GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in Italy, has keenly the successful progress of our troops as they engage the enemy at the commencement of the great new offensive on May 17, 1944. General Alexander was appointed Commander-in-Chief on December 24, 1943. On May 12, 1944, in an order of the day addressed to his forces in English, French, Italian, and Polish he declared: "We are going to destroy the German armies in Italy."
Our Roving Camera Sees War Prisoners Return

FREE MEN AGAIN after more than four years behind German barbed wire, some of over 400 repatriated British prisoners smile from the decks of the Swedish merchant ship (Grängaholm, left) which landed them at a British port recently. The Grängaholm sailed under a "safe conduct" on such humanitarian voyages and carries on board representatives of the Protecting Power (Swiss) and International Red Cross.

W.R.N.S. SORTERS are busy (below) at an Admiralty depot in Britain classifying thousands of photographs taken by holiday-makers abroad in tourist-grey peace days. In recent weeks millions of geographical photographs taken by people who had travelled in Europe, also in Japan and in what are now Japanese occupied territories, have been collected. They will provide invaluable technical information.

MENACING, but now quite harmless, is the big German gun (above) captured at Tripoli, which has been brought to London. Soldiers are cleaning the war-worn gun, making all necessary preparation for its exhibition to the people of the Empire's capital.

COVENTRY, first British provincial city to suffer a German air attack—on Nov. 14, 1940—was also among the first to produce a comprehensive post-war redevelopment scheme. The Cathedral Church of St. Michael, with clock tower, riven with a shell (right). The steeple beyond is that of Holy Trinity, also devastated. This recent photograph shows the clearance effected in the cathedral vicinity.

PAGE 68
THE BATTLEFRONTS


SINCE I last wrote it has become increasingly clear that General Alexander's offensive was conceived with the idea of bringing about one great battle in which the enemy might not only be driven from his defensive positions, but be defeated beyond hope of recovery. The Anzio attack was delivered in order to induce Von Kesselring to retreat and open the way to Rome, if possible to prevent the escape of his 10th Army. So much one can conclude from the timing and direction of the blow.

How closely the German commander in chief had anticipated the move I have already indicated. He could not have been more precise in his object remains uncertain while I write, for Kesselring is a skillful commander and modern warfare has its prearranged delaying power, although the fallacy of the one-time fashion-able belief that they gave the defense mystery over attack has never been more clearly proved than in the collapse of the Gustav and Hitler positions.

It has been an extraordinarily interesting battle, in my view, apart from the first issues involved. Never has one been fought over such an amazing variety of terrain, or over terrain which seemed to offer such immense advantages to the defence on both high ground and river. If the Gustav and Hitler positions might have served as a text book example of how to defend a defensive position, with no obvious points of weakness, and with secure flanks resting on the sea on one side and on a great mountain range on the other.

The composition of the attacking army was even more varied, and in a single battle section in which eight different national armies had been given its separate role. When one comes to the composition of the national groups in detail never since Babel can there have been such an assembly of an assembly for a single purpose. The Polish Army was, I suppose, the most homogeneous, and with it were working American tanks and artillery. The American Army was, of course, exclusively American, but I imagined it would have been difficult to find in it a unit composed of men sprung from a single ethnic background. In the French Army, by the way, the colonial, was recruited from many different Algerian, Tunisian and the like. It was the British Empire contingent which could produce the greatest variety of language, colour, race and geographical origin in its several units and formations.

Battis, Indian, Canadian and New Zealand were the most traditional divisions, but other units, especially the ancillary units which did splendid work, showed an amazing variety of origin. That this astonishing mixture successfully worked to one plan and defeated an army which claimed to be drawn from the most homogeneous and most martial stock in the world was indeed a triumph to be keen to set the belief that certain races inherently possess greater martial virtues than others. No one could fail to recognize the necessity for tact in the commander of such an army and the unerring judgement displayed by General Alexander in assigning to each of his national groups the task which had suited its characteristics.

Yet it is impossible to say which of the tasks was the most difficult, since they differed in nature in character. The mountains north of Cassino formed the greatest physical obstacle, and it was on that front that infantry possessing very special qualities of individual endurance and activity had to be called upon. It has already been assigned to the Poles, who had already proved their aptitude for mountain warfare and were especially well suited for it. In the Liri valley the British had a greater variety of physical obstacles to deal with, though of a less formidable character, water being perhaps the greatest. It was on this front that the enemy were thickly on the ground and had prepared the strongest artificial defences. It was a front which required the assistance of armour and tremendous weight of artillery support to reduce the volume of fire the enemy could develop from cret and flanks.

On the French front, mountains, though less precipitous than those the Poles had to deal with, were again the main physical obstacle. Infantry of great dash and activity were required, but probably a greater weight of artillery support should be used than for the French. Although the ground itself to defend it seems probable that difficulties of supply and deficiencies of lateral communication limited the size of the defence force to a greater extent here than in the Liri valley. It was, however, far from being a weak sector of the enemy's front. The American task included both the forcing of the defile between the mountains and the sea and the capture of the mountains which overlooked it. Here again the enemy were in strength and had good artificial cover, so that to reduce the volume of the defenders' fire the attack required the support of armour and massed artillery on a scale that only the British and American Armies could produce.

Whatever were the respective difficulties of the various sectors of the front it is clear that each of the groups fought with the greatest determination and had each made definite progress before they obtained the benefit of the progress of the groups alongside. Only the Poles coming up against the strong German troops in appalling ground were definitely held up, though they held on firmly to what they had gained. But, well as all did, it is frankly agreed that it was the French who in the first days of the battle made the breach which led to decisive results. Beginning with the magnificent feat of capturing the key strong points of Monte Maio they "followed through" with amazing rapidity over rugged terrain in which the speed of foot of the African natives and their cavalry were prominent factors. In difficult country with bad lateral communication the Germans do not seem to have been able to exploit their usual counter-attacking defence tactics.

Their "follow through" carried the French across several main lateral communications of this part of the Gustav position, thus interfering with the movements of German reserves. Maintaining the momentum of the attack now that they were on the flanks penetrated right through the Gustav position but well interleaved forwards the defence of the Adolf Hitler line. The breach thus made must undoubtedly have helped the 8th Army to advance from the bridge-head they had established across the Rapido, forcing the Germans to withdraw from Cassino, which had been by-passed. British and Polish troops mopped up the rearguard detachments. No one grudged the Poles the honour of seizing Monastery Hill, and everyone rejoiced that the French had given such proof of revival of their famous fighting qualities.

The Gustav line was captured in under a week and the momentum of the offensive was so admirably maintained that the Germans were unable to rally on the Hitler position except in its very strong northern sector covering Highway 6. This was an attempt to use as the pivot of a new defensive position, until the break-through from the Anzio beach-head convinced him that he must retreat if he was to have any hope of escaping complete disaster. He still fought desperately in the Liri valley to check the advance of the 8th Army while he recogisted his armies, but he could not stop the attack by the Canadians, nor could prevent the British from advancing. This was brought to a head in the sector where it brought Highway 6 under artillery fire.

The only way of escape for Kesselring's 10th Army then lay by the circular mountain roads from the Liri valley to the Rome-Pescara trans-Apennine highway. He could no longer hope to defend Rome, but in order to cover his lines of retreat would have convered on Rome when he used his 14th Army, reinforced by three divisions from central Italy, to hold the Alban hills. While that position held, the 10th Army, covering its retreat by desperate rearguard actions, mines and demolitions, could still escape through Rome and avoid being separated completely from the 14th Army. It must have heavy losses during its retreat and will be exposed to air attack on mountain roads.

The unopposed capture of Rome was a great political success brought about by military victory, and it resulted primarily from Alexander's concentration on the defeat of the enemy's armies. Left with no alternative but to pull back, Kesselring refused to cover Rome himself, and the street of Rome. That being so, he would not have released any army to cover his flanks, but would have further reduced his chance of saving the remnants of his armies. He has conducted a heroic battle, the risk of committing himself to a decisive battle south of Rome.
After Four Long Years D-Day Dawns at Last

A N IMMENSE ARMADA of more than 4,000 ships and several thousand smaller craft have crossed the Channel... These were the words of Mr. Churchill announcing the commencement of the long-awaited invasion in the West on June 6, 1944. The great assault took place between the hours of 6 a.m. and 8:15 a.m. on that morning, and at 9:30 a.m. Communiqué No. 1 from General Eisenhower's Supreme Headquarters announced that landings had been made on the north coast of France, and that General Montgomery was in command of the 21st Army Group (which included British, Canadian and U.S. forces) carrying out the attack.

