INDIAN MULETERS IN ITALY are here bringing in 8th Army wounded during the fierce fighting on the Sangro River front at the beginning of Dec., 1943 when General Montgomery's forces pierced the German winter line. The Bengal Lancers, 15th Punjab and 5th Gurka Rifles—serving with the Indian Division of the 8th Army—played a brilliant part in the Sangro battle; and in the capture of Villa San Tommaso, west of Ortona, announced on Jan. 7, 1944, Indian troops again distinguished themselves.
Our Roving Camera Visits Women Workers

BEHIND THE RAILWAY FRONT: this goggle-
protected metal-worker in a big L.N.E.R. locomotive
works is skilled in handling her tube-grinding
machine. She was formerly a warehouse assistant.

UTILITY UNIFORMS
recently introduced for
nurses are designed to
save materials and
work. Great stress is
placed on neatness and
they are machine-
laund er ed.

ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS women share duty with men at
 certain stations. Posts are situated throughout the country and
are staffed continuously for the purposes of functioning as "eyes
and ears" of the R.A.F.—identifying by sight or hearing every
type of aircraft, Allied or enemy, approaching each position.

AIR STEWARDESSES attend to the
comfort of passengers, taking long
flights over the far flung
air routes of the
aircraft of British Overseas Airways.

These young women wear dark blue
and white uniforms, with rose-
coloured sweaters. After the war
they look forward to working on
Transatlantic and European Air
services.

A.T.S. GIRLS (right) at an Ordnance
Depot in the Home Counties clean
a 17-pounder anti-tank gun—
Britain's shattering answer to the
vaunted Nazi Tiger tanks: fighting
in North Africa saw its first battle-
service (see page 37). Specially trained
for this type of work, selected members of the
A.T.S. also check repaired guns for
the accuracy of the firing instru-
ments before the guns are returned
to artillery units at home or abroad.

WEENS on foreign service are doing yet
another job formerly performed by men.
Right, a Wren Boarding Officer descends a
ladder to a boat after having collected confi-
dential documents.

PHOTO: British Official. COVER COPY:
right; Keystone, Fox.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


Tilt last ten days of 1943 brought many signs that the climax of the war was at hand. The Russian winter offensive opened in earnest. And, even more significant, the announcement of the names of the principal American, British and French commanders who will be in executive control in the decisive effort gave clear indications that the full power of the Allies would shortly be released. The long, and, no doubt for many, boring period of preparation and training was practically over, and with prospects of action all talk of stalemate can be dropped.

The team of leaders President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have chosen must give general satisfaction and inspire confidence. General Eisenhower has proved himself a supremely good mixer who can inspire his subordinates with the same quality—if necessary, by showing his teeth. I have always argued that great military forces must necessarily be composed of average human material. The test of the really great leader is his power of getting something more than average results from the average man. A commander, himself endowed with many of the qualities of genius, may by intolERENCE upset the balance of his machine.

Star performers will always emerge from the mass, but it is on the average man that the bulk of the work will fall. Treated with sympathy and understanding he will often develop unsuspected qualities and the general average will reach astonishing heights. Impatience and intolerance, on the other hand, is an ingredient of the in the less gifted, lowering the general standard and often giving rise to friction and jealousies. If I mistake not, both General Eisenhower and General Alexander to a remarkable degree possess the power of getting the best out of their subordinates of all grades and of all standards of natural attainment, encouraging initiative and avoiding over centralization of control.

The appointment of General Alexander as Combined. C-in-C. in Italy, is, I think, to be welcomed, not only out of the interests of operational theatre but because it is the best assurance to the armies there that the importance of their role has not diminished. If, in fact, indicate that Italy will provide a base for more extended operations. General Wilson’s appointment to succeed General Eisenhower in the Mediterranean theatre may have surprised the general public, but it is a sure sign that he has retained the confidence of the Army and of the supreme directorate of the war. Both he and General Paget, who succeeds him in the Middle East, have had plenty of experience of being called on to make bricks without straw, and it is to be hoped that they have now come into a land of plenty.

Of all the appointments, that of Air Chief Marshal Tedder to be deputy to General Eisenhower is perhaps the most significant. Even since the fall of France it has been obvious that it would be impracticable to open a second front in western Europe except under cover of de- ceiving a remarkable degree the power closest combination with the Navy and Army. But, in the Middle East, there has been a strong tactical support but throughout the more critical stage in which the enemy’s major counter-attacks may be expected. An immense degree of superiority is now assured, but in order to reach maximum effect of sea, land and air effort irresistible it may be necessary for the air arm to forgo for a time what normally is the most effective role of its giant long-range aircraft. There almost certainly would be occasions on which interference with the movements of the enemy’s reserves and with his communications would justify postponement of attacks on his armament industries.

To be fully effective, attacks on movements and communications require maximum concentration and continuity of action, otherwise the result produced is shot lived. At Salerno, Tedder used every available air- craft to deal with the critical situation, and we may confidently hope that he would not do so again in operations on an im- mense wider scale and in a more pro- longed crisis. The opening of a second front will not have been fully achieved until the armies landed, in combination with the air as a single entity, are in a position to take the offensive. Before that stage is reached there may be much bitter defensive fighting.

RUSSIA. The actual events of the last days of 1943 were immensely encouraging. In my last article I suggested that Manstein’s gambling counter-offensive in the Kiev bulge was in sight of a failure that would prove disastrous. I have now the possibility of a riposte by the Russians, similar to those delivered last winter and von Hoth’s attempt to relieve von Paulus at Stalingrad and against the German offensive in the Kiev salient last summer. But I did not expect the riposte would come so quickly or with such devastating effect.

It was one of those occasions where it was sufficiently obvious that should the German offensive be salutary itself, there might be an opportunity for a counter-stroke. But the

GENERAL EISENHOWER (facing camera) greeted by Gen. Montgomery when he arrived yesterday at the Allied headquarters at H.G. in Italy.

PHOTO, British Official

opportunity would not in reality exist unless the Russians were in a position to seize it opportunity. And that, I thought, must be extremely doubtful; for it must be remem- bemed that for some weeks they had been engaged in a desperate defensive battle which absorbed reserves as they arrived and made immense demands on supply services, handi- capped by weather conditions and indifferent communications.

Clearly, immense credit must be given to Stalin for using his reserves economically, and he must evidently, from the beginning of the defensive battle, have kept the possi- bility of a counter-stroke in view. But even more credit must, I think, be given to his administrative services, which, in spite of appalling difficulties, not only kept the de- fensive battle supplied, but built up the reserves of material without which a counter- stroke would have been impossible, however tempting the opening for it might appear. The days have passed in which the Russians could with justification be accused of lacking administrative and organizing capacity.

The offensive north of the Priepet marshes has also gone amazingly well, and the great German bastion at Vitebsk, if it were to prove dangerous. Here again the Russians have shivered widely held expecta- tions by breaking through the reputedly impregnable Todt defences under conditions which appeared to make it impracticable to achieve the last summer. It is here that the enemy’s major counter-attacks are a degree never before reached; and it has been as the result of bold changes in organization adapted to the development in the technique of control of artillery fire.

But, although their artillery is probably the basic weapon on which their tactics rely, the Russians appear also to have shown great versatility in the employment of other weapons; adapting their methods to the actual problems presented by ground and weather conditions and the enemy’s tactical dispositions. In contrast the Germans, in spite of their skill and high standard of train- ing, seem increasingly to rely on text book methods which have become stereotyped.

In the band of the Dreierp they are fighting hard to retain their position, but the counter- attacks they are delivering with great violence give little prospect of recovering ground of importance and must prove desparate ex- pensive. If, as seems probable, the Russians renew their offensive on a major scale in this area when the freezing of the Dnieper prevents them with new openings, the Germans may pay for a profligate use of their reserves.
REPORTED TO EQUAL THE FURY OF STALINGRAD, the struggle for Ortona, key-town to the enemy's Adriatic defence line, ended in triumph for the 8th Army on Dec. 23, 1943. Nazi suicide squads lowered tanks into house basements and fired the guns through windows; nevertheless, yard by yard the Canadians advanced, whilst Bren carriers battled through the wrecked streets. A stretcher case arrives at an advanced dressing station (1), and prisoners are brought in (2) over masses of rubble. See story in page 337.
First Shells of a Fierce Barrage at Conca Casale

OPENING CHORUS of a ball of shells on the small Italian town of Conca Casale is watched by U.S. infantrymen of the 5th Army. Smoke of the first explosions rises from a German observation post tucked away among buildings smashed by previous bombardments. When the barrage lifts infantry will advance for the bayonet-point assault. Scene of this engagement is near Venafro, apartment captured on Nov. 6, 1943, whence forces pushed on towards Cassino; by January 4, 1944 they had reached San Vittore, north of the road to Rome. Photo, U.S. Official
Seldom has an enemy loss given greater satisfaction to the Royal Navy than the sinking of the Scharnhorst in a night action. It is not generally appreciated that she was the ship which, in company with the Georgios, destroyed the armed merchant cruiser Rawalpindi to the south-east of Iceland on November 23, 1939. At the time this was credited to the "pocket battleship" Deutschland, which was said to have attacked Ladenburg and another unidentified warship; but it has since been fairly well established that the ships actually concerned were the two 26,000-ton battleships of the Scharnhorst class. Thus the odds against Rawalpindi were even heavier than originally supposed.

