 10 a.m. the following morning, while struggling to get my men through to the docks; it took us five hours, a journey of about five miles. I cannot tell you all I saw and did that ghastly night, but I do know to see that the island is going it amusingly. The only thing the island is going it amusingly. The only thing that made me smile was the fact that the poor, demoralized mob was an eye-opener to me, and the "hard-actin' binks" with a Dutch country accent who dug the business-end of a gun into my neck and wanted to know who I was, and live long in my memory.

Having got my trucks to the docks, I went back to the racetrack to see that everything had been cleaned up, and also to get my car. I found a corporal of the R.A.S.C. with a platoon of men whose impossible job it was to hold the racetrack against all comers. He was all against my going up to the end of the track where I had left my car among the trees, but I promised to do a No. of reconnaissance for him at the same time, so he agreed to show me when I came back.

I was about three-thirty in the morning, and I did not believe there were any Japs there yet. I imagined our gunners had held them at the Bulit Panjaiting. But I was wrong.

There were dozens of them. They must have carried out a very smart outflanking movement through the jungle on the north side of the island. They must have noticed me, for I saw them stop and stand perfectly still on the road against the glow in the sky coming from my oil fire at the Naval Base—but they didn't bother to reveal their presence, I suppose. And so I backed my car out of the trees and out up the track, swearing at every pore. I said goodbye to the corporal and his men, and pushed off back to the docks again. Having decided to wait till day morning in the hope of getting our one remaining plane away. I had been detached again that day from an A.A. shell-splinter, I went on the ship with our own stuff and other personnel.

Things had begun to look so serious that the last man left was the one who had previously refused to leave Singapore being
ordered to go to the docks and harbour and board any ship that was leaving. We had already got about 30 on our boat. We stood off in the Roads for three days, coming into the harbour each day, but no one was there to us up. We were supposed to be taking some more cargo aboard for the Air Force, and I went ashore each day we were waiting to have a look and see dreadful panic scenes among the natives. I went along to my office, where most of them seemed resigned to the inevitable; others still had faith in the arrival of British reinforcements.

The Jan terrors was growing every hour. They were now宣告ing the town, and air raids were continuous. By the morning of February 13 things looked really grim. An overwhelming sense of disaster oppressed everyone. The raiders came down to two or three thousand feet now, and there was occasional dive bombing. In the harbour we had been getting plenty, and this day they seemed to bomb us every hour. The town was covered with a vast pall of smoke, for everything of military importance had been set on fire. The great pillars of smoke, the shells and bombs falling around, the frantic women, we were picking up out of sampans, all these horrors cut out of my mind any idea of taking photographs, and all the time there was buzzing in my head the regime we used to say, "Singapore Forever."

The skipper of our ship decided to sail at five o'clock in the afternoon, by which time we had taken on a fair load of refugee women, with the result that most of our Air Force personnel had to quarter themselves on the open deck. And it rained every night of the four-day trip down to Batavia. The night of February 13 passed without any particular incident. Next morning everyone trooped around the deck with a cheerfulness which was astonishing; we weren't to know what was in store for us during the next few days!

**OUR DIARY OF THE WAR**

**Flashbacks**

**1941**

October 21. Churchill broadcast to France calling on all Frenchmen to re-occupy their spies before it was too late.

October 14. Russian troops occupied Murmansk.

October 16. Romanian troops entered Constanta.

October 21. 50 French hostages shot by Germans for assassination of a German officer at Basra.

October 25. President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill issued declarations condemning Nazi atrocities in Occupied Territories.

**1943**

October 17. Schneider works at Le Creusot wrecked in daylight raid by 94 Lancasters.

October 25. Great night offensive launched by 8th Army against Rommel's positions at El Alamein.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

Of the most significant statements in the communiques from the Eastern Front mentioned that, during a recent period of bad weather in South Russia, German aircraft were grounded while Russian airmen continued to fly over the area around Minsk, a few hundred feet above the ground, with Stornovik ground attack aircraft prominent among them.