Mr. Churchill said the landings were the first of a series in force on the European continent, and that 11,000 first-line aircraft were taking part. He revealed that our forces had penetrated enemy defences inland to a distance of several miles, and that successful landings of airborne troops “on a scale far larger than anything that had been seen so far in the world” took place with little loss and great accuracy. Fighting was in progress around Caen in Normandy, which is nine miles inland and has an airfield situated on the River Orne, it is the most important road junction in the southeastern part of the Cherbourg Peninsula and is 130 miles from Paris.

PAGE 68
Four years to the month after the R.E.F.'s fighting withdrawal from France, the forces of liberation have returned to that country, magnanimously equipped for whatever battles lie ahead, firm in the resolve to lift the Nazi yoke and to crush the aggressors for all time. Confronted anew with the immediate prospect of war on four fronts, in Italy, in the Balkans, in Western Europe, and in Russia, the Germans may well hear the knell of doom.

On June 6, 1944, Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces, stated that opposition from the enemy coastal defenses was not as serious as had been expected, a fact which gives the lie to the German boast of the impregnability of their "Atlantic Wall," which at one time they claimed would hold back any assault, no matter how massive. Air preparation before the landings was described as "a magnificent job." On the night before the invasion force went in, between midnight and dawn, more than 2,000 tons of bombs were rained down on enemy coastal batteries in the greatest single bombing attack yet recorded. This terrific bombing was supported by 450 naval guns, ranging from 4-in. to 16-in. The bulk of the naval forces engaged were British and American, but ships of the Royal Canadian Navy, and the French, Norwegian, Dutch, Polish and Greek Navies also co-operated.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

There is no doubt the complete success of the Allied landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944, was due to thorough preparation and the use of overwhelming force. Lack of those two essentials had much to do with the very different results which attended the Gallipoli landings in 1915.

Our foes, on the other hand, tried to be strong everywhere, and thus failed miserably at the point where the attack was delivered. Their only hope of repelling the Allies was either to intercept the expedition by sea which they were not strong enough to do, or to beat back the troops as they attempted to land. It may now be asked, is there anything they can do by naval means to interfere with the steady progress of the invasion?

It is indeed beyond doubt that the German fleet must be acutely feeling the man-power shortage. U-boat casualties in the past eighteen months must have been appalling. For the whole of this time, drafts have had to be made on the complements of surface warships to make up fresh crews for new submarines. Nor have other naval losses been light. Two thousand officers and men went with the Bismarck, and some 1,500 more in the Schäfenshirt. Destroyers, minesweepers, motor-torpedo-boats and other small craft are being sunk with increasing frequency, adding considerably to the toll. It is improbable that there is any considerable reserve of skilled naval ratings remaining. It may be assumed that any enemy action at sea against the Allied invasion will now come from submarines. This was the experience in North Africa, but it did not in any way affect the issue. Since Allied naval forces are ready for such attacks, the slaughter of submarines is likely to be great.

A NAVAL CAPABLE of being used at night is the motor-torpedo-boat, or schnell-boat, as the Germans call it. Commonly but incorrectly referred to in this country as the E-boat, this type of vessel depends for any success it may achieve on speed and stealth. In daylight it has no chance, being at the mercy of aircraft or destroyers; but at night it is impossible always to guard against it. Several of these enemy craft have been destroyed near the landing beaches. Much the most dangerous obstacle which our invading forces encountered was the minefield. This may consist of either magnetic, acoustic, contact or observation mines. Various methods of defence against the magnetic and acoustic types, or combinations of these, have been perfected, of which the best-known is the de-gaussing girde encircling a ship. Contact mines can be dealt with by sweeping, or deflected by the paravane, special mine defence gear which is streamed from the bow of a ship. Observation mines, which are controlled from the shore and exploded when a ship is known to be in the field, may either be avoided or set off prematurely by countermining. All these dangers and difficulties were foreseen and provided for in the plans made for the Allied attack, no fewer than 200 minesweepers being included in the invasion fleet. Other items that have been mentioned officially include the British battleships Nelson, Rodney, Warspite and Ramillies, and the U.S. battleships Nevada, Texas and Arkansas, and smaller vessels.

One of the biggest difficulties under which our foes are labouring in Europe today is that of maintaining supplies, especially in the more distant countries which they still occupy. This has been well illustrated of late by the series of raids which the Fleet Air Arm has been carrying out on convoys proceeding up and down the Norwegian coast. Most of this traffic goes through the "heads," the channels between the mainland and the fringes of the estuaries which extend for the greater part of the distance from the North Cape to Stavanger. For a long time past these convoys had been suffering from intermittent attack by our submarines as well as from bombing by Coastal Command aircraft and by their Command aircraft in the south.

Now that aircraft carriers are available in greater numbers, with long-range fighters to cover their bombers, the Fleet Air Arm is coming more and more into the picture. In the past two months there have been six such attacks, including the one on the Tirpitz on April 9, 1944. These have taken a steady toll of merchant vessels, besides damaging escort vessels, so that there is a shortage of both of these vessels in Norwegian waters. It would be impossible to list all the attacks on merchant ships, but in the past two months there have been six such attacks, including the one on the Tirpitz.

These have taken a steady toll of merchant vessels, besides damaging escort vessels, so that there is a shortage of both of these vessels in Norwegian waters. It would be impossible to list all the attacks on merchant ships, but in the past two months there have been six such attacks, including the one on the Tirpitz.

Conditions which the British naval personnel engaged in these raids have to face are severe. To carry out attacks through blinding snowstorms, when the temperature of cold very quickly if shot down in icy water, calls for skill and courage of a high order. Flying off and landing on the decks of aircraft carriers, from which two feet of snow may first have to be cleared, is no job for a novice. Men who work on the slippery decks in the teeth of icy waves and surfs demand equal credit for the success of these expeditions.

Types of aircraft used in the Norwegian operations include the Barracuda, Corsair, Hellcat and Wildcat. The Corsair can either dive-bomb or release torpedoes, as circumstances may dictate. The other three types (all American designs) can be used as fighter-bombers when necessary, and the effectiveness with which they meet any attempt by the Luftwaffe to interfere is most notable. On various occasions they have shot down Focke-Wulf and Messerschmitt machines. Ships from these raids have been launched from the modern fleet aircraft carrier Victorious and her more ancient, but able, sister, with the smaller American-built escort carriers Emperor, Fencer, Pursuer, Searinger and Sticker.
Royal Navy Drops Shells on the Appian Way

AID FROM THE SEA to our land offensive in Italy was given by the 5,400-ton cruiser H.M.S. Dido, which, escorted by U.S. destroyers, on May 13, 1944, shelled the Appian Way (Highway 7, leading to Rome) in the Terracina area and also heavy enemy artillery opposing the 5th Army in the Gusto sector.

One of the destroyers (above) lays a smoke screen to cover the movements of the Dido, from whose bridge (below) the bombardment is directed by the Gunnery Officer (seated centre). Rear Adm. J. M. Mansfield is seen on right, in white tunic and steel helmet.
They Plucked a German General Out of Crete

In truly audacious manner one of the most successful enterprises of Combined Operations was carried out on the night of April 25, 1944, when Maj.-Gen. Heinrich Kreipe, commander of the 22nd Panzer Division in Crete, was spirited away by a small British patrol from the Nazi-occupied Greek island and transported to Egypt, and later to Britain, as a disillusioned prisoner of war.

I now may be in the mind of Karl Heinrich Georg Ferdinand Kreipe that he was born under an unlucky star. For the superstitiously minded, that suspicion would seem to have foundation in the fact that he was a thirteenth child—in a family of fifteen. Born at Niederspier, in Thuringia, in 1895, he commenced his career in the German army in 1914. And now, on this April night of 1944, he was about to have that military career terminated for him in as dramatic a fashion as could well be devised.

His last-war record in France had been not undistinguished; and for services rendered to the Fuehrer as a regimental commander at Lensgrad he had received the Knight’s Cross. He had fought also in the Kuban bridgehead, and at Mariupol. His crowning triumph was but five weeks old. For that length of time he had been commander of the 22nd Panzer Grenadier Division (known as the Sebastopol Division) in Crete, and now he was being driven home from his headquarters to his villa (stolen from the Cretans in May 1941) in a luxurious car. It was a Sunday morning that they lay, and he was accustomed to do the journey without escort; for what manner of harm could befall him from these islanders ground firmly beneath the German heel?

Nevertheless, befall him it did. The first intimation came in the sudden twinkle through the dusk of a red light swinging slowly in the centre of the lonely road. Unaffected by Major-General Heinrich Kreipe, behind that waving light stood British officers operating under the command of General Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C., Middle East. They had been landed by the Royal Navy on a lonely part of the coast and had painstakingly reconnoitred the scene of their present exploit so that it was as familiar to them as their own home towns. The commander of the small raiding party, a major, with a captain of the Coldstream Guards as his assistant; names, for the time being, must be suppressed.

