SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER S.E. ASIA is Acting Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., Naval A.D.C. to H.M. the King, appointed Aug. 12, 1943. Former Combined Operations Chief, he helped plan famous raids at Vason, St. Nazaire and Dieppe. Aged 42, he has been in the Navy for 22 years. With him is Air Chief Marshal Sir R. Frape, K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O. (left), who on Dec. 11, 1943, was appointed commander of all combat units of the R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. in S.E. Asia (known as Eastern Air Command). He was A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, 1940-42.
AMERICAN SOLDIERS enjoy sightseeing trips and the novelty of an old-fashioned ride in this brightly-painted wagon driven through London streets by Mr. Henry Walker, 88-year-old ex-soldier wounded in the 1914-1918 war. He carries his passengers each morning in a costume of a former generation, with the tradition of lis- ening duty in all washers, and seldom starts without a full crew of eight persons.

AUSTRALIA DAY SERVICE for Commonwealth troops was held in the famous church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, on Jan. 26, 1944. Royal Aus- tralian Air Force men march past Buckingham Palace (right) on their way to the service, which was also attended by the High Commissioner, Mr. H. D. G. Northcote. The first contingent of Australian forces arrived in England on June 16, 1940.

GUN-SITE "EMPTIES" being col- lected (below) after the forces ac- cording to the weekly reports, which, with the toll enacted by our night-fighters, accounted for 14 out of many 60 German raiders on this occasion. Shells of all calibers fired in an average heavy barrage cost, approx- imately, £50,000. The empty cases can be re-charged and used again.

NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE static water tanks all over the country are being used as cargo dumps by Italian folks whose dilapidated tenders, old ladletrucks and other oddments have to be fitted out by hard-worked N.F. men after the water has been drained off, as above. Those who endanger the public safety in this manner are, in effect, saboteurs in their own country.
ITALY
The Neutro landing entirely changed the situation in Italy. It must have been generally expected that sooner or later General Alexander would employ some such maneuver, but winter weather conditions made it impossible to foresee when it could be attempted or how far behind the enemy's front a landing might be possible—except that after our Salerno experience the attempt would almost certainly be within operational range of fighter aircraft. The boldness of the enterprise and the risks accepted should be fully appreciated by those inclined to wonder why such an obvious maneuver had for so long been delayed.

The danger that a break in the weather might leave a small force stranded, cut off from reinforcements and supplies and without full air support, was undoubtedly great. Reembarkation might equally have been impossible, and the enemy could hardly have failed to inflict on it a serious reverse. As it was, the dating of the operation was doubtless largely determined by the living start it gained, and the weather fortunately held at the most critical stage. It seems certain that the Allies must have been convinced that the risks of a full-scale landing in winter were too great for General Alexander to accept.

Otherwise it is inconceivable that he should not only have left the section of coastside where a landing in fine weather might obviously have been made—adequately guarded, but that he would have committed the main part of his immediately available strategic reserves to operations on his land front. As a result of his wrong appreciation of General Alexander's chance, he was caught badly on the wrong foot, and at the time I am writing不知 how far he will be able to recover his balance. Allied supremacy in the air and the complete command of the Tyrrenian Sea were important factors in achieving surprise, but in the main it had a psychological basis.

The timing of the 5th Army's offensive against the Cassino position, which preceded the landing, was admirable. It tied the enemy down and caused Kesselring to commit his main reserves, though whether to strengthen his position or to deliver a major counter-attack is still uncertain. The fierce counter-attacks he actually delivered after he had news of the landing were probably intended to reduce the pressure on his southern front while he was disengaging and reorganizing his forces for a counter-attack against the Allied beach-head. He probably realized that he had lost all chance of delivering a rapid counter-stroke in the critical weeks of the days following the landing, and as a second-best course sought to deliver it in a series of preliminary deliberate preparations.

Meanwhile, he naturally used his carefully husbanded air reserves to disrupt the Allied landing operations, and probably counted on a break in the weather which would have the same effect. The fact that the Allies were largely dependent on the small and indifferent port of Anzio obviously made it certain that some time would elapse before they could develop their full strength. Kesselring therefore had still a good chance of being able to deliver a powerful counter-stroke before the Allies could take the offensive in strength, and his chances were greatly improved by the number and strength of the positions on which the advance of the main body of the 5th, and 8th, Army could be held up. Moreover, he would probably have time to receive substantial reinforcements from Northern Italy.

It was, therefore, clear from the beginning that although General Alexander's landing operation had achieved an amazingly good start, a crisis still had to be passed before it could be certain that it would achieve its strategic purpose. Much obviously depended on whether Allied air power could decisively affect Kesselring's movements and, in that also, weather is a factor of importance. He has the advantage of interior lines with favourable conditions to delay one of the armies opposing him while he strikes at the other. It is therefore all the more important to deprive him of the mobility on which success and exploitation of interior line strategy greatly depends.

Surprise has been expressed that General Alexander did not exploit the opportunity presented by his flying start to press farther inland. But such a course might have exposed the complicated disembarkation programme without compensating results. Establishment of a secure well-stocked base was of a primary importance, and I hold that he was wise to keep to prearranged plans without being drawn into doubtful pursuit.

I have before now had occasion to point out that amphibious operations must pass through three stages before they can be considered completely successful—the initial landing, the establishment of a secure beachhead; and finally the deployment of a fully equipped and well-supplied force capable of far-reaching offensive action. The third stage may prove the most difficult and take the longest time to complete. The two stages which have in case, it is to be hoped, been successfully passed and cooperative action by the 5th Army should reduce the difficulties of the third stage. But enough has been done to give the success of the Neutro landing in any respects been it will, I hope, not lead us to underestimate the magnitude of the task that awaits us in western Europe.

RUSSIA
If the Neutro landing has changed the situation in Italy the Leningrad offensive has brought about an almost equally great change in the situation in Russia. Not only has Leningrad been relieved after its long ordeal, but another great Russian force has been released for offensive operations. It has always seemed probable that the Germans might be compelled to raise the siege of the city, either in order to shorten their front or because the communications of their northern flank to the east were endangered by a Russian offensive in the centre.

Few can have expected, however, that the Russians in the course of a week could break into the great defences of the investing army and seize a great many of its elaborately fortified strongholds. It seemed that the utmost that could be expected from the operations of the 80th Army was a retreat of the city would be a vigorous pursuit of the German withdrawal. The success achieved is more a sign of the immense resources and striking power of the Red Army which again the Germans appear to have underestimated, with the result that they have again been surprised. Already they have suffered immense losses in men and material, and they are faced with an inevitable necessity of retreat under difficult, if not impossible, conditions.

It will need all their executive skill to extricate themselves without catastrophic disaster, which would have occurred if they held on a longer line on a narrower zone of strength, since the Russians have gained increased liberty of action. It remains to be seen whether the German troops, which have for so long been on a static front, are in a fit condition to carry out the mobile warfare in the circumstances. The very fact that they appear to have failed to hold their position on the main line leads one to suspect that some of them were of inferior quality, or had deteriorated greatly in a prolonged period of inactivity.

The German troops on all fronts show no sign of deterioration in attack nor in defence where picked troops are involved, but there are certainly reasons to suspect that those normally used in a defensive role are becoming unreliable. Possibly the immense losses sustained during the last two years has caused a shortage of officers in the lowest ranks in the highest class, without whom deterioration of units is bound to set in.

Obviously the more completely an army is engaged in intensive fighting the more its weaknesses will be revealed, for picked troops, if effective when conceived as a single offensive action or to hold particularly vulnerable positions, which are now confronting them the Germans may have reason to regret that their deficiencies were not brought to their attention

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SURPRISE LANDING by 5th Army troops at Nettuno on the west coast of Italy, some 30 miles south of Rome, on Jan. 22, 1944, outmanoeuvred the Germans. By Feb. 3 the battle front had been pushed forward 30 miles with Nettuno as its centre, but it had been widened to about 16 miles, with an average depth of 6 miles; the spearhead of the attack extending beyond that distance, with the British forces at the north-west in the area of Campania, and the Americans south-east of them near Salerno, about 15 miles from Rome. The route to Rome was via the Via Appia to the Apuan Way, westernmost of the two main roads to Rome from the south.

Troops wade ashore from landing craft (1), and more arrive in "ducks" (2). These German (3) were among the first prisoners taken. General Alexander, C-in-C, Allied Armies in Italy, who personally directed the operations at Nettuno, and Gen. Eisenhower, C-in-C Allied Naval forces engaged, watch a supper sweeping for mines (2). See story on p. 601.

Photos, British and U.S. Official.
While from the S.E. our Main Forces Hit Hard

CANADIANS of a mortar section (1) of the 8th Army fire on German positions north of the Ortona area. The 8th's new Commander, Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese, G.C.B., D.S.O., is seen (2-left) talking to some of his senior British and Canadian officers shortly after his appointment on Dec. 30, 1944 (in succession to General Montgomery). Crews of this heavy 155mm. gun fire members of the French Expeditionary Corps which has distinguished itself in fighting with General Mark Clark's 5th Army; the British infantrymen (3) advance through shattered farm buildings in the Cassino area, where the German defence line was pierced on Jan. 7; 1944, after a three-day battle, are also of the 5th. By Feb. 1, our main forces were only a mile from the German defence line of Cassino. See map in p. 317. Photo, British, Canadian and U.S. Official.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

Buoyant submarines are now operating in the Far East. Last month one succeeded in torpedoing a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class, of 5,100 tons, in the northern approaches to the Straits of Malacca. This does not mean that there is no longer scope for submarine operations in European waters, as illustrated by the torpedying of the Tirpitz and Lützow in the Atlantic, and frequent sinkings of Axis supply ships in the Mediterranean. It does imply, however, that we now possess a sufficient force of submarines to spare some for service with the Eastern Fleet.

