ON HIS WAY TO N. AFRICA for the historic Three-Power Conference at Cairo (Nov. 22-24, 1943) Mr. Churchill went two days at Malta. He is here seen amid the ruins of the much-honored Valletta dockyard area, where he received a tumultuous welcome. It was with the utmost concern that the people of the United Nations learned on Dec. 18 that the Premier was seriously ill with pneumonia. But by Dec. 22 it was stated that he was well on the way to recovery.

NO. 178 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JANUARY 21
Sidelights of War Seen by Our Roving Camera

ARAB GIFT TO MR. CHURCHILL. Two Arabian princes, the Emir Fahd and the Emir Saud, sons of King Faisal of Iraq, presented Mr. Churchill with a sword from King Faisal of Saudi Arabia on a recent visit. The present was accepted by Mr. Churchill in the presence of a crowd of cabinet ministers. The Prime Minister's wife is here presenting the sword from Prince Faisal to Mr. Churchill's daughter in the Middle East (see p. 386-87). On the extreme left stands Iraq's Hadi Waheida.

HISTORIC CITY CEREMONY. The City of Chicago was commemorated for the 10th anniversary of the 1893 World's Fair. A ceremony was held at the site of the fair, with the presentation of a historical painting and the unveiling of a monument to the fair. A large crowd gathered to witness the ceremony, which included speeches by prominent city officials and the presentation of gifts to the fair grounds. The ceremony was marked by patriotic songs and the flying of the American flag over the fair grounds.

GAS TEST ON THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY. As an example of the precautions taken by the Southern Railway in the event of a gas attack, a demonstration was held at a station near Atlanta. A gas-filled train was placed on the tracks, and a signal was given to sound the alarm. The train was quickly evacuated, and a large crowd gathered to witness the operation. The demonstration was held to show the efficiency of the Southern Railway's gas protection measures, and to prepare the public for the possibility of a future attack. The demonstration received widespread coverage in the media, and was praised for its accuracy and realism.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


By the end of Nov. 1943 it had become clear, from the marked and continuous fall in Allied shipping losses over a period of months, that the battle of the Atlantic had for all practical purposes been won. The striking victories gained by air and sea and the new attitudes of the Axis leaders had given a new impetus to the Allies' efforts to break the enemy's grip on the Mediterranean, and with new construction and exceptionally good weather conditions, it was evident that our power of multi-

THE progress of the Italian campaign is bound to be slow, as long as the enemy is determined to fight hard for every foot of ground that gives him such ample opportunities for delaying and defensive action. Anything like a sensational break-through on either the 8th or 9th Army fronts obviously cannot be expected; and, in order to maintain weather conditions of winter, amphibious operations are not possible in the positions that must present few attractions.

On the other hand, the day-to-day progress of the armies may seem insignificant; but from the beginning of October, when Naples had been captured, to the middle of December, when the 8th Army had advanced some 30 miles in the coastal region through appalling weather conditions.

It had then broken through the positions on which the enemy had apparently hoped to stand for the winter, but had broken into it and secured a number of important tactical features. On the Adriatic coast the 9th Army's advance in the same period had covered about 60 miles and had definitely broken through the enemy's winter positions on the Sangro, though without being able to prevent his retirement in good order.

A TERRITORY may seem small gains for 2 months of hard fighting when compared with the great gains that have changed hands rapidly in the Mediterranean and Far East; but they should be compared rather with the advances made in the offensive in the last year. When the enemy stands to fight with determination only a very deep penetration or outflanking of his position will compel him to carry out a long strategic withdrawal; and neither will be feasible in the Italian theatre where the terrain provided natural opportunities for defence in great depth. In the mountainous central sector of the front the advance has actually covered longer distances during the period. The enemy, owing to insufficient communications, could only hold the ground lightly and there were in consequence greater opportunities of employing infiltration tactics.

The Allied troops have evidently fought magnificently throughout, and have inflicted very heavy losses on the enemy, compelling them to employ more of his reserve divisions than he had probably ever intended. In the long run this may prove to be of more importance than a rapid advance.

It is unfortunate, though perhaps unavoidable, that in armies composed of elements drawn from many quarters the part played by British troops should be somewhat obscured. Although General Clark commands the 5th American Army, there is in it, I understand, actually a majority of British troops and they have certainly taken a full share in its operations. Being an American army, however, American war correspondents are naturally drawn to it and take a special interest in American exploits.

The 8th, is, of course, a British Army, but obviously, both for clarity in description and in justice, the splendid New Zealand, Canadian and Indian Divisions, which do not bear British distinctive numbers, must be mentioned by name. British Divisions are at times mentioned by their numbers, but since that might five useful information to the enemy this is not generally permitted. It is consequently not easy for correspondents to indicate how many British divisions are actually engaged. One thing those of us who have been on the Italian front can say with certainty is that they are playing a dominant part in the battle. Splendidly the artillery, aircraft and, to some extent, guns have cooperated, it has been, and probably will continue to be, essentially a campaign for infantry with the Engineers as an indispensable adjunct.

In Russia, as I write in mid-December, the drawn-out autumn battles are approaching their end and winter operations of a different order are due to begin. The crisis in the Kavkaz has not yet passed, but with every day that Stalin's army continues to retain its cohesion the chances that Mannstein's counter-offensive will achieve a major success diminish. Up till now he has had the immense advantage of possessing good rail-

Soviet Military Mission to Italy. It was revealed on Dec. 3, (1943), was handed by Maj.-Gen. Varrisse, writer of Rome, reporter of which was on Nov. 1, 1943. Guided on form in the Congress of Venice (centre), is a picture of the officers, officers, and a view of the officers on the occasion of the presentation of the Flak-Gewehr.

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PRINT, BRITISH OFFICIAL. PHOTOGRAPHS.
Sword of Honour City: Stalingrad Resurgent

A HERE 7,000 CITIZENS REMAINED ALIVE among the ruins when Stalingrad was liberated by Soviet forces on Jan. 17, 1943. Refugees then began to return, and by September 1, 1943, approximately 5,000 people were living in temporary shelters. The city was reconquered by the Red Army on Jan. 17, 1943, and factories are once more producing in the tractor plant (2), where Natasha Shakhova (3) is leading electrician. See p. 496.
Germans Use Rocket Shells in Russia and Italy

ON ITS WAY is a rocket shell case (above) leaving the gun. Principle of the device is the same as that of the simple rocket, which is propelled by the expansion created by the jet of expanding gases from the tail. The fuel employed in the German missiles is either gasoline or liquid gas such as oxygen or hydrogen.
by Francis E. McMurtrie

At least fifty nations may think our naval and air critics are exasperating on each other's nerves in this manner. But in fact Mr. McMurtrie does interestingly with air power from the nation's unexplored adversary. Capt.

Harlan L. Carhart, page 29, gives an navaux's comments on the sea way.

More than once in these pages I have expressed the opinion that the German Navy will never again possess a fleet in a fleet or squadron, except possibly on some evil opportunity in which it could severely be intercepted, such as the duchy of Splittergen. It was recently revealed that last summer the Home Fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, in conjunction with a task force of the United States Navy under Rear-Admiral Olaf M. Horstman, practically coaxed out of the anchorage in which the German fleet lay in Northern Norwegian waters. Such action was the enemy's response that only a reconnaissance aircraft ventured to approach the Allied force; and as the result of the Fleet Air Arm's vigilance, it failed to return to its base.