At the behest of the red traffic light the car-driver pulled up, the door of the car was wrenched open, and the officer who had been holding the lamp made a brief but stirring statement to the effect that the general must consider himself a prisoner. The sight of automatic weapons convinced Kreipe that this was no joke.

Swiftly the driver was bundled out of his seat to the back of the car, a British officer took the wheel, turned the car, and the two prisoners carefully "covered" by their captors drove off back through Heraklion, passing through 22 control posts without challenge from the sentries, the two remnants of a divisional command, flying from the bonnet ensuring safe passage.

And they had no time to waste. They had another rendezvous to keep with the Royal Navy, at a spot 30 miles beyond Heraklion. At that point the coast, where a vessel was waiting for them, the car was abandoned and the party embarked: the British joyously, the two Germans numbly with bewilderment. The last act of the small raiding force before leaving the island was to deposit in the car a sealed letter addressed to the German authorities:

"Gentlemen, Your divisional commander, Kreipe, was captured a short time ago by a British raiding force under our command. By the time you read this he and we will be on our way to Cairo. We would like to point out most emphatically that this operation has been carried out without the help of Cretans or Cretan Partisans, and the only guides used were serving soldiers of His Hellenic Majesty’s forces in the Middle East.

"Your general is an honourable prisoner of war, and will be treated with all the consideration due to his rank. Any reprisals against the local population will be wholly unwarranted and unjust.

"Signed, Auf Baldigen Wiedersehen—Major, Commanding Raiding Forces, and Leader of Coldstream Guards, P.S.—We are very sorry to leave this motor-car behind."
Workers Step-up Production on Soviet Farms
Strategic Strong-Point in the Eastern Mediterranean, Cyprus, which proved a deterrent bastion against further German progress in the area during the critical days of the African campaign, has been a British colony since 1945. The island, 3,572 square miles in extent, is chiefly an agricultural producer, sending fruit and vegetables to help feed our Middle East armies and also to Britain. Among other war materials produced are quantities of asbestos and chrome.

Contribution of a high order in the active war theatres has been made by the Cyprus Regiment (comprising transport and pioneer companies) which has served in Greece, Crete, Egypt, Libya, and Abyssinia; it was the first colonial regiment to contact the enemy in France.

Unloading stores on the quayside at Famagusta, the island's chief port (3). British gunners of the A.A. defences receive instruction in the use of field radio transmission sets designed to increase their already high efficiency as marksmen (1), while another "class" of men handle a light Boys' gun, watched by General Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., C.-in-C. Middle East Forces (2), carrying cancer, during a tour of inspection. On the ancient ramparts of Famagusta, men of a naval signals post keep watch (4).
IN A CLEARING IN DENSE JUNGLE on the New Guinean coast, U.S. Army engineers have set up a miniature shipyard for the quick assembly of newly-arrived L.C.M.s (Landing Craft, Motors) which are delivered there in crated sections. These are moved into position at the yard (1), a motor is unpacked (2), and a bow section is swung into place (3). The completed L.C.M.s will play their part in Allied operations aimed at driving the last aggressors out of the last area of captured territory in the Pacific.
Here the Allies Prepare for a Last Round-up

FURTHER SPECTACULAR BLOW TO THE JAPANESE in the Pacific was achieved by the great Allied landing at Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, on April 22, 1944, which has since proved a lesson for the splitting-up and reduction to scattered groups of enemy strength in that area and in British New Guinea, at Madang, where an Australian force is advancing along the coast.

Since the Hollandia fighting further progressive steps have been made in the landing on Waskie Island and the mainland coast opposite, 155 miles west of Hollandia, on May 15; and on Tikopia Island in the Schouten group, 200 miles west of Waldia, on May 27. Control of Tikopia with its three airstrips commanding the western tip of New Guinea may give the final impetus needed for the successful conclusion of the Solomons, Bismarck Archipelago and New Guinea campaign.

BY DUG-OUT CANOE Australians cross a jungle river (1). Taking advantage of a pause in the pursuit of the enemy, a group of Allied soldiers (including Australians, Dutch and Americans) have a yarn and a smoke (2). "Corrugy" roads made from coconut tree logs provide the only approach to some places (3). An Australian examines Dutch New Guinea paper money, part of his Army pay (4). Natives receive treatment from an S.A.A.F. doctor (5).

Photos, Australian Government PAGE 77
Background of the Fleet Air Arm’s Success

Since they received new types of aircraft the Fleet Air Arm have daily become more prominent, their daring exploits gaining the way for more than one Royal Navy victory. It is generally recognised that aircrews of the Fleet Air Arm are among the best trained and most efficient in the world, yet behind these flying-sailors is a band of silent men with one main task: to keep the F.A.A. flying, and make sure that their "wings" are kept in top-flight condition.

One of the best known of these "silent men" is Vice-Admiral Bell Davie, V.C., who commands the Royal Navy’s test aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Pretoria Castle. This vessel, used for a short time as a luxury liner before the war, on the South African route, operated as an armed merchant-cruiser in the South Pacific late in 1939 and early in 1940. Then it was decided to make her a test aircraft carrier. Her superstructure was removed, the builders commenced work, and the Pretoria Castle took her present shape.

Aboard this special vessel Vice-Admiral Bell Davies, in the course of a single day, must watch some of the most amazing landings in the world. Great experiments have taken place aboard her: experiments that have played a part in the advance of the Fleet Air Arm, and added hitting power to the machines they fly into battle.

Before any new type of plane takes its place in the Fleet Air Arm's armoury it is tested aboard the Pretoria Castle, whose Commander of Flying is that distinguished young officer, Commander Peter Bramwell, D.S.O., D.S.C., considered by many to be one of the finest of our naval aviators in the world. The Commander, who has over 2,000 flying hours to his credit, has tested everything from Mae West lifebelts to aircraft due to be sent into action. He has also operated from the Ark Royal, fought in the skies over the beaches of Dunkirk, and was the first to land a Spitfire on the deck of an aircraft carrier.

When it was realised that the Fleet Air Arm would have to have its own equipped fighter to defend convoys, experts thought it impossible because of landing speed. But Commander Peter Bramwell had other ideas. For two weeks he practised landing on the tarmac of a Fleet Air Arm service station. Then he landed on the dummy deck laid out on the station. Then, his great moment, he brought the "Spit" down safely aboard the test carrier.

There are many other men upon the Pretoria Castle who have a love for naval aviation, and are willing to risk their lives to protect our high standards can always be improved on. H.M.S. Pretoria Castle, test carrier, may not have the glamour of the late Ark Royal, but because of the skill of those who work aboard her Britain’s floating aerodromes are now among the finest in the world.

Another strange ship that plays an important part in the activities of the Fleet Air Arm is H.M.S. Merlin. A rating aboard this craft once said to me: "I’d rather serve on her than most ships, for it’d take a big torpedo to reach you up there."

You see, the Merlin is a large Fleet Air Arm airfield in the north, where they have some of the finest workshops of their kind in the world. About 1,500 civilian workers are employed there, 400 of them women.

Captain R. D. Nicholson, in command of the Merlin, has under him a staff which can deal with every type of aircraft used by the Fleet. Planes that have been damaged in action, crashed, or are due for overhaul come in regularly. Here is it that the workers aboard have a minute to spare, owing to the increased tempo of the war at sea. The aim of all these workers, who are made to feel that they are part of the Royal Navy, is to put into the air the perfect aeroplane. And they do!

Nearly every Fleet Air Arm machine, whether or not it is damaged, goes to H.M.S. Merlin after it has flown 240 hours to undergo a major inspection. This means, for the most part, that the plane is taken to pieces, each bit is carefully examined, and then the aircraft is rebuilt. Before the planes are sent back for active service they are handed over to a band of first-class test pilots —now serving as officers in the Fleet Air Arm—who put them through their paces and make sure they are perfect. In fact, efficiency and perfection are the two words that stand out for everyone to see in H.M.S. Merlin.
San Giorgio's Bell May Yet Ring for Victory

In a battered street of San Giorgio in the Liri Valley, south of Cassino, where despite the ruin of the church the bell still hangs in the tower, American and French tanks and armoured cars assemble prior to attacking the next objective. San Giorgio had been successfully stormed by French troops of the 5th Army on May 15, 1944. By May 26 the entire original German defense line across Italy was shattered and the enemy was withdrawing to the north and west.
From Strong Defences German Hordes are Hurled)

(Men near the tank in the first picture. The tank was in the background. The tank at the rear of the picture, near a Point and a tank in front of a house and after a heavy night bombing.