On June 8, 1940, the same two enemy battleships surprised the aircraft carrier Glorious while she was evacuating British planes from Northern Norway. The destroyers Ardent and Acosta, which were in company, did their best to protect her, but the odds were too great, and all three ships were sunk. As Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser was captain of the Glorious from May 1939 to December 1937 he must have felt peculiar satisfaction in putting an end to the career of the Scharnhorst. On two previous occasions the latter vessel was chased by British capital ships which failed to overtake her, evidence that her actual speed was considerably greater than the 27 knots for which she was officially supposed to have been designed.

On April 9, 1940, the battle cruiser Renown, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Whitworth, was engaged for a short period with the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau off the Norwegian coast not far from Narvik, the former ship being hit at least once before she disappeared to the southward. It had been laid by her consort covering the retreat. This brief action took place in a snowstorm, with a gale blowing, the opponents opening fire upon each other at a range of 18,000 yards.

Towards the end of 1940 the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were sent out into the Atlantic to act as commerce destroyers. They seemed to have confirmed their earlier reputation as capital ships, but even to sink a good many. In March 1941 two ships were hit by the Bianca and San Casimiro, were intercepted with prize crews on board, which promptly scuttled both ships when H.M.S. Renown approached. On the afternoon of March 22 H.M.S. Panther was surprised at a north-bound convoy between the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands, with a Sovereign class aircraft scouting ahead. This plane sighted the two German battleships, and reported to the Panther, which did her utmost to make contact. Every preparation was made to open fire at long range, but it proved impossible to bring them to action before dark.

A little over a fortnight later the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau took refuge in Brest, in which port they were blockaded for nearly a year. Their sensational dash up Channel and through the Dover Straits on their way back to Germany in February 1942 was less successful than it seemed at the time, for the Gneisenau has never been to sea since. It is believed she received such structural damage from British torpedoes during the passage that she has had to be completely rebuilt.

Into a Trap the Scharnhorst Sailed from Altenfeld

It may be inferred that on December 25, 1943, the Scharnhorst fell into a skilfully baited trap. On how many previous occasions our convoys had passed round the north of Norway in tempestuous weather without escaping interference from the German Navy is not known; but last month the hours of darkness were at their maximum, and the opportunity must have seemed to the enemy too good to be missed. When the Scharnhorst sailed from Altenfeld (where her crippled consort, the Tirpitz, is still lying) she is reported to have been accompanied by a flotilla of destroyers, but these were not with her when she was sighted by the convoy escort. A westerly wind of almost gale force appears to have been blowing, and it may be presumed that the destroyers found the head sea that confronted them when they emerged from the shelter of the islands frowning the coast not more than they could face. Thus the Scharnhorst had to proceed without her protecting screen of destroyers.

At 9.30 a.m. the cruisers Belfort (flagship of Vice-Admiral R. L. Burnett), Norfolk, and Sheffield, which were protecting the convoy on starboard flank, sighted the Scharnhorst in what is well described as "the half-light of an Arctic dawn." Fire was at once opened on the intruder, which was hit by an 8-in. shell from the Norfolk, the guns of the other two cruisers being of 6-in. calibre. Though her main armament comprised nine 11-inch guns, the Scharnhorst did not stay to fire back, but disappeared to the north-eastward at high speed. No more was seen of her until 12.30 p.m., by which time it was getting dark. Another exchange of gunfire took place at 3.45 p.m., in which Both Norfolk being hit again, the Scharnhorst evaded closer contact, though not far from the Norwegian coast.

In the meantime another British formation under the immediate command of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, with his flag in the battleship Duke of York, had been moving up from the southwestward. At about 4.15 the Scharnhorst was sighted ahead of the Duke of York, which at once altered course to bring her broadside to bear, and obtained a hit almost at once. In view of the fact that the enemy can only have been seen by the light afforded by star shell, this must be reckoned extraordinarily good shooting by the Duke of York's 14-in. guns. The Scharnhorst turned first north and then east, hoping to get out of range before she could be hit again; but a shell from the Duke of York entered below the waterline, slowing her up.

This also gave the opportunity for a torpedo attack by two divisions of destroyers, comprising the four new sister ships Savage, Scorpion, and Stork (the last-named belonging to the Royal Norwegian Navy); the Matchless and Mongoose, both of 1,920 tons, the Opportune and the Virago, of which no particulars have been published. All have been completed since war began. Three torpedoes are believed to have hit the Scharnhorst, whose plight thus became desperate. Closing the range, the Duke of York opened a destructive fire that within about 20 minutes had reduced the enemy ship to a blazing wreck. H.M.S. Jamaica, a cruiser which was in company with the Duke of York, was then ordered to sink her with torpedoes, and she disappeared at 7.45 p.m.

There were only 36 survivors.

Apart from the hope of intercepting a convoy with valuable munitions for Russia, the Scharnhorst's sortie was probably undertaken with the object of strengthening the German Navy at Narvik. It had been captured by H.M.S. Panther, which, having suffered seriously from the effect of spending some days out of her base, had returned to Narvik, and her disastrous termination must have produced precisely the opposite effect, besides advertising to the world the ineffectiveness of German arms at sea. This bad impression was heightened two days later by the complete rout of German forces in the Bay of Biscay (see pp. 532, 540) by H.M.S. Glasgow and Enterprise, and aircraft of Coastal Command, three out of 11 enemy destroyers being sunk.
This Was the Scharnhorst: Late of Hitler’s Navy

AFTER A 12-HOUR CRASH IN ARCTIC GLOOM the 26,000-ton German battleship Scharnhorst, retired from her role in Allen- tord, Northern Norway, by the sight of a Russia-bound convoy, was trapped and encircled by Home Fleet units and sunk off the North Cape on Dec. 26, 1943 (see pages 518 and 520). Launched in 3836, she bore the name of the founder of the Prussian Army. A cruiser sank at the Battle of the Falklands, Dec. 8, 1939. Like her sister ship Gneisenau, Scharnhorst carried a complement of 1,461; her length at the waterline was 708 ft. 6 in. beam 82 ft. 6 in. draught 28 ft. 9 in. Armament consisted of nine 11-in. guns, twelve 5-in., fourteen 4.1-in., and sixteen 3-pdr. A.B. guns; four aircraft and two launching catapults.

Details in the above drawing show (A) main armament of 11-in. guns; (B) secondary armament of 5-in. guns; (C) 4-in. A.B. guns; (D) catapults; (E) reconnaissance aircraft and (F) aircraft hangar; (G) crane; (H) range-finding tower; (I) lighting tower; (J) guns; (K) boilers; (L) 15-in. gun battery.

Intervention of the Scharnhorst by Vice-Adm. R.L. Burnett, commanding the 30th Cruiser Squadron, opened the action. Engaged by the cruisers Norfolk, Belfast (in which Adm. Burnett flew his flag) and Sheffield, she was forced under the guns of Duke of York, which scored an underwater hit. This slowed her up and enabled a destroyer force under Capt. W. H. S. Copping, to reach a position in which they could attack. Shortly afterwards Manchester, Edinburgh, Argyll, and Wasp attacked. Damage inflicted enabled the Duke of York to close the range. “I was able to observe definite hits, which showed dull red flashes,” said Paymaster Lutan, T.B. Roman, R.M., later. “The enemy appeared to be slowly circling, and a cloud of thick smoke was hanging over her.” The cruiser Jamaica delivered her torpedoes, and then, “It only remained to cut her down,” said Captain J. M. B. Low of the Edinburgh. This resulted in 13:45: The Scharnhorst sank. To the C-in-C, Mr. Churchill sent the message: “Heartiest congratulations to the Home Fleet on your brilliant action. All comes to him who knows how to wait.” Awards in connection with the action include the O.B.E. for Adm. Burnett, and the D.S.O. for Capt. Mervyn.
They Rounded-up the Scharnhorst for the Kill

FIRST HIT OF THE BATTLE which resulted in the sinking of the Scharnhorst (1) was scored by the 8-in. guns of the 9,920-ton cruiser Norfolk (3), Capt. D. E. Bain, awarded D.S.O., closing in for the kill; the 29,000-ton Duke of York (2), flagship of Adm. Sir Bruce Fraser (see also page 541), cracked salute after salute from her ten 14-in. guns, into the trapped enemy, which was sent to the bottom by the torpedoes of the 8,000-ton cruiser Jamaica (4), Capt. J. Hughes-Hallett, awarded D.S.O. See also pages 519, 519, 540.
Air Battles Higher Than Man Has Yet Fought

"PATROL base at 35,000 feet," said the controller. "Patrol base at 35,000 feet." Then he had abruptly cut off. Now the lone fighter-1000 aircraft is circling in great sweeps ten miles across, and all that the onlooker from the ground can see is its line white trail. The aircraft itself is out of sight, heading for the atmosphere.

Far below, nearly six miles down, a thick floor of cloud hides the earth. It is not long past dawn, and where the light of the half moon touches the peaks of swirling vapour they are tipped with silver, and long shadows lie along the valleys.

The lone pilot is an advance guard of the fighters that will soon patrol the skies, not only in the stratosphere but even in the troposphere, seven miles above the earth's surface. "The reason for going ever higher," an aircraft designer tells me, "is that air battles cannot be as decisive as 10,000 and 15,000 feet, where they have been fought since the war began."