In the Pacific the Japanese losses from the attacks of United States submarines must be causing grave concern in Tokyo. At regular intervals, and with increasing frequency, the point where it will no longer suffice to meet their urgent needs. Not only have her armies in Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, Indo-China, Siam and Burma to be kept supplied with stores and munitions, but the people of Japan itself need to be fed, for which a certain amount of imported rice is essential. Moreover, the maintenance of munition manufacture is dependent on the import of rubber and other necessities which the Japanese cannot, for various reasons, produce in their own country.

DISMAL Prospect Indeed for Japan’s Large Cities

Already it is believed that the rate at which Japanese shipping is being destroyed exceeds the capacity for replacement. Though Japan

year, by which time other Allied resources may also be freed for concentration against Japan. This goes far to explain the gloomy tone which recent broadcasts from Tokyo have assumed.

Apart from the coming giants, the United States Navy is already able to dispose of a very large number of aircraft carriers. There are now in commission nearly 20 fleet carriers, of which three were completed before the war. These are the Saratoga, Enterprise and Ranger. New construction includes the Essex, Yorktown, Intrepid, Hornet, Franklin, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Wasp, all ships of 27,000 tons, carrying fully 100 aircraft each; and the Independence, Princeton,3 Ranger, Wood, Cowpens, Monterey, Cabot, Langley, Bataan and Santee.

It is questionable whether the Japanese have more than half a dozen fleet aircraft carriers for they lost the majority of those they originally had at the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway. They are still believed to possess the Yokosuka and Zuikaku, of 20,000 tons, both modern ships, and two older ones, the Hoyo and Ryuuyo, though there is a possibility that one of the latter pair may have been sunk.

Three or four 15,000-ton ships which are reported to have been designed on Japanese "pocket battleship" lines, with a main armament of six 12-in. guns, may have been converted into aircraft carriers instead, but until evidence of their existence is forthcoming this must be regarded as problematical. In any case, the superiority of the Japanese in aircraft carriers is very marked, and gives them little hope of victory in such operations as are now being vigorously conducted in the Pacific.

BASES and Airfields in the vast pacific spaces

Nor do the foregoing figures take into account the large number of aircraft carriers of the escort type which the United States Navy has at its disposal. These are ships of between 7,000 and 10,000 tons, with speed of between 16.5 and 18 knots. Though unsuitable for fleet work, they have proved invaluable in the Battle of the Atlantic. There are believed to be about 40 of them present in service.

A fleet with such an abundance of aircraft carriers available is at a great advantage compared with an opponent less completely equipped. In the vast spaces of the Pacific, where bases and airfields may be separated by thousands of miles of sea, air reconnaissance must be undertaken by carrier-based planes. With some hundreds of these, the U.S. Fleet is in an excellent position to launch an attack on the Japanese strongpoints at Truk when the surrounding bastions, such as Rabaul and New Britain, have been reduced. (See page 590.)

In two quarters Allied Armies are advancing with the aid of Navies. The landing at Netuno-Antia, 30 miles from Rome, could not have been effected without naval support, both before and after the troops were ashore. In the Leningrad area the situation is similar, with the Russian warships supporting Soviet attacks on the retreating Germans.

So far the only Soviet ships mentioned by name have been the Okisabekova Revolutsia and the Petrogradovsk, the former is an old battleship of 23,000 tons, launched in 1917. She is armed with 12-in. guns of an obsolete pattern. More modern is the Petrogradovsk, this being the name given by the Russians to a cruiser acquired from the German Navy in January 1940, when Hitler was endeavoring to conciliate his future foes in Eastern Europe. She is a ship of 10,000 tons, which was designed as a battle-cruiser and carries an armament of five 8-in. guns. It has been reported that a Swedish navy cruiser was in action against a Soviet cruiser instead twelve 7·1-in. guns of Soviet manufacture.

KEEPING THE SEA LAKES OPEN is part of the work of the gallant little mineweepers. No mines sufficient to destroy the fleet swept behind her is the Canadian Daring. Picture, British official.

Navy Department in Washington is able to announce the destruction of a number of enemy vessels in the course of a patrol carried out by an unnamed submarine. There are now something like 150 modern ocean-going submarines in the United States Fleet, exclusive of other craft of smaller size, suitable for coastal operations or training work. It may be estimated that from 40 to 50 of these ocean-going craft are always at sea, either operating in enemy waters or proceeding to or from their patrol stations. This number, moreover, is steadily increasing as more and more submarines are launched. Four went afloat on the same day from the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in January 1944.

A TIME must inevitably come when the mounting losses from Allied submarine attack reduce the tonnage of which Japan can dispense for supply and transport purposes to

annual sinking of the merchant fleet, in sweep; behind her is the Canadian Daring. Picture, British official.

A METHOD of attack which holds out a dismal prospect for the inhabitants of Tokyo, Osaka and other large cities is embodied in the orders recently placed for three giant American aircraft carriers of 45,000 tons displacement. Two were begun last year and the third is to be laid down shortly. These ships will be able to carry the largest types of bombers, involving a total weight of aircraft 590 per cent greater than in the 27,000-ton carriers of the Essex class. They will also be faster than previous aircraft carriers, and more elaborately divided into watertight compartments. It is believed that these three ships will all be in service next year, by which time other Allied resources may also be freed for concentration against Japan. This goes far to explain the gloomy tone which recent broadcasts from Tokyo have assumed.

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Royal Navy Rides Supreme in Northern Waters

SUNRISE AHEAD OF H.M.S. MILNE (J), one of the Navy's famous destroyers, from which these photographs were secured. She took part in the N. Africa landings on Nov. 8, 1942, and fought in the great convoy to Russia action in Sept. 1943, as the flagship of Rear-Adm. R. L. Burnett (see p. 217, Vol. 6). An icy scene on the deck of the Milne (J). One of the destroyers which attacked the German battleship Scharnhorst off N. Norway on Dec. 31, 1943 (see pp. 318-20) was H.M.S. Saumarez (J), here seen with H.M.S. Mahurata. PAGE 583
Australia's Allied Works Council in Swift Action

The Japanese threat of invasion urged Australia to embark on a programme of development, the like of which no man had previously conceived. The tremendous achievements cannot yet be disregarded or the nation's security measures; but sufficient can be revealed for the Commonwealth's contribution to the Allied pool to be appreciated at least in part. See facing page.

Writ a total population of only 7,137,220, in an area of 2,974,380 square miles, Australia's problems when war loomed on her very shores were far from simple; they have not been lessened by the fact that 85,000 of her sons are now serving in the armed forces.

How the Commonwealth's economic, industrial and human resources were so marshalled as to ensure defence—and preparations for ultimate attack—on the most determined scale makes a success story seldom equaled. A defence programme had to be organized almost overnight. In a normal year prior to 1939-40 development work by the Commonwealth Government amounted to a mere £2,100,000; from February 1942 to June 1943 no less than £56,000,000 was spent out of an authorized sum of £45,500,000 for capital works associated with defence.

This transformation in effort came about when, faced with the Japanese menace, Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, put into motion machinery to evolve an organization known as the Allied Works Council. This was established by National Security Regulations promulgated on February 26, 1942, to provide for and carry out the cardinal requirements of the Chiefs of Staff. (Hitherto, execution of the Australian defence works programme had been the responsibility of a Works Directorate, under the control of the Minister of the Interior.) At once a gigantic behind-the-scenes construction effort was inaugurated. Given the task of building, extending and maintaining roads, docks, railways, aerodromes, munition plants, ammunition depots and repair sheds, oil storage installations and pipe lines, stores, warehouses, camps, hospitals and other war essentials, the Council went swiftly to work.

Among the most vital arteries of war are roads, of which in 1939 the Commonwealth had 500,000 miles; to these have been added, in the few months since the Council's birth, some 5,000 miles of strategic highway for the speedy passage of Australian and United States troops; equivalent to a roadway from the southernmost point of the mainland to Tokyo. Vast areas which had never known the mark of a wheel resounded (and still resound) to the clangour of bulldozers and mechanical scops gouging out pioneer trails. In their wake toll armies of workers turning the tracks into broad highways paved with gravel or concrete.

Across the "dead heart" of the continent, a waterless desert, they drove the 400 miles Northern East-West highway, and found water, the greatest of all necessities to the "outback"; 931 miles of the Queensland Inland Road have been completed; and the North-South Transcontinental Road, last link of 980 miles. These are three outstanding achievements in the face of obstacles including blazing desert heat, tropical disease, treacherous swamps, and floods caused by torrential rains.

Where now battle plates are lifting into the sky, and touching-down again after participation in round-the-clock attacks on Japanese positions north of the mainland, were enormous blocks of prismatic forest and almost impenetrable bushland. From these unspoiling sites have been hacked out, by bulldozers and tractors, runways by the score; and whilst the mechanical monsters did their clearing and levelling, there were run-up aerodrome buildings, complete to the last detail.

Hospitals are, unfortunately, a concomitant of war. Near cities and large towns these have sprung up in miraculous fashion, as the building centres have been established, even in remote and sparsely populated areas where such institutions were entirely lacking. Much of the construction is, naturally, of timber, and such is the urgent demand for wooden structures that all kinds of development prefabrication methods has had to be speeded up to keep pace with ever-increasing requirements. Hospitals, hangars, stores, and other great building projects for which precision steel could not supply fast enough, are now going up across New Zealand and Australia's woodmen and craftsmen.