(As 8th Army Smashes Through the Gustave Line)

Waiting by glimpse of enemy movement is this British machine gun in the rear of Los Angeles. Beyond lies Figeuros, on a strong ridge spanned with cats, hardened by months of hard range artillery and served by its German-born commander. This town is a key site for enemy fighting which led to the capture of Los Angeles and Figeuros. The African Line, beyond, was planted on May 23.
Our French Allies Score Notable Victories

In the early stages of the breaking of the Gustav Line, French troops of the 5th Army, operating in a mountainous sector south of the Liri Valley, seized the dominating height of Mt. Maj no, then captured San Ambrogio and Auncola. French gunners armed with shovels (top) pass a crippled German Mark III tank as they move on to choose and prepare a new gun site. Their guns and stores pass through the village of Castelforte, which was occupied by U.S. tanks of the 5th Army on May 13.
DAVID GARRICK was watching Kitty Clive on the stage. He followed her movements with admiring eye. He listened to her voice, entranced by its variety and charm. At last he turned round to someone who was sitting with him in the stage box. "Dammit," he burst out, "she could act a grinned."

I feel much the same kind of envious delight in Captain Liddell Hart's new book. It is an inspired and Thoughtful - but not a friendly - view of War (Faber, 15s.). Most people's thoughts on that topic would be defensive and depressing. This book draws a fine picture of the problem and triumphs of war with vigour, suggesting trains of reflection which lead one far from the battlefield; offering comments on life, as well as instruction, for dealing out death most effectively. Liddell Hart is a man of profound. His Yea is Yea and his Nay, Nay. He never leaves you in doubt as to his meaning. He never fears, for example, to show up the weakness of the military imagination, the dullness of the military virtue.

As to Tanks, he is painfully frank. He quotes without comment (more is required) the War Office docket on a design sent in before 1914: "The man's mad." He quotes too the report of the War Office on the design he saw in 1917 when he first saw one: "A pretty mechanical toy, but such machines would never win a war." The head of the Royal Engineers, who are supposed to be brainier than other branches of the Army, said, when shown the early designs, that they were in "the realms of imagination, not of solid fact."

Similar kindred flamed the attitude of even the most thoughtful among leading soldiers to the possibilities of the tanks. When Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley died in 1910, the Times noted, "in the public mind the picture of the Trench was the picture of the future." When Field Marshal French notified the 1914 Circuit of the East in France, which proved inadequate, the Times pointed out: "The tank is not to do what it is not fit to do." When Field Marshal Rawlinson said: "The tank is not like the panorama," the Times pointed out: "The tank is not like the panorama of the future." The tank is not like the panorama of the future.

Liddell Hart liked soldiering. He was sorry to be invalidated out of the Army. But he has come to see more and more that officer talks. The Army for all its good points is a creampop place for a thinking man. As I have seen too often, such a manchases and gets or else
delays. And the root of the trouble is the Army's rooted fear of the truth. Romantic fiction is in the soldiery caste. The heads of the Army talk much of the future, yet deaden it—"shouting on the periphery into the void," and show no sign of the personality necessary for command, and the originality necessary for surprise. There are few Dublin and good commanders in our higher command.

Most of them are all "desperately conventional" and in war "recklessly cautious." I know many staff officers and made acquaintance with a good many of our generals during the 1914 war. I know how right Liddell Hart is. With a few exceptions such as "Tim" Harrington and Thomson, who became Air Minister for a short while, they were none of them "educated truly for a higher role than that of brigade or divisional commanders, where the need for scientific calculation and imagination is preponderant over that for fighting qualities." How Montgomeroy, who is unconventional in so many ways, attained the front rank I cannot guess. Both in our Army and the American there is a strong preference for "regular guys"—that is, men who live by rule, do what they are told and ask no questions, respect tradition, worship the God of Things as They Are.

So far as I can judge this is not so in the Red Army. It is nearly ten years since I was in Russia, and it is hard to know what to believe if you aren't on the spot to check the statements made in books and papers by personal observation. But there does seen in the Russian Army to be a preference for "irregular guys." It is often asked, "How have the Russians done so much better against the Germans this time than they did last time?" The reason appears to me to be the size of the S.S. The Russian officers were social caste, like ours used to be—and in some degree still are. If you doubt this, look at a number of soldiers in any train or bus or on any railway station, and see if you have any difficulty in separating officers from privates. You probably won't have!

In the new Russian army there is almost no difference. I have seen generals sitting in theatres next to privates. I remember noticing on a Kiev railway platform the last time I was in that fascinating city a colonel with a fine bushy beard seeing somebody off. In the carriage with the somebody were some soldiers. He chatted to them in a friendly way. He would have been horrified by the admission which a Guerard officer made to Liddell Hart that the Russian army was not based on fear. That can be justified only regarding the "other ranks" and lower animals. "Not a ease of arms, and historically unsound."

Now that all our officers must pass through the ranks before being commissioned the notion "gentlemen must lead" will be forgotten. We shall be able to draw on a vastly larger pool for our military leaders—not limit ourselves to a small number drawn from the upper and middle classes, but pick out brains and initiative from pretty well the entire youth of the country. I say "we shall be able to do this." I cannot assert that we shall do it. The Civil Service has not perceptibly altered since it was thrown open to competition, which boys who started from elementary schools gained many of the top places. John Grigg was one: he has made no changes in War Office methods, either as permanent secretary or as Parliamentary under-secretary.

Liddell Hart is not sanguine about this being the last war. Indeed, he assumes all through that there will be other wars. He does not throw his thoughts into the form of a treatise on an argument of the sort. He just selects them from his writings between 1919 and 1933 and then groups them under certain headings, and prints them piecemeal. This makes the book unusually interesting as a browsing ground for the student of strategy, for certain headings, and prints them piecemeal. This makes the book unusually interesting as a browsing ground for the student of strategy, and gives a sense of the growth of the subject, and also makes it easy to read.

It has this advantage too. He can return again and again to a subject at intervals, without any danger of wearying the reader with a long-drawn-out disquisition. Thus he hovers frequently round the query, Can we get rid of war? Yet he does not sum up with any long essay or book on the subject. He leaves us to do that for ourselves.

On the question whether war can be made to pay, he is inclined to take the side of Sir Norman Angel, who wrote The Great Illusion 35 years ago, to show that it could not. But he still has a doubt whether war could not be made to pay—by a new Bismarck who had both the power and the calculating intelligence to control and to stop it at the point where extra expenditure promised no adequate return. He offers to end the war after he had overrun Poland in the autumn of 1939. Bismarck would not have been so silly as to think he could do that.
"No acquiescent State is likely," the book says, "to embark on war unless it is sure that the end which it hopes to gain will win an adequate result for its efforts." Bismarck had good reason to believe in 1870 that he could defeat the French and, as one result, create the German Empire. Hitler believed he could by a succession of rapid blows knock out both France and Britain. He was right about France, but ludicrously wrong about Britain. His most astounding miscalculation was his notion that he could annihilate the Russian armies in a few days. "A man is partly blind is not likely to see clearly in any direction," says Liddell Hart. He is speaking of dictators, blinded by their own prejudices. Some who call themselves democrats have their eyes wonderfully wide open.
How 5th Army Linked up with Anzio Beach-head

DRAMATIC MEETING of troops from the main 5th Army in Italy with patrols from the Anzio beach-head on May 15, 1944—an outstanding event in the campaign's history. General Mark Clark, Commander of the 5th Army (centre), is seen at the meeting place surrounded by cheering British and U.S. soldiers (1). A British officer (2) greets his U.S. opposite number from the main 5th Army forces (3). First British armoured car to arrive at the spot was "overwhelmed" by our troops (4). On the road near the meeting-place soldiers exchange stories and cigarettes after the link-up (5).

Photo: British Official and British National
MONSOON WEATHER, prevailing between June and September, precludes until the end of the latter month possibility of startling developments in the Burma campaign, which has seen-sawed backwards and forwards for many weeks over a large area, with the Allies making, on the whole, slow but sure gains against the Japanese invaders. Having secured a foothold on Indian territory in the Manipur State, near Imphal (the main Allied base), the enemy dug in against pressure from General Slim's 14th Army. Other Allied units operating inside Burma had made good progress. It was announced on June 6, 1944, that in North Burma Americans, Chinese and Chindits and troops commanded by General Stilwell were closing their grip on the three main Japanese bases—at Myitkyina, at Mogung and at Kamaing, a triangle in which the enemy is fighting a losing battle.

While no great Allied advance is to be expected until the monsoon months are ended, it is believed that by then the South-East Asia Command will be fully prepared to strike directly and heavily at the centres of Japanese occupation in Burma.