It has since been the turn of the Japanese fleet to be invited to a similar demonstration. During the second week in Dec. 1943 a strong force of the United States Pacific Fleet, comprising battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers and destroyers, cruised within a comparatively short range of Truk, the island stronghold which is the principal center of Japan's Pacific offensive. It has been stated that the main enemy that it has encountered, it gave no sign of its presence on this occasion. Yet it has been suggested that the importance of Truk is such that the Japanese would be likely to light a major action, in which all of their naval resources, were to be it threatened.

Having regard to the recent tendency of our Eastern enemy to husband his resources in heavy ships, it seems doubtful if Truk would be regarded as worth a supreme gamble. Rather does it seem likely that the main fleet will continue to be held in reserve, to be risked only by the last resort. A second assault would probably find its subsidiary naval vessels at Truk, which would endanger to escape if complete investment of the group were threatened.

ARTIFICIALS released in Dec. 1943 of a successful action against U-boats in the North Atlantic by the Royal Navy in conjunction with Coastal Command aircraft included the mention of a new class of fighter, known officially as the "Catalina" class. There appears to be a very large number of these useful craft, all of which were constructed in the United States. The first few were launched in U.S. Navy Yards in 1942, but recently the names of a great many more have been reported in the Press on both sides of the Atlantic as having been launched from private shipyards in America, including the Pacific northwest, Puget Sound, Bellingham, Buffalo, Capetown, Daff, Foley and Lehigh, all of which fought under names at the Nile, Cuniberti or Trujillo; Bayonne, who was Blake's right-hand man at Santa Cruz de Teniente in April 1637; Derry, who was with Admiral Duncan at Camperdown; Caldec, who was captain of the fleet under Jervis at St. Vincent; Bentinck and Thorburn, who were amongst Home's captives at the Galleons of June 1794.

According to reports published in the American Press, these vessels are intended in type with those known in the United States Navy as "destroyer escorts." The rates are above for three, and are 300 feet in length with a beam of 35 feet. They are armed with three dual-purpose gun of 3-in. calibre, along with two 40-millimetre Bofors. Before pieces and four 20-millimetre Oerlikon-Mauser, various on different vessels, some having turbine engines, others triple expansion and with other Diesel motors. Horse-power is stated at 5,000, equal to speed of over 20 knots, or sufficient to overtake any U-boat. Judging from the performance of these little ships it is evident that the recent victory in the Battle of the Atlantic is certain to have also to account for the increase in the number of escort aircraft carriers which are employed to bridge the mid-Atlantic gap, between the effective ranges of shore-based planes. According to statements made in America, the United States Navy now includes over 40 of these valuable vessels, many of which have been improved from merchant ship hulls. The British are building the more recent large specially built carriers, many of which were named after sounds, the later ones after bays, e.g., Long Island, Cretecal, Barcares, Core, Harwich, and netshinn Bay, Fairham Bay, Windermere Bay, Onchan Bay, Nebel Bay; but a few of the latest type have been given battle names, a privilege hitherto reserved for the big fleet aircraft carriers. Instances of the latter class are the Atlantic, Guadalcanal, Tripoli, Corregidor and Wake Island.

Thus, the latter are now being published, it seems reasonable to conclude that British escort carriers are as numerous or almost as numerous. Names that have actually been released on this side of the Atlantic include Archer, Attacker, Batile, Bluer, Fencer, H unter, Raven, Stalker, Searcher, Tracker. According to the American Press, one named Chaser was launched in June 1942 and a sister ship, the Porcupine, in the following month. Two named Britons and Trailer had gone afloat in the previous May. This year the launch in the USA of an escort carrier for the Royal Navy named Armar has been announced. From her name she would appear to be of a different type from the others mentioned.

American escort carriers appear to vary in displacement from about 7,500 tons to fully 10,000 tons. Their complement of aircraft may be as many as 30, and their armament includes light guns on high-angle mountings, ranging from machine-guns to 3-in., or 4-in. weapons. In some cases Diesel motors are used for propulsion; in others geared turbines, supplied with steam by water-cooled boilers of the Parsons-Walker pattern. There is no doubt that the very considerable number of aircraft carriers now available for service, not only in the Battle of the Atlantic but also in other spheres of operation, ten greatly relieved the pressure on the Exiled Navies. Atlantic, aircraft from carriers of this (escort) type proved invaluable in affording continuous cover to the invading troops while land-based planes reluncted.

One of the results of a more plentiful supply of carriers has been the discarding of 'seaplanes as an item of equipment by the majority of cruisers. There is obviously little need for a seaplane's services if a carrier is within reach; while the considerable amount of deck space occupied by an aircraft and the necessary catapult can all be spared. There is also the added danger of fire from the petrol that has to be carried. Judging from official photographs, the heavy 10,000-ton cruisers, which are liable to the same form of attack, are almost the only ones that now carry seaplanes.

LAST MOMENTS OF A LITTLE VESSEL destroyed by Coastal Command aircraft in a second-air alert fought around a St. Atlantic convoy. A Liberator, it was announced Dec. 1, 1943, accounted for this one, which lay half-submerged long enough for its crew to sink their rubber dinghy.
U.S. Naval Task Force Aids British Home Fleet

Naval cooperation of Britain and America is demonstrated in the top photograph, where destroyers of the U.S. task force are in company with British destroyers from a protective screen for battle ships. Below, a line of American battlenships is seen, with a British admiral on board. An American pilot is seen in the lower photograph, having just landed the aerial from the landing craft at the port where they recently visited units of the U.S. Fleet now operating with the Royal Navy.
Our Monitors Help the Land Fighting in Italy

In the Italian campaign monitors have come into their own. Geographically situated that they are, in a good case, 50 miles from the line of action, this is an advantage. How many of these specified warships are now engaged must remain a secret. The only name which may be mentioned at present is H.M.S. Roberts.

It is no secret to the Germans that the devastating shells from the batteries of these monitors have already caused them some inconvenience on the road to Sentry. While the guns of the destroyers steaming close to the shore engaged the German tanks trying to sally out of the ravines, the heavier guns of the monitors and battleships were ranged on the German heavy batteries farther inland, and on German communications and supply targets. Whatever the fighting goes in the "leg" of Italy, the monitors will find targets. There is no other part of Europe where this type of warship could be used over such a long period.

This monitor is a specialized warship with a single purpose—the knockdown of shore targets. It is not equipped to fight other warships, and Allied naval supremacy is a condition for it going into action. It is a defensively armed, and able to take punishment, but otherwise everything is subordinated to the great guns in a forward turret which are characteristic of its design. Its shallow draught enables it to approach close to the shore than a battleship with a comparable armament, and its guns are mounted so that they can fire at a high angle, with a maximum range of 40,000 yards. At the long ranges the shell ploughs on its target and is least likely to be taken off course by the wind. At close ranges it is directed to land targets than a shell fired at low level, and having a more devastating effect, since the shell gives no audible warning of its approach.

Of the ability of the monitor, with its extensive torpoe budget, to take punishment, the case of H.M.S. Terror is the classic. When bombarding German positions on the Belgian coast in the last war he was hit by three torpoe simultaneously. She reached port targets behind the enemy lines, playing a big part in turning defeat into rout. Wherever the enemy showed signs of stubborn resistance along the coastal road, as at Zeebrugge and Torbuk, the guns of the Terror ranged on them and helped them to change their mind.

Enemy aircraft made such a dead-set for the coast, in the absence of an air umbrella, that her end at some time was almost inevitable. It came through a near-miss from a bomb off Boulogne. She tried to make Torbuk, but two mines flooded more compartments, and another near-miss flooded her engine compartment and she had to be abandoned. Thus ended a great career, in which her guns had pumped hundreds of tons of high explosive on the enemy in two wars.