Our technical superiority depends upon the ability to fly high. If bombers can fly at 35,000 feet at speeds of over 300 miles an hour with full bomb load, they will not only be practically immune from night attack en route to their targets but should also be able to raid in daylight. Our fighters, too, must be able to fly high to counter the enemy in the six- and seven-mile troposphere limits which they are trying to make their own. We have good reason to believe that under Prof. Messerschmitt the Germans have made great strides in high flying, particularly in their fighters and fighter-bombers. German fighters have been encountered above 35,000 feet. In the great flight to retain technical superiority in the air they constitute a real menace.

"It is difficult enough to build an aircraft which will fly in the troposphere," says this aircraft designer. "But it is even harder to train a brace of pilots who can live and work at such a height, even if they fly in oxygen suits or in pressure-cabins like a flying submarine." The chief obstacle to troposphere flying are: cold, "aeromebolism" (a m.d. form of diver's "bends," caused through pressure changing) and altitude sickness. The greatest is altitude sickness—oxygen starvation.

At 25,000 feet death results in about 20 minutes if an oxygen mask fails. And oxygen masks are effective only up to about 30,000 feet. Even the best pilot, with the best apparatus, reaches the ceiling of safe human flight around 35,000 feet. Strongest symptoms of this troposphere altitude sickness is the victim's unawareness of peril. In fact with some pilots the more severe the attack the better they feel—for a time—and aeromedical experts are still struggling to discover why this is so.

The classic account of the results of exposure to troposphere altitude was written nearly 70 years ago by the French meteorologist Tissandier. With two companions he made a balloon ascent. They had oxygen but, feeling fine, failed to use it in time. Tissandier's companions died.

He wrote of his experiences: "I now come to the fateful moment when we were overcome by the terrible action of reduced air pressure. At 22,900 feet torpor had seized me. I wrote, nevertheless, though I have no clear recollection of writing. At 24,600 feet the leers that overcome me is extraordinary. But there is no suffering, nor thought of danger. On the contrary, one feels a sort of inward joy. At 26,000 feet I felt so weak that I could not even turn my head. I wanted to call out, but my tongue was paralyzed. At once I fell down powerless and lost all further memory."

The incalculable limit of man's endurance can best be understood by considering the oxygen of the atmosphere that surrounds the earth to a globe of a depth of about 100 miles. At sea-level the 14.7-lb. per sq. in. pressure drives oxygen through the walls of the lungs and into the bloodstream for distribution in the body. But as altitude increases pressure drops, and in the troposphere not even breathing 100 per cent oxygen will save the pilot.

LACK of pressure has other effects. Formation of bubbles of nitrogen begins in the spinal fluid at 18,000 feet, and in the blood at 30,000 feet. This is the "aeromebolism"—a condition which affects tunnel workers and divers from the opposite cause—and is the result of too great blood pressure. If the pilot doesn't come down out of the troposphere when first attacked, aeromebolism may cause paralysis and even death.

Another effect of low pressure is that the gases in the pilot's stomach and intestines expand and may cause severe cramp. Troposphere pilots are put on a special diet of foods that are non gas-forming. There is also the risk that blasting will force the diaphragm upward against the heart and cause fainting.

Pressure-chamber tests are made with all pilots who want to try seven-mile-high flying—the present limit reached for troposphere work. There is a telephone headset inside the dome-shaped chamber, and the pilot is encouraged to keep talking while the air pressure is cut down.

"That's how it feels at 35,000... at 38,000... "jabbers on the pressure operator, and the pilot—who can be seen through a double plate-glass window—keeps on talking. The pressure has to be brought back to slow low that it takes nearly eight minutes—and if the pilot stopped talking suddenly through the "bends" it would be too late to save his life.
Czech-Soviet Mutual Aid Pact Signed in Moscow

AT THE KREMLIN, on Dec. 12, 1940, was signed the Czech-Soviet treaty "of amity, mutual aid and collaboration after the war," watched by (r. to l.) Marshal Stalin, Dr. Beneš, President Kalinín, and Marshal Voroshilov. M. Molotov adds his signature. Beneš went to Moscow and, on Dec. 11, r. to l., the Czech President, Marshal Voroshilov, M. Molotov, M. Lazarev. (l.) Dr. Beneš (left) is seen with Marshal Stalin, and later (3, second from r.) he inspects a captured German mortar. During his visit he stated: "The day of retribution will come, and our great country will fight for a new solid and lasting peace." M. Molotov replied: "Our Army is fighting for all peoples under the yoke of German occupation."
CAPTURE OF ZHITOMIR on Dec. 31, 1943 by troops of the First Ukrainian Army under Gen. Vatutin followed the forcing of a 180-mile wide breach in the Siev bulge, in which 5 enemy tank divisions, including the Adolf Hitler and Reich divisions, and 14 infantry divisions, were routed. Above, a Soviet anti-tank unit in action. Below, Zhitomir occupied by German infantry before the big push which carried the Russians, by Jan. 6, 1944, 12 miles across the 1939 Polish frontier.
Arst you for General Mihailovich or for Marshal Tito? This is the question that is being put to the Yugoslavs, both inside their country and outside it. A thousand pities that it should be so, when Yugoslavia is still suffering beneath the Nazi boot. One would have thought that a common oppressor would have made all Yugoslavs brothers. But in the Balkan old memories are a long time dying, ancient feuds poison the lives of new generations, jealousies and rivalries are the very body and spirit of politics. Yugoslavia is a very young country, we should remember; and in the earlier part of its brief life of little more than twenty years it was known officially not as Yugoslavia but as the Triune Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. In those three words lie the roots of the present tragedy.

The new state that was brought into being in 1919 was predominantly Serb, for it was built around the old kingdom of Serbia which, after being overrun by the Germans in 1915, had a glorious resurrection in the great and victorious company of the Allies three years later. The throne was occupied by the royal family of Serbia, the political generals were nearly all Serbs, the governing classes were Serbs. From the very beginning the Croats and Slovenes complained bitterly of their subordination; particularly the Croats, who had for many years boasted of a material culture far superior to that of their new fellow-citizens whose head-quarters were in Belgrade. But the Croats are Catholics while the Serbs are Orthodox, and religion was a barrier to a full and proper understanding.

For years the struggle between the races continued within the Yugoslav state. The Croats demanded a measure of home rule, but the Serbs turned a deaf ear to every suggestion of local autonomy, and interned their policy of centralization. So bitter was the conflict that the parliamentary regime collapsed under the strain. The Croat leader, Stephan Raditch, and his brother were shot dead in the Yugoslav parliament by a Serb M.P., in 1928, and in the following year King Alexander made himself dictator, ruling with firm ruthlessness and suppressing all opposition, both royal and democratic, until in 1934 he, too, was murdered—as he was driving down a street in Marseilles. The assassin was a member of a terrorist organization known as the Ustaša, and led by one Pavelitch, Alexander's son Peter, a boy of eleven, was proclaimed king, but Prince Paul, Alexander's brother, was regent, and under him the old warfare of Serb and Croat went on.

For a brief moment in the spring of 1942 the men of every race seemed to remember that they were Yugoslavs before everything else. Paul was kicked out because of his treckling to the Axis, and young Peter assumed the royal power. But the pitiful weak army of the little country was no match for von Läit's panzers, and in a fortnight the country was overrun. Then the old divisions bore horrible fruit. Yugoslavia was dismembered. Much of Slovenia went to Italy; Croatia was proclaimed a kingdom, under Italian protection, and Pavelitch and his gangsters indulged in an orgy of brutality and murder; while as for Serbia, it was reduced to its old-time limits and in Belgrade the Serb general Nedic ruled as a Nazi quisling.

This is where General Mihailovich comes in. He, too, was a Serb. The assassin was a man but no quailing. He played a gallant part in the spring of 1941, in Belgrade, and then and for some time afterwards he maintained armed resistance on a considerable scale against the invaders. Chetniks (patriots) his men were called, and they made themselves a nuisance to the Nazis. And to the Italians too? That is not quite so certain. The General's foes—and he has many—declare that after a while he came to an understanding with the Hailms (who may have been jealous of their German allies) and received from them arms and stores. With these (so it is alleged) he waged war not so much against the Germans as against the Croats and the bands of nationalist fighters who were now coming into prominence under the name of Partisans.

From the first—from, that is, the autumn of 1941—it was widely believed that he and the Partisans wereCommunists, receiving not only their inspiration but something much more tangible from Moscov. Whatever the source of their arms, they knew how to use them; and such was their policy of continuous aggression that before long they constituted the head and spear of Yugoslav resistance.

Their leader was a mysterious figure whose name was not made known for a long time; and then it was not at once revealed that "Marshal Tito" was Josif Broz, a Croat working man of 53 who deserted the Austrian army in 1915 (like so many other Austro-Slavs), spent two years in Russian prisons, joined the Red Army and fought in the tenth of that number left to Mihailovich, that he was like a red rag to a bull, and we have had the decidedly unpleasant spectacle of the Cairo royals denouncing Tito and his followers as "impostors, brazenly attacking the legal monarch," and claiming that for two and a half years the Serbs have continued the struggle alone, and that have sacrificed more lives in proportion to their population than Russia; while Tito for his part has set up a National Council of Liberation, which has forbidden King Peter to return to Yugoslavia until after its complete liberation, when the question of the monarchy will be reconsidered, and has accused Mihailovich of organizing the mass extermination of Moscov. Croats, and Serbian patriots, with the aim of creating a "Greater Serbia."