DURING SEVERE FIGHTING in the Imphal area, men of a West Country regiment swept the Japanese from "Nippon Peak," a hill which jutted out into their supply road used by their own forces. After the battle, enemy dead were cremated on the slopes of the hill (1). With the Japanese only a few hundred yards away in the jungle, Gurkha cut bamboo stakes with their lathis to form a protective barrier for their newly put in place Japanese anti-aircraft gun. The photograph (2) from air observation is this British gun emplacement from which Japanese positions in the Imphal plain were blasted (2). Men of the 13th Frontier Force Rifles, some concealed in fig-bushes from which they pounced and others who emptied their magazines to cover infantrymen engaged in the unpleasant but necessary task of collecting enemy dead who fell during the Nippon Peak action (3).

Photo, Indian Official

PAGE 62
This Is how We Mobilized for Total War

As a people we are not given to the revolutions of barricades and bloodshed. The only revolution that is mentioned in most English history-books was a very quiet and gentlemanly affair, William taking the place of James with hardly a ruffle on the surface of contemporary life. There have been other revolutions—not political, but social and economic, as when the medieval system of husbandry was converted into one in which sheep-farming was predominant, and that other and much more important, when the agricultural England of the 18th century became the urbanized and industrialized England that we know. And if, at the outbreak of the first world war, the trade union leaders were less than enthusiastic, it was simply because the one we are living through at present, it may be said to have begun on May 22, 1940, when the Emergency Powers (Defence) Act passed through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament and received the Royal Assent.

It was quick work, such as must have surprised and confounded those of us who used to argue that parliament is old and creaking and cannot do its job. That it can move quickly, as speedily as any vaunted—efficient—dictatorship, was proved on May afternoon. The circumstances admitted were conducive to instant action. The French were already showing signs of collapse, Mr. Churchill was returning to Paris to stiffen her faltering resistance, the enemy horizons were pouring over the French plains and rivers, the grim spectacle of invasion was already threatening us from across the Channel. The hour called, and the work was done, by consent of persons and property, not just some persons of some particular class of the community, but all persons, rich and poor, public and private, man or woman, and all property. With no opposition the Government’s proposals were accepted; on the very same afternoon a regulation was issued under the Act empowering the Minister of Labour and National Service “to direct any person in the United Kingdom to perform such services in the United Kingdom as might be specified in the direction.”

Such vast powers over life and property have never been given to any British Government, to any Minister of the Crown. One unacquainted with our thoughts and ways might be forgiven for assuming that on May 22, 1940 we became a totalitarian country in law, every body and anybody were henceforth liable to be directed to any job that Mr. Bevin or his officials might think fit. But Hitler blundered by his way to power; in Britain, power over our lives and property was freely given for the time being to the Government so that every person would be won, and that most speedily and surely.

Our liberties are not lost, but merely in abeyance; and even though there have been complaints of individual cases of hardship and misdirection, the Minister’s most bitter critic could not fail to acknowledge the floating of the wishes of organised labour, of neglecting to secure the co-operation of the employees, of acting undemocratically in the interest of a class or faction, or of showing a lack of understanding and sympathy for the human factor. A great and possibly thankless task was thrust upon Mr. Bevin’s broad shoulders; and perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to him is that it is difficult to suggest any other figure in the world of industry, whether on the masters’ side or on the men’s, who would or could have made of the business a better job.

Immediately the powers were granted the mobilization of Britain’s labour-power began. The result may be expressed in figures, though figures are bare and unenlightening things taken by themselves. Out of Britain’s 33,100,000 persons between the ages of 14 and 64, nearly 23 millions are “gainfully employed,” whether in the armed forces at home and abroad, in civil defence, in industries directly devoted to the satisfaction of war needs or in those industries and services which are deemed to be necessary for the carrying on of civilian existence. Of the 17,200,000 women included in the group nearly ten million are occupied in essential household duties, and many of those are in paid employment, full or part-time, while another million are rendering voluntary service.

Some seven million women are in industry or the Forces. There are nine million children to be looked after, usually by women. Furthermore, about a million men and women of 65 and over are engaged in paid employment. By the middle of 1943 there were 1,200,000 more men employed on making munitions than at the end of the last war; and the proportion of women aged 14 to 59 in the Forces, munitions, and essential industries is about double the proportion of 1918. More than twice as many married women and widows are employed today as before the war. Indeed, 90 per cent of the single women of 18 to 40, and 80 per cent of the married women and widows without dependent children are in the Forces or industry. No other country, it may be said, has mobilized its womanhood on such a scale as Britain.

This mobilization of women was a new and particularly tricky business. Women who not long ago were shop assistants or domestic servants, waitresses or chorus girls, manicurists or hairdressers, housewives in cottage or mansion, are now working to produce aircraft and tanks, guns, bombs, and shells. They have stepped into the shoes of men who have gone to the war. They are doing jobs such as have never fallen to woman’s lot in all the hundred and fifty years of our history. Millions of women have been placed in war jobs that were not of their own choosing. A new distinction has been introduced, one between “mobile” and “non-mobile” women; the former to be those for whom reasons of some kind—their own or their husbands’ fear that their homes would be broken up in their absence. All the same, as everyone knows, the great majority of Ser-called women’s work is non-mobile. Many of them (let it be added) are at work, when they would be better employed looking after their young children at home—but they have to go out to work to supplement their allowances.

If the mobilization of women has been the most remarkable, the most startling, of the changes brought about by war-time mobilization, there are many others that will not escape the attention of the social and economic historian of the future. It is now most definitely “on the map”: the trade unions have official handbooks, and there are clubs to play in the nation’s economic life. Casual labour at the docks and in such industries as building has been practically abolished.

Wage rates have increased pretty generally, and actual wages earned show a great advance over pre-war. Working conditions have been vastly improved (though much remains to be beaten). Millions of meals are served every day in works’ canteens; and “music while you work” has become a recognised institution. The welfare officer is now to be found in every large works, and many local authorities have established wartime nurseries for the reception of children of women engaged in full- or part-time work. Housewives have been granted holidays in all parts of the country, in which thousands of “mobile” women and girls have made a home from home.

These are just some aspects of the change that has come over Britain’s women since that afternoon a little more than four years ago. Some of them we may regret, but taken all in all, the story of how Britain has mobilized her men and women in the Second Great War is one of which we may well be proud.
Welfare of Our Wartime Working Millions

In Britain's war-gear ed factories, everything is done to ensure the workers' conditions are nearly ideal. Here, workers enjoy a game of darts. Modern kitchens provide good, cheap food, and concerts are arranged for workers at mealtime. Well-equipped medical clinics are always ready to deal swiftly and expertly with minor injuries. See also facing page.
At the End of the Great Battle for Cassino Hill

BARRIER TO OUR PROGRESS
in Italy for long months, Cassino town and the monastery-fortress on the hill above it fell to the 8th Army on May 18, 1944. British troops captured the town. Photo shows the ruins of the monastery (1). Its chapel altar had been piled high by the Germans with lined boxes and boxes of ammunition (2); an Allied soldier examines a basket of shells in a mortar position in a nearby doorway (3). A German为印 enemy had fired on our troops; and on shelves were mortar shells were found (4), further proof of the manner in which the Nazis had turned a sacred edifice into a fortress and made its reduction by the Allies a necessity. Some Polish infantry, recovering from a battle on the right between the catacombs (5), a mine detector—use which helped to clear the path to victory—lisens against the wall behind them. See story in facing page.


PAGE 86
Things I Saw in Battle-Smithed Cassino Abbey

Dating his dispatch from Cassino, Italy, on May 19, 1944, John Reiliff sent to the Daily Express this account of his visit to the remains of that historic building in the Gustav Line for so long ranged. See also facing page.

The Abbey was sealed off today while Polish soldiers groped in the masses of fallen stone for delayed-action explosions, ammunition dumps, or para- tactics in hiding. The searchers have already discovered that the Germans put some prepared charges under the ruins, but they did not blow them when they left to surrender. Although the British and Polish flags fluttered from the highest remaining fragment of wall of the buildings, it is conceivable that there are still odd Germans in hiding under the tortured masonry.

This was shown last night when 40 para- troopers sneaked out of the cellars under the main part of the Abbey or the pill-boxes near it. They were fully armed. But the sentries were waiting for this kind of thing. They challenged the moving shadows. As soon as the Germans realized the Poles had seen them, they threw down their arms and surrendered. Old Germans may still be hid away living on tinned food in the hope of a chance of getting out during the night.