The work of H.M.S. Roberts in recent months has been equally devastating. She followed the enemy all the way up the east coast of Sicily, remaining in action for ten weeks, with only two days on which the crews were not closed up at action stations. Her most spectacular feat, perhaps, was blocking the road at Taormina. A few well-directed shells started a landslide of rock which completely blocked the road and railway in the enemy's rear. On another occasion, mines were discovered ahead of the line of advance. She reached port in a few weeks bombarding the same targets. The Germans had to use nearly 500 guns to get her. She was sunk in February 1941 off the North African coast, but only after three bombs and two mines had broken her back.

H.M.S. TRAXON played a considerable part in the first Libyan campaign, where she was part of the "Task Force" to which General Wavell alluded such a generous share of the victory. When war broke out she was in the Far East, but was brought to the Mediterranean. Her first task was one very much out of the line of a monitor—anti-aircraft defence of Malta in the first weeks of the war with Italy, when no other defence was possible. She survived further bombardment in Gaza Bay, was attacked by E-boats while bombarding Sidi Barran in the opening stages of the campaign, and then incessantly attacked from the air.

But the Germans did not get her until she had poured hundreds of rounds into vital targets, where a single shell completely destroyed a chemical factory, and a salvo on Sfax, eleven miles inland, was the last straw for the garrison, which had been putting up a hot resistance, at surrender. There were many instances of enemy batteries being put out of action or coming out in surrender in one or two near misses.

Monitors are equipped with elaborate rangefinding apparatus, but wireless and the new style of amphibious warfare have opened up fresh possibilities to them. In Italy they have been working with the aid of observers on the land as well as with "spoting planes." They are thus able to fire at targets concealed out of sight with great accuracy, and even to fire through a smoke-screen.

At the opening of the present war, as at the beginning of the last, the Royal Navy was poorly provided with monitors. In 1914 Britain had no true monitors, but, chiefly under the inspiration of Lord Fisher, sixteen were built in record time, of which H.M.S. Terror and H.M.S. Euboeus became the most famous. The latter, incidentally, survived a devastating blow amidsthips by a small boat laden with high explosive. Four were sunk in operations, and all the rest but three were scrapped during the disarmament of 1922. Of those three only the hulls of the Lake Drive, at Plymouth, have guns being mounted on H.M.S. Euboeus. Those scrapped monitors would be worth almost anything in the present amphibious warfare we are conducting, but their places have been taken by new vessels on an extens which must remain secret.

One of the difficulties in building monitors is that the huge guns with their accompanying rangefinding apparatus cannot be produced in a day or even a few weeks. It is a lengthy and highly specialized job for which only a few establishments are equipped.

A monitor has a remarkably shallow draught—perhaps 11 feet, compared with 27-28 feet of a battleship comparable in size. Her armour is generally limited to about 4 inches, with heavier armour on the gunhouse. The Royal Navy is now the only "monitor builder." This is in accordance with a long tradition of amphibious warfare. The monitor as a type dates back to the 17th century, but the name itself comes from the famous "monitor" built by Ericsson for the Federals in the U.S. Civil War.

The duel between the Monitor, which was a virtual 11-inch gun battery, heavily armoured, and the Merrimack, built by the Confederacy, is a classic of naval history. It was indecisive, in a sense, since neither ship was sunk, but it established the tariff mounting of heavy guns and led to the construction of "monitors," along different lines from those of the "monitor" of the 17th century. The United States did not continue the construction of monitors after the 1861-65 war, presumably not envisaging amphibious conditions when they would be effective—as now.
Monty's Men Push on Along the Road to Rome

DRIVE BEYOND THE SANGRO enabled the 8th Army to reach the mountains of Ortina and Orsagno by Dec. 12, 1943 (see p. 493). 1. German mortar section lined among Sherman tanks. 2. Carrier and anti-tank guns. 3. Gen. Montgomery passes a rugged Sherman tank and hands out cigarettes. 4. British infantry clamber a steep rugged slope. 5. British gun group in a solitude; slit trench picks off its Nazi targets.
Fire Mud and Snow Fail to Stop Our Advance

Mountains villages blaze as the Germans, forced from their defensive line across Italy, from the Sangro to the Garigliano, adopt a "scorched earth" policy. During mid-November the 5th and 6th Armies captured several of these villages in a series of precipitous gorges, and the above drawing shows a night scene on the road in Allevina (extremely rugged by the 5th on New 30). In the middle distance the town of Rosena burns; the sky and the intervening village are lit up by fire in other villages as the Allies advance from the south.

Monte's approach in the Apennines inevitably slowed down Allied progress; even despite difficult conditions overpasses in some mountainous areas were moved along the line occupied by the 5th and 6th Armies. Monte Piva, 5,250 ft. high and steep, page 490, turns toward the heights ground. Snow and rain have changed the precipitous track into a morass area, which drives tanks and pack-mules to their knees, although north.

Many tracks deteriorated into creeks of deep mud.
Colossal Task for R.E.s of the 8th Army in Italy

MASTERS OF DEMOLITION: the retreating Germans blew up this important Italian rail bridge N.W. of Yanco, captured by the 8th Army on Nov. 1, 1943. Royal Engineers are shown repairing the huge gap in order that supply lines to our forward troops can be maintained. Yanco is a small port between Tercnoli and Pescara on the Adriatic coast - its capture was followed by further successful attacks by the 8th Army, enabling the latter to command the road S.W. from that town to Cisterna, the fall of which was announced on Nov. 7th.
Dodecanese Islanders Gain Sanctuary in Egypt

Greek Refugees, plunged into the quicksand of war and lost from their homes with the fall of the islands of Cos, Samos, and Lemnos in the Dodecanese last June, are gradually leaving the islands. Many sailed to Egypt off their island coasts until Allied shipping put them under way.

A weary refugee crowd aboard a rescue ship [1], and showing the other half of the ship forward to a mass meal as they roll on east [2]. Another family [3] arrives from the port city of Piraeus. A mother and child arrive at a temporary camp in Egypt, where food, clothing, and medical supplies are delivered by the U.N. Relief and Rehabilitation Administration [4].

Refugee Relief Association; a substantial need is in progress [5].

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Turkey Affirms Her Friendship with the Allies

READY FOR ACTION, if required, are Turkey's lightly trained parachute troops (1). In Adana, the enlisted members of a "Muster's Club"—an organization that promotes the training of Turkish parachute troops stationed under lease from U.S.A.,—are being gathered for parachute training in Alexandria (2) for shipment to air bases. A Turkish "Muglay" training plane about to be tested (3).
Praise the Men Who Pass the Ammunition

Victory demands not only men and guns in the correct place and at the right time, but adequate supplies of ammunition, which drenches the course of battle. DONALD COWIE explains the difficulties and hazards of ensuring that the troops in the front line have the ammunition they need.

WHo saved Egypt—and possibly the world—in the summer of 1942? Some say General Auchinleck and some the South Africans; others argue about Sherman tanks and 25-pounder guns. Yet one man—the ammunition man of the Eighth Army. No one ever does.

But consider how our retreating remnants stopped at last to dig themselves in at El Alamein. Only a screen of a few 25-pounder guns held the rocky line as the weary troops sorted themselves out. Rommel's tanks continued to advance; our guns just convulsed to hold them at bay. Then it was revealed that ammunition was very nearly exhausted and the nearest dumps were far off in the Nile Valley.

