LOCATING ENEMY MINES, this Red Army soldier wriggles along over the snow, pushing his detecting apparatus ahead, seeking shallowly buried explosives left in the way of retreating Nazis to hinder the Russian advance. Each mine as discovered will be carefully marked and then covered with specially prepared material. Captured German soldiers will then be sent through the minefield with tape, markers, and then a detachment of men sent to clear the way.

NO. 178 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, APRIL 14
Our Roving Camera With Britain’s Transport

Invasion Craft pas sage along a Manchester street (left) from the waters on which it will play its part, along with thousands of others, in gigantic operations against the Axis. In many instances the craft will be issued for every conceivable coast- or river-going purpose; this one is a C.C.S. (Coastal Command Ship). See Illus. pp. 564-565.


PAGE 674
THE BATTLE FRONTS


NATIVE troops and native communities in Africa have played a part in the war which I suggest our American friends should not lose sight of when they realize that the recent occupation of Berbera and its relation to the railway. They appear to have had a greater part in this event than the railway, and the fact that they appear in the liquidation of the Kufiata’s regime, and when even the most optimistic never hoped to see it reach its present stage of prosperity, or that it could ever have more than a safeguard of the interests of Egypt, especially her water supply.

When Mussolini conquered Abyssinia the strategic importance of the country increased, obviously, though it was equally obvious that as long as Britain could control the Suez Canal route there was no immediate danger, and that Italy had merely acquired a hostage to fortune. In the first year of the war that fact was not doubted by the Italian attitude of non-beligerence, and it was not considered necessary to strengthen the military forces in Eritrea. The strategic value of the frontier forces was accordingly nil. They consisted primarily of the Sudan Defence Force.

The few Sudanese troops commanded by a few British regular officers seemed for limited periods of service, but with educated Sudanese providing the bulk of the officers, to cover an idea of the quality of the better, the first Sudanese to win a British decoration was a young man of 6 months’ service who, in the earlier fighting at Gallabat, was awarded the Victoria Cross for re-filling his platoon with lasting effect and cheer of all officers on near exhaustion. So far as the enemy concerned the war, he considered the Axis as a single front, and aimed towards Khatum, a small member of British and Egyptian forces were stationed, partly as a guard to the Headquarters of Government, and partly to check the political status of the country.

MIDDLE EAST Position Prevents Chiefs of Staff Dispute

While Italy remained non-essential, beyond patrolling 1,500 miles of common frontier, no action was taken and friendly relations were maintained. British officers on occasion dining with Italians and discussing matters, including the status of Asmara in Eritrea. But when the collapse of the Italian army into the war warren paid our pension in the Middle East garrison the Italian soldiers of over 25,000 men in Abyssinia became a serious menace to surrounding British possessions, and General Wavell, requiring every man for the front, had to order the evacuation of the Italian land, unless strongly reinforced, was clearly impossible. In the case of the French Colony of Chad, by the British Expeditionary Force, the French Army following its decisive defeat in North Africa, submitted their case to the British Government. The loss in August 1940 had only great importance.

Kenya was protected by great stretches of wilderness on both sides of the frontier, and reinforced by South African troops, seemed unlikely to be seriously attacked. The Sudan, on the other hand, was specially threatened. Even if a minor invasion of Egypt (indicative of a general attack), halted by long distances, its loss might seriously affect the stability of the Egyptian Government, and a comparatively small force might have secured control of the Nile waters by capturing the great Aswan Dam.

Moreover, Eritrea, the headquarters and base of the Italian forces in Abyssinia, well stocked with material accumulated for the Abyssinian campaign, gave an easy line of approach to the Sudan at the most vulnerable section of its frontier. A glance at the map shows that the railway frontier on the railway from Port Sudan to Kordofan, was the main gateway for its invasion, and that further south, Gallabat, on the main route from Gedaref to northern Abyssinia and Adhbe Aheha, gave a sub-sidiary point of entry. From Kassala the enemy could strike directly at Khartoum, with possibly a column co-operating from Galbate and Gedaref.

In the dry season the River Atrabah would be no great obstacle, and with more transport the lack of water between the river and the Blue Nile would have been a great advantage, for political and strategic reasons the enemy might have struck directly at the capital, but as the time I thought it more probable his main objective would be Khartoum, and that with the resources of that name the Nile, and where the railways from Port Sudan and Wadi Halfa meet. The capture of these railways would have meant the isolation of the whole of the Sudan and would have rendered the recapture of the capital a most difficult operation.

Why the Duce d’Areota did not seize his opportunity for war and, when invaded Gallabat, losing defeat Graziamb in Libya, was in a position to reinforce the Sudan and to take his offensive, is inexplicable. He may have had no heart in an aggressive war, but he was undoubtedly imposed upon by one of the greatest tricks in military history and which became much more potent when news of Wavell’s victories in Libya shook Italian morale.

Immediately on their declaration of war the Italians began a series of bombing raids on Kassala, Gedaref and other centres in Eritrea and, when Kassala and Gallabat were reinforced and equipped with modern armament which threatened an advance on Gedaref. There was a great deal that was contemplated, but it was unlikely it would be attempted, and this belief proved correct after the rainy season, which had already started in Abyssinia and was soon to begin in the Sudan.

DURING Desert Frontier Raids by Sudan Defence Force

Premonitions of the impending capture of Kassala and Gallabat were, however, expected and definite. It seemed certain that at any moment there would be an advance on Gedaref. On July 4, 1940, however, before the Italian reinforcement reached the Sudan, the Italians had withdrawn from Gedaref, leaving the enemy with only the possibility of a strong attack on the Sudan.

As early as July 8, 1940, the Italian raiders had dispersed the Italian garrison in the Sudan and, closing to 100 yards range, inflicted heavy casualties on it without loss to themselves. On another occasion an Italian cavalry force 1,200 strong was routed by a machine-gun company.

These activities served to emphasize the need for mobile reserves and the necessity for the enemy to be prevented from making a direct advance on Gedaref.

During the rains Nos. 11 and 13, those of the Sudan Defence Force, were all in readiness to reinforce the Desert Force, and Italian reinforcements were received as they arrived. On July 21, the Italian troops on the Sudan frontier were virtually cut off by the 14th Corps, 1st Indian Division, and the 3rd Indian Division, which had joined the Corps on July 15.

ITALY well on in autumn rains caused a fall in the numbers of the Italian troops engaged in the war. As early as July 16, the Italian division in the Sudan was reduced to about 10,000 men, and the next day the Italian garrison was evacuated to Italy for reorganization.

Having removed all immediate danger to Egyptian forces, Wavell was able to concentrate all his forces to the protection of the Sudan and to put in operation the great offensive for the liberation of the country from Abyssinia. On January 18, 1941, General Platt’s campaign in Eritrea and Northern Abyssinia was launched, the Eritrea Campaign, and with the desert front General Platt’s campaign and with the desert front, the Sudan Defence Force units co-operated with the various columns of General Platt’s command and with the empire’s desert forces. So that permit does not permit me to record their exploits in the campaigns, but an interesting account of their campaign will be found in the Journal of the Royal African Corps in July 1942.

To give an example, however, of the tasks undertaken by the Sudan Defence Force during the course of the war against the Italians, the following may be quoted: The total number of 300 men were left to them to their disposal.
Unusual Weapons in Action on Italian Fronts

Once the Germans fired it, but now U.S. soldiers of the 5th Army in Italy are learning how to use this captured antitank gun against its former owners.

Long Tomes were used by British troops for the first time against Axis tanks of last week. They are American 12-tonne guns firing a 15-in. shell, and the gunners command the big guns from the new infantry man who was the unit of a heavy artillery battery. Other features in this picture are the German prisoners and the British artillery.