They believe sentries cannot use lights because of enemy observers on Montecassino, which is 300 feet higher than Abbey Hill. It is believed that under- ground ammunition stores may yet be dis- covered. One of the prisoners volunteered that at the surrender the Abbey garrison had enough ammunition for a month and supplies for 1,000 men. All this explains why from today onwards strict control is being applied to all "arrivals" at the Abbey. Officers who want to drop in for the purpose of getting an extra haversack or two in their mess will not be allowed to go up.

A colleague and I were the last of the visi- tors today. We had to leave the jeep and clamber for one hour and a half over loose stones. It was essential to follow the broad white ribbon, blood-splashed in many places, to keep on the track free of mines or booby traps. This white tape follows on to part of the Poles now call "The Lane of the Dead Men." Here today the bodies of the Polish soldiers who fell near the monastery were being collected, labelled and covered with blankets, before burial in the hillside soldiers' cemetery. Each Polish grave has a bottle jammed inside the hole in front of a wooden cross. Inside the whisky bottle or beer bottle, or anything obtainable, is a piece of paper with the details of how the soldier fell.

On the white tape line, with hesitant steps, we walked. At the crossroads where the tape disappeared, we climbed into the Abbey build- ing after several attempts. On the last lap we were shotted by a burst of machine gun fire. I slipped back several times. War has ravaged on. The Germans have turned it into a gigantic ash-can. At the feet of one fine stairway are thousands of empty tins. The great and grayish font in the baptistry is filled with used plates, greasy and sordid. In what was the fore- court the scene is a mixture of Salvador Dali and a nightmare.

A few feet from the great headless statue of Saint Michael is the abbot's motor-car buried in rubble so that only the bulk of the salon is visible. Upside down near the door is a child's tricycle, used as a child's tricycle. A child's tricycle is used as a child's tricycle.

The monastery is too wrecked to make it possible to pick out parts of it without a plan. But in what appeared to be the monks' rooms, or perhaps the sacristies, I found an Italian copy of the Forsyte Saga, a 1,000-page encyclopedia through which a bullet had passed, and scattered around, packets of ultramarine blue and other colours for illuminating nissals and the like. They must have been badly served for light, but that was well for them in this gapping skeleton of a building. Down here there is plenty of space between the low iron-framed beds which they had evidently collected from the monks' quarters.

On a table are six open tin cans of rations and three mess plates with sardines and potato untouched. Littered over the floor are packets of Eaten, a brand of fuel tablet with which they heated their mugs of coffee.

The chief civil affairs officer of Angot walked into Cassino at noon yesterday. Tonight Angot issued a communiqué saying: "No civil affairs officer will be posted in Cassino because there is nothing left to administer.

But, though much of the bombed and shelled Abbey is a heap of dust, it can be rebuilt entirely the view of Major Norman Newton, an American who is Angot's monu- ment officer.

We Wrestled at Sea with a 100-m.p.h. Gale

The destroyer H.M.S. Inconstant recently survived a terrific storm, the worst in her commander's long experience. For three-and-a-half days she had to leave-to before reaching harbor with structural damage and many depth charges lost overboard. Lieutenant, R. S. S. Ingham, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., of Wigtownshire. The story of her struggle with the navigators, Lieutenants, R. S. S. Ingham, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., of Wigtownshire. The story of her struggle with the wave coming first, she broke the bridge, and was torn by a terrific wind before we could safely get away.

Suddenly, the depth charges epidenhips started to break loose. The Gunner, Mr. R. P. Burgess, R.N., of Carshalton, Surrey, was below when he heard the depth charges and we always heard our depth charges in the bay. The depth charges were firing in a line, and we heard the depth charges in a line. The depth charges were firing in a line, and we heard the depth charges in a line.

UNION JACK AND POLISH FLAG fly side by side over the shattered remains of Cassino Mon- astery, flayed streamed and taken by the Poles on May 19. The Monastery, destroyed by a storm in March and April before the Poles had fought to grindy for this moment, mounting a guard of honour. See story in this page.
I was There!

Charges rolling round the deck over his head. He reached for the life belt and tied a life line round his waist. Leading Seaman T. A. Pryce, of Plymouth, paid out the line while Mr. Burgess scrambled to the death charges.

All this time the waves were crashing down on the ship and Pryce tied the line to a stanchion. It was a good job he did, as one wave washed Mr. Burgess through the guard rails, and but for the life-line he would have gone overboard. Mr. Burgess called for volunteers and Able Seaman C. F. Pennington of Blackpool, Able Seaman B. D. Wilde, of Manufield and Able Seaman J. Andes of Liverpool, went up to help. They hadn’t been working long before the ammunition locker broke away under another blast and trapped them all underneath it.

The first lieutenant, Lieut. M. Hayward-Burt, R.N., of Dode, went to their assistance, but another wave tore away the iron ladder leading up to the upper gun platform of the gun.” As it swung round, it hit the first lieutenant on the head and knocked him unconscious.

When the men under the locker were released, they were all suffering from severe injuries to their legs. Eventually we got all the injured below. Meanwhile, the ammunition locker had been washed away under the seastorm as though it had been matchedwood.

We were pretty badly knocked about when we reached Portland, both the carrier and the motor-boat being smashed as well. We collected the remainder of the convoy and carried on to our destination. We were in harbour just about long enough to refuel when we went out to help another convoy which had been called up behind us. There was a pack of U-boats waiting to attack, but we got there first.

I Flew Over Hitler’s Front Line in the West

I am the co-pilot’s son of a Mitchell medium bomber I flew last evening to within 30 miles of the centre of Paris. Our route took us over Hitler’s front line—areas on which a world’s attention is being focused. This is what I saw: deserted roads, railways, stations and mar
tshalled yards like forgotten toys: every unripped by craft. It was the “dead land,” of which I had heard from pilots who for months had been operating day after day, in conditions and targets of the skies of Northern France.

“Targets in Northern France” has become the theme of nearly every Air Ministry communiqué. To the crew of R for Roger yesterday afternoon’s briefing prepared them for another routine job—their 29th since last December. Their 500-pounders were required for fuel dumps and hangars at Creil airfield, 30 miles from the centre of Paris.

For myself, it was in more ways than one a novel experience. My maiden flight was to be an operational one. Of this, Flying Officer Donald Martin, New Zealand pilot of 31 squadron, was kept in ignorance until our safe return. Flying above cloud over the Channel the three squadrons of Mitchells crossed the coast near Dunkirk, its white cliffs, outer wall of enlaved Europe, gleaming below. From the fields of France stretched to the horizon, a flat patchwork of grass, ploughland and woods interlaced with roads.

We flew too high to distinguish details in the pattern below—details that might convert a transport corridor into a region bristling with the weapons of defence. At several points a cluster of bomb craters indicated locations of the “military targets” that we were regarding with systematic regularity by our fighter-bombers and night fighters. Smaller clusters of craters were visible at frequent intervals, looking like rubber ink stains on a green and brown carpet.

From a forest cris-crossed by a regular pattern of paths much could be guessed, nothing observed. The Germans, masters of the art of concealment and surreptitious movement, had left no clue here for the daylight observer.

The roads and railways, along which the convoys and freight trains, moving under cover of darkness, are carrying the materials and equipment for the defence of the West Wall, were deserted. In an hour’s close scrutiny I saw two heavy vehicles, one car and one motor-cyclist, moving specks in seemingly depopulated countryside. Marshalling yards, pitted with old bomb wounds, were empty of freight—no puff of smoke indicated activity on the miles of rail below.

Pilots with whom I have talked in the past week have told the same story. Some have not seen a train in months. On the evening’s operation the three squadrons of escorting Spitsfire returned again without a fight.

Over the target as our bombs went down two puffs of black smoke drifted by. The half-hearted effort by ground defences was our only proof that the country below was enemy-occupied. Only 30 miles from the target, visible on a clearer day, by Paris. The return trip was equally uneventful. We left behind a target well covered, sprouting smoke. On another airfield north of Paris Marauders were carrying out a similar attack. Forced to reserve its main strength for the invasion, the Luftwaffe has no place at present in the skies over France.

I Watched an Unbeatable Army Come Home

The Dover borderer who told me the Ordnance Survey map of South-East England gave me a careful scrutiny and I left his shop wondering if he too believed all the rumours of the landing of German parachute-spies.

An hour later I knew the answer. By time I had been ‘detained’ by security police and being interrogated by a police but grim officer who was disposed to believe my credentials, but was taking no chances. ‘The map? Yes, I bought it. Why? Just to plan possible escape routes out of Dover, in case—well, for an emergency, to get stories back to London.’ The officer asked, looking at the pencilled routes: ‘If the German Army lands here. Is that what you mean?’ ‘I meant exactly that.’