The question of the position of the Serbs is also an open question. It is debatable. Britain and her allies are openly supporting Tito in the field, while still extending diplomatic recognition to King Peter's Government in Cairo. Such a situation cannot endure for long.
YUGOSLAV PARTISANS, under Marshal Tito (see facing page), now control a large part of the Dalmatian coast. When a British ship called at a Dalmatian port, the crew journeyed through wild country to visit Tito's H.Q.: led by one of their officers (1), they were cheered by village children (2) wearing national youth badges. On a house wall (3) a slogan reads: "Long Live Brother Stalin." After a Nato raid on the Partisans in Gerica (4), they were buried in a "heroes' funeral" (4) in Belgrade.

Photos: British Official; Keyhouse
Non-Belligerent Turkey in the Allied Camp

Implications of Turkey's neutrality for the Allies are weighed by SYED EDIRIS ALLI SHAH; he examines the possibilities of her active participation in the war — unity and understanding having been achieved in the three-day conference at Cairo, December 1943, between her President, Ismet Inonu, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. See also pages 527-531.

When the Turkish Foreign Minister agreed with newspapers who suggested that Turkey could be said to have entered the Allied Camp "without being belligerent," he expressed the whole truth. For Turkey all along had decided leanings toward the cause for which the United Nations are fighting. And at this point of the war it is pertinent to consider what the value of Turkish help to the Allies might be, and its nature.

First of all, we must look at Turkey's technical position in this conflict. Under what circumstances would she actually line up with the other democracies, and are there any treaties binding her with the Allies? Turkey has, since the 1914-18 war, stood for stability in all political affairs, both internal and international. She was the instigator of the Balkan Entente, and a signatory of the Saadabad Pact between Iran, Iraq, and Turkey and Afghanistan. She has a pact of friendship with Russia. But perhaps most important of all is her Treaty of Alliance with British Britain, signed in 1939, with France as the third party, provided for full mutual assistance between the contracting parties. Why then, it may be asked, did the Turks not join the Western Democracies during the first year of this war? International treaties of this type have always been considered in the light of the circumstances prevailing at the moment when they should become operative; as it happened, the Allies did not press the Turks to discharge their obligations at the beginning of the war. The Turkish Army was not fully equipped, and was certainly unprepared for aerial attack. Even today the Turks cannot fight unless they are garrisoned. They lack arms and supplies of ammunition regularly, as well as fighter and bomber supplies. At one time Britain was unable to provide this aid; thus Turkey waited until she should be able to throw into battle a force worthy of her traditions.

The Turkish Government might decide to give certain concessions to Britain, short of actually entering the war, much as has been done by Portugal. Many advantages could accrue from this, chief of which are the following: firstly, access to the Black Sea, which would stop the German transports and armament ships flying through the Dardanelles, and to the Aegean. By this route, as well as overland through the Anatolian mainland, Allied war material and supplies could travel to Russia.

Secondly, European Turkey could be used as the bridgehead for the invasion of South-Eastern Europe: from here, United Nations troops, with air support from the Turkish mainland, could assist Hitler's back door by way of Bulgaria and Greece, forming part of the Russian advance from the East. In this way the Dodecanese could be overwhelmed by that superior air power which was not available to complete the conquest of Crete and Leros; such support would certainly prove decisive here. The British and United States troops now in Italy might cross the Adriatic to link up with the guerilla forces of Albania and Yugoslavia, and from the third prong of the drive to eject Germany from the Balkans.

Lastly, there are the Turkish Armed Forces, if she decided on complete participation in the war. The Turkish Army comprises at least 25 Infantry Field Divisions, three Cavalry Divisions, such as the Russians have used with great success, and one Armoured Brigade. The active strength of this force is half a million, which expands to over two million on mobilization. The Turkish Air Force a year ago consisted of 36 squadrons, since when it has been expanded and largely re-equipped with Hurricanes. The Navy includes eight modern, destroyers, the biggest submarine, and the refitted battleship Yavuz, formerly the German Goeben.

Against this Turkish force, and the Anglo-American forces that will be thrown into the fighting, let us consider what the Germans can muster. There are probably eighteen German Divisions in the Balkans at present. In addition, there are the armies of the second-class satellites: the Bulgars have 25 divisions, the traitor Croats (Ustashis) have three or four; and the Rumanians about twelve. Although the nearest Allied bases are 1,200 miles away in Syria, and the Yugoslav-Czechoslovak (Austro-Hungarian) railway would cut this to 800 miles, by the time Turkey joined in the Allies would have considerable forces massed within striking distance.

The Dodecanese would have to be cleaned up quickly, as the Luftwaffe would be using them as air bases for attack upon the Turkish shipping, harbour installations and communications, as well as troop concentrations and open towns. As soon as hostilities broke out, the Germans would try to forestall the Thrace bridgehead by over-running Thrace, and possibly Asiatic Turkey as well. Within Bulgaria, most likely place to become a battleground, all seems to be confusion. In March 1941 German troops first used her territory as a base of operations against Russia. In December 1941 Bulgaria became an enemy of Britain and the United States. But she is not yet officially at war with Russia, and diplomatic connections have not been severed. By lining up with the Axis, Bulgaria was given slices of Yugoslavia and Greece, while the atute Boris sat on the throne in Sofia, juggling with his Axis masters to keep out of the fighting as much as possible.

Since the death of King Boris, however, the position has been steadily deteriorating, and the present Bulgarian Government is completely in Germany's pocket. Her army is at most a half a million, however, is intact, having only to fight the Greek and Yugoslav guerilla forces; and Bulgaria trembles at the thought of the approach of the death-knell of her imperialist ambitions. However much the quailing Bulgarian leaders may play the tune about "traditional Turkos-Bulgarian friendship," Turkey is not in the least deceived. Yes, Turkey is ready and willing to pull her weight in the struggle against evil; and when the time comes—and it is not far off—when they are asked to share the burden the heirs of Ataturk will prove themselves fully equal to the task.

BRITISH PLANES are helping to swell Turkish Air Force. Above, a Turkish pilot adjusts his parachute before taking off in a British-built Bistone. Headed by Gen. Onurtek a Turkish military mission recently visited the British Mediterranean Battle Fleet; Aht, Gen. Onurtek (left from right) inspects the flagship, "Prince, British Arsenal; Central Press".
Alaturk Still Dominates His Capital

In the forecourt of the Turkish People’s House in Ankara (formerly Angora) stands the commanding figure of the late Kemal Alaturk (top left) who, as Turkey’s first President, guided the new republic to her place among the modern democracies. He had great regard for his Premier and successor—the present President, Ismet Inonu. Affairs of government are conducted from Ankara, capital since 1923; (top right) view from railway station, and (below) the Ministerial quarter.
As Echoes of War Resound on Her Frontiers—

Developments in modern warfare are of necessity very closely followed by those responsible for the efficiency and immeasurable readiness of Turkey's armed forces. Army training includes captive parachute jumping from a tower (1), carryout of instruction by expert parachute troops, and theory goes hand in hand with practice in the air force. A class at the Erzincan Air College receives aeroplane engine instruction (2). Cadets of a Naval College vie in armistice on the drill ground (3).

—Turkey's Armed Forces are Trained and Alert

The national hero, Kemal Ataturk (Gazi Mustafa Kemal Pascha), effected radical changes in Turkey's defenses in the course of his presidency, October 29, 1923 to November 10, 1938, and today her powerful army numbers over two million when fully mobilized. During large-scale maneuvers in 1945, field artillery move up to forward positions (4), while infantry divisions make full use of mechanized transport, a column of which is being piloted by a dispatch rider (5).
Istanbul—City of the Sultans

Famous for centuries as capital of sultan-ruled Turkey, Constantinople—now known as Istanbul—guards the mouth of the Bosphorus. Significant of close pre-war relations existing between Great Britain and Turkey, battleships of both countries rode side by side (top) in the Bay of Istanbul on the coastline of the Sea of Marmara. Below, viewed across the stretch of water known as the Golden Horn, is a panorama of the Stanboul district. See also page 530.
Theodore Roosevelt once said to me, a trifle bitterly, "The American people are ready enough to build arches of triumph for popular rulers, but directly the rulers have passed under them they are liable to be pelleted with the bricks of which the arches were made of." We were on a Nile steamer at the time. He wanted us to go back to the United States after the hunting trip in Africa which followed his term as President. He had gone to Egypt with his firm purpose to be back in his reception at New York. Never, I think, have I seen such enthusiasm. The talk of triumph could not have been more magnificient or, seemingly, more solid. Yet in a couple of years he had been brought down, and sunk gradually into an embittered, dis- contented man.