The provision of food for front-line troops in the Pacific, and for the dehydrating plants planned for a vast extension of the situation's needs. Refrigeration depots have been established at strategic points. Flax mills have come into operation where prewar. In April 1942 the Australian Works Council was empowered to form the Civil Constructional Corps as an emergency measure. Consisting of compulsorily called men from all walks of life, the Corps numbered over 20,000 members of more than 50,000 workers.

Construction camps, forming Corps centres, are dotted all over the continent, are under the strict control and direction of the Personnel Directorate of the Allied Works Council, so this "army behind the Army" experiences very little of the rough conditions for which construction camps have so often been noted. Not that the work is all in the "collar and tie" class. The men who drove 500 miles of new highway through the tropical region of northern Queensland in three and a half months will testify; a feat all the more commendable when it is noted that 80 per cent of the workers had never before been engaged on road-making.

They laboured in torrential rains: a fall of 9 inches in October, 28 inches in November, 12 inches in December, and 12 inches in January. A river broke its banks and spread for 28 miles. At one camp floodwaters surrounded the men for three weeks; one workman became lost, and other members of the Corps who welded together galvanized iron sheets to form a boat, and set out in search of him. Sixty hours later they discovered him perched in a tree-top which was just visible above swelling mists of water, had never before been engaged on road-making.

Examples of team-work and co-operation in the ranks of the Civil Constructional Corps could be multiplied almost indefinately; a spirit augmenting well the post-war years if it can be fostered and maintained. And in these migrations of men and women, and construction, enforced by total war, the Commonwealth is among the top-ranking nations of the earth,

JUST ONE OF MANY RUNWAYS In North Australia built since the outbreak of war by the Allied Works Council. Hundreds of specially placed airfields and landing grounds have been made out of primordial forest and bushland and buildings raised to defend attacks on Japanese advances.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT.
Vast Tasks of Australian Civil Construction Corps

AUSTRALIA'S ALLIED WORKS COUNCIL, through the labours of the Civil Constructional Corps, has affected a mighty change in the wartime face of the Commonwealth. Corps workers are seen spreading gravel (1) on the surface of newly constructed roads, erecting the framework of an Army barracks (2), building a vast hospital for Australian and United States troops (3), and roofing a gigantic air-raid shelter (4). The Corps is annually expanding to meet the ever-increasing needs of Allied use. One of the great new strategic highways (5) for the swift movement of troops and war supplies crosses the continent from the centre to the northern coast. Eighty per cent of the Corps members are only recently arrived, and many are strange to the work, yet contrasts were completed in record time.

Photos by courtesy of the Australian Government.
AT IBADAN, WEST AFRICA, Nigerian chiefs meet to discuss increased war production. The wisely titled The One of His, Adenemi L. C.M.G. (1, extreme right), was elected president of the conference; Chief Emir of W. Urhobo (2) and The P.O. of Alaghomo (3) are seen arriving at the conference in session (4). The Colony's principal contributions are rubber and palm kernels for oil; many recruits have been raised for the Royal W. African Frontier Force, and large sums have been collected for the purchase of planes for the R.A.F.
Columbite from Nigeria Makes Warplane Steel

A MINERAL NOW IN GREAT DEMAND by our American allies, who use it in making special steels for aircraft construction, columbite (containing tantalum and niobium, found in association with tin ore) until recently was regarded as of slight commercial value. Its rise in importance for alloying steel has led to the opening of many mines in Northern Nigeria, giving employment to hundreds of natives. Labourers carrying headpans from which they have emptied rubble are seen at work at one of these mines.

Photo, British Official / Crown Copyright
Bessarabia Has Its Problem for the Allies

We have heard a good deal about the countries and provinces whose misfortune it is to possess a more or less obsequious alien minority; and perhaps Bessarabia, of which we shall probably be hearing much in the near future, can claim in this respect a sad precedence. For while in the northern half the Romanians predominate, the southern portion is a strange mosaic of Rumanians, Ukrainians, Germans, Bulgarians, and even Poles and Swans.

When Russia occupied the country in 1812, the Tsar being driven out, the Tsar's former French master, a Swiss called La Fargue, crowned the land and discovered that near the old Turkish settlement of Akkerman (Cetatea Albă) the soil proved so fruitful, much resembled that of his own vine-growing part of Switzerland, that he obtained the Tsar's permission to secure for itself, and the inhabitants of its environs, and today the little town of Saba, after many vicissitudes, is still inhabited by Swiss-vine-growers, who are more prosperous than when their wine supplied the Russian market when they, after the last partition, Bessarabia became a Rumanian province and its products have competed with Rumania's oldest wines.

The wisdom of that Tsar is displayed in placing the south Bessarabian villages always about fifteen miles from each other so that, with some exceptions, they have dwell in arms with their neighbours. And Russia, having administered the province for more than a century, does not see that it should not continue. She points out that Odessa is the natural outlet for Bessarabian cereals, fruit and cattle and looks to Odessa that the Bessarabian railways converge. The U.S.S.R. always felt Bessarabia to be part of the old Tsarist territory, and hence did not acknowledge the decision of the Bessarabian Diet (taken in 1918) for union with Rumania.

That was a time when conditions in Russia were very liquid, when the Russian armies, devoid of discipline, were not welcome sojourners in Bessarabia, and when the local population of the whole province argued that half the three millions were Rumanians, the next largest entity, the Ukrainians, not amounting to more than one-fifth. During the interval between the two world wars Bessarabia remained in Rumania, with Russia protesting, and with the river Dniester that separates them not available for traffic.

The railway bridge across the river at Tighina was destroyed by the Rumanians, while the Russians established on their side of the river a Moldavian (i.e. Rumanian) Soborsky, which the left bank of the Dniester are many folk of Rumanian origin, and it was hoped that they would be as a magic to Bessarabia. Of course, the Government in Bucharest forbade their people in Bessarabia to cross the river; when they did so by night they were lavishly entertained by the Rumanian authorities.

Can this question, the ownership of Bessarabia, be solved to the satisfaction of both parties? Some of the experts have suggested that the central part should go to Rumania, while Russia should have the south, giving her access to the mouths of the Danube, which she has never ceased to desire, and should also have the north of the province where the Ukrainian population is in the majority. Another solution consists in a transference of populations, and it is a fact that on the left bank of the Dniester there are more Rumanians than there are Russians on the right bank.

Moreover, there are people of Russian origin on the right bank, the Lipovani, who would prefer to stay where they are not, because they would nowadays suffer on account of their religious practices that were obnoxious to Peter the Great and caused them to seek refuge in these remote parts but because their livelihood, hunting the sturgeon and producing the delicate caviar, binds them to Vakov, that second and miniature Venice. The Lipovani are so steadfast that even today they do not smoke because it was an indulgence of Peter's; they compensate themselves by taking large quantities of vodka.

One obtains a good idea of the terrain of Bessarabia where we arrived, though it had happened during our last night at Vakov we had to telephone to various villages on the proposed route northwards to inquire if the roads were passable; and our smallish American car had the high-powered engine essential to the negotiation of these soft, sandy tracks. We received reassuring answers, but we often had to desert the road in favour of the adjoining fields, the ditches of which were a trap for our springs; and in one village, on the flat, we had to put the wheels; in another, our car had to change an inch time before we conquered rather larger than myself. There is no stone in Bessarabia, so that the making of good roads is always extremely costly.

In the north-west the country is rich in woods; off the roads, however, Bessarabia (which, of course, has nothing at all to do with Russia) is renowned for its fine fields, being derived from an immense number of low hills (of other days) on the whole is a small-flat, for instance, the forest plain on which the breeding of cattle is the chief business, and from which the exports in the shape of wheat, wool and tallow, while leather, soap and candles are manufactured there.

SHE SHALL not soon forget a visit to the archbishop's palace at Kisineh (Chinainau), the capital, for I had some difficulty in finding the place as a savoury, of a church candle rather larger than myself, with which I would presumably have been destined to travel until the heat of the sun had rendered it less formidable.

Kisineh (Chinainau) certainly has the air of a small cathedral city, with unusually wide streets and with an hotel, the Londa (i.e. London), whose corridors are almost as spacious. Every Sunday the Bessarabian character of the town was clear in the picture-houses, for the actors in the mainly American films spoke English (which scarcely anyone understood), the pictures had captured in Rumanian, and a blackboard at one side gave a Russian translation.

WATER-melons, tobacco, barley, flax, saffron and madder are among the products of Bessarabia, whose peasants ask only to be left alone, whether a Russian or a Rumanian flag flies over them. Too often since the Turks departed—after a regime which lasted for more than three centuries and of which a certain picturesque fore-glimpse of the Dniester are reminders—the province has been assigned to this and then to that power; the Treaty of Trianon, for instance, giving it to Moldavia, the Berlin Congress of 1878 returning it to Russia; but in Bessarabian times the southern Danube ports have been endeavoring, fairly well, to cut one hopes that at last, when Europe is considered calmly after this war, a permanent solution will be found.
Goverov's Guns Break Nazi Leningrad Line

GREATEST BARRAGE OF THE WAR heralded yet another Russian offensive, launched from Leningrad (announced on Jan. 18, 1944), which city the Nazis forced into lasting garrison south of the Volga in 1941. A storm of fire and fury smashed German defenses covering the approaches to the Baltic States, and on Feb. 1 our Ally's advancing forces captured Kingisepp, 110 miles south-west of Leningrad, and, developing their success north and south, later crossed the Volkhov, and other streams, to reach Luga, east of the entire German salient. The assault was repeated from the whole length of coastline from Leningrad to the mouth of the Luga, which the Russians had crossed.