German Secret Weapon that did not prove effective in the case recorded miniature tank lighter, lighter, armed with machine gun. This is against our Axis bombers, who visited us on Feb. 14. Ready to fire on the rockets at St. Aubin, on the other hand, these camouflaged Stuka guns, mounted on half-tracks: a half-track vehicle. It is the match, unlike our own front wheels of normal motor car patterns now from photographic.
Westward March of Russia's Battle Lines

1 LESS THAN A YEAR, between March 1943 and March 13, 1944, the Red Army had expelled the German forces out of a vast area of territory, covering 700 miles at its greatest breadth, shown by red areas in the centre of map above. The total advance westward since Dec., 1942 covers 1,500 miles and is more than twice the width of the British Empire. The actual limit of the German advance may be made by means of the radius which encloses the limit of the German advance in Dec., 1942, the advance limit in Nov., 1943, the advance limit in March, 1944, and the advance up to March 13, 1944, the latest shown by the green dotted area on map. In 1941, the Russian offensive commenced on June 22nd, and continued until the end of March. In 1943, on the Central Front, it ended about March 22, followed by a long halt. The present Red Army advance shows no signs of slackening, and the question giving grave concern to the German High Command is how long it will continue. They know that, except for a few scattered cities, their lines of communication are intact. Present indications are that there is little to prevent the Russians from pushing on to their bitter triumphs. Those by March 20, 1944, were the crossing of the River Beresina, and the capture of the railway centre of Brest, 10 miles north-west of Letch, was also in Russian hands.

PAGE 677

By courtesy of George Philip & Son, Ltd.
THE WAR AT SEA
by Francis E. McMurtrie

According to enemy reports, a force composed partly of British Commando troops and partly of Yugoslav partisan formations recently seized the island of Lissa, in the Adriatic. This is by no means the first time this island has suddenly become prominent in warfare, nor is it likely to be the last, a fact due to its strategic situation. Though only about 11 miles long from east to west, and 6 miles broad from north to south, it lies furthest out from the mainland than the other islands forming the Dalmatian coast, from which Lissa is distant no more than 40 miles. Its possession gives the Allies a useful little harbour, the port of their base.

Giglio, on the western side of the Adriatic, is important as an aid to the control of sea communications, as there is no good harbour on the opposite coast of Italy between Bar and Ancona, and the little port is still in enemy hands.

ONLY Scanty German Naval Forces in the Adriatic.

During the Napoleonic Wars the island, which had long been a dependency of Venice, was occupied first by the French and then by the British. In 1811, France demanded the withdrawal of eight frigates, with two smaller vessels, under Commodore Debraux, sailed from Ancona with the object of recuperating Lissa. Off the island this squadron was brought to action by four British frigates under Captain William Howe, and decisively defeated, losing half its strength. In 1866, during the war between Italy and Austria, a very similar result attended the efforts of the Italian fleet under Admiral Papasso, to take the island. At the Battle of Lissa on July 20, 1866, Papasso lost two frigates and had other ships disabled by the Austrian fleet under Admiral Treffurt, which lost no ships.

It is improbable that the Germans will attempt any kind of naval sortie to recapture Lissa. Their forces in the Adriatic are scanty, comprising two ex-British battleships, neither of which is in seaworthy condition, and a cruiser which we put out of action as the result of an air attack on Ancona some time ago. Two cruisers which were under construction at Fiume are believed still to be incomplete. There may be a few old destroyers or torpedo boats available, as well as submarines and motor torpedo boats, but the enemy has not so far shown much disposition to be adventurous with these.

In the South-West Pacific the net continues to close round the Japanese forces in New Britain, New Ireland and Bougainville. With the seizure of the main airfield in the area believed to have still at their disposal about the same number of submarines as at the beginning of 1943. On the other hand, it may well be questioned whether they possess an adequate proportion of experienced submarine captains, most of the more daring and skilled ones having been eliminated. One of the latest reports is that the U-boat has been reported by a son of Grossadmiral Dönitz, to the German naval chief.

In spite of reverses, the Germans continue to build more capital ships for U-boats in the ports from which they operate. New weapons and equipment have been provided in an endeavor to enable the submarines to overcome the obstacles that have defeated them. Additional anti-aircraft guns mounted in U-boats have been presented and the planes of pressing home their attacks, not the invention of the acoustic torpedoes added particularly to the success of the enemy has been able to score. One of the latest plans seems to have been to consolidate attacks on capital ships with the destruction of these ships with those of enemy submarines, but our escort forces have proved equal to this fresh threat. For the development of the various measures by which the defeat of the U-boats has been achieved the First Lord paid a well-deserved tribute to the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, whose fighting planning was the secret of our success.

SERIOUS Losses of Enemy Shipping.

Having regard to the relative shipping resources of the Allies and of the enemy countries, there is no doubt that the latter are now suffering more serious losses than the former. British and Allied submarines (such as the Norwegian Uría and the Polish Sokol and Dzik) are constantly engaged in operations against German coastal convoys, and their efforts are supplemented by air attacks on the North Sea. In the Pacific there must come a time when the Japanese no longer have enough shipping to maintain communications with their forces overseas.

It was disclosed that the maintenance of the Japanese beach-head cost our Navy, up to the first week in March, losses which included the cruisers Spartan and Penelope, the destroyers Ingrid and James, and five landing craft described by Mr. Alexander as "major assault vessels." Previously the existence of H.M.S. Spartan had not been revealed, though an official photograph of a naval buoy on the coast of Nittosu had shown in the foreground a cruiser, otherwise unidentified, which appeared to be an improved Dido type (see Illus. p. 614). It seems reasonable to conclude that the Spartan was not the only new cruiser of this design; and in due course we may expect to hear some official mention of the designs of her sister ships. Altogether our cruisers and destroyers amounted to 28 ships since the war began.

Mr. Angus Macdonald, Canadian Minister of National Defence for the Naval Service, has ordered that the Dominion will purchase one or two modern cruisers from the Admiralty, beating a couple of American carriers. Other additions in 1944 will be 100 smaller fighting ships and a considerable number of auxiliary vessels. This calls attention to the phenomenal expansion which the Royal Canadian Navy has undergone.

In 1939 its personnel comprised less than 4,500, including all reserves. This year it exceeds 80,000, and by the end of the year is expected to have reached 90,000.
Fleet Air Arm Base on the Rock of Gibraltar

H.M.S. COMORANT II, one of the non-sweeping carriers of the Fleet, is the Royal Naval Air Station on the promontory of the famous besieging Rock, where the early raiding carriers of H.M.S. DRUMMIE, INDOMITABLE, and BOSUNBRISTOL have also operated from bases. Recently, H.M.S. ANTONIO underwent a thorough overhaul here, and a new hangar has been erected to the starboard side of the base. The hangar is equipped with a hoist for lifting an overheated engine into a Baseline.
Fishermen of Britain Fight to Bring Us Food

By JOHN ALLEN GREIGSON

O ut of the blue of our declaration of war on Germany, in September 1939, nearly all the ships of our fishing fleet were called for service with the Royal Navy. As members of the Royal Naval Reserve, they expected this call to arms. After all, who knew the coastal waters around the British Isles better than they? Who better fitted for the dangerous task of fishing for mines? As these fishermen prepared to fight the enemy, the thoughts of others turned to the immediate future of the fishing industry. They realized that fish would now become a more essential food than ever before, but who was to take these vacant places in the hunt for fish?

A ncient mariners and young boys, aboard trawlers that in some cases had long been laid aside as out-of-date, took up the challenge of the sea and in so doing faced mine, shell, bullet, bomb and torpedo. But it takes more than that to prevent mariners of Britain from putting to sea. To prevent all obstacles, the fishing fleets have brought in good supplies throughout the war, although many of their bold hunting grounds are now barred, for obvious reasons.

In my travels around the country I have had opportunities of talking with these men of the sea. Always do they praise their colleagues. Never once have I heard a fisherman seek praise for his own work. In Aberdeen, Grimsby, Fleetwood and Yarmouth, in Ramsgate, Deal and Dover, I have listened to stories of great bravery and devotion to duty. Yet, opposite the immediate circle of fishermen, few people realize how long our fishing fleet goes to assure Britain's supply of fish.

These tough-as-nails fishermen, many of whom have made up the crews of our submarines, have produced more than one man who has been honoured. One of the most recent is seventy-year-old Skipper J. C. Locke, of the trawler Mirah, who comes from Kye. During the First Great War, he served with distinction in the Dover Patrol, and when war again came to war he offered his services to the Royal Navy once more. They told him he was too old, no back went the skipper to his fishing grounds in English Channel.

On many occasions he has fished whilst dog-fights were taking place overhead. He must have seen as many aerial battles as any other man during the Battle of Britain. Several times German machines swooped and swooped him as he trawled, but always did they miss. Within sight of the enemy's guns, never knowing when some arm of the German war machine might attempt to end his career, Skipper Locke went about his work. Then one afternoon two German fighters, keeping close to the R.A.F. and seeking an easy victim, turned their cannon guns upon the little Mirah.