Part of that last supply was rushed to the railway, transported to a section of the track near Alamein, transferred into R.A.S.C. lorries, and then—Asia bombers came over. The Lufthansa and Roga Aeronautica had always appropriated a sitting target. These bellicose lorry-loads were steadied again and again with bombs as they lunged forward across the rocks and the rubble. Meanwhile, our distant gunners anxiously hacked at their last shells. Every single 25 pounder had come through, and the Cockpits of the lorry-loads were alongside on motor-cycles, urging speed.

A maps compass skewed, and both heavy and motor-cycle disappeared in a flash of flame. A load of ammunition is easily destroyed. Yet the convoy went on, swearing to avoid the burning hulks of its unfortunate vehicles. Now, over to the guns.

The gunners knew they could not last much longer, still too tired to look for the delayed supplies. They loaded as fast as they could, oblivious to dust and smoke. Then a little convoy of 25-pounders emerged from the inferno, driving at high speed over the rough ground. Some of our flak guns fired crazily as they passed, and many had been gutted against the sky. One was actually on fire. It was an archetypal archetypal siege.

This was a real case of running the gauntlet, especially as the基本 had the ground over which the battery had to travel.

But the foreground vehicles were already discharging guns men with cases of shells in their arms. The men were racing to the guns, which cranked, and drove back the nearest which, replenished, drove back the nearest German tanks. Egypt was saved. And who had been responsible?

That story was worth telling in detail because it epitomizes many similar cases in this war when all depended upon the gallantry of a body of men who have received less than their due in publicity. Once workers of this kind on the ammunition lines were really left job. But under modern conditions the ammunition man is not only the vitally important part, they often have to take part in the action with the men assailed front line troops would be left to face.

The point is that while more ammunition than ever is needed by the multiplicity of engines of war of today—guns, automatic armes, tanks, armoured cars—the speed of speenheads makes it necessary for the "ammunition men" to be equally mobile and ready to expose themselves.

Admirably there has been a great development in methods whereby the guns, tanks and forward troops can carry a certain amount of their own ammunition. Caissons, trailers behind the guns, run on pneumatics, turrets and the whole outfit is self-propelled. Every available inch of space within tanks is decorated with clips of big shells, mortar bombs, smoke grenades, and small arms cartridges for machine-guns and rifles. When the "tank" is taken to a tank within his mobile fortress a rack of shells hangs above his head. The forward troops can easily load these of ammunition round their bodies like snakes.

Now consider how many rounds are fired in the shatter battle. The machine-gun or casual firing principle has revolutionary firepower. In five minutes the Bren gun will exhaust the 1,300 ammunition supply of 750 Brens. For six hours' intensive bombardment per mile of front in the last war British guns required 67,700 shells. But modern artillery fire much faster, and it can rarely be reached by permanent, well-guarded communication lines.

From the anchored supply ships off the shores to the open beaches of the invasion's beginning, a chain of men continually stood waist-deep in the water. They were passing shells from hand to hand. As it happened they had to suffer little more than rounds-strains, but they might have had to do that job under fire.

Which introduces yet another aspect of this work, unknown to the general public. Ammunition in this war is not only to bombs but also to atmospheric conditions. A shell which bursts slowly in a warm climate is different from one which bursts in a cold climate.

And so, in the words of the ammunition man's secretary's cry throughout the ages. This is essential to a solution of the "ammunition men" in basically-conducted dumps.

Centurion groups of the shells and smallarms bullets, careful attention to waterproofing of nooks and hiding of tapas are principal methods. But imagine the worry of safeguarding those temperature and time-sensitive operations, or forward push in bad weather. Airmen and supply vehicles have to be brought up under fire to the front line.

Here is another example of how ammunition supply dictates the course of battle. Dumps of shells for the B.E.F., in 1939-40 had been prepared behind their lines, but within a few days after the German invasion these were behind the German lines. It was quite impossible with our resources to provide all the retreating men with ammunition as they were already needed in the air. It was a condition of which the German invasion was the first, and it eventually forced to capitulate because they had not a single round left.

It is now the enemy's turn to be parted finally from his ammunition. We captured hundreds of thousands of rounds from the Germans and Italians in North Africa and Sicily, but the sums of the "ammunition men" Herculean task to collect and make an inventory of this booty, assigning part of it to arms factories for breaking down and re-manufacture, and the other part for use in captured guns and small arms.

And one should not forget the railmen of thousands of rounds from the Germans and Italians in North Africa and Sicily, but the sums of the "ammunition man's" Herculean task to collect and make an inventory of this booty, assigning part of it to arms factories for breaking down and re-manufacture, and the other part for use in captured guns and small arms.

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Highlight of the Teheran Conference was the presentation in the Soviet Embassy of the Sword of Malaya by Mr. Churchill (on behalf of H.M. the King) to Marshal Stalin. Facing the Sword, in its case on the table (below), the two joint leaders salute during the playing of their national anthems. On his way to the Cairo Conference, which preceded the Teheran meeting, Mr. Churchill called at Malta, where he is seen (top) with Field-Marshal Lord Gort, Governor of the Island.
Many Happy Returns!

Our indomitable Premier celebrated, and had celebrated for him, his 60th birthday during the conference in Teheran. Numerous gifts included a special cake and a hat (left) presented to him on behalf of representatives of the British Press. Below, Mr. Churchill is greeted by the Shah of Persia.

Our Nations Shall Work Together in War and Peace

In Teheran's capital, Teheran, there met for the first time the leaders of the three greatest nations. Nov. 28, 1943, also marked the execution of the Tripartite meeting between Roosevelt and Stalin. Above, President and the two Premiers are seated on the steps of the Soviet Legation. Behind, left to right, are Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, Marshal Voroshilov, General Sir Alan Brooke and Admiral Leahy. In every corner of the world will be felt the consequences of this meeting, in which it was declared: "...have concerted our plans for the destruction of the German forces." The conferences were summed up by Field-Marshal Smuts as "...the most significant gatherings in a hundred years."
Chungking Comes to Cairo

The complete defeat of Japan was planned at the first Cairo Conference. While in Africa, Generalissimo-Chiang Kai-shek, accompanied by his charming and talented wife, found time for a short sightseeing tour of the city. Accompanied by Sir Robert Greg, G.C.M.G., they are seen (top) leaving the Ibn Tulun Mosque, and (below) hand-in-hand they survey enthralled from the high vantage point of the Mohamed Ali Mosque. Chiang Kai-shek pointed out to Sir Robert, who knows Cairo as the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek know their own native cities. See article in facing page.

Photo, British Official / Crown Copyright
Friends in Fact, in Spirit and in Purpose

Mementos decided, at which no man can yet grasp the real magnitude of the million-man war and the final consequence, were taken when Allied leaders met in a series of conferences commencing November 22, 1943, to plan next steps in the prosecution of the war. A brief background.

The next day (Nov. 30) was Mr. Churchill's 68th birthday, and he was the proud recipient of a marble skiff, while the evening there was a dinner party at the British Legation, at which the Premier was host and President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin were guests of honor. Of the latter, Mr. Churchill's opinion was that he is "a man of very great and profound mind." In the middle of the table was the birthday cake and "very large," but bearing a prominent "V" and surmounted by 69 candles.

At Tehran they found the master of a six, the Socialist six, of the world waiting to hail them. Marshall Stalin had arrived by plane from Moscow the preceding day, and had taken up his residence in the gardens of the Russian Embassy, converted (together with its not distant neighbour, the British Legation) into a fortress-like area, ringed with cordons of troops, police, and G.P.O. guards.