Guns that opened the offensive are seen (4) blasting German positions. Red Army reinforcements march through frozen wasteland and snow-camouflaged, self-propelled guns cross the great Steve Tower (5). A German prisoner in the victorious Russian, artillery expert Gen. Goverov (1) also broke the Mannerheim Line in Finland in Feb. 1940.

Fotos, Janet News
WELL, remember my first acquaintance with the Truk stoll. We were talking in the saloon of a ship that was carrying us through the South Seas, when one man actually claimed to have visited the mysterious interior island of the Japanese Caroline group. "It is another Welthaven," he declared, "boasting with guns, battleships in the lagoon, great air-ships and oil-tanks in the jungle. And did we laugh!"

Yes, I am afraid we did (though, significantly, some of us were later refused permission by the Japanese to visit that atoll), and thus we allowed ourselves to be lulled, with the rest of the world, into a feeling of Pacific security. It was obvious enough that the Japanese would never be able to make real bases from those scatty islands, which, as mandates from the League of Nations, had been their principal reward for joining us in the 1914-1918 war.

And it has been from those bases in the Caroline, Marshall, Palau and Ladrones Islands that our enemies have successively raised Pearl Harbour, taken the Philippines and Dutch East Indies in flanks, and penetrated through New Guinea and the Solomons nearly to Australia and New Zealand. We also know that the Allied amphibious expeditions have already begun to assault, in strength and successfully so far, the outer bastions of those mysterious Gibraltras, Wilhelmstaven and Portsmouth of the remote South seas, but what else do we know?

Here are some of the black facts which tantalize Service chiefs when considering the region. The groups of Japanese islands under discussion lie, most conveniently for their owners, between Japan in the north and New Guinea in the south, between the Philippines in the west and the British-owned (and recently recaptured) Gilberts in the east. They are 935 nautical miles south of Yokohama, 1,215 nautical miles north of Cooktown, Australia, 485 nautical miles east of the Philippines, and 1,920 west of Hawaii.

They consist, in all, of some 1,400 islands, but their total land area does not exceed 1,500 square miles; and generally they comprise a particularly useless and uninteresting type of oceanic isle, lacking any great minerals, agricultural or forest wealth. They are administered from Koro, an island of the Palau group in the West Carolines, and subsidiary governmental headquarters are at Truk atoll and Ponape in the East Carolines, Jaluit in the Marshalls, Yap and Palau Islands in the West Carolines, and Saipan in the Ladrones.

A dull and valueless picture? But that, as we now know, is precisely what the Japanese have desired to instill in our minds. Perhaps we would have been wiser all along to concentrate upon the weird reputation of Truk atoll for creating typhoons. Not only does this atoll (consisting of over 200 small islands) boast the largest coral reef in the world, but it has been identified by meteorologists as the birthplace of most of those great, circular wind-storms, sometimes 500 miles in diameter, which periodically sweep across the entire Pacific area. Being at the original centre of these, however, Truk is always deceptively beautiful and calm.

**Vast Construction Works**

Behind the sparse guide-book facts are the certainties now that even during the 1914-1918 war, while refining proper inspection facilities to League representatives, Japan has been most efficiently transforming the best of those islands into formidable bases.

Strongest of all is Truk, where the vast, unlopped lagoon within the great coral reef shelters at this moment perhaps half of the entire Japanese navy. Indeed, hundreds of ships attended by all the clangingous facilities of yard, basin and workshop. A huge paper town, that might have been transplanted direct from Japan, covers the white-sanded land beneath the palm tree. The native Kanakas, now nearly outnumbered in all by the swarming masters (the Japanese population increasing by some 9,000 a year while Micronesian statistics remain stationary), provide sullen labour for endless construction works.

Truk atoll possesses not only the great naval base but also a large military aerodrome, and now a large steel-and-concrete dating back to the storage tanks, barracks for the temporary housing of thousands of soldiers on their way south, east, west. Upon this single base rests the security of the entire Japanese possession in the South Pacific. It is the core of our own position in the East Indies depended upon ill-fated Singapore. That is why the Japanese fleet sticks to the base as much as possible and has not yet been lured out to full-scale action by our American forces lost in the New Guinea and Gilberts area. It is also why we are making every effort so to provoke a naval clinch by jashing air-sea raids against Truk's main outposts.

There are subsidiary Japanese bases in the atolls of Jaluit and Mili (numerous islands enclosed by two big reefs) and in that of Tienen on the Gilberts. The first two are in the east, near the Gilberts, and are largely adapted for flying-boats as well as harbours for warships and merchantmen. It is probable that the aircraft and shipping have already been displaced by the continuous, recent raids of the Americans from the Gilberts. Doubtless the next step will be to occupy Jaluit and Mili, after which there will still be a 1,100-nautical-mile journey to Truk atoll, via many other islands, notably Ponape, about two-thirds of the way: an island which has more vegetation than the others, some extraordinary monuments of Easter Island in the Mangaia Islands and an unknown civilization, and more recent Japanese efforts to intimate aesthetic man.

The Kapingamarangari atoll is an isolated group 140 miles south-east of Truk atoll and 615 nautical miles north-east of our positions in New Guinea. As such it has proved a perfect haven for the Japanese coming down to Rabaul in New Britain, and as such it will doubtless be an early objective of General MacArthur's forces after Rabaul has been taken. A large atoll base has been visited by a Liberator or two; these have done damage and brought back photographs of lagoons crowded with shipping and aircraft and of anti-like activity under the palms.

It is early yet to speak of Truk's main outposts in other directions, towards the Philippines and Japan itself, but we must be prepared to deal eventually with similar bases at Saipan and Tinian in the Ladrones Islands ("Thieves" Islands is the literal translation) which provide a series of stepping-stones to the Japanese mainland. The Palau Islands, towards the Philippines, contain the valuable phosphatic island of Angaur, and bases in the islands of Yap and elsewhere. Then isolated Guam, in the Ladrones, will invite the special attention of the Americans, who must establish a fighting base on the island, or enter into the war and who will require it again for its air basis.

It is likely that Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur, when they have finally uncovered the secrets of these strongholds, will proceed to a direct assault upon Japan? It is not. President Roosevelt has himself pointed out that if we took an island of this size we would "take 50 years to reach Tokyo." What we want is that battle fleet, a fleet which an American naval spokesman said the other day: "When Truk is threatened, I am sure the Japanese fleet will be made easier, which is our paramount objective."
Still They Call it Pacific!

Fighting one of the bloodiest engagements, so far, of the Pacific campaign, Nov. 30-34, 1943, United States Marines at cost of heavy casualties wrested from the Japanese the atolls of Makin and Tarawa, in the Gilbert Islands. Awaiting their turn to land on Makin are (1) Marines aboard a transport; pushing on after the retreating enemy they saw this derelict flying boat (2), and dummy artillery (3) constructed of palm trunks—a device of the crafty Japanese to give to distant observers a false impression of overwhelming fire-power.

Photos, New York Times Photo, Pooled News, Kyodo
U.S. Marines Assault Bougainville Island—

Fought for at Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville Island, in the Solomons, on Nov. 1, 1943, the United States Marines have engaged the Japanese in a series of battles throughout the island. From one of the many landing craft (1), with anti-aircraft guns sweeping the sky, Marines take landward (2) for the initial attack, and fast for a moment on the beach for a refreshing drink of coconut milk (3), whilst amphibious tanks patrol the captured shore (4).

—Last Japanese Stronghold in the Solomons

With doors gaping wide (5) a giant landing craft disgorges supplies for the invading Marines; a tractor hauls a loaded trailer from the vessel's interior, whilst other tractors move landed ammunition and stores up-beach. A bomb-laden area (6) near the Bougainville front lines gives to reinforcements plain evidence of the advantages of cover afforded to the Japanese defenders; even at a short distance the Marines are scarcely distinguishable against the background of tangled foliage.
Stars and Stripes Run Up at Tarawa

The Japanese lost their chief air base in the Central Pacific Gilbert Islands when U.S. Forces captured Tarawa, killing or capturing every enemy encountered. Naval coast defence guns (1) that had to be silenced by camouflaged Marines crawling over open ground (3), and a Japanese plane (4) shot down during the landing. A wounded comrade (5) is carried to a dressing station; whilst, marking the hour of triumph, “Old Glory” (2) flutters to a palm-tree top. (See map on p. 474.)
What is 'Bushido'?
New Light on Japanese Tyranny

The sub-title of Bushido, written by Alexandre Perrenoux, is The Anatomy of Terror. Of this anatomy the modern samurai has made a close study. There is no doubt that I am afraid, that they enjoy keeping people in a state of permanent alarm and uncertainty as much as they enjoy maltreating them physically. The reason for their enjoyment is given in the book as revenge. They know the West for a long time either despised them or looked on them as funny little folk, with pretty artistic ways. They want to show the West it was wrong.

The much-talked-of Japanese war spirit is but a forced show, beneath which lurk violent passions. No one in the world can take as little abuse and humiliation as a Japanese and no one resents it more. Once insulted, even slightly, a Japanese will never forget it. He will smile, yes, but the dream of revenge will long lie dormant in his soul and, when the proper time arrives, this desire will manifest itself in the most grotesque and abhorrent forms.