From mast-height they riddled the trawler. Two of Locke's men were killed by his side. He himself was wounded and lost consciousness. On recovering he observed that an incendiary bullet had pierced the boat's petrol tank and that DANGERS ARE HEAVY and the catch is sometimes considerably lighter than the North Atlantic last seen here, but the fishing trawlers carry on with their tank of petrol and the mains of a brace of man-made parts of the warship, a look at the air, as told in this page.

part of the deck was on fire. Despite the fire's anguish, Skipper Locke successfully fought the flames and washed the burning petrol overhead. His jacket caught fire, and his left arm was severely burnt. But he again smothered the flames—and for the second time lost consciousness. Another trawler, sensing trouble abroad Locke's command, hurried to the rescue, pulled him abroad, andashed the Mirah. Today, recovered from his injuries, Skipper Locke is once more on fishing duty.

In the waters of the North Sea more than one Nazi, in plane or E-boat, has come to remember the gallantry and determination of the men who go down to the sea for fish.

On one occasion, when E-boats were very active off the East Coast, a trawler, setting course for the fishing grounds, found herself surrounded by four of these enemy torpedo boats. One opened fire.

The answer the enemy received. In hot lead, from the trawler, caused great confusion. One E-boat was seen to turn-cape, some men were thrown into the water, and the other craft, sensing a trap, opened fire. In the darkness, however, their fire was directed at each other. Eventually, much to the joy of the fishermen, who were completely outgunned, the German forces fled towards the Dutch coast. To this day they probably think it was a special anti-E-boat patrol that had attempted to trap them.

Youth has played a distinguished part in this never-ending 'Fight for Fish'—for fight it is, with the weather as the enemy's ally doing everything possible to halt the successful progress of the fishing fleet. In Grimsby I heard several people praise eighteen-year-old trimmer Cyril Rawlings, who has served aboard the trawler Chandos. The men who praised him said they knew he must have a most genuine enthusiasm over anything—but Rawlings' placid impression they.

When the Chandos was putting out to her fishing grounds in the North Sea, snow falling against the windows of the wheelhouse, a German plane dived from out of the grey sky and riddled the wheelhouse. The skipper was killed instantly. In his cabin the German, wounded in the last war, stumped on the deck and, entering the wheelhouse, saw a light that he will never forget.

Trimmer Rawlings, the boy, was showing the greatness of a fighting man. Blood was pouring down his trousers into his shoes; but at the gun he was keeping up a terrific fire at the plane circling above. Twice the German machine's tail. Smoke suddenly streaked out, and the enemy pilot turned for home.

Then, his job completed and the Chandos safe, Rawlings collapsed. During this battle he had lost several of his fingers, but never had he taken his finger from the trigger. A little list of what the work and the weather and the shelling. Their official records will add to the tale of the sea when the last All Clear has sounded.
This Trawler Helped to Send a U-Boat to its Doom

FIGHT was the quality of H.M. trawler Imperialist before the war; now she hunts U-boats. Since early 1940, when she discarded fishing nets for guns and depth charges, the Imperialist has gained far beyond a long record of destroying enemy submarines. A notable instance of her success was the sinking of a German Condor aircraft which attempted to attack an Atlantic convoy, and with assisting in the capture of an enemy blockade runner. Her latest exploit, announced on Feb. 21, 1944, was a great part played in destroying a U-boat in the Barents Sea.

The most recent successful attack, the Commanding Officer of the Imperialist, Lieut.-Cdr. H. B. Craig Baggins, R.N. V.R., said: "The first salvo from our 4-in. gun crippled the enemy's forward gun. The Imperialist's smaller weapons then opened fire, and the U-boat submerged to avoid us. We proceeded over the position and dropped some more depth charges—about four tons in all. Built in 1929, and in peacetime sailing from Hull, she began her fighting career in the early days of the Norwegian campaign."
Our Colonies in the War: No. 4—Ascension

Thirty-four square miles Ascension Island occupies an important place in the war effort of the British Empire. Discovered by a Portuguese, João da Nova, in 1503, on Ascension Bay, it remained unexplored until after the arrival of Veers, who discovered it in 1640, on his way to the Cape of Good Hope, who named the island H.M.S. Ascension. In 1818 it became part of the dependency of the colony of St. Helena and passed into the jurisdiction of the Colonial Office. Most vital role played by Ascension Island is as a wireless station in the middle of the ocean. The company of Cable and Wireless Ltd. are in charge of this important work, they control a pre-eminent chain of telegraph routes. Except for a handful of native guards, the staff, their families and servants, are the only inhabitants: they have transformed this island of 29 craters, dominated by the 6,270 ft. Green Mountain, into a habitation for aircraft, refueling station for aircrews, and a point for supply. The island is shown in the map above; 3,000 miles from W. Africa, it is equidistant between W. Africa and S. America and 5,300 miles by air from the nearest West Indian port. Since 1942, Ascension has become a ferry-point for Allied planes; a U.S. aircraft arrived there, broke through a cloud of enemy fire as it was taking off and dropped its bomb loads on the island. In addition to U.S. Army units in Africa, British and U.S. aircrafts have been based here. Two U.S. bowel field and three U.S. tented runways for the planes passing through the island.

Photo, New York Times Photo, Keystone
14th Army Jungle-Fighters Wipe Out Japanese

In the Burmese wilds British and Indian troops recently won a victory over the Japanese that was described as a 'triumph of jungle fighting.' A strong force consisting of the 7th Battalion of the 16th Army, augmented by the 7th Battalion of the 16th Army, also fought to a standstill the Japanese forces which were themselves surrounded by 16th Army troops.

Three of our Jungle Fetes: (1) The 7th Battalion of the 16th Army, (2) the 16th Army, and (3) the 7th Battalion of the 16th Army.

North Burma front Chinese soldiers carry songs and dances as they march on a road.

Japanese prisoners are rounded up and taken to a staging area in a field.


Inset map in p. 566.
Gladly Would the Finns Get Out of the War

When in the winter of 1939 Finland was attacked by Soviet Russia, the sympathies of the democratic world were engaged on the side of a little nation represented as struggling to maintain its freedom against a totalitarian monster.

For a few weeks it seemed as if the impossible were about to become the accomplished fact. Finland was fighting with and against the Red Army. Stalin, who had forced the Germans to retreat, now turned against his friends of 1939, the Finns. It seemed to be an easy victory for the Soviets. The Finns were not prepared. They did not fight with any illusion that they could win, but they decided to hold their own.

The Finns had no desire to do more than recover the territories lost in the 1939-40 war, but though these were soon overrun by the German-Finn armies, there was no peace for Finland. Whether they wanted to or not, the Finns were inevitably fastened to Hitler’s chariot wheels. Finnish troops helped Hitler and his seven or eight German-Austrian divisions in their attack on Murman and, since Finn troops were involved in that thrust to Leningrad which came so dangerously near to success. If the attack had been launched from behind the old Finnish frontier Leningrad would almost certainly have been captured.

These things are remembered by the Russians. They should be remembered by us. Since then for short of three years they have slept away. In the spring of 1944 the

A Miserable June Morning

But the Finns, watching the developing struggle between Germany and the Allies, saw that the time had come for them to take the offensive. Under the leadership of Marshal Mannerheim, who was destined to be the hero of the war, they attacked the invaders from the east. They boldly entered the area of the White Sea and Semyonovsky, the city of Murmansk, and in the north of Finland. They captured the town of Petsamo.

But the main obstacle was the fact that the Nereus divisions in the Murmansk front, the Leningrad front, and the Baltic Sea front, were not yet ready to take the offensive. The Finns had to wait for the necessary divisions to be ready and for the troops to be ready for the offensive.

The problem as Dietl saw it was too easy, too simple, to be true. He had placed himself under the impression that the Finns had no desire to fight, that they were only interested in their territory, and that they were not a danger to Germany. But he was wrong.

The Finns had no desire to fight, but they were determined to defend their independence. They had no desire to fight, but they were determined to defend their independence. They were willing to fight, but they were not willing to fight for the Axis.

The Finns had no desire to fight, but they were ready to fight for their freedom. They had no desire to fight, but they were ready to fight for their independence. They were willing to fight, but they were not willing to fight for the Axis.
Uneasy Finland Ponders while Time Runs Short

[Image of people on a street, a man reading a newspaper, and another man reading a book in a store]

CESSION OF HOSTILITIES and Finland's withdrawal from the war are dependent on acceptance of Russia's terms, awaited by Jöge Peurikki (1), a mine manager in Vaasa. When in February 1939, Finland was invaded by Soviet forces, a delegate to the Moscow peace conference in 1938, Peurikki predicted a hard-fought war for Finland. The peace talks are held in Helsinki (2), on Nov. 16, the streets looked like this. PAGE 685

What Exactly is Happening in Rumania Now?