This was Dover, four years ago. I had been the first reporter sent there to cover—anything. You could hear the German guns across the Straits. There was very little official news; what there was, was bad and no one had any doubts that the Germans were coming. At the Grand Hotel—a ruin now—the first survivors of the disaster in France had already arrived, a trickle of dazed people which was to grow in a few days into a wave of hundreds of thousands flooding into the little towns all along the South-East Coast.

Overriding the dread we all experienced was the strongest exhilaration. Children in Dover were still playing in the streets and on the waterfront as close as they could go to the barbed wire and the anti-aircraft guns dotting the promenade. In the shops food was plentiful; so was bright talk. In the pubs people were drinking harder. Four years ago, and the pictures remain vivid.

There was a bomber pilot in the hotel at X near by. His flying field was only a short distance away. ‘Well, chaps, I’ve got to go,’ he said, jerking his thumb towards France. ‘Fare me a Guinness
when you hear your car leave; I'll be back to drink it before the froth has gone."

We did that. We heard him go, saw his plane, one of only three, flying out over the evening
sunlit water. There was a lace of froth still on the drink when he returned, oil on his
face, flying helmet in his hand.

Two naval officers, thick black oil from head to bare feet, came into the hotel. There
was no room, but room was made for them. Was it bad? they asked. Worse, the
lieutenant assured us. "Six brand new pipes I had, all on aproo, too. Lost the lot. But
I saved these." He carefully wiped oil from his binoculars.

There was a raid on the harbour area.

We were in the area. Standing at the hotel
door we saw the flashes and were shaken by
the noise. What was the curious persistent
roaring, rattling sound—a new weapon.
No. The skating rink was still in session, an
ack-ack gun firing almost on its own depot.

Our diary of the war

May 4, Wednesday
1,320th day
Italy—Valmecinone and Vellueri cap-
tured by 5th Army troops; Ferramiea
occupied by German forces.

Air—N. 1,000 heavy bombers attacked
Drogheda, Ireland, and railroads.

May 5, Thursday
1,320th day
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 7, Saturday
1,321st day
Air—Two thousand U. S. aircraft
struck two fighter factories in Poland
and five in N. Germany.

Medierranea—Allied heavy bombers
attacked airfields in Genoa, Italy.

Medierranea—Allied heavy bombers
attacked railway yards in Naples, Italy.

Ferramiea—Allied troops occupied
Vellueri, Italy, and Munster, Italy.

 roi 1. merri seid in 10,000 heavy bombers
attacked railway yards in Naples, Italy.

Seiran—Ferramiea occupied by Ger-
man forces.

May 8, Sunday
1,322nd day
Air—Two thousand U. S. aircraft
struck Allied factories in Germany and
airfields in England and France; French
road and rail bridges bombed by medium
bombers.

Medierranea—Allied troops entered
Taranto, Italy.

Medierranea—Allied troops entered
Taranto, Italy.

Flash-backs

May 20, 1940
Royal Navy sank concrete-filled
blockships at Zeedrugge. Norwegian
destroyed harbour works.

June 2, 1940
British troops entered
Dunkirk.

May 21, 1940
King George of Bohemia
crowned at Prague.

June 1, 1940
British forces entered
Paris.

1942

May 24, 1942
General Stillwell arrived in
Dali after twenty days' travel
through the Burmese jungle.

June 3, 1942
Japanese attacked Dutch
Harbour; United States naval fleet
in the Aleutian Islands.

May 30, 1942
Organized Japanese resis-
tance ended on Attu, Aleutians.

June 1, 1942
Heavy naval and air
bombardment of Pestilia began.

Then the thing happened. There were
ships sinking in sight of shore, machine-gun
battles flitting themselves in the streets.
We saw the first destroyer back from Dunkirk,
its bow wave a foaming arc making everything
but funnels and bridge invisible. The
destroyer slowed, turned for harbour; we
saw them then, hundreds of British ships
clinging to her decks. We couldn't even shout.
Even the roller skates were silent.

After that the desperate, incredible medley,
Horror, grief, humour, policemen weeping as
the troops came ashore; the wonderful
women of Folkstone, Dover, Ramsgate and
the other places ransackling their homes for
shells for emergency bandages—did they ever
get new bed linen?—pushing wooden
barrels, collecting food, crockery, tea; boats and ships,
big and little, laden until they were unloading,
forging into lock, turning and going back,
the crews working until they dropped or died.

The Channel at night glowed: flickering,
blood-red, great pillars of fire belched into
the smoke-blackened night sky over the
French coast. And by day the twitching smoke
clouds marked the funeral pyres of an
army's equipment. Everything seemed chaotic,
yet everything had a strange orderliness,
and by day and night the hospital trains moved out and in, the rail cars came in for all the thousands who
wanted to leave.

We did not know then for some time
after who the men stood by along the
clings and beaches. Fifty rounds apiece was
worth of ammunition. The men looked ready
to fight while the defeated army came home.
And the men who had lost it. I was asked
time and time again, "What did they look like?" They
looked awful. But they looked, I said, unbroken by
their spirit was unbroken even then. And that
was four years ago today.

May 4, 1940
1,320th day
Italy—Valmecinone and Vellueri cap-
tured by 5th Army troops; Ferramiea
occupied by German forces.

Air—N. 1,000 heavy bombers attacked
Pon di Dolce without loss; road and
rail bridges in France bombed.

May 5, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 7, 1940
Air—Two thousand U. S. aircraft
struck two fighter factories in Poland
and five in N. Germany.

Medierranea—Allied heavy bombers
attacked airfields in Genoa, Italy.

Medierranea—Allied heavy bombers
attacked railway yards in Naples, Italy.

Ferramiea—Allied troops occupied
Vellueri, Italy.

May 8, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 9, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 10, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 11, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 12, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 13, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 14, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 15, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 16, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 17, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.

May 18, 1940
Air—U. S. bombers and over 1,000
fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near
Dusseldorf. German airfields were
strafed by a German infantry division in
St. Tropez. Railway centre of Arcos de
Sagro, Spain, was hit by 8th Army.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

The institution of an Eastern Command of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe is an event of outstanding military and political importance, marking the beginning of new developments in the employment of air power. The first mission devolving from the setting up of this new Command was the bombing of targets in Hungary and Transylvania on June 2, 1944. It is not, however, in the selection of targets, but in the organisation of the surface servicing of the Force that the real innovation has come.

The formation of Fortress bombers left airfields in Italy escorted by long-range Mustang fighters. They sailed from Soviet territory with an additional escort of Red Air Force Yak fighters. This was the first de-monastration of the principle of a shuttle air operation between east and west Europe, instead of the more familiar out-and-hommetheft of working. Incidentally, it is a method of bombing operation which I suggested when Russia first came into the war. But for that I claim no particular precedence, for its advantages were so apparent that many must have been aware of them even if few wrote about them.

The military advantages are both strategic and tactical. The tactical advantage lies in the use of a favourable geographic sitting of Allied airfields: (1) to reduce the distance to be flown when attacking distant targets, so that a greater weight of bombs can be carried in lieu of petrol; (2) to enable fighter escorts to accompany the bombers throughout their mission due to the mileage falling within the range of the fighters; (3) to reduce the strain on the aircrews by reducing the single long flights and engines by cutting down not only the time of flight, but more particularly the time spent over enemy territory, thus maintaining the efficiency of the aircrews and aircraft off the force over a longer period of operation; (4) to add difficulty to the opposing air force of intercepting the bombers, thereby offering the pilots and bombardiers the best conditions for accurate bombaiming.

The strategic advantages are not less important. The choice and situation of targets to be attacked is greatly increased and widened. The Air Staffs of both Allies are brought together to work towards a common military plan. The air campaign is made use of in all possible areas. Part of the manpower resources of both Allies is pooled. And for the first time foreign aircrews are accorded in war the same airfield facilities as those of Germany. This unit should be utilized to begin airpower.

October 1943. No doubt the England-North Africa shuttle-bombing by Bomber Command was a useful factor in the destruction, as must have been also the photographic evidence of the destruction wrought in Western Germany by the strategic-economic bombing of Bomber Command and the U.S. Army 8th Air Force. The main-peace problems involved in air warfare on its present scale are vividly illustrated by the bomb tonnage figures for May 1944. A year ago the tonnage dropped by American bombers in Europe was comparatively small compared with the figures for Bomber Command. In May 1944 the total tonnage dropped by the Strategic Air Forces of Britain and the U.S. (not including the bomb weight dropped by the Tactical Air Forces over the battlefield) exceeded 100,000 tons. Of this total the U.S. Strategic Forces in Britain and Italy dropped about 60,000 tons by day and 7,600 tons by night. Bomber Command dropped from the London area over 30,000 tons and 37,000 tons. These figures show clearly that industrial man-power is the factor that controls the air-power potential of a nation, and suggest the necessity for a Treaty to regulate the size of post-war air forces in a manner similar to the Washington Treaty of 1922 for the regulation of the size of navies, unless some other international formulae can be found to control post-war air policy.