They are filled with hatred for the Chinese, who have held them up for so long in districts where they expected easy victory. They would like to exterminate them. There will be no let up in Manchuria in forty years, they boast; and they try to make this threat come true.

In a Manchurian village Chinese who entered their own houses under the supervision of Japanese soldiers were half-naked, unkempt, dirty, emaciated, reduced to the state of animals. The houses which had not been burned down were surrounded by barbed wire fences. Their wretched inhabitants were made 'to build roads and homes for the Japanese and used as pack animals by the army, while their own fields remained untouched. Later on they will be doomed to die of hunger, conveniently vacating their places for Japanese settlers. It is all part of the scheme.

Against Russians, too, there is the same bitter resentment; they have stood in Japan's way for a long time. There were many Russians in Harbin, where the author of the book lived. The behaviour of the Japanese has forced them to "look in the direction of the U.S.S.R. for deliverance. They are ready to welcome Red soldiers as their brothers and saviours, and the Soviet regime seems to them a heavenly sanctuary. The communists are human beings, they think; the Japanese are nothing but brutal, ferocious apes without single human quality — that is, dishonesty. The corruption of Japanese officials has reached staggering proportions. It is found more profitable to sell Government jobs to the highest bidder than to pay the accepted salary. Thousands of persons, who are not good for anything, have been given jobs in key offices..."

One result of this universal bribery was that speys grew to huge proportions. "Without exaggeration at least 50 per cent of the Japanese effort in Harbin was spent on speys. We even have to watch our own agents and gendarmes, a powerful man in the Secret Service admitted; "they all come because they want to get rich quickly..."

Even I am watched. It's the only good system they have. When I use least tricks are practised to try on quite offensive, harmless persons in their homes. Every business man is watched, whose salary must be paid by the firm and who is often so ignorant that he leads his employer into very serious trouble.

They cannot, many of them, speak the language of those for whom they are supposed to interact and do business. "Extremely sensitive and self-conscious, the Japanese will never admit that they lack any educational accomplishment. In order to learn a foreign language they will lock themselves up in their rooms and work on it alone with the aid of text-books and dictionaries instead of enlisting somebody's help. The results are often comical." Common all over Japan, says the author, are such signs as "Boiled language today" at a restaurant, meaning boiled tongue, "language" being French for tongue; and "This exit must only be used for coming in."

Still, though there are limits to their cleverness we must not underestimate them. It seems senseless to instil terror into people by arresting them for "looking sad while they spoke to one another." We think it idiotic to "Make laugher and silence enforcement," so as to spread the illusion that Manchuria is a happy land. But such methods have their effect, as this book indicates; they confused the unfortunate population into putting up with conditions which would not exist without parallel in the records of "man's inhumanity to man."
Allied Action and Cool Ingenuity in New Guinea

**BEHIND A MATILDA TANK** Australian troops move in for a dawn attack on the Japanese-held village of Santuborg, north-eastern New Guinea. This hilltop and base dominating all the country behind Finschhafen on the coast fell to the Australians after fierce fighting on Nov. 26, 1943. Its capture was vital to the consolidation of positions in the area and to future attacks against the enemy's main operational base at Madang in the north.

**FORCED DOWN IN THE JUNGLE,** the crew of an American bomber operating over New Guinea devised ingenious signals to guide rescuers. Some went ahead, found a missionary settlement and blazed signs (left) for their comrades behind to follow. Later (centre) they displayed a request for coffee and cigarettes, and (right) their final "jolly Roger" symbol is completed, timed 8 o'clock, the letter T indicating that a wounded member of the crew can be moved by plane. All were eventually rescued, one at a time.
New Zealand Warhawks in Guadalcanal Jungles

AMIDST WAVING PALMS in a jungle clearing on Guadalcanal, Warhawk fighter-bombers of a Royal New Zealand Air Force squadron prepare to take off (top). Nearby, ground crews service planes (below) whose pilots have had outstanding success against the Japanese. Warhawks are American-built, armed with six .30 machine-guns, have a speed of 325 m.p.h. at 10,000 feet, and can carry one 500-lb. bomb or an extra 33-gallon fuel tank, giving a 900-mile range. Guadalcanal was cleared of the enemy by Feb. 19, 1943.

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Photo, Royal New Zealand Air Force.
We Are the Flying Eyes of the Heavy Guns

A little in a small, low-powered "Buzzard," unarmed yet in the thick of battle, getting the range for our artillery: there are hazards a-plenty in the work of this branch of the Service, outlined by a pilot of an Air Observation Post Squadron. He leaves no room for the bitter hatred felt and shown by the Nazis for these aerial spotters is fully justified.

And yet the wartime weeler of thundering 2,000-h.p. aeroplanes, and 13-gun warplanes, and machines with a wing-span of about 130 feet, my unarmed 90-h.p. machine, that comes in to land at a little over 30 m.p.h., is something to look at twice. It is not a second-rater: it has been in front-line operations and off since 1940. When the last salvos are fired it will probably still be cruising around overhead spotting for the guns and exchanging rapid radio bidnagre with the gunners.

I am not an R.A.F. man, but Army right through member of an Air Observation Post Squadron, trained in the mysteries of ballistics and propellants, and given a movable projection of the blasted tree trunk so familiar to artillery spotters on the ground, I am expected to land beside the guns, though they may be sited in a hedge between two ploughed fields cradled by bombs, or in a scrub-oak forest clearing in Italy, or on the beach of a seashore landing, or beside a main road in a village. In all these places I have landed: also in soft Tunisian sand-hills and on sulphurous ledges on a volcano's side. So far I have met nothing as bad as my training landings. In a deserted corner of an English aerodrome, where personnel were encouraged to tip rubbish and empty cartons and similar obstacles, and where the authorities kindly added a cartload of old bricks, we were expected to make perfect "two points," and the instructor who sat in the side-hatching of the machine and shouted if he was shaken up at all. So now, in Italy, you may often see an artillery-spotting aircraft pop down in the road right up to the adjoining craters in a ploughed field, or on the lawn of a big house that may be in use temporarily as "Guns" H.Q.; and the take-off, in a fair breeze, needs a run of only about 100 feet.

Being unarmed in the thick of the battle has a queer thrill. For artillery-spotting aircraft are madly disliked by the German infantry—perhaps understandably, as our job is to keep coils of T.N.T. on their heads. As soon as we slide down out of a cloud they open up on us: they have no contempt for tinned sausage, and whistle up any German fighters that happen to be handy. Sometimes we operate under an umbrella of Spitzers.

FROM AIR TO GROUND go messages for the Allied artillery. This wireless truck receives from the spotting plane the details which, passed to the gunners in correct positions to be registered accurately.

and then we take no more notice of the fighting than a high-bred duchess would do of a street-brawl. But often "Guns" requires urgent details, there are no flyers available, and we go forth alone.

I have been lucky: I have never been attacked by more than three German fighters, and seldom by any at all. At that, dodging the flak is quite business enough. On the occasion when three were after me, I dodged round and round some tall trees that dotted the hillside where we were. It is a dangerous business for a pilot who knows that his machine will stall at anything less than very high speed to come down to ground level and shave trees by inches, as I can do while flying in perfect safety at less than the speed of a baby car, and with an aircraft that will continue to do vertical turns as required.

Over Longstop Hill, in Tunisia, two of our "Buzzards," as they are called, operated at zero feet, under a Scythe umbrella, until the Germans nearly went mad. Sundry Luftwaffe aircraft that came up to interfere were shot down; one, at least, flew straight into the ground when the pilot's annoyance over-reached his flying sense.

There were some hidden German guns on that hill that no one could site. By the simple process of flying so low over them that the slipstream must have cooled the gunners' heated checks, we drew rifle-fire and machine-gun "messes" from the Germans, flashed back the details, and then stood off until our own heavies got the range. That settled that, and it was an obstacle that had proved a real stumbling-block to our infantry's advance.

One of our A.O.P.S. spotting planes was set upon recently by thirteen Messerschmitt fighters. They carried enough metal to fill the unarmed little 100-h.p. machine solid. But it popped down into a very narrow and twisty valley between two hills, and there flew bunks and circuits while the thirteen enemy fighters whined and roared and dived and zoomed, their shells and bullets spattering the landscape and shooting the leaves off every tree for miles, while our spotter sent out urgent and skillful complimentary messages to Spitzes about 80 miles away. It was still in its little valley doing acrobatics when the Spits arrived and chased the thirteen Messerschmitts home, shooting one down.

Several times "Buzzards" have been badly shot up, and the pilot has been knocked out, but the observer has brought the machine safely down in a perfunctory kind of way. The observer is often fitted opposite the observer's seat, the instruments can be read from both seats, and the aircraft is wonderfully easy to handle. In addition to artillery spotting, it does spells at light transport of urgent staff, and works as a flying staff-car when the Brass Hats want to go-see for themselves or to rush across country to conferences.