Since July 1, 1940, when the皖mirial-French pledge of assistance in the event of aggression, Rumania has adhered to the enemy cause. How bitterly she is repeating at this moment her mistakes after the defeat of France! It is not only not hostile to the Soviet, with whom there were always bad relations. From the country as the Nazi grip tightens and ;intolerant threats in the East.

when the German flow swept over Rumania we had to wait a considerable time before we had any real knowledge of what was happening there. Even now the Allied bombing of the Polish oil refineries constitutes the sum total of what most of us know, for the German censorship has been rigorous, and to slip a message through has required a good deal of ingenuity. But now a number of interesting reports have been censored to the country. Some of them are sensational, but not on that account less worthy of belief; those of which I make use here have come from the most reputable sources.

For many months backward and apathy prevailed in Bucharest. A war was being waged, with numerous deaths; thousands were being sent back, relievedly wounded, from the front. But these were nearly always peasants, provincial schoolmasters and so forth. Very, very seldom did the elegant society of the capital have to deplore the loss of one of its members. Those who went came back, as in a rule, in a week or two covered with decorations; and when the War Office decided that there would be no exceptions for men over twenty years of age there resulted quite a panic, with nearly all the well-to-do families trying to have their sons appointed as instructors in the signal service, or sent to the universities.

Turzak was hardly any panic in Bucharest on the day when Americanirmen bombarded Ploesti, some thirty miles away, for this coincided with the end of the league of friendship between the capital, and that was a source of unlimited joy. But when the Rumanian armies continued to advance and it became evident that the Germans were not running, as they had proclaimed, of their own free will, the enthusiasm began to wane. Some few thousand requests for visas were granted, but no Liberty ships or destroyers were sent to the fortress, and everything was done to make it as difficult as possible for them. A like number added to the race among the Turks.

Turzak was expressed at the deliberations of the Senate, in which certain professors and politicians, while moved.

Some demoralized people of Bucharest, would it be possible to face them.

Michael Antonescu, the Marshal’s nephew and perhaps the most influential person under present conditions, was endeavouring to detach Rumania from the losing side. When compelled by the Germans to recall Lavoryi, the Minister at Berne, whom he had instructed to act in this sense, he was able to assure him the Marshal and no problems.

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Michael Antonescu, Rumanian Deputy Prime Minister vice of General Antonescu at the World Peace Conference,ans the August 1, 1919, in the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles, France. Antonescu is shown with the Rumanian flag in the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles, France.

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Life-Savers in Action in Italy

Front-line R.A.M.C. personnel are saving hundreds of lives by giving our wounded blood transfusions (1), fortifying the patient against the shock of the journey to the Casualty Clearing Station, to which he may be transported by Dork (2) if a river crossing is involved. From the C.C.S. he travels to an airdock, and is placed aboard an ambulance plane (3) for passage to hospital (4), whence, if necessary, he is flown to N. Africa, particulars of his case being recorded on the way (5).
5th Army Scenes of Triumph

In Nettuno town, taken in the Allied beach-landing south of Rome on January 23, 1944, a British infantryman on patrol paused to wonder at the scene which has descended on this old castle (top left). In a fierce night battle commencing on February 7 a handful of Grenadier Guardsmen—corks, butmen, cooks and supply column servitors—held our positions on the Buono Riposo (Sweet Rest) ridge in the Ambo beach-head against an all-out attack. After 18 hours of fierce fighting the enemy's objective of isolating this sector was frustrated. Guardsmen are seen on guard (right) preparing to leave their icy billets. Afterward, Allied artillerymen destroy the Army's main bridge, a task made by French artillerymen (above) fires on German concentrations beyond the hills of Alcquinadala.

Photo, British and U.S. Official
The Human Story Behind the Lines

Regimental bootmaker Lance-cpl. Harding, with a captured German police dog on his knee (1), obviously has no complaints in respect of his job in an Anti-tank-head quarter's. whilst front line barber Fie. Sewish maintains to the requirements of a field communications unit (2). Strange location this (4) for a sewing-machine; tents are being repaired for New Zealanders on the 8th Army Front. Direction boards (3) bring a touch of home to the 5th Army's main front north of the Garigliano.
Views & Reviews

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fye

One ago—it was during the South African War—when I got the Army Nurses was that they had an ugly uniform which made them look unattractive, hard-faced and unsympathetic. That notion soon went. I found out how wrong I had been in my hasty judgment. I still think the uniform was ugly; it is much better now. But I know that under that was the kindest of hearts, the stoutest of courage, the most self-sacrificing devotion to duty. I saw that quality again during the First Great War. Now I have been reading a book which shows me they are equally conscious in this.

The book is called Grey and Scarlet (Hollier and Stoughton, 6s.) It contains letters written from nurses kept in various parts of the world, where Army nurses in their grey and scarlet have served. Miss Ada Harrison has edited them and made a very wise choice among the mass of material she must have had to go through. No more vivid or informative picture of the life of these "ministering angels" could be drawn, and, though they draw it themselves, there is not a word in the whole book which suggests they are doing anything out of the common, anything for which they deserve to be called heroines. Yet to my mind these are heroic stories, if the word has any meaning at all.

Take the account which is given of the trip made by one of the sisters between Dover and Dunkirk, taking off men wounded during the evacuation. You might call it miraculous, this record of "Sailed for Dunkirk. . . . Sailed for Dover. . . . Sailed again for Dunkirk," and so on for a whole week, going from Dover the whole time. Not a word about the weariness of it, scarcely a hint of the physical suffering. They were so fully occupied with looking after the sick and wounded that they did not notice the actual battle that was going on all their time. "Every time we entered a town, we did not notice the casual battle that was going on in our time. . . ." They were so busy looking after their patients that they wereA nurse on an ambulance train in France. The exciting truth. Were those drapes, the men, the women, the celebrations, the overhead, but we were too busy to take a great deal of notice.

"Oh go away, we can't see you. We've got a job of work to do. No time for you." What a contrast between the way the nurses made the best of everything and untired no complaint and the purdy, utterly selfish and stupid grumbling of the passengers on one of the ships that brought to British refugees from the south of France, where they had been living as tax-dodgers very likely. "Thank you for the "sick" one of the nurses, who was being taken home safely at no expense to themselves, nothing but grumble, each time we went to see him or herself." The staff "seemed to run their legs trying to deal with their work and complaints and looked to the nurses universal arms with free stock of everything on board for their benefit. . . . the nurses are only our own very limited

Grey and Scarlet
In Praise of War Nurses

all laden with sub-cases and bandages. Train came in crowded to overflowing point and freight and hundreds of people pushed and fought to get in while the people in the train were equally determined to keep them out. We three sisters besides the nurses were laden with bandages while mothers pushed their way in among us. Our rolling G.V. was very apparent; in case we should be left with bandages on our hands!"

There are illuminating sidelights on the French mind in two of the nurses' stories. One says, "I think the working people of France believe that their country had to lay down arms because the English ran away," and the other tells how in the Military Hospital at Jerusalem, "while a whole ward of Indians was especially remarkable for the quiet and patient manner in which they bore suffering, in direct contrast was the behaviour of our French patients, of whom some were De Gaullets, whilst others were prisoners, loyal to the Vichy Government, sent to us during the Syrian campaign. Their excited talk and fierce arguments made it necessary to transfer the Vichy men to another hospital.

None of the nurses had more patience and harassing duties than these which fell to them in Singapore. "In spite of large red crosses on all the buildings and hazzard squares the Japs dive-bombed and machine-gunned frequently. It was terrible to see the shell-shocked patients and hear their screams as the bullets fell around us. No screams from nurses, however, though all nurses denoted this and, if bombs were dropping too near, dived under the beds.

I can see the rummies now, after one of the bombs raised the earth and landing into the open, with bodies still dripping, the air so thick with smoke and the smell of cordite, that it was impossible to see more than a few inches ahead. At first we thought neither sisters had been hurt, as her house was some distance away. We could see the houses and the trees and the German field-grey coats, but the wind and the smoke made her impossible to tell. We rushed in one after the other and found to our horror that we were all there, in spite of their house being built on top of all, and were on the verandah with us and some tea, which we all badly needed.