Much the same thing happened to Hoover, who was hailed with the loudest cheers when he was elected President and who left office amid a chorus of "good riddance!" from every side. And Woodrow Wilson, too, had his triumphal arch with the pelleting of bricks afterwards that broke his spirit and brought on the stroke. Stalin has given us three examples from recent history in mind. Franklin Roosevelt, for himself, has permanently his hold will be on the fickle affections of the mob. Already the more blustering of his critics at home has given him three terms of office (twelve years) is diminishing. He will almost certainly stand for a fourth term this year. My own opinion is that the American people would be wise to re-elect him, but it depends on what may happen between now and next November.

Some close observers, who are honestly eager for that "better day," will bear me out in much of, think it would be more advantageous to have Wendell Willkie as President with the full support of the Senate and both Representatives, rather than Roosevelt with majorities in both Houses against him. In such a case Roosevelt could get nothing done, whereas Willkie, whose ideas (as he proves) are very much the same, might be able, if he stood up to Wall Street, to do a good deal. It is that "standing up to Wall Street" which makes me feel Roosevelt would be the safer choice—safer, I mean, from the point of view of the "better world" crowd. He has done it already. Not always successfully, but on the whole with enough encouragement to make his enemies go on doing it. Whereas with Willkie one can't tell. He might or he might not. Even if he did, Wall Street would find him a less formidable champion than the one with his immense world prestige.

"If," writes Compton Mackenzie in his biography of the President which has just appeared, Mr. Roosevelt has "Huckster's Head" (p. 63), democracy can still be acclaimed as the political ideal of all humanity, it is due supremely to him.

The Vatican trusts Roosevelt. Jewry trusts Roosevelt. Hay, the leaders of the C.I.O. trusts Roosevelt. Greece, glorious in her chains, trusts Roosevelt. Murry and Paulding trusts Roosevelt. Dogged Holland trusts Roosevelt, China, our friends and neighbors, trusts Roosevelt. Latin America, no longer a suspicious neighbor, trusts Roosevelt. Even the poor pitiful heart of Italy beats feebly for Roosevelt, and we in Britain and the Dominions of the Empire trust the man who, with his wise political instinct, first gave us the assurance of victory.

When admittance Churchill had pledged our honour and committed us to the proud defiance we knew we desired to offer.

Allowing for some inflations of sentiment, some over-emphasis of language, that is the truth about the President's position in the world today. He proved himself a consummately skilled politician when between September 1939 and December 1941 (Pearl Harbour was attacked then and war forced on the American nation by Japan) he led his people step by step away from neutrality and

Roosevelt—the True Heir of Washington

ranged them almost alongside Britain in the struggle against Fascism. The gift of de- struction, which he made without consulting Congress: the Lexis-led arrangement; the protection by American warships of convoys carrying munitions to Britain; the conception of the Atlantic Charter—these stand out as great actions, the actions of a statesman put through with the ability of a politician.

Woodrow Wilson had a statesmanlike mind, but he was not politically ingenious. That caused his downfall. He was more of an "intellectual" than Franklin D.; less of a believer in the "rock-bottom" good sense and decency of his fellow men. He had nothing like such a persuasive radio voice and style. These gifts have helped the President enormously. His broad, smiling, frank, open features also contributed to make the mass of people feel sure he has led them well. He speaks, too, in a language that the least literate, even the illiterate, among his hearers can understand.

Mr. Mackenzie calls him "the man in the street one turning abroad." A clever phrase, but inadequate, it seems to me, as a final summing-up of the man whom the author himself describes as "the true heir of Washington," who has taken over in the American way the ancient word with his own vitality so that it glows again as warmly on his lips as in the lips of Pericles in the glories of Athens 2,400 years ago." If Roosevelt has the mental calibre of Washington and the eloquence of Pericles, he can hardly be as near to the man in the street as Mr. Mac- kenzie suggests.

The main fault of the book is its turgid. Take this passage about the severe test character which F.D.R. had to face when he was attacked by infanticide paralysis at the age of 39.

Infanticile paralysis threatened him with per- manent unemployment. Infanticile paralysis fore- closed upon the future of all his hopes and ambitions. Infanticile paralysis made away with his savings and his ex- periences. Infanticile paralysis deprived him of his purchasing power from life. Infanticile paralysis taught him as hard a lesson as poverty can teach.

I would offer the suggestion that probably the least rest from the pursuit of his profession (the law) and the traditions, which his nature made necessary were of the greater value to him. What a difference it might have made to many of us if after we had been for a time withdrawn from active life, given opportunity to reflect, to read, to dream! Roosevelt emerged from that seclusion a man of greater power, of finer character, of finer perception. His mind had been freed of the road to mere endurance, even with honour, but I should put his wife's courage above his— and I think he would too.

In the winter of 1921-22 she had her husband in the house, but Mrs. Roosevelt did not do a great deal, though she was not doing the right thing in letting the invalid see visitors, wanted to override the doctor's decisions. There was one nurse in the house, but Mrs. Roosevelt did a great deal for the patient herself. "His legs and arms," she said, "made him almost stretch the muscles, and every day a little bit he had to be chipped out at the back, which was torture for him"—and for her. At last the strain proved too great. One afternoon she suddenly began to sob, and could not stop sobbing. This went on until the evening. Then, instead of going to bed and sending for the doctor and making a second invalid in the house, she rose up, said, "This will not do!" mopped her tears, bathed her face in cold water, and resolutely went about her duties again. She said: "I have to be strong. It requires an audience as a rule to keep on these emotional jags. She got rid of hers by the one effort of will, and was not troubled again. That was real heroism.

The President has been lucky in his wife—or perhaps, one should credit him with her; he works with good judgement in selecting her. He had plenty of choice, for he was lucky in most other ways. He had good looks, he was well off, he knew all the best people, he had been to the right school and the right university.

When I met him first at Alice Roosevelt's wedding in New York, I could see I had everything in his favor. Like our own Winston, he had given a good start in life's work. It is quite possible the other case could have reached high positions but for their industry, patience and endurance. In any case such a struggle could be of every kind that could be useful.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." This line is immutable. In the reader's case they might have reached high positions but for their industry, patience and endurance. In any case such a struggle could be of every kind that could be useful.

Yesterday, May 31, 1943; is here seen relaxing for a brief while in his study. [Mackenzie's graphic biography of the President is reviewed in this page.]

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[Image 2x0 to 614x780]
BAY OF BISCAY BATTLE on Dec. 27 and 28, 1943, resulted in the destruction of a 3,000-ton armed enemy blockade runner (see page 54) and the sinking of three German destroyers; others were damaged. The enemy force consisted of five modern Narvik class destroyers, each mounting five 5-in. guns, and six Elbing class destroyers, each mounting four 4-in. guns. H.M. cruisers, Glasgow and Enterprise opened fire on the enemy ships and a running fight ensued; a number of hits were scored by our cruisers. Hallfawne and a Sunderland of Coastal Command with U.S. Liberators joined the battle, while Beaufighters and Mosquitos provided air cover for the British cruisers. The blockade runner, making for a French port, was shadowed by the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. and was sunk by a Liberator.

AFTER ACTION IN THE BAY some of the triumphant crew (1) of H.M.S. Enterprise (2) are back in a British port; displacement 7,500 tons, complement 573, Enterprise (Capt. H. T. W. Grant, R.C.M.) took part in the 1940 Norwegian operations. Cast C. F. Clarke, R.N. (1) commanding the 7,000-ton Newcastle class cruiser Glasgow (2), complement 700; she brought Norway's King Haakon to Britain in 1940. Both Captains have been awarded the D.S.O. for their achievements in the battle described above. PAGE 332
SAVAGE BLOWS WERE STRUCK at the Japanese in the Central Pacific when, on Nov. 20, 1943, American troops landed on Makin and Tarawa atolls in the Gilberts (see title, p. 38), and map in p. 472. Men of the 16th infantry advance blindfold through the surf steps towards Butaritari beach at Makin, which is shrouded in a heavy smoke pall after the terrific U.S. naval bombardment. Landing affected (bottom), a bulldozer is ready to carve a road for vehicles, while enemy oil dumps burn in the background. Within 48 hours Makin was taken.
At Hell-Fire Corner: Britain’s Front-Line Town

In the shadow of Dover Castle high up on the famous white cliffs, constantly threatened by German guns just 73 seconds’ shell-flight across the Channel, live and work gallant folk of the type that has made our country so truly great. JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON pays tribute to their outstanding bravery and devotion—especially when we stood alone. See also facing page.

On three years ago, on August 12, 1940, German shells fell for the first time in the vicinity of Dover.” Since then the Nazis have spent many thousands of pounds in lobbing more than 1,700 shells across the Channel; but the value of their attacks, from a military angle, is small. If they planned to shatter the morale of the people of Hell-Fire Corner, as I first named it, the Germans have been beaten, for in this front-line town of Dover I have always been impressed by the citizens’ sheer courage and determination.

Although on a clear day one can see the French coast with the naked eye—some locals often wink: “The Fatherland looks good this morning!”—the Doverites do not allow the enemy to upset their enjoyment. In the local Hippodrome, which stands on the front, and can be seen by German patrols with the aid of field-glasses, they still have their two nightly shows: “And we’ve given them with but one or two exceptions all the time the shells have been lobbing over,” Mr. H. R. Armstrong, the manager, told me. “And,” he added, “an undershirt tonic. The comradery of the people of Dover is a credit to them, while their understanding of little difficulties has impressed itself upon me for ever. In addition, it is one of the most orderly towns in the country.