Stirring from their planes, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill had their first sight of the Red Army in the very personal guard of honour lined up at the Tehran airport. Mr. Reader Bellul, the British Minister, and Gen. Saljov, Acting G.O.C. Persia-Iran Force, met Mr. Churchill and drove him to the British Legation. The President simultaneously went to the residence of Mr. Louis Dreyfus, read the inscription—"Surely, a heart of steel," was his comment—the Sword was really born out, and those within hear the ringing words of command as the guards presented arms in honour of the distinguished guests.

The next day (Nov. 30) was Mr. Churchill's 68th birthday, and he was the proud recipient of a marble skiff, while the evening there was a dinner party at the British Legation, at which the Premier was host and President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin were guests of honor. Of the latter, Mr. Churchill's opinion was that he is "a man of very great and profound mind." In the middle of the table was the birthday cake and "very large," but bearing a prominent "V" and surmounted by 69 candles.

The proceedings were described as gay and cordial. Marshal Stalin, we are told, was the life and soul of the party, rising to copy toast, moving about the room to clink glasses with the persons toasted, and in speech after speech expressing his gratitude to the British and the President and the Premier.

"Roosevelt the Man," proposed Mr. Churchill, "my fighting friend." gave Mr. Stalin, turning to the Premier; and "Stalin the Great" was the happy Churchillian response.

Wednesday, December 1, was the last day of the conference, and after the final session the Allied leaders went down to put their signatures to the Declaration of the Three Powers.

"Our Nations stood together in war and in the peace that now follows. At the end of the war we have completed our part. We have corrected our plans for the destruction of the German forces." was another.

"No power on earth can prevent us destroying the German armies in battle, nor stopping the German fleet by sea or in the air. Our attitude will be defensive and interventionist. And so to the conclusion: "From this date forward we of the United Nations, if we are faced with conflict, will meet the challenge, we of the United Nations will not fail to meet the challenge."

After President Roosevelt had visited the American troops at Amirabad, and Mr. Churchill had reviewed some units of the "Parforce," the conference broke up. Marshal Stalin returned to Moscow, and the President and Premier flew back to Cairo. Here they engaged in another series of talks, this time with President Ionae of Turkey and his Foreign Minister, M. Momennejadv (see Illus. in p. 31). The conference issued a statement of all problems in a spirit of understanding and faith showed that the closest of contact existed between the United States, the United Kingdom, and Great Britain in their attitude to the world situation.

Another participant in these talks was Field Marshal Smuts, who called at Cairo on his return journey to South Africa from London; and it was he who most strongly summed up the atmosphere as "the most significant gathering of four hundred years of peace.

The Three Great Leaders of the conference, at Cairo, on November 22, 1943, witnessed the signing of the Declaration of the Three Powers in the world are now "absolutely undisputed for final victory."

![Image](image_url)
BRITAIN'S GREAT 'LITTLE SHIPS' on night patrol sight a convoy in the North Sea. This graphic drawing (which is among the illustrations in the book reviewed on the facing page) shows a flotilla of motor gunboats of the Home Command in a dramatic moment. At the extreme right a convoy is seen heading northward in the moonlight as it returns to its base just before dawn. The gun-boat of the H.C.B.I. on the extreme right sights a German submarine. As the convoy is seen leaving harbor in the moonlight, it is surrounded by a flotilla of motor gunboats of the Home Command. At the extreme right, a convoy is seen heading northward as it returns to its base just before dawn. The gun-boat of the H.C.B.I. on the extreme right sights a German submarine attempting to attack a convoy off the East Coast were driven off with loss by H.C.B.I.
Light Coastal Forces. We have heard much of them lately. They are, of course, doing grand work. Though manned almost entirely by civilians, they are from factories, clerks, shop assistants, and even women. The professional staff of both officers and men has increased and they are now largely independent of British sources. "To quote the Prime Minister, these are the 'little ships' of some six months ago."

They must not be confused with Coastal Forces, mostly employed on the north coast of the United States as well as in the United States, and it is a pity their titles are so much alike, causing many people to get them mixed up.

In his most readable and informative book, "The Little Ships" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Gordon Holmes explains the nature of the three main types of vessels included in Coastal Forces. First, there are the M.G.Rs.—the motor-gunsboats—which have been called the Spitfires of the sea. All ships of war are uncomfortable. At least, that is my experience; but the M.G.Rs. are apparently like wartime tires for discomfort. The head-space in the engine-room does not permit even a short man to stand upright, and there is hardly room to set one's feet to do any standing. In order to watch over the entire of the ship's personnel the charge of a private engineer in an adequate guard. In addition to the engine-room, there is a cross of stokers. These are called "the tiny fleet to set afire at full length to reach the affected part."}

Another point is that on the same miniature scale, quite apart from the fighting, a considerable measure of comfort to the ship must be found in living conditions over an extended period at sea. A senior officer told me that after hours of a good doing on a long voyage you feel pretty stuff. I have never tried to ride across country for 40 hours, but I have done it for a shorter time. If you can imagine the Grand National going for 40 hours, that would be rather like the strain you have to stand up to in these vessels. The violence with which they plough and roll and toss about requires in their crews a particular quality of stamina. Men are often hurt badly by being thrown about. A First Lieutenant, after going below one morning, was almost too tired to go back to bed. The sound was made and he was found lying stunned with his face covered in a green colour in the wardroom. The boat had hit an area large sea and tossed him over. Another was flung down so heavily that he strained both ankles.

You would hardly think it could be possible, but some in the second kind of Coastal Forces, the motor-torpido-boat, is even more limited than the motor-gunsboat. The wardroom in some is so small that one long seat is provided, and the appearance is similar to that of the old railway compartments that have one row of seats facing a hook or parcelوجه. Trenches are the usual seat of memory and nights of searching for the enemy. One of the tricks of the game is to keep moving and to look the opposite incident to catch the morning and by surprise when an enemy ship is first sighted makes up for all that. Some times action follows instantly, at other times the victim has to be stood to the greatest advantage. So closely is this stalking performed that there have been occasions of the Great Waters when naval ships have been sunk by torpedoes.

"They cut the motor-launches, which are built in Canada, Australia, South Africa and India, as well as in Britain. On what is called the "pre-fabrication" system, which means that separate parts can be shipped to any port and the vessels assembled there. "Launching" does not describe them all. They fine sea boats, average about 100 feet in length, and have petrol engines. They escort convoys during the war, they keep up a convoy of destroyers, they are used for anti-submarine work. They are called up to join in such desperate adventures as the St. Nazaire. Of this exploit Mr. Holmes gives a vivid eye-witness account.

It was a grand success so far as doing what had to be done was concerned, but the losses were so heavy that it can't help wondering about the damage to the Libra at the French port right up the River Loire was really worth it. I certainly did not realize until I read this story of the exploit, in which Mr. Holmes showed, how it meant to run on the river fined on each track with German batteries.

Our young reader had told his cocker, who was worried about him. "Because I am the only one," he had said "I once write a life job," keeping near the coast, so she felt he was fairly secure. But he had not been in the least distressed and declared that his luck had held, for in that going down, "not to be killed was the best bit of luck of all." That is the spirit of the man in the motor-launches, Mr. Holmes assures us.

We have had luck in getting into position to organize the Coastal Forces so that we give the Germans a surprise when they found out that our slackness before the war had been compensated by rapid action. "I shall not be popular if I say that we had been caught coldly napping," says Mr. Holmes caustically. He might have given his statement much emphasis.