Until the whole story of the Russian counter-attack against the German invaders is told it will be impossible to allot full credit to the Red Air Force for the part it has played in the tremendous battles to recover the lost territories. The part played by the Royal Air Force, the Fleet Air Arm, the United States Army Air Force, the South African Air Force, the Royal Australian Air Force and other Allied air forces in the continuous 2,000 miles advance that drove the Germans (and the Italians) out of North Africa; that cleared them from Pantelleria and Sicily; and that carried the Anglo-American forces into Southern Italy, is well known.

Challenged and Faced to Decide Aerial Combat

It is not too much to say that without air power that great fight of arms might never have been accomplished. Why? You may well ask. For this reason. There can be no consolidation of positions in the air. There can be only the combat that is decisive. If there are aircraft in the air they can be left there to carry out their tasks, challenged and forced to fight to execute what they have been ordered to do, or destroyed and the remnants driven back whence they came.

Air power does not acknowledge a war of position. There is no such thing as a defensive war in the air when aircraft fight aircraft. The initial object of air power is to attain mastery of the air. When that has been achieved it becomes possible to use aircraft freely for purposes connected with surface actions—between armies or between navies or both. The fact that one side—what has gained the initiative in the air—can then employ its air power in aid of its surface forces given the combined forces of that side a measure of strength denied to their opponents, a measure of strength which the experience of the 1914-18 war and every war since has shown to be a decisive factor in battles on land and sea.

The victorious and swift overrunning of all Europe by German arms was accomplished by the great air superiority which the Luftwaffe in 1940-41 attained. The marked enemy were completely and hopelessly defeated. But the story of Germany in this war is the tale of the prodigal. The German Air Leaders expended German air power, for their own ends and failed to understand that they could gain eventual victory only by crushing the air power of their enemies and preventing it from being reconstituted. They believed that the Army was all-powerful (as it could be expected from the descendants of the incredibly cruel Toltzoff Knights who pillaged northeastern Europe centuries ago in the Invercargill of the Luftwaffe; 1940-41, or any other part of the world. They believed that the Luftwaffe was but an auxiliary of the Army in which air power was for without it no ground or sea forces can prevail against an opponent who possesses it as has been simply posessed.

To the providential blessing of the German generals to the startling obvious values of air power we must in the first instance attribute the failure of German arms to achieve absolute victory in this war. Among other things—and it was only one of their mistakes in which air power was required primarily by the Luftwaffe backed the Army. They failed to see that if they once attained to control the air they would be able to utilize the aircraft which had gained that air superiority to deal effectively with the needs of their ground forces.

So, when the Germans were forced to use their Army-reinforced aircraft to fight for air control in the initial phases of the battle is a direct result of an air theory of a different kind. The Independent Royal Air Force had been created and expanded and used to destroy the Luftwaffe from the beginning in 1918 to fight for and obtain air supremacy and finally air mastery as the everlasting principle of its existence. Other aspects of air power were kept in mind and additional Commands provided to deal with them. But the first object of the British Air Arm was to inflict decisive defeat upon the Air Arm of its opponents, and it was only because of the gigantic superiority of the Royal Air Force that the British Air Arm was able to carry out its task. The Royal Air Force in its victory, and, in spite of its enormous losses, fought on until it had gained parity and then gained superiority.

The American air onslaught was keyed to a strategic conception of air war similar to the one that was the basis of the Allied air power were different, owing doubtless to great geographical variations in the conditions which faced the two nations before the war began. So, the American heavy bombers were designed to operate over great distances from bases to Europe, whereas the American medium bombers were designed to fly high (American mountain ranges are far higher than European), and elevations from which the aircraft might have to take off imposed special considerations in engine design; and their Long Range bombers were very heavily armored and armed and were thus able to fly their way through to their pre-arranged objectives.

Our Most Critical Stage in the War: It is Now At Hand

The British and American conception of the theory of air power was the same, but the application of the theory to types of aircraft was affected by the different geographical conditions facing each nation. That is why air defeat has been imposed upon Germany and Japan.