Don't forget, as you watch the Typhoons go thudding past overhead or see the Lancasters blot out the moon, that the war also has jobs for unarmed ruritabuts of exactly the type that we have been regarding ending in during the happy days so soon—we hope—to come.
REFUGEES FROM ORTONA who sheltered in a railway tunnel during the battle for their native town (see pp. 316, 337, 554, 689) trekked to San Vito, four miles south on the Adriatic coast; there men of the victorious 8th Army, who had occupied Ortona on Dec. 5, 1943, offered them a warm welcome. These destitute women and children, just arrived at San Vito, are buoyed up by the knowledge that they will be cared for by those who are now ridding Italy of the Hitler-Mussolini curse.
Bevin Boys Start Their Coal-Mine Training

COAL SHORTAGE prompted Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, to adopt a revolutionary method of recruiting mine-workers when he introduced his ballot scheme in Parliament on Dec. 2, 1943, by which many of the conscripts would be diverted to the mines. The first trainees were drawn from the hat on Dec. 16, and by Jan. 18, 1944, some were in training. Youth line up outside the Askern Colliery, Swinton, Manchester, training centre, where (1) descend the shaft at the Askern Colliery, filled tube (2) on their way to the surface in a mine whose workers bear in record output. A group of other boys (3) emerge broadly (4), while a group of other lads (5) emerge from the pithead at Markham Main Colliery, near Doncaster.

I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness
Stories of the War

How We Landed on the Beaches South of Rome

On the morning of Jan. 22, 1944, General Clark’s 5th Army made surprise landings on the west coast of Italy—near Nettuno, 50 miles behind the German General Keitel’s so-called Gustav Line. The initial operations are described by war reporter Vaughan Thomas. See also illus. page 980.

We landed on the beaches almost unopposed. We seem to have caught the Germans right on the hop, and so far the operation has gone almost to plan. All yesterday, under a warm sun, the great invasion fleet steamed along the Italian coast. There was an armada of little ships, of assault craft, tugs, patrol boats, and all the new special ships that we’ve been building for just this sort of job. It was the most tempting target that the Luftwaffe has had for many a day, yet not a single German aircraft appeared.

As darkness fell, the long lines of ships turned towards the shore. Our escorting destroyers melted into the darkness away to the south-east. Now, well behind us we could see flashes of light playing on the horizon. They came from the guns of the advancing 5th Army, and we got the measure from them of how far we were already penetrating past the German line.

Ripped the Night’s Veil Open

Zero hour was 2.30 a.m. The night was perfect for the job, a calm sea, a slight mist to hide us from the shore, and just enough starlight to show us the dark outlines of our own great host of ships riding quietly only a few miles off the enemy coastline.

On the deck of our own landing craft we waited in full kit for the signal. Suddenly away to our starboard there was a vivid flash that seemed to rip the night wide open, and our little landing craft rocketed in the impact of the explosion. Our own guns had opened up on the coast defenses. The party’s on!” one of our signalmen whispered to me, and in the deep silence that followed that sudden outburst from our guns we heard a steady chugging of motor engines. Across our bows went a long string of dark shapes each with a little red rear light and a white wake. For one fantastic moment they looked like a string of London taxis moving through a fog, then they vanished towards the blurred line of the shore.

The assault craft were in going in with the first wave. This was the critical moment. We watched anxiously to see how the German were going to react. That opening burst of gunfire must have told them we were coming in. Now was the time for them to open up, but not a sound came from that dark line of beach. It became clear that we caught the Germans on the hop. The beach was mined, but the sappers went to work and soon dodgers and jeeps were peering ashore.

Our turn came at dawn. Our landing craft grounded and we moved in a long procession of khaki between the carefully laid tapes out through the pine woods to the open country beyond. Then the Germans started to wake up. There was a high-pitched whine and a shell crumpled down in the field behind us. The whole procession moved rapidly after them, and now we are in our allotted positions.

 Everywhere men are digging in. So far we have had no counter-attack, but it can’t be long before the enemy gets over his surprise. Our own air cover has arrived, and when that attack comes we feel quite certain that we’ll hold it.

At Cape Gloucester We Crashed Our Way Ashore

Covered by Australian and American naval units, 17,000 troops effected a landing at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, on December 26, 1943. Operatives were witnessed by Kenneth Steiner, Australian Official War Correspondent, who gives here an awe-inspiring account of the great assault.

From the flag deck of an Australian destroyer I watched 3,000 Allied shells blasting a flaring of the coast at Cape Gloucester into a wilderness of elemental fire and earth. Australian and American warships battered a gateway for the invasion troops with 130 tons of naval high explosive. As the fog of the last shellburst curled up to meet the vertical smoke pillars from innumerable bombs, we saw the long lines of American assault craft driving to the beach.

“Good luck to you, Yanks!” said an Australian boy next to me, hooded and helmeted at his Oerlikon gun, and that was what we were all saying in our hearts. At 7.45 a.m. a signaler with telephone clamped to his big brown ears, grinned as he said “O.K.” in acknowledgment of a message.

“‘The first wave is ashore without opposition,’” he told us.

It was still dark, with stars of tropical lightning, when the guns started at 6 o’clock. The huge peak behind Cape Gloucester loomed through floating sheets of cloud like a swathed and ghastly Fujiyama. One star, as white and brilliant as a flare, made a channel in the dark water. The warships, which had been peeling stealthily in their picked positions since 4.30 a.m., opened their mouths with a crash of noise and incandescence which came as a physical shock.

From my post close behind Bib, the port gun of the destroyer’s forward turret, it felt as if a fist had punched me on the side of the face. It was hard to hold a pen to paper and take notes on the successive waves of explosion as Bib and Anzac and Aussie, Yvonne and Yvette, the destroyer’s other guns, added their uproar.

Two American warships, outlined in black against the first trifles of dawn, were belching wings of flame to our left, and another Australian ship lay us with sheets of intense napalm-white to our right. In the desolate dimness, Cape Gloucester seemed to be almost under our bows instead of six or seven miles away. The shells burst in leaping points of incandescence. Suddenly two dashes of twirling red flame leaped up from the shore. Perhaps they were fuel stores or ammunition dumps; perhaps buildings; had they were only fires now. A double beam of broadsides from the cruisers came like the thump of a big drum between the sharper and more spitting bark of the destroyer’s open guns. At intervals a white-tracer shell went probing up the heights behind the landing area like a star turn loose.

As dawn filled the sky with a light as cold as steel, the Japansese on the shore—if any
still remained—must have peered from their burrows at a terri ble semicircle of firing ships. It was a fine example of the American land- ing craft, a whole alphabet of assault boats waiting in the distance for their moment to come surging in. They looked as tiny as water-beetles against the huge cloud-shapes which filled the sky behind them. Two cruisers began to take form in the west, their masts and turrets poking from balls of dark-red smoke. You could see the bombardment area quite clearly. Scoops of the vapour were rising from the shellfire like a terrace of hot springs. Away on a rocky point to the east, six magical trees appeared, blowing and bending on stalks of smoke. With sunrise, every man in our ship glanced for a moment to where a sailor was running up the Australian battle flag, the Blue Ensign, which flew only when the guns fire. The Gerlik guns, hooded like Bedouins, in their anti-flash gear, nudged me and pointed at the mast. We began our second run from west to east. A double ball rang on the bridge before each salute, giving us a fraction of a second to brace ourselves and push cutoffwood into our cars before the ship plunged with the shock.

Films of smoke, as brown and transparent as terrycloth, blew over the flag deck. The smell was more like that of burning bones than of ordnance. Soon after we ran on a cloud of American smoke. The smoke of guns, which had been interrupted by the announcement of theAmtrak. It passed on the nose of such melancholy as a fleet of liners. Even through the heat of gunfire we could hear the heavy concussion of their bombs as columns of dust and smoke swirled up from the flat undergrowth behind the beach. After them came a scream of Mitchell swooping low over the landing area and leaving a yellow screen of smoke in their wake. I distinctly recall the trip of the American smoke from the shore.

Daylight crept on the wrench of a Japanese destroyer blazing on the knife-edge reefs that fringe the coast—ennon reason why the bombards- ment force did not approach closer than six miles. I pulled the plugs of cutoutwood from my ears as a sandpiper with telephones shouted the message for which we had been waiting: "Everything going all right. No fire from shore. Landing will take place in five minutes.

The line of assault craft was moving as he spoke. I could guess what the howled men in them were thinking as they forsook as calmly as suburban ferries to the beach head. I remembered, too, how beautiful the destroyers had seemed as they hovered on the outskirts of the Frischuchs landing. Soon the instructor began fire from the shore and were visible only as grooves of foam. The guns had stopped. For a moment there was a strange silence on sea and land. We strained our eyes into the white dazzle of haze where heaven and earth seemed to be trying to picture the broad snouts of the barges pushing through the sand, and the men jumping and wading and surging up that tiny arc of territory several miles away. "First wave is ashore without opposition," said the signaller. "Drifts of smoke still rolled over the beach. "Well, we will give them a nice Christmas present," said a gunner. A signaller pressed the telephone to his ears and spoke again: "Beach wreck, second wave just landing." Ten minutes later a second bombardment in the air signaled formation, destroyers screening cruisers on each flank. The Cape, with its great hump of mountain, melted into a faraway vagueness of mist and cloud and the lingering smoke of explosions. Down on the gun decks there was a clatter of empty shell cases being collected. The Nory had done its job and departed with the happy feeling that the men on land were doing theirs.

Our Submarine Chased and Fought Ten Enemy Ships

Patrolling on the surface, at night, in the Aegean, a British submarine encountered ten enemy vessels—eight Siebel ferries and two supply ships; she immediately turned to attack and engaged in a spirited torpedo action. The story is told by Lieut. J. P. Pyle, R.N., in command of the submarine.