At the beginning of the war, the enemy enjoyed undreamt supremacy in the field of light craft." The value of such craft and the urgent need for them were not grasped. "I have it on very good authority that officers of selected ability in important commands asked, "What are all these small craft for?" When the answer was, "They cannot have more of these Coastal Forces flying," they were asked, "Why do they not have the old Admiralty," and "Why are we not making the most of the St. Nazaire. Of this exploit Mr. Holmes gives a vivid eye-witness account."

The sort of stupidity is less common in the Navy, Mr. Holmes thinks, that is in the Army—"or was, let us hope, before men like Gurney, Montgomery began telling the War Office and the General Staff what warfare today is really like. But even the Navy" is too steeped in tradition to step out briskly after new and untired things.

Happily, there are brains at the Admiralty and among our admirals, and once or twice we had been convinced of the vastly important part the Coastal Forces had to play in the war, the building of the ships and the training of their crews proceeded with great speed. The results could scarcely have been better.

It is worth noting that the Montgomery and Colonels, our Allies are making an important contribution to the building of the Little Ships fleet.
New Zealanders Land to Battle in the Solomons

OFF VELLA LAVELLA. Hapless troops under the care of the Navy's goodly shinplasters move to their place of assigned duty. At the bottom of this page is a map indicating the path of the New Zealand landings.

ITALIAN ISLANDS. The enemy craft are seen returning to the transport area, as the Navy's phosphorescent shrill notes seem to be the all-pervading sound of the war. The Italian island battle was maintained for a week of intense fighting, but the Navy over-all approach was the key to victory.

MALDONADO C. E. BARROW-CLOVER. Shown below is a scene commemorating New Zealand troops in the S. Pacific, over the war against the Japanese. The latter is in command of the U.S. Navy, while the New Zealanders are commanded by the Americans on Aug. 15.

CAMPBELL C. R. WILLIAMS. Here we see the New Zealanders, dressed in khaki, marching in the early dawn. They are scheduled to land on the beach at dawn on Aug. 15.

RECOIL TO ATTACK. New Zealanders, shown here, are seen advancing up the hills in a systematic attack. They are well equipped and are ready to meet any opposition. The war is raging throughout the Pacific.
Bloody Struggle for Tarawa in the Central Pacific

TARAWA ATOLL was the chief Japanese air base in the Gilberts, and there U.S. forces struck the first blow of a long-term offensive in the Central Pacific. This photograph shows one of many blasted enemy pillboxes, tribute to the Allied terrific progress. Two U.S. Marines in the center, with a body of three Japanese under a broken palm. (See eye-witness story in page 80.)
France's Richelieu is at Sea with the Allied Fleets

Giant French Battleship: the Richelieu recently returned to Ocean from New York to join Allied naval units under direct command of the Royal Navy. Photographed by British naval aircraft on July 4, 1940, at Happy. The 25,000-ton vessel was repaired in America, when she arrived last February (see page 171, Vol. 5). 1. One of her Battle A.A. guns, disposed with the abbreviation "Valeur" beneath; such plaques are a feature of French warships. 2. Looking down on the 15cm guns and baracks. 3. Entering Great Harbour.

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Photo: British Official
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness
Stories of the War

I BALED OUT OVER BOMB-BATTERED PANTERLLEA

After being Allied naval and aerial bombardment lasting 23 days, the Italian island of Pantelleria, in the Sicilian Straits, surrendered on June 11, 1943. This is the true story of one of the airmen who took part in the aerial assaults before heathing himself in a life line. He is Lieut. Col. F. V., with many successful strikes over enemy-occupied Europe to his credit.

Because of weather conditions we were forced to make fairly low, and we were hit by flak and set on fire. After some difficulty in clipping on my parachute, due to the smoke and flames, and in opening the flak-resist hutch, on which I had been lying and which had become damaged by flak, I baled out, followed by the pilot, the others leaving byexit. I can remember most distinctly my thought at the time, such as: "So you've bought it all I!" and it's too bad. Shortly I shall be blown to hell when we 'prung ... If only I could open this hatch and hide out there'd be no trouble!"

However, the hatch did open, and our I went, never before having been so glad to leave an aircraft. I remember no sensation in falling other than a pleasant rush of air, until I pulled the rip cord with my left hand. As the chute opened I could see the silk blowing out. Then came a gentle tug as the chute fully and checked the fall, tightening my harness automatically. I found that swing and drift could be corrected by tugging on the suspension cords and pulling up, and I thoroughly enjoyed the descent. You cannot imagine my intense relief, even though it might mean being taken prisoner. As I descended I saw that if I was not careful I should probably drift into the sea; so I split air sagaciously, which quickened the rate of descent and, in luck would have it, I made land by about a hundred yards.

Actually I landed on a very rocky promontory, which at first felt like a steady and smooth in the dim light, but when twenty feet level, the water, an appalling landing surface, and then the slow descent seemed to change to a rush. I pulled on 20, 500 and the next moment was on the ground distance from a boiling, my ground was rocky, and I bended my right knee, taring a ligament, which prevented my moving far.

I scouted round for a hiding-place, and, having found one, made a bed of my parachute therein. I decided I was not going to be taken prisoner if I could possibly avoid it. I heard what appeared to be parties searching for us, but I was well hidden, and as luck would have it I was still wearing my water bottle, and I had some Herlick's tablets in my pocket. I eventually decided my position was from the coast direction and stairs, and settled down to enjoy the not so distant bombing, which was a fine spectacle.

With the coming of dawn, night bombing ceased, and shortly I had to hide again, as there were enemy moving not more than about fifty yards away. During the day, bombing again became intensive, and the naval bombardment was really terrific—strong points, nor so far from me, were some of the targets—and never in my life before had I been so frightened.

The surrender of Pantelleria came as a very welcome event and, after waiting an hour or so in case of mistake, I set off tending painfully to find our troops. The enemy appeared to be overawed at another successful surrender, and were very friendly. I spoke in some, and watched them destroying some of their equipment and packing their kit ready to become P.O.W. After about five miles I met an down hill, making detours for craters, broken traps, and so on. I contacted our forces and shortly was on board one of the ships, where I received excellent treatment. After this it took me three or four days to make camp by way of Algiers, where I found two others of my crew had returned. The other two were not located, and are presumed killed.

Men, Mules and Mud I Saw on Monte Camino

One of the key heights on the road to Rome, Monte Camino enemy positions were broken into by the 15th Army December 7, 1944. War Correspondent Alexander Clifford describes appalling conditions met by the last-dragging troops in this vivid dispatch written on the night of Dec. 6, and published here by arrangement with The Daily News.

They were fighting in the mudlands on Monte Camino all today. Just because this battle is so big and serious, it is not moving fast. On paper today's results were the occupation of a few knolls and peaks and craters which have numbers, because they have never been important enough to have names.

But to get them there was expended a wealth of bravery and endurance in conditions as appalling as anything we have met in this war. As important as anything else in this battle is a path. It is a horrible, steep, twisting mule-path which climbs the barren side of the mountain. Now history is flowing along it. It is literal a lifetime as ever existed.
When I climbed up it this afternoon there was a yellow streak of rainwater cascading down it. The little pebbles and the large boulders seemed slippery whatever sort of boots you had on. But if you didn't walk on stones you were walking in brown mud, which might only be three inches deep but might suddenly deepen to 15 inches.

The path was so steep that you had to lean right forward to keep your balance, and in the mist you were swaying, despite the better, driving rain. All day it rained with a violence that would have created moans in England, but the supply column moved steadily like an endless band. Everything depended on it.