It sounds a delightfully feminine touch, that last about the tea. But it isn't really. Nowadays men are just as anxious as women for tea after they have been through hell. Unfortunately there was no tea in the little house which for twelve days and nights was afforded in the Atlantic after a ship had been worked by a submarine's torpedoes. There were 52 men in her, and one woman—the nurse who tells the story. Two meals a day they had, if they could be called meals—one at 7 a.m., the other at 6 p.m. They consisted of a spoonful of a meat extract, two ounces of water, two biscuits, three chocolate squares and three milled milk tablets. Yet, "we felt grand after breakfast," says the narrative. But at the days went by, and the men grew weaker, they talked about food incessantly. The lady's thoughts dwelt on beer, though only a little chip said always, "never mind, tomorrow we'll have a cup of tea, and at last they got it, they had been offered by a Frenchman tied up by it and having his leg broken by the shell. They gave him bread and beer by then, and the woman confesses that in the half-light we were so weak and so snappy by the time we were rescued that I had to see things myself to myself under the blanket at night."

The Army of today is a very different Army from that I saw in 1918. They were a bit helpless. They expected everything to be done for them, and it was. They did not have to improvise and invent, as we used to do, for example, when we went into Tobruk after it had been smashed and the Australians used to say last time that, if you gave a list of hangy trousers a cheek, the nurses wouldn't know what to do with it. Now they would know all right. It's the same with the Army nurses. Now they have learnt to scratch up what was required when it hasn't been provided.

The closer they rigged up operating theatres in the most difficult conditions wins my admiration. In Iceland the authorities were not very helpful (the Góðgrep arrows) had a good deal of influence all through the country; and "with a little improvisation" they made a "workable little place." In Malta they started with one small theatre and had a better one in addition. They even managed to rig up a metal one on board a very large ship. Nothing daunts them; they never seem to be discouraged by hardships or obstacles. These modern day records of brave competent women make us feel glad to be their fellow-countryman.
Stalin's Great Airmen Pick their Nazi Targets

ON EVERY SOVIET FRONT

the Red Air Force, with generous backing by British and American machines, continues to drive the enemy back. This month the Soviet Airmen showed what they can do to Germany. In the words of the Moscow Pioneers, the airmen are 'in the air. Well and truly are the pilots now turned - for today Germany is the target - which for so long was given to England.' As they pass over the battlefield, they see much destruction. In one area a group of German tanks and trucks stand motionless within a forest. Below the airmen are German prisoners, watching the planes pass over. After the planes have taken off, the prisoners are taken and brought to the appointed targets.

*Photo: Forward Post*
How We Speed the Training of a £5,000 Pilot

Without fearing the ground, yet in most realistic conditions, new R.A.F. pilots destined to bomb German targets are now having their flying training time speeding up by weeks, and at the same time thousands of pounds and the lives of many trainees are being saved. This ingenious cyclotron method of putting the final polish on our future airmen is described by W. J. HERTELEY.

You're coming in too close... keep her nose up, you'll hit the edge of the field luffled... for Pete's sake, keep your motors running or you'll pitch, and now you've got your full bomb load on. It's like being in a submarine, the airflow, the wind and the microphone rose to a strident pitch as the pilot fumbled at the controls. But he's now to do another circuit. This means hitting the dead-air training zone.

A sudden silence—and then the buzzing bomber pilot took off his helmet and his leather helmet, and said: "I'm very sorry, sir. Let me start again... I think I've got the feel of the controls now."

He makes himself out once more in the seat of the cyclotron peep-show—"a Link-Trainer (dummy aeroplane) on the ground, standing in the middle of a brilliantly-coloured screen on which is painted a most realistic scene of the ground from 2,000 feet up. On the other side of the room, indignant backing into the microphone, is the instructor who had told him to prevent the bomber boy from prancing only a moment or two ago.

The instructor's microphone is linked to head-telephones in the pilot's helmet, and as the controls of the young man are operating, his dummy plane is connected by electric cables with a recording machine, every movement, every fast-moving manoeuvre, is traced on a rolling strip of paper like a player-piano roll by a stylus.

They have only to look at the graph than drawn to see the image that, had a real machine been here, would have been in the way this young pilot had just worked sick andudder-bar, an aircraft could have crashed by coming in too low at the edge of the airfield, and the pilot would have had no chance to bail out.

A man's life, as well as some thousands of pounds, is saved almost every hour in the cyclotron peep-show—the new way of training budding bomber heroes. Yet only once in 700 times is an R.A.F. bomber in the sky you can reckon that at least £5,000 has been spent on the pilot's training. This amount is invested by you (through the R.A.F.) in every pilot. The instructor represents his Service pay (usually one of the highest salaries on the bill), the pay and expenses of his assistants, the cost of his training planes and their use and upkeep during the entire period of training.

Since this war began we have been speeding the training and now we do formation landing and advanced aerial battlesin weeks before the trainees are ready for their first training. The Nazis have speeded up their training too, and every week the total number of training pilots sent in the Luftwaffe was some £3,000. So when you pass the second ("five more Messerschmitts down") you can, if you like, make Me.109 which have a crew of three—pilot, rudder and rear-gunner, add another £5,000-£5,000 per plane to the total loss, for the money invested in training.

The Link-Trainer itself is not new. Even before the war the Link was used both by the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe for training in blind flying. With a head drawn over the cockpit of the dummy plane, the pilot "flies" a prescribed course through various weather conditions. And all the time he moved the controls a pneumatic pump rocked his cockpit just as a real plane would rock and roll. This was traced out on a map the actual course he would have followed in a real flight.

From this the R.A.F. has developed the cyclotron, in which every movement with £5,000-bombs does many hours "flying" before going up to cope with similar real bomber. Real flying is swamped with training in the peep-show, so that a pilot, engrossed in several air battles, almost forgets whether he is flying a real aircraft or a 20,000-foot up or if he is in the cyclotron only six feet from the ground!

Each peep-show is in a fabric tower on wooden supports, looking like nothing but the "Well of Death" towers in which stunt motor-cyclists ride. Inside, the whole fabric is painted with a landscape scene, as seen from, say, 2,100 feet. Each cyclotron drum has a different scene, and in the complete training unit there are at least three drums, covering up to high bomber altitudes. In the middle of each is a stubby little wooden cockpit with foreshortened wings and tail-plane. As you sit down in the cockpit you face a big semi-circle of heavy-transparent celluloid—giving the optical illusion of flying straight ahead through a whirling prop.

A HARBOUR FROM 3,000 FEET UP is the impression given to the toddler pilot by this realistically painted scene, photograph of which was taken from the cockpit of the Link-Trainer, looking towards the sail-foregrounds. The picture, which this page represents, bears no relationship to the sea upon which it stands. See also facing page.

This was all right from a technical point of view, but sitting in a dummy plane in an empty room, or in a cold hangar, gave little realism. Although you and kicked the rudderbar you "furled", and as you pulled up the training plane, the instructor was responsible to imagine yourself in a real bomber at 20,000 feet, with engines roaring and the grey clouds swirling through the prop area.

And as at one airfield the instructors had a good idea. They carried the Link trainer into the officers' mess, painted the dimbered walls with scenery representing landscape as it appears at some 5,000 feet, a la artiste in peacetime draws back-cloth for posters did this piece of daubing! and fitted a theatrical "rain-effect" due to the light, giving a magical rainstorm effect of bad weather. A peep-show, but it worked.

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He Learns to Fly High 6 Feet from the Ground

In the cockpit of a visual link trainer sits a pupil (1). In telephonic contact with an instructor (left), while three other learners watch, near the aeroplane, control or controls. Working the controls, the pupil can feel the aeroplane's sensations, through effects of its weight and motion, and report to the instructor. The instructor can then observe and adjust his reactions by motors corresponding with those in the Link (2). See also facing page.
They Gained these Awards for Heroism at Sea

Lt.-Cmdr. ARMSTRONG, D.C.M., D.S.O.
He gained the George Medal "for gallantry and unflinching devotion to duty in the face of the enemy." This bust of Lt.-Cmdr. Armstrong is by John Skeaping.

Ldg. Seaman F. BANNIER, D.S.M.
"for gallantry and devotion to duty on board the HMS "Minerva" during the battle of the River Plate in May 1942."