AS my torpedoes seemed to have caused no alarm or despondency, I altered course and gave chase at full speed. While we closed the convoy the gunlayer and trainer were kept on the bridge to accustom their eyes to the dark, so that when we opened fire they were on the target immediately. We obtained several hits on the rear *Siebel ferry, and then shifted target to the next ferry, which was his twin. In both these ships, some "overs" hit ships beyond the target. The ferry, which was probably carrying ammunition, was now on fire, emitting showers of coloured sparks—at inspiring sight. Then the outline of a larger supply vessel was seen through the smoke. We fired on one round at it and this bit. For a while we shifted target to a Siebel ferry that was coming out of the smoke, and had scored at least two hits when the supply ship also emerged from smoke and re-engaged.

It was now getting light and after we had got eight more hits on the supply ship, which was seen to be stopped and was being aban- doned, we altered course and gave chase to the remainder of the convoy. When the range had been closed again we opened fire on the smaller supply ship and dropped three hits. Two Siebel ferries then opened fire. We saw a Siebel ferry sink, and it is possible that at least one more sank. And then as we with- drew, we saw shells from our own surface force, who had apparently picked up our enemy report, bursting around the target.

I had decided to withdraw, with the in- tended division of striking the first supply ship. We dived, but as we were getting ready to come up under the second, we lost sight of two of our destroyers closing my prey. I watched the destroyers blow up the supply ship with a torpedo, and from the size of the explo- sion I considered she was carrying ammunition.

As we withdrew I saw many survivors in the water, some swimming, some floating face-down and some in boats. From the position of the survivors and the sinking I con- cluded that most of the survivors must have come from the Siebel ferries. Then the three anti-submarine craft started out to hunt us. We went deep and silenced all machinery.

They Used Glider Bombs Against Our Convoy

An escort Liberator's crew recently had the experience of witnessing German glider bombs being used against a convoy in the Bay of Biscay. Flight-Lt. Hugh Sutherland, R.A.F.V.R., captain of the Liberator, broadcast this account, including details of his own attack on the enemy.

WE were patrolling within sight of the convoy. It was a quiet windy sort of day with some broken cloud, but we were paying more attention to the sea than to the sky because our primary duty was to protect the submarine patrol and not to attack air with the ack-ack guns of the escort opened fire and I saw an aircraft. It was about five miles away. We immediately increased speed and maneuvered towards him. In a moment or two I recog- nized him as a Heinkel 177, a type I had seen before, there was no mistake of his high fin and rudder and the long nose. We thought it must be a reconnaissance aircraft, and decided to chase it away and if possible shoot it down.

When the range had closed to a mile, he evidently spotted us, for he turned away and headed for cover, and we lost him. We turned back then to the convoy and almost at once sighted four other He. 177's in loose formation approaching us from the north. They were about two miles from the convoy.

These aircraft had an advantage of about 3,000 feet over us, so we climbed straight for them. They seemed determined not to be able to reach their altitude before they passed over the convoy, so we followed them up through the clouds as the convoy was putting up. As these Heinkels went over we saw one of them release a glider bomb. It looked exactly like a small monoplane, and performed the most unu- sual flight by gliding and then entering the shop. It looked as though they were trying to steer it at one of the ships.

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but it fell harmlessly into the sea, where it exploded and burned on the surface of the water. All things were now quiet as the rain fell. When we had crossed right over the coast, the head of the Heinkel turned a second bombing run and met us face to face. I think we were surprised. We were all ready and waiting and were able to engage him, first with the nose-guns, and then with the rear-guns as he passed. The closing speed must have been somewhere about 560 miles per hour and over one hundred yards distant. The rear gunner observed hits. I don’t think the Heinkel observed our hits at all; he continued his bombing run but didn’t drop any more bombs.

We’d scarcely got rid of that one when the second pilot reported another Hei. 172 miles away, possibly the last of a formation on a converging course with ours at the same height. I was living for the sake of our gunners. I took this excellent opportunity and dived below him, enabling the tail gunner to pump four hundred rounds into him. His starboard engines caught fire, and when we last saw him, he was disappearing into cloud we on fire and losing height.

As we watched the tail gunner rejoin a Fokker Wulf in the distance on us, as I think he was the first of the party to see us at any point, we were both about 100 feet but from extreme range. It didn’t take us long to recognize one another. When we did come out of our evasive action we found ourselves side by side with another Heinkel. He was completely wild in his efforts to see the glide bombs we had dropped. He could see their bodies, rather like extra fuel tanks.

My side gunner opened fire, and we could see his bullets entering the aircraft, which rapidly decreased in speed. Then he broke away, and as he went we found ourselves an hour and a half over the convoy, and we had to take evasive action.

**GLIDING GURDER BOMBS is one of the functions of this latest version of the Luftwaffe’s Heinkel 172, whose maximum speed is 278 miles per hour, and bomb-load (according to the Germans) 17,000 lbs. Vehicles controlling glider-bombs by radio are necessary to keep a steady course or lose control of their bombs. See story coming in facing page.**

**I Was There!**

**Our Diary of the War**

The sky now seemed to be relatively clear down to the Mediterranean, and for about ten minutes we had nothing to search in vain. Then to our delight we discovered one beneath us. That was just what we wanted. We dived on to his tail. As the nose-gunner opened fire the Heinkel jettisoned his bombs and made off to sea. The bombs didn’t perform any aerobatics this time; they went straight into the sea about two miles from the nearest ship.

The Heinkel opened fire on us with a heavy cannon in the tail, but an accurate burst from our nose-gunned silenced the cannon immediately. We were able to sit on his tail until the range was short enough for really accurate concentrated fire. This was all the nose-gunner’s picic. He raked the Heinkel from stern to stern at short range. We saw the starboard engines catch fire, and as he followed him down through the cloud the nose- gunner was still pumping away. We lost the Heinkel at sea level in a patch of low cloud. The whole performance lasted about thirty-five minutes, and when the Heinkel opened fire, we wouldn’t have missed it for twenty quid.

Then we went back to our patrol, to the convoy which was still pursuing its steady course below us.

Since this action-Flying Officer H. Sutherland (as he then was) has been promoted to Flight-Lieutenant and awarded the D.F.C. Two members of the crew, Flight-Sgt. A. P. Gibb and M. W. W. Brebner, both of the R.C.A.F., have been awarded the D.F.M.

**Flash-backs**

**January 19** British troops crossed the borders of Agder and Amoe. Saboté captured.

**January 24** General Cunningham’s troops invaded Italian Somaliland.

**January 25** Five-day Allied air bombardment of Japanese convoy (between Borneo and Celebes) began.

**January 28** Grand Strategy of 5th Army’s special attack forces against Br. and F. 7th Army crossed the Drei. 30th Division of the Ottoman fleet was captured by British ships. 30th Division of the Ottoman fleet was captured by British ships.

**January 31** Field Marshal Paulus and 15 German generals surrendered (by agreement) to troops of Marshal Zhukov’s command.

**Russian FRONT—Novo-Sabobkhi, 130 miles S. of Lake Elbon on Lezginka-ODessa railway, captured by troops under Gen. Report: Charkow attacked by Red Army and Lezginka-ODessa railway.**

**Air—Over 800 account Fortresses and Liberators carried out heaviest day raid of the war on Frankfort; 1,800 tons of bombs dropped.**

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THERE IN THE AIR
by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

I am one of those who believe that bombing can defeat a nation at war. But I make this provision—that the bombing must be carried out on the scale required to effect the defeat of the enemy within a given time. Nothing less than this will do the job; although the effect of bombing on a small scale and over a long period will have made a result evident upon the war efficiency of the bombed nation.

It requires faith to accumulate the necessary bombing force to achieve the strength and frequency of attack by which, and in no other way, victory from strategic bombing can be attained. The United Nations have not displayed that sufficiency of faith towards this redoubtable arm of war. There have been too many giving up in other directions.

The disposition of the United Nations' air forces is a matter which cannot be discussed in the name of the commander. And so it is not easy to state a case. Just as Lord Dowding said that he was anxious about the drain upon the resources of Fighter Command caused by the prosecution of actions in Norway, the Low Countries, and France, so must the four commanders of Bomber Command have been anxious about the drain upon their Command to the Mediterranean area and the anti-submarine war, and to other areas of activity.

Probably the time factor is the most important in strategic bombing, for if the enemy is given no respite the cumulative effect of air bombardment snowballs rapidly. And party's interpolation to offset its disastrous results. But if the time element be slowed down—due to no matter what causes—the enemy is given time to react to counter-effect of the air bombardment, both, on the ground, by civil defence and Government measures, promulgated and carried into effect, and in the air, by the devising of new measures of defence.

In strategic bombing the time factor is elementary. If once the enemy's morale is undermined, it is possible to make use of larger forces than would formerly have been deployable. Sir Sidney Fred Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production, said to the workers in a Midlands aero-engine factory on January 24, 1944, that 'the one thing which could prevent our finishing this war in Europe this year would be the failure of people on the front line to provide with the implements they need.'

This may be interpreted to mean that the United Nations' war production—the industrial and technical personnel estimated to be necessary to defeat the enemy of the enemy in Europe this year, but as the scale of expenditure of munitions of all kinds is likely to be very heavy to smash through modern defence works—and our experience in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy must serve as a valuable guide—the supply position is likely to be the bottleneck—no matter what will determine the rapidity of the outcome. In other words, the scale and tempo of the United Nations' offensive in 1944 are the factors which will decide the duration of the war in Europe.

But this is not the complete picture. It is only the obverse side of war. There is the reverse side also to be considered. For events in war are never conditioned by what one side does, but by what both contestants do. Therefore, the duration of the war in Europe is dependent upon the efforts of the United Nations in relation to the effort which the enemy can bring to bear against them.