Beware men in tin hats and greatcoats glimpsed to the worst in mud, with 40 lb. boxes of ration on their backs. Their faces stained with rain and sweat. Sometimes they stumbled on slippery rocks and dropped to their knees in the streams. But the check was only momentary, and none seemed to stop for rest. Other men were huddled with ammuni-tion. Others had big, blue haversacks filled with all sorts of odd spare parts which were needed.

There were mules scrabbling up laden with blankets. They were driven by blithe-some British troopers who went grubbing scally that they were hired as soldiers, not mulesmen; someone had to drive the mules.

Most men had bulky shapeless gas caps against the rain. Some wore sacks over their heads like coalheavers to keep the rain from coming down their necks. It wasn't a well-dressed army, but it was a very efficient one. Every so often they had to clamber nude and lodge themselves against some boulder to keep out the traffic, including wounded boree-high on stretchers by four men. They were a great sight.

One moment the column stopped with a loud bang, and all the heads swung round, and you couldn't do anything anyone could do. You could lie face downwards against the banks if you liked, but it didn't protect you much, and you got dug in in the mud and sadder and wider than before. The best thing was to climb on. The men, fighting in the standing masses at the top were living in the standing masses to them by that you must thank. Everything depended. Only an idiot could be cheerful in these conditions. No one could enjoy doing these things. Yet the grumbling one heard was not fallen in bad temper. Men didn't seem to suggest that too much was being asked of them.

Scattered round in hams and stables and wine cellars, unit headquarters were fighting to keep the battle going. I suppose half a dozen letters today I heard conversations that day's news of our men... That's a bloody hard show.

You'd better pinch some from someone else. I'm quite, I've got to have those males; we've got to get them. Yes, both coats and boots; dig quickly. Yes, both coats and boots; dig quickly. Oh, and don't forget the slates or the stones that were used to build the bridges. They're right up towards the convent, but it's a monastary — not a convent — can you tell the difference?

It has been an unending strain to keep this battle supplied. But the battle itself has started very well. It is a fight for one isolated hill, a hill so formidable that it was a major problem even getting on to it to meet the Germans. It seems that our concentration artillery smoothed the path for the initial assault, as well as providing the skill and tenacity, and even yards is being con-

How We Escaped the Gestapo Drag Net in Oslo

The story of the German main screens of Oslo University students on November 9, 1943, is told by two students who escaped and fled to the coast, reached Sweden after a 24-hour journey on skis. Depicted by Gestapo commando on December 9.

I all began on November 8, when about 2,000 of us Oslo University students went in our letters protesting against the arrest of eight of our professors and many students. These appeals followed immediately after protests had been made by the faculty, and the action was supported by everyone. Apart from the handful of Nazis, no one intended to support the new regulations which had given the Nazi rector, Heil, power to admit whom he wished to the University, regardless of qualifications other than political ones. Afterwards, a travel ban was imposed on all the students. Before any of us would face the fire which prac-

tically everyone thought would break out in the great Aula Assembly Hall in the University. The five frigates were called out by an anonymous person, and the whole affair was threshed in mystery, on Monday morning Norwegian police closed all the gates. On Tuesday they closed them all, and took up their places, and inspected all students' identity cards. Then our impres-sions of something that was about to happen were con-"
OSLO STUDENTS being addressed by their Rector, Prof. Didrik Arne Sol, on Nationalisation Day, April 15, 1945. Rector Sol was arrested and taken to Germany soon after the Occupation was completed. We drawback spirit reared by his students, many of whom, as it told here, have been rounded up and sent to join him in captivity. Some have since been released.

Our Diary of the War

December 11, 1945

Almost all the canteens were closed. Many of the students were not able to get their meals. The faculty was very busy. The students were preparing for the final examinations.

December 12, 1945

Germany was at war. The students were preparing for the final examinations.

December 9, 1945

The students were preparing for the final examinations. The faculty was very busy. The students were preparing for the final examinations.

Flash-backs

1940

December 11, 1940. All shipments of war materials were halted. The students were preparing for the final examinations. The faculty was very busy. The students were preparing for the final examinations.

1942

December 14, 1942. The students were preparing for the final examinations. The faculty was very busy. The students were preparing for the final examinations.

1945

December 16, 1945. The students were preparing for the final examinations. The faculty was very busy. The students were preparing for the final examinations.

One student, who told us that the arrests had already begun at the National Science Department of the University of Minsk (just outside the city), but some had managed to get away. It was difficult to know what to do. We did not dare to go to our homes, because we knew the police would be looking for us. We just wandered around the town for a while and then realized that we had to get out of Oslo before the Gestapo's control became too effective.

We took a tram, and as we passed Karl Johan (the main street) we saw great crowds in front of the University building. The students were being brought in batches. The police were using all kinds of vehicles—buses, cars, motor cycles and bicycles. We travelled to a suburban railway station by train, and while making the journey could see the Germans driving outwards to occupy all the rail junctions and bridges round Oslo. We took a train without difficulty, travelled a little way and then changed to another one. We were taken into the little town called Kongsberg, and then, on the roads. On the train we talked to a few passengers who had just been arriving at the State Hospital in Oslo. He told us that the hospital had been occupied by the Germans, who had placed machine-guns in the doorways and corridors. Many of the medical students, he told us, had heard the rumours and had kept away from the hospital.

When we were some miles out of Oslo we continued our journey on foot. We were, of course, going east towards Sweden. On the way we were halted by good people, and among other things were given shelter. When darkness fell we took our direction from the stars, and as we had no compass. About 12 o'clock we came to a shelter. As we fortunately found a boat. We clambered through the bushes and arrived at a small stream running through the woods. We were freezing hard, and when we reached the other side our skis were coated with ice which made the going difficult on the other side.

All night we kept going, and at 8.20 in the morning we reached the frontier. It was another hour and a half before we reached a Swedish town, after having walked and skied for the best part of 23 hours. We were given a terrific welcome, and the best meal we had for years. Then we were able to read in the newspaper the great reaction the mass arrests had caused in Sweden. Judging by what we saw and heard in Oslo when we left, we estimate that about 1,000 men students and about 500 women students expired the German dragnet. Some 4,000 students were actually enrolled at the University, but about 1,000 of them were engaged on agricultural work. Only 1,500 of the remaining 1,500 were rounded up on November 30.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

The difference between the air and the sea methods of warfare was well illustrated by the report of the sweeps of a combined British and American fleet to an area within the Arctic Circle and some 300 miles off the Norwegian coast, operations made some months ago, although revealed only in December 1943.

These naval sweeps were apparently made to entice the German warships Tirpitz, Seeadler, Grosser Kurfürst and Lützow to come out and fight.

The German aircraft flew over the Anglo-American armdas, and was shot down.

Coaxed into his book, The Raider, the Frenchman’s view of the blockade of Toulon by Henri Nacher. The French ships just did not come out to meet the British ships superior force (or if it was not a superior force, what was the point of sending it there?). With the experience of the 1914-18 war and of the present war, to demonstrate naval methods, was there any reason to expect that the enemy naval force would come out and fight? Surely we know by now that the matter of battleships is to stay in harbour as in the kings of the chaseboard of war—the most precious but least maneuverable of all the pieces, the ones that stick it out to the end of the game—and then assume the titles of winner and loser.