P.O. C. E. SHEPHERD, D.S.M.
"while taking part in conveying munitions to land under heavy enemy fire from a seaplane, showed great endurance."

Chief Stoker J. S. CARTER, D.S.M.
"for his service as a gun-layer on a tanker in the Mediterranean where enemy aircraft attacked, he helped to bring one down and damaged another."

Ldg. Seaman L. SORBELL, D.S.M.
"for gallantry at Narvik, Apr. 13, 1940."

Lt. M. BRIDGEON, D.C.M.
"for his service in operations in the Persia Gulf, when he boarded an enemy tug with a small party and by threatening the German and Indian crew with an imaginary bomb captured 30 of them."

Wt. Stoker W. J. YEARD, D.S.M.
"for his service as a gun-layer on a tanker in the Mediterranean when enemy aircraft attacked, he helped to bring one down and damaged another."

Evnus, F. YOUNG, C.M., C.H.S.
"Although injured in both legs he had himself carried around on a chair for 11 hours to attend to the wounded survivors from a Canadian corvette."
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness

Stories of the War

We 'Recce' Men Raided the Nazis at Anzio

For a week during the Germans' first heavy attack against the west-Italy beach-head a British - then red line - was strong and along two miles of the perimeter defences. As related here by their Colonel, a Malay-born Indian, these eye-witnesses of the Repulsation Corps, by aggressive night patrolling caused the enemy to spend his strength, whilst holding off at least two German battalions.

We knocked a hole in the kitchen wall of a farmhouse to make a gun slit, and into that kitchen we drove an armoured car. We had our mortars too, and twelve antitank guns with a field battery of 25-pounders we could call on if we were in trouble. They were to stand us in good stead. Our first worry was a wood 150 yards ahead.

We sent a patrol out on the first night we were in our unconquered role as troops of the line. They found a tank harbour, but no sign that there were any enemy in the wood. What puzzled us was the amount of fire movement by day from the wood. Mortar fire was particularly troublesome and we couldn't make it out how the wood became alive with Germans during the day.

At night we covered the approach, and nothing got into it in the morning. A mortar was being observed. As Sergeant William Parker was 'recce'ing, the mortar battery opened up. He was a member of the 10th Worcesters. He fell at the end of the path, hit in the back and through the head. His body was dragged in the wood, killed three and brought three back as prisoners. These turned out to be the enemy's muscarious observation post crew, and we had no more bother from mortars.

There was a sniping, however, from the forward edge of the wood. They surrounded a dummy row which was crawling up the hundred and fifty yards away. But there was no more accurate fire since that. We decided to do some aggressive night work, and before we could jump off we were attacked by an enemy force two companies strong. We called on the gunners and they stopped the attack in its tracks. Two hours later the enemy's lines were cut to within fifty yards of us. The position was serious, so we asked the gunners if they could do a map shot. "Yes," they said, "if we didn't mind ten per cent casualties." The barrage came down, but was so accurate that we had no one to much to scratch.

The enemy withdrew, and the day was quiet after that. That night we decided to try to clear out four farmhouses which the enemy held in strength behind the wood. The leading assault team cleared out the first house without much trouble, although the Germans towed hand grenades into it from the upper windows. The next farmhouse was twenty yards away and a machine-gun, firing on a fixed line about two feet off the ground, pinned down the assault party.

The fire from this machine-gun annoyed Lieutenant John Alexander McNell, of Lienz Drive, Muirend, Glasgow, so he collected a Bren gun and walked calmly forward firing it at everything and then running the last 50 yards. He opened the slit the machine-gun was firing through and rolled three hand grenades into it. A trooper with a two-inch mortar gave them bombs as well. That stopped the machine-gun. Just as they got in the front door they spotted the nearest enemy coming down the road. With four Bren guns they raided until the Germans ran out of 20. Then they let them have it - and none arrived. Next, fire came at Lienz McNell's troop from the wood between their position and our lines. It wasn't until we sent a patrol that we found out how the enemy got there. In a big hole in the ground covered with corrugated iron and underground 100 Germans lived by day, watching our patrols trying to solve the mystery of the empty wood that filled with Germans at night.

I Rammed a German Plane—and Walked Home

Famous aviator Vladimir Lavrentiev, hero of the Soviet Union, was shot down over the German lines some months ago, just after his crash—still alive—into the North Sea. His plane was a F.W., which he destroyed by setting it on fire.

Our old gunner made his way back to Britain, flying safely. Here is his remarkable story of his escape from the German fleet.

I had no papers on me except a ration card, which recorded my status as a Hero of the Soviet Union and a senior lieutenant in a Guards regiment. The Germans put me into a side-car and took me in a village.

The Gestapo took me prisoner, and a German officer came up. He spoke in excellent Russian: "How did you happen to get shot down?" At first I thought I wouldn't speak, but at his last question I changed my mind. "Are you a Communist?" he asked me.

Not wanting him to get the idea I was afraid, I said yes, I was a Communist. Then he offered me a cigarette. I refused. I had my own tobacco. So I wiped the blood off my face and began to smoke. Then the Nazi said: "We're going to take you to Germany."

I told him not to bother. They could shoot me right where I was. But he said there wasn't any point in shooting a flyer like me in a hurry. Then I knew why they weren't beating me up. They considered me quite an important person, I suppose, and wanted to keep me intact for a bit.

The officer disappeared into a hut. Some
women and children were standing a few yards away behind a fence. One of the women whispered, 'Will the Red Army come soon?" I told her in about five days. My cheer had been hit, and I was coughing up blood. They put me back in the side-car. The motorcycle bumped badly over the rough road, and that seemed to make the blood cough up more.

Late that night I was called out for questions. I was told to drive to the headquarters of a Luftwaffe Corps. Some senior officers there had learned my address before then. Then the German asked: "Have you got many guns in" I said: "Oh, enough to be getting on with." I said.

"How many aircraft have you shut down?"

"A few."

"I was just about done in. The inspector offered me some food, but I refused. The interrogation was, short. I was taken to another room and allowed to lie down on the floor. But I couldn't sleep, although I was dead tired. I couldn't stop thinking about Soloedak and my young brother.

In the morning they gave me some tea and a piece of bread. Then I was put in a lorry, and an officer told me he'd shoot me if I tried to jump out. The warning was really quite unnecessary. Two toughs sat on each side of me, with their fingers on the trigger. We drove into a town, and I was pushed into a small cell with iron grating. The walls were covered with inscriptions. I remember one of them was: "A captian awaited his fate here."

"I broke off a piece of time and wrote: "Vlad. Lavr."

I Planned to Kill the Pilot

I had a visit from a hefty German with a big stomach. He was the night's boss of the F.W. I had remanded. He was quite talkative. He told me that my navigator had been killed, the gunner wounded, and the machine was a total loss. I told him I was delighted to hear it, and reflected on the conversation.

The next day, as I was marched along a sunlit avenue, the machine in front was on my hands. A boy dropped a cigarette and several papers were blown away. The night in the commandant's headquarters, and the next morning, was short. I was posted to a Red Army post, and was hoping how I could kill the pilot and get back to the front. But we lost our time. It looked like Desertov.

I was brought again for questioning. Two other officers from the Luftwaffe intelligence section were sitting behind a table. Before long, the talk turned to politics. "What are you fighting for?" they asked me. I told them it was for our land, for our country. "Well, who do you wish we will win?"

"Why do you think so?"

"In our country everybody thinks so."

"But the German army is invincible," they said as the finals. But I told them even didn't believe that any more. That evening I and my two comrades we were on a train in a small station near Desertovskirch. There we were caught by two officers with insenurable bags and sacks crammed with others' clothes. The carriage was crowded with officers of all ranks, representing various divisions. German FTP men hurrying to get away before they were caught by the Soviet offensive.

This scene of the German retreat gave me a thrill. The next day I climbed to a look round. There were two doors open on one side of the hedge, and I saw two soldiers with their feet on my foot. The two officers were sitting at a small table, drinking beer.

We decided to make a dash for it. The next day would be too late—there were taking us as a German. When the train stopped at one of the stations and the officers went off for a walk we decided not to plan at all. About nine the train would be going up a gradient. Karyakin and I would jump through one door, and Korney through the other.

Soon it was dark. Rocking slightly, the train was going at medium speed. We pretended to be asleep. I sneered peacefully, but in fact I was trying to gauge the speed of the train. At last the train slowed down and began to labour up the gradient. I nudged my comrades, put out my leg and pressed the door. It gave way. I leaped, and Karyakin jumped after me.