It is now the turn of the German generals. Will the Anglo-American ground Generals employ the air power which is available to them to the best advantage, to jack victory in the shortest time, and with the fewest casualties among our troops? Do they know enough of the gigantic potential power of the Air Arm to make the most of its potential power? Or should a fully qualified Air Officer of the British Army take the lead in the organization to ensure that the air power available to us is as fully employed as the fullest possible advantage?

Meanwhile, the Red Air Force has the situation. Clinically they have never been outclassed, even in peace time. This is now their great ally, and they have shown that they can exploit its value, for the handicap that they have always had to fight in now imposed as rigorously upon the German Luftwaffe. And it may prove, in time, this is the great secret of the success of the Russian war, the offensive baby engaged when the Red Air Force had air superiority. But, in the British and American armies, in addition to their own output, the Russians have an air superiority at their command. And, for example, this period explains their recent continuous and sensationallly successful advances and the defeat of German armies.
Smashed-Up Lancaster Gets a New Lease of Life

Back from a big raid with undercarriage smashed, an engine burnt out and propellers twisted. "Y for Yilla" crash-landed on the home aerodrome. Crash basket is on a chassis (1). Car delivery to the dismantling squad (2). In car, the crashed-out Lancaster, preceded by R.A.F. maintenance police (3), is moved to the chassis shop (4). High-speed construction which successfully completed enables it to take to the sky again (5). It is ready to dive more banks where there will be more good in the Allied cause.
Peril They Scorned—There Were Lives to Save

**MISS CELIA JENKINS, R.N.**
- Red Cross worker, saved two people from a burning building, and then came under fire from a Japanese invasion of Singapore.

**DR. M. THOMSON, R.C.**
- Horrified and mortally wounded by Japanese shrapnel, he refused to leave his sick bed and continued a practice of medicine.

**MISS DOROTHY HIDE, R.N.**
- Civil Defense worker; showed "heroic calm in duty, complete self-control in emergency."

**SISTER MURIEL MYERS**
- Of the 3,000 Red Cross nurses serving in the Middle East, Sister Myers was awarded the 'Bravery and Gallantry' medal for showing "standing coolness, patience, and courage."

**NURSE M. PERRO**
- She was seen running from Lord Gort, Governor of Malta, as the British forces were being overrun by the Germans. Her award of the 'M. G. C.' is credited to her "steadfastness and courage in the face of all perils."

**MISS DOREEN PERKING**
- Member of the Women's Land Army, she aided in saving dead and wounded during the war in Britain. Her work in the field earned her the 'R.A.F. Cross' for "courage and laborious work in the face of enemy."
Editors Postscript

In Rome had a personality the city would be recalling just now the number of times it has been approached by armies, besieged, stormed, sacked, ravaged with sword and fire. There have been times when it almost ceased to exist, when guns grew in the highways, and a scanty population sheltered in ruined palaces. How Nature treats a city that falls into a condition like that is shown by the depth, just as the Roman Forum was dank, impermeable, and unhealthy, and the surface of the sea is raised. The Gulf of Taranto, and the surface of the earth is raised.

I read a story of a city that has fallen into a condition like that is shown by the depth, just as the Roman Forum was dank, impermeable, and unhealthy, and the surface of the sea is raised. The Gulf of Taranto, and the surface of the earth is raised.

The "old west" of last century's wars, even of the South African War, used to attract great importance to medals. The mildly, it seems, is a rising to laugh at them and to think they had better be abolished. This is symptomatic. For one thing, since the great majority of men who are of an age to go into one of the Services are rising in one of them, the Troilus just now. I suppose our members like his plays because there is such a quiet, peaceful atmosphere in them. It takes their minds off the present turmoil and bloodshed and uncertainty." he asked him. "What about Thackeray?" I he is in the business so well."

"Oh dear no," he replied. "I haven't read Thackeray yet. I have some problems with Austen. She is easily explained. "Thank you, Mr. Archer."