VICTORY Ore the Submarine

Wpn by Superior Aircraft

Wars are won most quickly by concentrating force to do the greatest damage to the enemy will and power to wage war. In this and everywhere to provide picture sweeps that can have no effect upon the enemy’s conduct of the war, and make no impression upon his power to wage the fight. If the effort which was expended upon this naval gesture (for surely that is all it was) had been spent upon the dropping of bombs and bombs, the training of aircrews, and the multiplication of industrial measurements that lie behind every large raid on Germany, a still greater air blow might have been struck at the enemy’s power to continue the war.

One very fact that the enemy warships were so far from west central Europe is in itself significant. The weapons that drove the warships out of the ports of France and Germany were the bomber and the submarine. These are the weapons that will continue most to harass them wherever they be found. If the Navy had proceeded to the Arctic zone with a sufficient fleet of aircraft at the kind required for attack upon the enemy vessels, something might have been accomplished.

But naval air power had handicapped itself by the choice of aircraft of new design and heavy weapons of too small size, to do the job of work that might have been effected by quite different aircraft.

It has not been officially disclosed, but perhaps one of the manoeuvres of this armdas within the Norwegian Sea was concerned with the attack of the submarine submarine on the enemy cruiser and other small craft in Alfredson, Barents Sea, in November, 1942, while another was possibly an effort to strike a number of aircraft from a U.S. carrier upon a merchant supply vessel in Norwegian coastal waters.

Even if this were so the result is small compared with the energy put out by the two nations to effect it. Again, recently the United States sent a naval task force close to Truk, the Japanese naval base in the Caroline Islands, in the expectation that part of the Japanese Fleet might be escorted out to fight. But the enemy failed to respond.

Large naval ships cannot guarantee an engagement with the enemy’s opposite numbers. They dare not proceed within striking range of the enemy ships when the latter are in harbour into the engagement must go submarines or aircraft. What then is the purpose of these floating big gun batteries, that seldom get a chance to fire a shot in anger, that are targets for underwater and aircraft, and that absorb such a large amount of the war effort to build, keep, maintain, protect, man, and maintain?

The Committee that reported on the Vitalities of Capital Ships to Air Attack (see p. 348), stated in one part of their report: "The advocates of the extreme air view would wish this country to build no capital ships (other Powers still continuing to build them). If their theories turn out well founded, we would, in putting them to the test, have lost the Empire." How much of the Empire have we temporarily lost, and must fight with the help of air power to regain, through ignoring the views of the practical commercial animadvers of the twentieth century? That Committee and the Admirals have, in my opinion, not given the capital ships alone failed to give protection to the lands.

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U.S. Airmen Strike at Japanese in New Britain

RAAAUL: VITAL ENEMY BASE IN NEW BRITAIN, captured by the Japanese early in 1943, was heavily attacked by the 5th U.S.A.A.F. on Nov. 5. U.S. dive-bombers attacked this oil storage facility, aggregating 10,000 tons, and a coastal vessels area south. The enemy lost 41 fighters, 25 B-24s, and a coastal vessels. See map in page 169.
Disillusionment Spreads with Debris in Berlin

WIDESPREAD DEVASTATION was caused by the Sir H.A.P. raids on Berlin Nov 23-24 and Dec 1, 1945 (see p. 47), and ominous street scenes such as these are depicted for the people of Britain. Home-made Berliners queue at an emergency food centre (1) where the emergence of improvised street markets (2) is an ominous pointer. From the brewery (3), a porter carries away an treasure (4). The British Legion "salute" (5). The building was damaged; German brawny Red Sir M. Henderson's car (6) still firing in Reg. Throwing a fire (7)
There are only two ways in which the Germans can be forced to give in. One is breaking up all resistance before the Troops can get to the side of the Rhine 100 miles away and stop their advance. The other is to keep well out of their reach and keep in mind what Mr. Ernest Bevin pointed out so long ago. We cannot use the labour of 100 million people, while we have only 10 million workers. True, there are vast numbers in the United States, but even so our total hardly amounts to that of all the Nazi states put together. Unless large numbers of white workers for Hitler, he can go on for a long time yet. The other possibility might come through the German army depecting a fight against the war. It cannot win. Last time they were the generals who decided to throw up the sponge. How near they may be to that today we cannot even begin to guess. The broadcast warnings which their fellow-generals in Russia have pronounced war are giving them the idea that the war being lost may have some effect. It is a case more by the Russians anyway.

I have always welcomed the end of 1943. Partly because as a child I found the days after Christmas dull and eventless by comparison with the jolly, exciting days and presents of Christmas Day. Also because with the turn of the year one could begin to look forward to the flowers that bloom in the spring. But now under the shadow of the knock-out prospect of lighter mornings and evenings, though with fair fall, fills up with unpleasantness that is something to make me feel a little like the het of hopefulness about the finish of the war, which began on Nov. 11, but has not yet subsided, is likely to be justified. There is no extra charge for looking.

It is said that Mr. Bernard Shaw is leaving the book of his lifetime, which must be very large, in a book on making the spelling of English more phonetic than it is, and urging many people to other Nationalities to learn our language. If this be true, it seems a little like the hammering of a nail.

Changes in language do not come in that way. I don't expect them to. You cannot alter spelling any more than you can make the public not shout "A man! A mug!"

I do not speak in an irrational way. Take the number of different combinations of letters we employ to represent the sound of "th". I have not done nine right off and composed a rhyme of them.

Living in the boy's time
I called to my friend
Are you at rest?
Or have you peace?
To take any pleasure
In the talk of a clouded
Affected by a legend
But had.
Oh, shut up! You sed.

In a review way the nightly pronunciation of the letters "ough." There is a reason.

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough the thorough.

O'er my long journey I pursue, Hiccough? Ye. But on't life hiccough too

Everybody has a number. That is a sound plan. No one objects. Every motorcycle has a number. Everyone knows how necessary that is. Why, asks a friend of mine, should not the whole population be numbered? Not in the sense of the word which applies meaning. We do that; we have had censuses for a very long time. What my friend means is that we should each of us have a number, as each soldier has, and should be told on it to produce whenever we are dealing with public offices. It is a sort of identification would be useful in many ways. I have even heard it suggested that every person ought to have an identity book, in which the main

They will learn more about my actions, even those about which they know, than they could have been taught them.

They will be able to study human nature, to see how it all works, and not be so far as to say that I envy them, but I do not wish to show what I have learned, because I am very interesting to look back on—assuming, of course, that I have come through it alive.

Many people ask me if I can tell them why this war has produced no songs to compare with "Tiempos de, Keen the Home Fire Burning, Pack Up Your Troubles, and others that are so much in evidence a quarter of a century, to the exclusion of any good new ones. I have not seen a war that could be as good a song as that. The war is too serious. It is a case or colouring seems to have made all tunes sound made at all generally, and that some composers seem to be afraid of making a sound we can both show the same, with, without end or limit. I have heard it suggested that every person ought to have an identity book, in which the main

M. HUHAN HEMENHEDDE companion, Turkish Foreign Minister, Mr. In Asbestos, a letter to the Editor of "The London Evening News" for December 1942, in which he had important contributions. With Mr. Anthony Eden.

He was born in 1886.
Captive From the Land of the Rising Sun

SCANTLY DRESSED JAPANESE PRISONER, wounded in the right leg, marches before two men of the U.S. Marine Corps. He is one of the very few survivors of the enemy garrison of some 1,500 on Tarawa in the Gilberts. The Marines landed on the Tarawa and Makin atolls on Nov. 20, 1943, and three days later the costly fighting ended with the capture of both these places. (See page 331.)

Photo: Associated Press


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