I visited the A.R.P. control-room, among the finest I have ever seen in my travels around Britain. The controller showed me a map of the town on which is indicated every shell and bomb that has landed in the area. A book, kept in the control-room, interested me. It contains the reports from patrols that spend every night on top of the hills on either side of Dover. They watch for the area in which shells or bombs fall. Sometimes these brave folk have been injured while watching for shell-bursts. In the book I read of one man who reported he had been hit but asked if he might continue; the book states that permission was given!

UNDERGROUND Restaurant for Dover Strains Fighters

Most popular meeting-place in the town is the Crypt, the “front-line” underground restaurant: the crypt of the old Flemish church of St. Nicholas. It is over 400 years old. The church, which was demolished in 1836, was once used by refugees from Flanders as a secret place of worship. Now, after a centenary, refugees from the twentieth-century terror—fighting men who take part in the “Battle of the Dover Straits”—often go to the Crypt for a meal after hitting hard at the Hun in the Channel.

We have dozens of famous people visit us here,” Mr. W. J. Evans, the manager and son of a former Trinity House pilot, told me. “Among the celebrities who have lunched here are Sir Malcolm Campbell and Sir Roger Keyes.” When Sir Roger visited the Crypt a waitress asked him for his autograph. The former chief of the Commandos ran through the autograph book, pausing for a moment at one place. Then, turning to the waitress, he said: “I see you have here the signature of one of my first Commandos.” He then wrote, his own signature, and added the sentence: “We’ll see it through...”

Near to The Crypt is St. Mary’s Parish Church, where the Rev. Purcell, young priest-in-charge, conducted the last services. I glanced through a record he keeps and noticed that on more than one occasion he has been interrupted by air-raid and shell-fire warnings. Once, when about to conduct a wedding, a shell warning went. Promptly donning his tin-hat he became Warden Purcell and hurried off to his post.

When the bombardment eased for a while he returned to his beloved church to see if everything was in order. No electrician was available, but a sailor, looking extremely unhappy, sitting in a pew. The sailor did not seem to realize that shells had been whining over the church; what worried him was the fact that his bride had not arrived. It was explained to him that she was in an air-raid shelter, putting the finishing touches to her dress when the all clear sounded the padre removed his tin-hat, slipped on his robes, and the wedding ceremony was solemnized.

The other day I had the rare opportunity, for a journalist, of visiting the “Gateway to England”—Dover Castle. From the ancient Keep it was possible to look as if it were but two or three miles away. And the time I sensed was that this castle really was “something”—in other words, this was England! And I say that without wishing to hurt the feelings of my friends in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Within this ancient pile are men and women interesting to all Services, upon working tasks, deep beneath the ground, about which I am, not allowed to say anything.

I went into the Port Wall Signalling Station, whence the men on duty have a perfect view of ships passing through the Straits. While I was in the Station a flotilla of motor launches were returning, their signalling lamps winking as they made contact with the men standing by my side. “We’ve seen some very heavy action from here,” one officer told me. “One night we saw what must have been an enemy tanker go up in flames. It really lit up the Channel.”

The magnificent work of the Dover Fire Brigade during heavy aerial bombardments of the town has not escaped the notice of H.M. the King; the minutes of the Dover Council record that the Master of the Order of Merit “had been graciously pleased to award the George Medal to Executive Chief Officer C. W. A. Brown, and Section Officer A. E. Campbell for conspicuous gallantry on the occasion of a fire, caused by enemy action, in Dover Harbour.” These men volunteered to return to a blazing ship containing high explosives, in which they fought fires while enemy aircraft were still in the neighbourhood.\n
LACONIC NOTICE above proclaims the Dover Hippodrome’s continuing appeal to jackeroos, residents, and members of the Services, of their due regard of bombardment or no bombardment. And through the shelter warning is in operation (right) buses continue to run.

Photo, Krystene, Topical

with a smile, “I think the Service lads enjoy it. I have been to shows at the Hippodrome, and can testify to the entertainment given to the men in the front line.

Although Dover has suffered because of its geographical position, being but 73 seconds’ “as the shell flies” from the muzzle of the German guns on the French coast, the town is not the heap of rubble many think it must be. Her wounds are varied and many, but to live among these wonderful people, and their Mayor, Alderman J. R. Cairns, is a

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Dover's Defiance Continues Whatever Betides

There'll Always Be an England while the spirit displayed by Britain's front line citizens at Hell-Fire Corner continues to survive. This Dover street (1) testifies to the town's long and grim ordeal of enemy bombing and shelling. But they are still cheerfully busy at the appropriately named 'Commercial' (2). With Dover Castle in the background, a Canterbury-bound bus picks up passengers at a sheltered 'stop' (3); and Inspector Webb, of the local R.S.P.C.A. (4) plucks from raid-debris a stray cat. See also facing page.
SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIPS
Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED By Haworth

Supplying the many needs of a submarine, whether in the way of food or water, the depot ship is a most useful vessel. A submarine returns from a long patrol to a depot ship where it is replenished with fresh provisions and water. After being worked over by specialists, the submarine then departs for another patrol. The depot ships are equipped with workshops for the repair and upkeep of the submarine. The crew of the depot ship is usually larger than that of the submarine, and the ship is equipped with various facilities, such as a library and a mess hall.

Returning to the depot ship, a submarine is to be refueled and provisioned. The submarine is transferred to the depot ship by the use of a crane. The submarine is then stored in the depot ship for future use. The depot ship is also equipped with various facilities, such as a library and a mess hall.
I WAS THERE!

Eyes Witness
Stories of the War

Ghastly Road of the Five Graves Led to Ortona

I HAVE just travelled down the "Road of the Five Graves" into the battered bomb-shattered town that once was Ortona. The "Road of the Five Graves" is the Eighth Army's name for the embankment of a highway that leads to the gates of the town. A few hundred yards from the first white-walled cottages overlooking the gray Adriatic lie the remains of a Sherman tank, split wide open by a mine.

On the right of the road beside it are five fresh graves, each with an unpainted cross at its head and a handful of wild winter flowers laid on top. The five British soldiers who lie in them took their toll of the enemy before they were stopped within sight of their goal, and the remains of German guns, tanks, and men are strewn out all along the road that leads along the last mile to the town.

That last mile might well be called the road of a hundred and five graves. It is a very grim mile. The pleasant countryside looks as if a bloody battle had passed over it. What were once orchards are blackened ruins, and what were farms are heaps of rubble. When I got to the gates of Ortona and met death-mounted last mile, street fighting was still going on in the town. Some Germans were holding out in houses converted into blockhouses, and Nazi tanks were still posted at the street corners.

We passed the first houses. They looked as if a wrecking squad had just finished working on them. A few yards along the main street the rattle of machine-guns made us halt, and a car came racing down the road towards us. The driver was a young Wehrmacht, Driver John Nagent, of Llandudno Road, Colwyn Bay, who explained that he had gone into the town to set up an observation post, but the Germans had opened fire at him from the upper stories of houses they still held. "They caught me by surprise, but I turned the car round and got out through their fire safe," he said.

Canadian troops were meanwhile entering the town from the coast road with tank reinforcements, and were already wrecking out the remaining groups of tough Nazis still resisting. Ortona itself looked as though squadrons of saboteurs and wreckers had used it as a practice-ground, but the sight lost a lot of its impressiveness when you remembered that long mile leading into the port.

British and German dead lie huddled in what were once orchards. Cattle and sheep lie rotting in the fields on either side of the road, unattended almost since the barbages of both sides first began to sweep across the ground. Even the farmhouses seemed to convey the same message of death, with their sides ripped open by shells, and their interiors revealed furnishing splendid by explosions, doorboards ripped up, and all the everyday things of farm life strewn about the ground.

The trees here have been chopped down to their stumps by the barrages. Haystacks have been reduced to black lumps. Vineyards are pitted with craters, while lying by the roadside at one point is a German selfpropelling gun, a flak tomb for the occupants who failed to get out. In among the wreckage of the roads—twisted guns, broken rifles, discarded helmets, empty cartridge and shell cases—are the dead monsters that were Mark IV Specials, the German tank's second in German estimation only to the Tigers.

Our Seven Weeks' Nightmare as Arctic Castaways

Swept ashore on a barren island, members of the crew of a British merchantmen great service from the Arctic Circle were awarded the R.E.M. The story is told by one of the men and by the Master.

The following morning, when it was light enough to investigate, we found one of the huts was quite habitable, and the remaining twenty-three of us moved in. There was a small coal stove in which we soon made a fire, for there was plenty of wood and some coal. There was not much food in the place, but we found a driftwood and old boxes. Before the end of our stay we demolished one of the huts for firewood.

CAPTURED NEARORTONA by Indian units, these German prisoners were among those who put up fierce resistance against the 8th Army in heavy fighting for possession of the Adriatic port in Dec. 1943. Photo, British Official

The country leading to Ortona is a graveyard of them— they lie with shattered tracks in gullies and ditches, their 10-ft. gun barrels still looking menacing. In spite of all this destruction, it is the five graves by the side of the Sherman which have given the road its name. The tank had gone through a day's hard fighting and was within sight of its objective when it was finally smashed.

"It must have taken 300 pounds of explosives to do that job," a young Canadian engineer told me. "It lifted the tank from one side of the road to the other, slicing it open at the same time!"