"It could do a big scene far better than Troilus. But he would have to get in so much cheap masking. Troilus snick to his chateau and into the Oxford University Press are adding to their World's Classics has novel called to as "Pepys."

Pepys is a fascinating attention for the second time in its history. It became a short time ago, in newspaper language, one of the leading "tomes" of the Russian Fatherland (like "Dregashal", the "Lombards" of Germany). I can't think of anything without any regard to its meeting." Its earlier four-tape page was won in 1912. Gen. Guiska, one of the Tsar's army commanders, he his headquarters there. He and the other leading generals had decided that there must be a change in the Russian system of government. They could not win the war, they must be turned into a Parliament. Russia must be turned into a Parliament.

The Tsar left his headquarters near Moghul (somewhat prominent in the news of late) for his home at Tsarskoe. He was there to negotiate with the Allies, and to offer concessions and was told: "It will be too late. The Tsarist was over. It ended at 11 Qver.

PRODIGITs of peace after the war are growing more certain and the liberation of the Nato-occupied countries draws near, the people of several of these countries have already begun fighting each other over questions of post-war settlement. In Greece there are some who want the King back and some who say "Never! They are not merely arguing about it. They are at war. Then in Yugoslavia the Russian army is accused of some of the bolder nations of the group. It is estimated that about 100,000 people are said to be strongly in favour of relations with Russia, and complaints are made that obstacles are raised to this by the Foreign Office in London and Washington under the influence of "reactionary Pechel circles."

Dr. Bao, the man who went to Moscow to make some arrangement months ago. He was held back. His journey was fixed for last month, but postponed indefinitely out by his own wish, because of the Three-Power Conference. The Poles themselves appear to be deeply divided. The more carefully observed shocks there is almost bound to be something like civil war in France. Have we get to keep armies all over Europe to preserve order? I sincerely hope we shall do nothing of the kind.

Dr. ANTONIO D'OLIVEIRA SALAZAR, Prime Minister and virtual dictator of Portugal since 1912. A professor of economics, he became Prime Minister in 1943. On December 12, 1943, Dr. Salazar adorned the Portuguese National Assembly in Lisbon for his 56th

FOOTNOTES: War widows in years to come would confer no dignity. If it did, ununiformed women would be caused to the men who did equally important woman factories, shipyards, coal mines and so on, and who would have received no recognition. For another thing, the Servicemen of the present do not want any reminder of the war in which they took part. There is quite enough for them to do, especially with the rise of other distinctions, there is some feeling against them due to the knowledge that they are often awarded very much at hush-hush. Many of them are of whom they are not necessarily buying or more skillful in leading the rest, but to those who happen to attract notice. The silliness of foreign decorations, which was a joke last time, has faded out in this war. They are used to be taken round in troupes.

I wanted to look up something in one of Troilus's novels and went to the shelves at the London Library where the great Victorian story-teller's works used to be ranged. Surprisingly the shelves were almost empty. I asked one of the librarians if the volumes had been sent to be rebound. "No," he said; "they are out, found. There is a run on books. It is well known as the Ruchester series.

Pикант is attracting attention for the second time in its history. It became a short time ago, in newspaper language, one of the leading "tomes" of the Russian Fatherland (like "Dregashal", the "Lombards" of Germany). I can't think of anything without any regard to its meeting." Its earlier four-tape page was won in 1912. Gen. Guiska, one of the Tsar's army commanders, he his headquarters there. He and the other leading generals had decided that there must be a change in the Russian system of government. They could not win the war, they must be turned into a Parliament. Russia must be turned into a Parliament.

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Men of the 5th on the Last Lap to Naples

Seaching for Snipers in Torre Annunziata, Bay of Naples port, capture of which was reported on October 1. 1943, this tank-load of British infantry of the 7th Army passer a street sign indicating the road to Vesuvious. Only 6 miles to the north, beyond the famous volcano, the Naples, which our men occupied a few hours later after severe skirmishing.

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