We both rolled down the embankment and fell into a pit at the fall, although it was later discovered that Karyakin had spiralled in and I had bracelet myself badly. We heard shots. Korney was nowhere about. Obviously he had no time to open the door. Karyakin and I clapped hands so as not to lose each other in the darkness, and set off.

Just before sunrise we came on a rail, and went to sleep in the straw. When we awoke we saw an elderly peasant working in a field nearby. He was frightened at the sight of us, but we managed to calm him down, and got him to give us some old clothes and food. We walked for six days in the direction of Pochaiv. I figured it was the shortest way to the front line. We got to the Dessper, and a boatman rowed us across. By that time the corns on my feet were giving me such hell! I could hardly move.

First British Link with Tito in Yugoslavia

The first members of the British Military Mission to the People's Army of Liberation, pictured in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, in May 1943. Here is the story of Lieut.-Col. F. W. D. Desspain, D.S.O., who was in the Mission, as told to a Daily Express correspondent by one of Marshal Tito's staff officers who accompanied the British.

Tito had been expecting the mission for several days, and his men were delayed by bad weather. Word had gone round among the Komunistja the other day that the British were coming. 'A peasant ran out and told them: 'Our Allies have come last!'

The six men—Captains Desspain, as he then was, and five other officers and four radio operators—were welcomed warmly. They were given beans and eggs. Then, at daybreak, they set off on foot to Tito's headquarters.

There were a few miles away from the coast, on the shore of Lake Cresa, near the Black Lake, one of the most beautiful in Yugoslavia, 5,000 feet above sea level.

I collapsed about 200 yards from the river bank. Karyakin dragged me behind some bushes. After a time I managed to get up, and with great difficulty we reached Komar- kovka, where an old peasant called Ivan Stoevskerko gave us shelter. We slept in a yard. Stoevskerko's wife cut my corns, rubbed my feet with ointment and bandaged them with rags.

We asked the old man whether there were any signs of the movement. He was exasperated at first, but then told us to walk towards an open field where the wagon carts rolled out into a wood to the forest. We were a few miles from the village, he said. We took his advice, and soon heard a crackling of sticks. We were taken to the commander of a partisan detachment, who questioned us closely and then said: 'OK, lad. We'll take you along.'

For several days we took part in many guerrilla operations, blowing up bridges, setting hirons laden with grain, capturing herds of cattle that the Germans were driving westward, freeing captive Soviet people, wrecking cars and firing supply trains.

In one of the skirmishes Karyakin was killed. The partisans buried him under a tall oak tree in the forest. At last the Chupakaya Detachment joined up with regular Red Army troops on the offensive, and soon I was back with my unit.
dropped anti-personnel bombs. We had neither anti-aircraft guns nor fighters. They bombed low all the time.

On June 6, 11 days after the mission had arrived, Deakin's brother officer was killed. We had been attacked all day from the air. The Germans probably knew that the parachute headquarters were in that area, because they went through the forest like a fine comb, bombarding and machine-gunning every path. At the same time we were surrounded by enemy ground forces. We saw the flashes of their guns all around us at night, unpleasantly encircling our position.

We were near the height known as Mount Millikinsho, on the Bossen-Montenegro fron
tier. Our troops forced a passage about a mile wide through the German ring, and the whole army marched through it. Troops ahead were throwing hand grenades into the sniper's nests as we went along. Tito and Deakin marched in front. When the bombing became very bad we lay flat under the trees.

Tito and Deakin were both hit by bomb fragments—Tito in the left arm, Deakin on the left leg. One day we were low for food. Deakin opened his last tin of bully beef and shared it with us. We were delighted when he got his promotion to major. He had been married about a fortnight before coming out to us, and he was anxiously awaiting a letter from his wife. He got the first one when another group of British officers joined the mission.

They, too, landed by parachute in the night. The Germans were only a few miles away, and when we moved we left an empty British canton behind just to make them furiously angry.

**OUR DIARY OF THE WAR**

**MARSHAL TITO'S MEN TAKE TO THE WATER.** Carrying out a strategic move, spread across one of the many island lakes which dot the mountainous regions of Yugoslavia (right), the flag of the Yugoslav partisan army in Montenegro. A detachment of the Nazi troops they handled against were supplied (left) using a field kitchen set up in contact with other groups in the same area. See accompanying story of the First British Military Mission’s arrival at the partisan headquarters.

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THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

A good idea of the immensity of the air force is obtainable from the words spoken on February 24th by the Secretary of State for Air, when introducing, in the House of Commons, the Air Estimates for the ensuing year. The Air Secretary said: "Before the war started the vote for air supplies was about seventeen million pounds per year, that is about half of the then Army vote, and a little more than one-third of the vote for the Navy. Today the man power allotted to the Ministry of Aircraft Production is larger than the whole labour force in the Ministry of Supply, which in its turn is greater than the man power allotted for shipbuilding, both for the Navy and for the Merchant Service."

It could scarcely be expressed in fewer words how the British people were, before the war rearmament programme began, to the overwhelming part that the air would play in the coming war, and how enormous is the effort that has since been made to boost our air power to the scale required to beat the German war machine. It must be remembered, too, that that effort remained on a comparatively small scale until the German assault was launched on the Low Countries and France. For it was not until after that attack had begun that the Ministry of Aircraft Production was formed.

It is to that blindness that we owe in great measure the long-drawn-out nature of the present war compared with the war of 1914-18. It was German air power — then in its infancy — that drove us out of Norway, and contributed to decisive measures to our withdrawal from Belgium and France. German air power forced us to give up the Greece, and ousted us from Crete. Japanese air power forced us to evacuate Java and the Moluccas. The Germans drove us from the very gates of India. Truly we had many lessons to learn, and many more of the wrong kind we had been before the war rearmament began. But there are lessons learned more thoroughly than the British. And so, today, we have gained the superiority over both German and Japanese, even when the Royal Air Force and the Dutch Air Force alone are considered. When the American and Royal Air Forces are added in, the superiority is far greater than that was ever contemplated.

Sir Archibald also said: "Of the responsibilities allotted to the air war, the largest share is given to Bomber Command." That is to be expected, for the official communiques make it perfectly clear that Bomber Command suffers the heaviest casualties and therefore needs the greatest number of replacements. It must transport the heavy loads and therefore needs the greatest labour force to produce those loads. Moreover, heavy bombers require more man-hours to produce than fighters, and so, even if the casualties were equal, the proportion of the aircraft industry allocated to Bomber Command would have to be greater.

But it is curious, is it not, that the Air Secretary gave out of his way to draw attention to this apparently obvious allocation of man-power. It can mean but one thing: that Bomber Command did not always have this priority. There must have been a time when other air interests took priority, even as the Army and even more the Navy took priority in the Service Votes in the years that Sir Thomas Inskip (as he then was) referred to as those "that the Locusts had eaten.

It is clear what those other air interests were — the Battle of Britain, the war in North Africa, and the anti-submarine war. The first may be over, the second is over, and the third appears to have been substantially won, although it cannot end until the war ends. These priorities having presumably been satisfied, Bomber Command now has its turn. What a pity that turn came so late. The war might have been finished, so far as Germany is concerned, if it had been given to Bomber Command the opportunity earlier to get there with its substantial force. As it is, we are told that it must be left to us, as Mr. Churchill quoted as a reason for our North African successes.

But all with the pre-war blindness about the power of the air, there has also been war blindness about the power of the bomber. Not so very long ago there were controversy raging in the Press and the Parliament about the methods of employing air power. There were those who denied that the air plane was a separate service, who said that every aircraft should serve the Navy or the Army directly in the field of sea or on land, and who pooh-poohed the strategic employment of bomber forces operating independently. The critics would have closed down the Air Ministry and divided up the R.A.F. into naval and military portions to be handled by the Admirals and Generals.

But this war has proved these critics to be wrong. The strategic air forces have been the deciding factors time and time again. They paved the way for the decisive advance of the Eighth Army, they smashed Paris, they broke the enemy's resistance in the north. In South-East Asia, they have ruled the sky, and the enemy's fighting capacity has been reduced to a minimum. In the air, the R.A.F. is the great military aircraft in huge independent fleets of heavy bombers. Those forces are independent as Bomber Command.