OUTSIDE ORTONA. Soldiers A.A. gunners are on the alert for German dive-bombers. Sirens 300 feet above its own Harbour, 15 miles south of the Adriatic ports of Pescara, the town was taken by the 8th Army on Dec. 10, 1943, after bitter street fighting. By Jan. 4, 1944, Canadian patrols had advanced three miles north along the coastal road. See also life, page 516.

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Photo: Life in Europe: Gran COPYRIGHT

Photo: Life in Europe: Gran COPYRIGHT

Photo: Life in Europe: Gran COPYRIGHT
A third sortie to try to find help was made by Whiteside, Feyer and another man. They discovered a small hut in which was a sack of flour and some tins of corned beef and cocoa, which they brought back with them. We were coming to the end of our lifeboat rations and the flour kept us alive for three or four weeks. We mixed it with water, cooked it and ate the small cakes.

There were dozens of boxes of matches in the hut, fortunately for us, and two primus stoves. There was little oil for these, but Whiteside and I managed to get the petrol tank out of the lifeboat. There was quite a lot of petrol left, as we could not use it when the motor froze up. We had hot drinks three times a day and looked forward to them very much, although towards the end the coffee and cocoa ran out and we had to make do with hot water, with occasional drinks of malted milk from a few tins. We also found some tins of what proved to be whale blubber preserved in oil, and we lived on that for about five or six days, each man having a small portion. We drank the boiled oil, although it was not particularly nice.

The Master and Whiteside made yet a further sortie to try to find help, again without success. By this time the situation was becoming desperate as most of the men were in a very bad condition. The Master continues:

I decided to make a final attempt to get help, or die in the effort. Whiteside, Feyer and I went out. We had covered every distance when Whiteside, for the first time, fell down. We turned back, but it was as much as we could do to reach the hut. We collapsed on arrival. A few days later Whiteside went out to collect firewood, but came running back into the hut, leaving the door open, absolutely terrified. I could get nothing out of him, and we thought we were about to be attacked by bears.

A little later two figures appeared wearing white, camouflage suits. They were from a camp twelve miles away, out on a patrol and trapping expeditions. They divided the food in their rucksacks between the nine of us, also cigarettes, then set off to fetch help. They were accompanied by Whiteside, who walked the entire twelve miles back without assistance, and Burnett. The latter was not in such good condition and had to be carried the last part of the journey.

A rescue party returned to the hut with two sledges, provisions and clothing. We were all in pretty bad condition now, as we had not sufficient energy to exercise ourselves any longer. The three most serious cases were taken to the camp at once, leaving five of us still in the hut. A doctor and two of the rescue party stayed with us, looking after us as well as they could.

The next day, nearly seven weeks after the men had been cast adrift, a party of men with four sledges arrived at the hut and that same night the remaining five men arrived safely at the camp. All the party were kept in bed for about two months and remained at the camp for nearly six months before they eventually returned to this country.

I Flew 1,000 Miles Over Battle-Torn Russia

Vast pitted areas where fighting has swayed to and fro for two and a half years now present an eerie and awe-inspiring spectacle, declares Duncan Hooper, Reuters Special Correspondent, after a sensational flight of inspection over some of the worst-scarred Soviet territory.

Written from less than an hour's flight from Moscow, I began to note behind the shell craters pitting fields now far from the clatter of guns and dotted with stacks of fodder gathered in the third war-time harvest. But in the broad belt of territory which up to a few months ago was still under German occupation the scars of more recent conflicts are deep and heavy. Here there is no spoiling autumn-town wheat to lighten the countryside with patches of green, and there are many more roofless buildings than smoking chimneys. Seen from a height of 200 feet the earth is criss-crossed with trenches and strewn with the grey, cinder patches of villages which the
war has ploughed up with high explosives. Pitting over the Stiepke where the bulk of German tanks are still rusting, it is easy to reconstruct the battles that led to the capture of the invaders. Over the approaches to the road and rail junctions I saw one line of zigzag trenches after another, then perhaps some ruined village straddled with bomb bursts.

Moonlight on Blackened Rafter

There were many signs of swift reconstruction work, in new wooden bridges that had appeared at night, and the marking filled-in bomb craters on the roads. But rebuilding and repopulation of these cities will take years, even when Russia is able to throw in her whole energy.

I landed near Lenink and drove in after dark. Even today it looks like a front-line city, with blackened window and doors looking on to the streets and neat holes drilled by anti-tank shells in garden walls.

Numbers of large buildings were apparently intact, but a second glance revealed embers buckets with moonlight slanting through blackened rafters.

At some points his tracer barbel was like a point of light in the sky and the boom of an explosion rolled across the countryside. Another German tank had up, and hundreds of miles behind the present front line, long forgotten mines and unexploded shells are still claiming their victims. Sometimes it is a peasant who strikes an unfamiliar machine, without knowing where his windows look.

Sometimes it is a lackless vehicle which bunches up a spot where the button of a detonator has been retired unsuspected a few inches below the surface for a several months. Near the front, in wrecked villages, after years of German domination, children scatter immediately at the sight of an unfamiliar motor-car. Fields are untended, every family has lost cost one or more of its number to German deportations.

AMIDST THE RUINS OF WAR in which she has just returned this Russian woman relates to me an event more rewarding than the German occupation of the village, when she and her children existed in an orchard hiding-place. Photograph by Soviet Embassy.

One flash from a German gun in the sky, the boom of an explosion rolled across the countryside, another German tank had up, and hundreds of miles behind the present front line, long forgotten mines and unexploded shells are still claiming their victims. Sometimes it is a peasant who strikes an unfamiliar machine, without knowing where his windows look.

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OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

December 30, Thursday. 11.30am by radio. Oswald, 128 German tanks destroyed.

December 31, Friday. 11.30am by radio. Nineteen German submarines sunk.

January 1, Saturday. 11.30am by radio. Nine German aircraft shot down.

January 2, Sunday. 11.30am by radio. Fourteen German aircraft shot down.

January 3, Monday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 4, Tuesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 5, Wednesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 6, Thursday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 7, Friday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 8, Saturday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 9, Sunday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 10, Monday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 11, Tuesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 12, Wednesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 13, Thursday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 14, Friday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 15, Saturday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 16, Sunday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 17, Monday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 18, Tuesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 19, Wednesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 20, Thursday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 21, Friday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 22, Saturday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 23, Sunday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 24, Monday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 25, Tuesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 26, Wednesday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 27, Thursday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

January 28, Friday. 11.30am by radio. Sixteen German aircraft shot down.

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might at first sight appear that the entire naval action in which the Scharnhorst was sunk off the North Cape (see pp. 518-520) was an incident in the war so completely maritime as to refute by its mere occurrence the arguments on air power which I have recently put forth in these columns. But a moment's reflection will show that this is indeed not so, although I do not doubt for an instant that naval antagonists will long point to the Scharnhorst action as the perfect case for the absolute indispensability of the capital ship. But the battle in which the Scharnhorst was sunk did not commence with the departure of the Goya-escorted convoy bound from Britain (presumably) for North Russia. That action had its roots in the German invasion of Norway that was sprung upon a the western seaports of Norway, from Christianand North to Narvik. The very gallant naval battle of Narvik followed. The expeditionary forces that were dispatched to Central and Northern Norway were hastily scratched together and escorted to Norway by warships. Anti-aircraft ships were supposed to be able to provide the necessary anti-aircraft defence for the small ports left to us. The whole of that story has never been told, but the fact is that the Norwegian expeditions were a failure. They were inadequately equipped for modern war, and could not have hoped to succeed. After a brief experience of German methods of warfare the Allied forces which pushed up the Gudbrands Valley demanded air support. I am sure that the R.A.F. had been able to do more at Narvik than was claimed by the press at the time. I am sure that the R.A.F. had been able to do more at Narvik than was claimed by the press at the time.

BAY OF BISCAY: BLOCKADE RUNNER. This fast German merchant ship of about 5,000 tons was intercepted and sunk on Dec. 27, 1943. The hand-camera photograph, taken by one of the crew of the attacking Liberator which affected the sinking, shows the first bomb explosion on the enemy's deck. See also p. 532.

surprised Britain and France in April 1940. The purpose of the German invasion of Norway was not then clear. It was generally suggested that it was intended to deny to us the iron ore which we had been receiving from the Swedish mines through the port of Narvik, and to secure all the ore and the use of that ice-free port for the German war machine. We know now that that was merely a subsidiary reason for the invasion; the real purpose was to guard the northern flank of Western Europe against the time when Germany was to invade Russia.

Two Aircraft Squadrons Against a Thousand German Planes

Britain and France were unprepared for the invasion of Norway. The mines that were laid in Norwegian territorial waters by British naval ships were too late to stop the German naval units from moving into the British Isles. The invasion was launched in the early hours of April 9, 1940, and the German forces were able to reach the North Cape by April 11. The Norwegian forces were quickly overwhelmed, and the Norwegian fleet was destroyed. The Norwegian government fled to London and set up a government-in-exile. The Norwegian navy was also destroyed.

The campaign in Norway was Britain's first awakening to the fact that air power was to play a major role in modern war, but its lessons were not learned until the war was over. The lessons were learned, and the result was a major expansion of the Royal Air Force, which was able to provide air support for the Norwegian forces and to prevent the German forces from advancing further into Scandinavia.