We have had it in our power for almost a year to determine to a very remarkable degree just what that enemy effort would be. I have previously pointed out (page 572) that the effect of the air bombardment of Germany had played a most important part in the retreat of the German armies before the Red armies. Indirectly, it was the only pre-assault method that can affect the production rate of the enemy on any scale. Thus the rapidity of the remaining stages of the war in Europe are as much, if not more, dependent upon the efforts of Bomber Command than upon any other factor, in our factories, in the field, or on the sea.

And if Bomber Command had had the strength allotted to it—whatever that strength may be—then the Allied armies would have completed already the eye of the invasion of Europe its programme of the destruction of the German centres of war industry, the German armies everywhere would be now tottering, and the submarines and aircraft ending their long, over four years' run. But, unfortunately, the necessary faith was lacking. Perhaps, when the war is over, we shall learn how much that absence of faith is to be regretted.

That night of the battle of Berlin, 30 November-31 December, 1943, Bomber Command was making its largest attack in the Battle of Berlin. Here is a great engagement, being waged by a magnificently armed

The Helldiver, latest U.S. dive-bomber, hit the Japanese hard in its first action on Nov. 11, 1943, when a squadron attacked Rabaul, New Britain, fought off 30 Japanese Zero fighters, probably sank a heavy cruiser, damaged a destroyer and damaged another destroyer and heavy cruiser. The Helldiver, powered by a pair of 1,700 h.p. Wright Double-Row Cyclone engine.

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN
Target
Bomber
Flak
Remarks
1943 Berlin and
Ludwigswasch 1,500 32

Nov. 23 20 Berlin 3,000 plus 26

Dec. 25 20 Berlin 2,500 20

Dec. 26 Berlin 2,000 plus 20

Jan. 1 Berlin and
Munich 1,000 27

Jan. 2 Berlin 1,000 27

Jan. 20 Berlin 1,300 35

Jan. 28 Berlin 1,500 plus 47

Jan. 30 Berlin 1,500 plus 33

NOTES: The bombs tonnage given are approximate. Air Ministry reports do not always give the tonnage dropped on the main target, and frequently there were diversionary targets and more-laying operations. Thus the big air battles of the year are usually not reported in the casualty figure published. A total of 20,000 tons of bombs was dropped on Berlin before the end of January, 1944, since the root battle opened on Nov. 18, 1943. The number dropped, however, was not less than half of Berlin's built-up area was devastated.

'army,' or 'fleet' of the air, bombarding the capital city of the enemy hundreds of miles inland. There has never been anything like it in the history of the world.

It is a shattering affair, this destruction of a capital city of 4 million people, a city spread over some 350 square miles of land. Probably an average assault means that we send between 4,000 and 5,000 men to attack. The defence sends more than 1,000 fighter aircraft up against them, outnumbering our aircraft by their hundreds. Hundreds of guns line the route. More than 750,000 troops oppose our few thousands. As many more civil defence workers line up for duty. The skies are lit by searchlights and parachute flares, almost as brightly as by the sun. Ground guns of all calibres fire thousands of shells. Aircraft bomb from the air, guns, shells, and incendiary and explosive bullets.

These attacks are no more incidents of the war. They are the greatest battles that are being fought—greater even than those being waged in the mountains and level seas of southern Italy, and the greater enemy strength, both on the ground and in the air. Yet it is probable that fewer aircraft are employed on one of its great Berlin attacks by Bomber Command than are disposed of in the Mediterranean. For more than 5,000 tons of bombs were dropped on the Anzo area alone in one week before the actual Allied landing took place.

It was the heavy concentration of the strategic air forces on the vital communication towns in German hands that consolidated the bridgehead at Salerno, and enabled our army there to stay in Italy and prevent them from being ousted and turned back to the sea. When the war ends we shall come to know how much we might have won it might even have been possible, German industry should be the Target Number One.
FORMIDABLE FIGHTER, the Hawker Typhoon is a development of the famous Hurricane. It first flew in June 1941 about a year earlier than the Hurricane. Its speed of 360 m.p.h. makes it almost as fast as the Hurricane, which was a formidable fighter. The Typhoon was a very effective fighter-bomber, and was one of the most versatile aircraft of World War II. It was used in a variety of roles, including close support, ground-attack, and reconnaissance. The Typhoon was also used by the Royal Air Force as a fighter, and it was particularly effective in the Mediterranean Theatre, where it helped to defeat the German Afrika Korps. The Typhoon was a very popular aircraft, and it was widely regarded as one of the best multirole aircraft of its time. It was used by many different nations, including the United Kingdom, the United States, and France.
Spitfires at Casablanca Fly from Crate to Battle

SEABORNE TO CASABLANCA, important N.W. African Allied air base and one terminal of the Trans-Africa Air Route, crates Spitfire sections are seized by teams of skilled Service fitters and local workmen who rapidly assemble the engine (1), wing sections (2), and other components from the huge wooden cases. Test pilots give the planes a tryout; then ferry pilots deliver them to full fighting trim (3) to operational bases in Africa, the Middle East and Near East; the Spitfire here seen is flying over Fez, in Morocco.
It is a deep sigh of relief large as number one number which us greeted the First of February this year. February is not a month to stir enthusiasm as a rule. "Foll-dyke" country people call it. It generally lives up to Shakespeare's description of it—"so full of frost, of storm and cloudiness." But this year the new clothing coupons (kew-pongs, if you adopt the customary pronunciation) were available on the first of the month, and many who had only just managed to hold their coats or socks together through January rushed thankfully to buy—not what they liked, probably, but what they would at any rate keep clean.

The sale of underwear must have been prodigious. For men this is the crux of the rationing problem. I know men who, once accustomed to tear off their vests and pants and hurl them aside, often causing holes or splits, now remove them as gingerly as if they were of priceless old lace. I know men who will wear shirts for the unforeseen period of three or four days. "I daren't have a clean one every day now," one of them said to me sadly. "They would not last any time, seeing how they are treated by the laundry girl. I couldn't get any more when they become dirty." He actually seemed to regard this as a hardship. "Think of what men in the Services go through," he exhorted him. But he only shook his head and groaned.

My note about the danger of placing haystacks near together is still true, but it now seems that even if one catches fire they all burn, brings me a letter from Mission-Sergeant Loats, of Epping, Essex. He reads my Postcript regularly, he says, and agrees with it. Yes, "though with a small number of its views I do not agree." That is as it should be. Then he mentions that as long ago as 1941 the Ministry of Agriculture made an offer to put racks within 20 yards of a dwelling-house, or within 30 yards of one another. I knew of this Order and based my remarks on it, deploring that it was not obeyed. Sergeant Loats says the duty of enforcing it rests on the local Police and Fire Authorities. "We are doing our best to keep up the standard of the fire fighting service in our district, but we are constantly, as we learn from experience, fighting battles on the most insignificant fronts. Our preventive work is too often a battle against our own inexperience, our own lack of knowledge, on the other hand, it is a battle against the spirit of man."

I appreciate that the note I am about to make is a little out of the way, but it is one of those that come into my mind while I am waiting for a train. I refer to the new exhibition of paintings by the Spanish painter, Picasso, which is open in London until the end of March. The paintings are not only on show in the National Gallery, but also in the Tate Gallery. The exhibition is part of the celebrations marking the 25th anniversary of the Spanish Republic. The exhibition includes some of Picasso's most famous works, such as "Guernica," which he painted in 1937 in response to the bombing of the town by German and Italian airplanes. The painting is a powerful anti-war statement, and is considered one of the most significant works of art produced in the 20th century.

I hope that this exhibition will encourage more people to visit the galleries and to appreciate the beauty and power of art. It is important to remember that art can be a force for change, and that it can inspire us to think about the world around us and to take action to make it a better place.

NEW HOME FORCES C.I.N.C., 24, General Sir Harold E. Frankland, R.C.A. (retired), assisted by Sir Bernard Paget, C.B., O.B.E., General Officer Commanding, Royal Army Corps, and Sir George Milne, Chief of Staff, N.I., have announced that they have acquired a site for a new headquarters for the new Home Forces. The site is located in the suburbs of London and is expected to be completed within the next two years. The new headquarters will be a modern, purpose-built facility with state-of-the-art facilities. The Home Forces C.I.N.C. has stated that the new headquarters will provide a modern, efficient, and secure environment for the Home Forces to carry out their duties effectively. The announcement has been welcomed by the Home Forces, who have praised the efforts of the C.I.N.C. and his team to secure the site.

Somehow one is still very conscious of a contrast between the high prices paid for cigars at auctions in London and the very low prices the public is paying for the same quality of tobacco. There is a difference of opinion between the two sides, and it is not always easy to say which side is right.

In the course of the next few years, the Home Forces C.I.N.C. will be moving into this new headquarters. The new building will be a modern, purpose-built facility with state-of-the-art facilities. The Home Forces C.I.N.C. has stated that the new headquarters will provide a modern, efficient, and secure environment for the Home Forces to carry out their duties effectively.

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Green Howards in the Mountains of Italy

UP A SNOW-COVERED HILLSIDE these Green Howards (Alexandra, Prince of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment) advance to new positions. Among the first Allied troops to land in Italy, Sept. 3, 1918, the Green Howards have since been engaged in much hard fighting in the mountainous centre of the front. The 1st Battalion took part in the Norwegian campaign in 1940, and the regiment was represented at Dunkirk, at Gazala, where it formed part of the 5th Division, and at Mersa Matrah after the fall of Tobruk.