The Battle of Berlin

The Battle of Berlin was the last major air battle of the war. The R.A.F. was able to destroy 3,000 German aircraft and inflict heavy losses on the German military.

The R.A.F. RANGE OF BOMBS

The R.A.F. range of bombs was impressive, with the ability to bomb targets up to 500 miles away. The bombs were dropped from high altitudes, making them difficult to avoid.

The Battle of Berlin was a major victory for the R.A.F., and it marked the end of the war in Europe.
U.S. Bombers Blast Berlin in Daylight Raids

FIRST DAYLIGHT bombing raid on Berlin by U.S. Eighth Air Force took place on March 4. The first of hundreds of gun-laden bombers set on fire the oil fields of the Teutonic capital. The raid was repeated this week on a colossal scale – hundreds of bombers of the U.S. Air Force setting out to smash factories, airfields and other military installations in the German capital. The targets, described as having an area as great as that of London itself, were hit by a wall of incendiaries, smoke and other ordnance. The Luftwaffe was in no condition to retaliate.

THROUGH A FLAK-FILLED SKY went these Flying Fortresses laden with bombs over Berlin during their large-scale daylight attack.

HOME AGAIN, BARELY HOLED. In this Fortress (center) a member of the crew thought little of the damage as he rode for Berlin again. Lightnings had both to base (below), those, with Markings and Thunderbolts, entered the great bomber stream out to Berlin and back again.

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R.A.F. Drops 5½-ton Bombs—with This Effect

SELECTED TARGETS OF GREAT SIZE are now being dealt with by special British bombs of huge weight and enormous power. One of these, known as the 5½-ton bomb, is giving such devastating effect that the flash of the explosion can be seen for miles. Describing now the aircraft, it was released with such a tremendous weight in a split second, means upward, one of our airmen said, "When you release the bomb it feels like pushing the bottom of a lift and the aircraft seems as if you can take your finger off the button.

This latest air weapon was used by a small force of Lancasters on the night of February 8, 1943, to attack the large Lionnes–Le-Ribot ace-engine works at Lomneux, in France, and again on March 2 to shatter the vast German aircraft factory at Albert, Northern France.

The Lionnes–Le-Ribot factory before the R.A.F. dropped their 3½-tonners is seen on the right; and, below, when the bombers had departed. All personnel and tools were removed, and the transformer station were destroyed or severely damaged; of the 46 huts 21 were totally destroyed. Built in 1939 as one of the main repair depots of the French Air Force, it was later producing engines for fighter aircraft. Now, indeed, has it left the awesome weight of our mighty aircraft.

The extra heavy 5½-ton bomb—a blockhouse—of which this bomb was first used in an attack in Holland, bears the city's name. Two months later, 3,000-ton bombs were dropped. Germany felt her first 4,000-ton bomb on July 8, 1943; Wilhelmshaven was the target. Two months later, 6,000-ton bombs raised down on Kiel, and now followed by 5½-tonners, have added an element to the list of our targets that made the usual attack seem like mere pebbles. Now the bombscapers have strict orders to make sure of hitting the target at being the bomb back for use on another occasion. See also pp. 700 and 701.
I have sometimes said in the past, "There are too many Flag Days." But there is one coming on Tuesday, April 4, which has my heartfelt good wishes. A number of sailors' and societies are going to collect money to provide more hospitable quarters for sailors when they are ashore. In ordinary times men who are too far from their homes or have no homes to go to most always go to the place where they are known, where they meet acquaintances. Now they look for a scene that is inviting, where they can talk with their relatives. The places where the sailors gather are all generally pleasant and the need for more accommodation is great. N. B. To my dear lady, this deserves help of the kind. A chaplain of a big ship tells me one story of an un-derdeveloped donkey shown by the man at sea. It was a very good donkey, not yet more than 72, who had been seven times im-possibly, asked if he'd like to stay. He was very happy, he was one of the best in the best, he was a great, great donkey. And when he was asked, "What shall you do when you're well again?" he just said, "I shall go back to my ship." Don't forget April 4, and give as generously as you can.

The case for the small trader is very persuasively put in the pamphlet which Mr. Enidene-Hill, a Conservatory M.P., has published with the approval of the Conservative Party. In these little shopkeepers were right in suggesting that Board of Trade inspectors are specially down on them for small infringements of the law, many of which are trivial. The community wants a great deal of proving before it can be accepted as a fact. It is often always the hope of an inspector, whatev-er he may be, to catch someone doing what he "didn't ought to." It would seem that it is not enough to find, going round day after day and never finding anything. It might not suggest to the authorities that inspection was not being made at all. But the Board of Trade people are not likely to be more generally in favour of the multiple stores and the big establishments than they are in favour of the small trader. The whole question is difficult. But there is a great deal of work. Many prefer its honorary atmos-phere to the competitiveness of a store. But there ought to be room for both.

Some people know I am inclined to treat the American and English pres-idential candidates more seriously than they need. The New Statesman calls it "a remark full of political correctness." I think the United States should be heard in the middle of what is going on. But the kind of political correctness. In so looks to those who are to be generally in favour of the United States, has less to do with the Promontory. The Literary Review, as the United States, has been heard in America while a Presidential struggle was in progress. Since then there appear to be signs of division on every subject; of utter disharmony in the United States, of accu-sations and abuse of the most important kind. In this case the West has no sight of the pursuit of triviality. But below the surface the national industry works as much as usual. I do not believe the will to victory will be in any serious degree diminished. There is acute danger, however, for the will to labor and thrift in such an emergency. Thomas Dewey is making to German-Americans. Peace terms, he says, "must not be too rigid." This is an open bid for the German-American vote, which is large in many States of the Union. Is it any wonder some Russians should be asking whether they are to take Allied assurance at their face value?

A recent plea to "not be too beauty to the Germans," as Noel Coward put it, is not in the national song of his, is put forward by Mr. Basil Dean, in a speech in the United States. A Settlement with Germany, which has been denounced strongly by The Spectator, was usually on the same side as the author of Scott and Sibbes and so many other ores of very great and interest. He now quoted as Through the Looking Glass. Why, that very poem in which the absence postage occurs illustrates lines that are contin-ually heard. The Walrus and the Carpenter are two of the most familiar figures in our with the most interesting illustration of the unexpectations of English humor. Recently to: Could they say what books would be still read 100 years from now? I don't think they couldn't even make a guess. When Lewis Carroll, who a book went to "Here in Wonderland, in 1865, and its continuation, the Looking Glass, in 1872, we have no one—probably all of Carroll himself (or Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who was the book's real name)—could have imagined that these stories would be a continuation for a mathematician for children would take a perpetual rest in literature.

Out of my most unforgettable cinema memories is that of Emily Jarnings at the magnificent hotel porter in The Last Laugh. I think that was the title of the film in which that scrupulously dressed, wearing ordinary clothes, in which he seemed to chicken and collars, and then at last he was restored to glory and looked more magnificient than ever. I thought of him when I read that in New York there are to be some of hotel porters, because of the scarcity of men. convex_Courier even really take the place of those most useful as well as in the best shops, about the arrangements to ports. He was always helpful, affable, slightly condescending, but cheerfully recreating whatever difficulties you might be in. He was not so premium a figure in English hotels as in many others abroad; and in so the United States the status of the bell porter on the Cori- bin Stories. In New York I have seen them three lesser harmonies. So perhaps New York will not feel the absence so much as would, say, New or Geneva, where men are more cosmopolitan.

Do we do many of us like snow? When we rejoice, it seems as if we must do it solemnly. If we want to honour a man, we cheer and sing. For he's a jolly good fellow. When we part after a farewell gathering in the hope that it may be followed by many more, we rear our Auld Lang Syne. In Moscow every victory (and they happen pretty often) is announced by salutes on cannon fire. This is a popular survival for a State that claims to be in the true front of the war. Given a man who was glad or frightened, he felt they must be some signal given to the outside world or raise their courage. The Chinese in quite long times let off firecrackers to scare the evil spirits. Mexican soldiers for their rifles in the last few days at any rate during their last war with the United States, believing that a loud report was an affront to spirits in driving off the enemy. Blowing huge horn through a mechanism used by many African tribes to celebrate a victory or inspire war cries is the determination to average a defeat. Many per-sonal, both in and out of the Forces, find the novelties of this war one of their most agreeable features. Tanks make a more civilian din than anything did before the war were invented. The London A.A. barrage is something never heard in the world below.
Our Fire-Fighters Beat the Fire-Raisers