The Battle of Dunkirk

In May 1940, the British and French forces were forced to evacuate Dunkirk. The evacuation was a major success, and the British and French forces were able to escape to England. However, the evacuation was not without its losses. About 338,000 British and French soldiers were taken prisoner by the Germans, and over 4,000 British and French soldiers were killed or missing.

The Blockade Runners

Blockade runners were a significant threat to Allied shipping during World War II. The Blockade Runners, or "sneak ships," were small, fast ships that were able to evade Allied anti-submarine measures. They were able to carry large quantities of goods, such as rubber, sugar, and cotton, to Allied forces in the Mediterranean and North Atlantic. The Blockade Runners were a major threat to Allied supply lines, and the Allies had to spend a great deal of effort tracking and interdicting them.

The Battle of Crete

The Battle of Crete was fought in May 1941 and was a major battle in the Mediterranean theater of World War II. The battle was fought between German forces, who were supported by Italian forces, and British and Greek forces. The battle was a major defeat for the Allies, and it resulted in the loss of Crete to the Germans. The Battle of Crete was a significant milestone in the development of air power as a decisive factor in modern warfare.
R.A.F. Now at Battle-Stations in Azores Outpost

MID-ATLANTIC AIR BASE, the Azores, 400-mile long island chain about 900 miles due west of Portugal, was garrisoned by Allied sea, air and land forces in Oct., 1943 (see pp. 595-596). The result has been drastic to the advantage of the British. It is not unusual to see flights similar to that which Iceland provides in the north. The Allied use of harbours, airfields and flying-boat bases closes the Bay of Biscay gap.

Flying Fortresses of R.A.F. Coastal Command at their dispersal points. I. A Canadian radio operator has a rough-and-ready shave as he chats to an air-gunner (2). Arriving at Terceira Island to take up dispersal position, the commander-in-chief, Air Vice-Marshals G. R. Bom儒 and W. G. Condor, B. O. S. Tate, with the ship's captain. This R.A.F. mechanic servicing a Wellington (4) has become accustomed to unusual traffic on the airfield.

Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright
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Latest Warplane News from the World's Skysways

It is undeniable that the youth of Britain is much less inclined than it has ever been and possesses a wide practical knowledge of wartime aircraft. Every editor has had to demonstrate to him: if the slightest slip in the technical description of aircraft is made in his pages, the morning after publication sees the inevitable correction from two or three schoolboys. As this note is written a letter arrived from a boy of 13 years which pointed out a mistake in a pre-war publication and claimed that he could identify 50 British, American and German aeroplanes.

For schoolsboys, air cadets, R.A.F. and Royal Observer Corps cadets, air correspondents and war editors, a better guarantee against error or a greater weight of reference could hardly be found than in Aircraft of the Fighting Powers, of which the fourth annual volume (v11) 1943 Aircraft has just been issued by the Harbrough Publishing Co. Ltd. Produced by Aircraft (Technical) Publications Ltd., at the moderate price of one guinea, it is edited by D. A. Russell, M.I.Mech.E. and, with its earlier volumes, provides a comprehensive chronological record of the development and use of military aircraft in the Second Great War. The mass of valuable information given, for which a necessarily high standard of accuracy is claimed, includes scale drawings, specifications and all known armament and performance figures with operational histories of every one of the aircraft described. This 1943 volume includes no fewer than 72 aircraft, of which 17 are British and 47 American, an indication of the mass of new U.S. production. It also gives useful notes on military aircraft markings and colour schemes for Great Britain, U.S.A., Russia, Germany and Japan.

Among the six British fighters described in the new volume of the Horizons, the He which, with its gamekeeper's shell gun and at last supplies the need for an anti-tank plane: "The War Illustrated" recorded the urgent need for a "tank buster" as far back as Feb. 20, 1942, p. 474, vol. 95; also the Spitfires V and IX (R.H. Merlin 61 engine). Others that have big names here presented in fine detail are the Hawker Typhoon (speed said to exceed 400 m.p.h.) and the ubiquitous, versatile and ever-successful Mosquito, "the best all-round two-motor fighter in the world. Special types of the two-models only recently heard of are the lively little British "Chuck," the Taylorcraft Austen, and the Wickair Warfly. The Austen can climb at 1,000 ft. a minute and land in any flat field. It was on communications service in Holland in 1944. Another machine of topical interest is the new-look Hora 1, a heavy glide transport which carries a crew of two and 25 troops and their equipment, a valuable craft for invasion work.

Of the American machines it is noticeable that the 1943 list includes no fewer than 27 trainers of different types with three training gliders and a little surprising five biplanes. Details of the new type Fortiss were not released in time for this book, but the Consolidated Liberators III and IV are included. Their normal bomb load is now eight 1,100-lb. bombs. The Liberator III is on service with the B.A.F. (Coastal Command); the IV was built by Ford's. Other Americans of high reputation on this side here described are the Lightning, Mustang, Marauder and Avenger.

Enemy planes include the Messerschmitt 109 (analogous to the Spitfire IX) and the 80, the latest twin-motor fighter, the Heinkel 177 (Germany's largest bomber before the Ju 88 and delayed by the great Rohrbach raid, the Hunsbert 90 and 87D, the F.D.S. glider shot down in Denmark; and the very odd Blohm and Voss 138B flying boat.
The New Year has found most people quite optimistic about the war coming to an end soon. Perhaps it is just as well they should be; it may help them to go cheerfully through whatever 1944 has up its sleeve for us. For myself, I like better to be prepared for the worst. If it doesn’t happen, I’ve lost nothing; if it does, I am ready for it. No need to be gloomy, or even grim. Having “a heart for any fate” should not mean anticipating disaster, or even momentary set-backs. But I do find it hard sometimes to understand why people suppose peace is just round the corner or at the stage. One acquaintance of mine explains that “we are all getting very tired of it.” But he had no reply to my “So what?” Another quoted the result of a Gallup poll which showed that 72% of people had given their opinions as to how long it would last. None of them seemed to take polls of that kind, if the popularity of a politician or the efficacy of a law is in question, some guidance as to public opinion can be obtained by asking it and studying how they feel about it or what their experience is, and if one can’t see any hope for the future of the earth, can one offer an opinion worth anything on the duration of the war?

LETTERS from soldiers fighting in Italy speak with furious disgust of the Italian mud. Many of them complain that their ordinary service boots, with the small ankle-guards now in use, are quite unfit for squelching about in such conditions. Their socks will soon be better equipped. They have high boots which reach well above the knees. Surely somebody in the War Office might have known what autumn and winter were like in an Apennine country. Was it expected they should just rush through it and be provided with plimsolls for Christmas? “The clerk of the weather” is apt to make us pay for that sort of optimism. Another advantage the Americans have is that their troops eat out in army lorries. Ours get bogged often, the others very seldom. Here again there seems to have been lack of foresight or preparation. Somebody ought to be made to suffer for it.

In several pictures of famous men and reporters reproduced in newspapers lately the reporters have had notebooks and pencils in their hands. This is the last thing I would have thought about when I was on a daily paper in Fleet Street. We should have been ashamed to show a notebook when we were interviewing anyone or conversing in a group with a public personage who had information to give us. In my experience a pencil is fatal to an interview. The interviewer is hampered by it; the interviewee is alarmed and begins at once to think “Shall I be wiser to say nothing?” Talk must be free and without restraint. It will give very good results. Not less ruinous to newspaper men’s chances of getting a “story” is to surround the man who can, if he chooses, provide it and let him see that his very words are going to be taken down or recorded in some form. The proverb “least said, soonest mended” and the saying often in a friendly way, he becomes stilled and cautious. To advertise the fact that you are a reporter is the worst way to get news.

All the many wonders promised to us by the war is not more attractive than those which are to be achieved (perhaps) by plastics. There was a wireless talk on the subject not long ago from which it appeared that this material will let in literally endless ways can be made from almost anything, and now an Australian, who owns a factory for making it, says the housing problem can be solved by it. Millions of people are going to want houses—in many parts of the world. Both labour and materials will be in short supply. If we stick to our old building methods, it will be a quarter of a century, or experts predict, before the deficiency is made up. Suppose we could, as this enterprising Australian suggests, have rooms stamped out with openings for doors or windows to be fitted, and then put together to form a dwelling, large or small as might be required, nothing could be simpler or quicker, or cheaper, for Mr. Milton says £200 would pay for a home with a living-room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bath, while half that sum would furnish it—in plastics too.

It sounds like Paradise Regained! Adm. Sir Bruce Austin Fraser, G.C.B., K.B.E., renowned as the Navy’s greatest gunner and authority on naval warfare. His appointment as C-in-C, the Home Fleet was announced on March 21, 1942. Under his command the German battleship Scourge, for which he was promoted to G.C.B. See illus. page 519.

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A KEY HEIGHT ON THE ROAD TO ROME. Monte Camino towered jaggedly before the 5th Army. But in a final grim assault the summit was successfully stormed. Following this magnificent achievement the infantry, expert in mountain warfare, descended the western slope and took three villages and an important highway. It was announced on December 13, 1944, that both Monte Camino and Monte Maggione had been cleared of German garrisons. See story on page 90.