Aircraft have been used to attack German military headquarters in Western Europe by pin-point bombing, and the accuracy of the method of attack is now so high that special measures have been taken for security and for the protection of headquarters of military importance will have to be dispersed. But, as the bomber gets better and better, the attack by pinpoint barrage is to be done in the attempt to capture Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia at the end of May, must depend on the prevailing circumstances, but it is probable that this form of parachutist infiltration behind the enemy front will be developed as never before with the major invasion operation in Europe.

Meanwhile, on the Italian front Allied aircraft have found important communications targets. Heavy traffic transport which Kesselring was compelled to use during daylight when the Fifth and Eighth Armies forced the German retreat from the Anzio perimeter and the offensive lines to the south. Allied aircraft sorties there rose to over 3,000 a day, and on May 26 no fewer than 810 vehicles were destroyed behind the German front. This daily road-strafing began in May 24 and continued daily. Strategic aircraft attacked rail communications throughout south-eastern France, there interfering with German troop movements towards Italy, the Brenner Pass road route having been previously attacked by bombers and blocked.

In Western Europe the main targets have been railway communications. Heavy attacks have been made by day and night against railway key centres with the object of reducing the transport facilities of industries in Europe and the "Wall." In May Bomber Command dropped 25,300 tons on comparatively small targets, a diversion from 15 area urban attacks.

British aircraft have been using rocket projectiles—officially called unguided—since June 1943. They are essentially weapons for low altitude targets. Many targets attacked with them have been mainly the smaller vessels, but German army head- quarters buildings, radio stations, and railways have been also singled out for rocket attack. Small ship damaged for torpedo attack, and the rocket has proved superior to the ship-bombing system and can form of attack against them. Four rockets are carried under each wing. Their discharge shock is taken by the aircraft. They can be fired in pairs or in one salvo of eight. Their weight at launching is 120 pounds; penetration of 12 inches; a small platinum fuse wire when the pilot presses a firing button. (See illus. p. 94).
Metal 'Carpets' for Our Front Line Airfields

SWIFT MAKER OF LANDING GROUNDS is the Somerset track—a strip of metal 'nastling' suitably stretched between stiff edges and firmly picketed at the sides. 'Transported inloyd, rolls, it can be speedily laid down on any flat ground and is strong enough to carry the heaviest vehicle on a sandy beach. Strips laid side by side form an admirable surface for aircraft runways and emergency landing-grounds. A Baltimore medium bomber of the Desert Air Force is about to land on one of these meshed airfields in Italy.
R.A.F. Rockets Equal a Warship’s Broadside!

NEW WEAPON OF THE R.A.F., the rocket-projectile is being used with increasing success against enemy targets on land and at sea. Six feet long, the rocket consists apart from its explosive head, of a tube filled with cordite; when fired, a fuse ignites the cordite and the resultant gas-flow propels it at terrific speed. Eight rockets are carried by a plane, four under each wing, and they can be fired in pairs or all eight together, the effect of such a salvo being comparable to that of a light cruiser’s broadside. A Beaufighter of R.A.F. Coastal Command uses its rockets (1). H. M. the King recently inspected the latest rocket-equipped Typhoon aircraft (2).

FOUR FIGHTERS OF COASTAL COMMAND—Hurricanes, Beaufighters, Typhoons and Swordfish—have all been adapted for rocket-firing. One instance of their striking power is evident in the result of a special mission to eliminate a German military headquarters in Northern France, undertaken by rocket-projectile Typhoons of the Second Tactical Air Force on May 28, 1944. Only battened walls of the building remained standing after that visit. R.A.F. ground crews load rockets into the guide rails of a Beaufighter (3). An enemy armed trawler under rocket fire (4); one of the projectiles can be seen on the right.
Editors Postscript

O all our Allies as we feel most akin? I should say the Norwegians. That we are closely related to them. Since the Normans, or Northmen, began coming to England, long before the Norman Conquest, we have been mixing our blood with theirs. We inherit from them our aptitude for seamanship. I don't say our love for the sea, because sailors, I notice, are always looking forward to the day when they will be able to live permanently on land, and most Britons are seasick if the waves are more than inch high! But we do produce good seamen. We did in the time of mast and sail, and we do still. This we owe to our ancestors from "Norway o'er the farnam," as the old ballad called it. Now we have another tie of friendship with the Norwegians. We have fought together for the same great cause—to keep alive the flame of freedom. How much the Allied cause owes to our Norwegian seafaring men, soldiers and airmen few people yet realize. If we will spend 60 on a book just published by Hutchinson, with the authority of the Royal Norwegian Government Information Office, they will learn a great deal. That book, Fightings Norsemen, by R. B. Nyquist, does not pretend to tell these "given any fighters" have done. That must wait. But it tells a great deal in a very readable style.

Mostly they acted in operation with British forces. But sometimes they struck entirely on their own. Then we learn that the Germans whom they hate with a concentration that is surprising in so placid and kindly a people. For example, at a place on the coast of northern Norway fishing village of Nusfjord, the houses of the factory workers were being used greatly to the enemy's advantage. A raid was planned in which only native sailors and soldiers were to take part. In a destroyer, one of those to be used by the British, they carried out the plan. In Nusfjord, expecting to be met with enemy fire: were not molested: landed without meeting any opposition. For nearly three hours they stayed on shore, distributing food to the inhabitants, whom the Germans kept on short rations, while the factories were deliberately destroyed, the factories and other buildings useful to the Allies. Then they were embarked and steamed quietly away. Few of their exploits were so easily accomplished. But nothing daunts them.

Mrs. Churchill in her charmingly spoken talk on the wireless about her Red Cross Fund, which deserves all the support we can give, described the Nazi system as "the worst tyranny the world had ever known." That must be a bitter way of looking at it, and a disfigured wife always agrees with her husband—in public, at any rate. But whenever I hear or read this description I enter an inward protest. I hate it as it is, always has, and I see it in too much importance when we pretend that nothing like it has been seen before. I should say the Spartans were far more uncomfortable than the Germans were during the six years of peace after Hitler grabbed power. Of the notorious Duke of Alba, governor of the Netherlands in the 16th century, it was said that his executioners shed more blood than his soldiers. The Philippines, in 1898, enslaved whole populations and made them build the Pyramids. The Israeli raids through Palestine with fire and sword, exterminating, burning, destroying. For 30 years in the 17th century the wars of religion made Germany a hell. Humanity has always known the rule of oppressors and that rule has varied little throughout the ages. Sometimes it has been a little worse in one direction, sometimes rather more humane in another. But always coldly cruel and at the same time senseless, for always in the end the tyranny has collapsed. But it has always again begun either in the same place or somewhere else.

How it is with folk who live out of sight and sound of aircraft passing overhead in vast numbers to bomb the enemy, I don't know; but I feel sure those who do see and hear this daily are more affected by the thought of casualties to a small number of the crews than by that of tens of thousands of men who might be killed in battle. It is because one knows that in each of those machines roaring over there are a few young men who may not come back—that there are bound to be some who will—and it is this that makes reflection so poignant. It is brought close home to us. Battles happen a long way off. No one has not been in or near one has any exact idea of what they are like. When we hear that very large numbers have been killed, we have no clear picture in our minds of how they met their death. But we can imagine in the most painful detail how these boys in the bombers and fighters may meet their fate. When we see them come back out our hearts are thankful. This time, at any rate, they have escaped to fight again.

Brewers are doing very well, making large profits, paying big dividends; their shares increase in value. But will this continue? I notice a significant change near where I live. A baker's shop, where even now there is always a tempting array of cakes and buns. They make it a sort of tea-shelf, filling it so full at times that customers for loaves or tea daubies have to edge their way through to the counter, smiling good-naturedly at the men sitting there with cups in their hands. Will the taste for beer give way to a liking for tea? In a good many men it may. Australians prefer tea—not here, perhaps, but they do in their own country, and they drink an enormous lot of it, as I can testify.

What men enduredable is that they are so much like boys. However solemn they try to be, whatever airs of wisdom they give themselves, one touch of schoolboy fun breaks down their pretences, and they become devil-may-care optimists. I was in the House of Commons the other day. Some discussion was going on about fish and fishery, and there was a complaint about bad smells. Mr. Boothby got up and said: "I was in Aberdeen recently"—he sits for one of its divisions—"and the stench was intolerable." There was an immediate and joyful roar of laughter. It was exactly what would have happened in one of the lower classes if a man had said an opening. I felt more kindly then to M.P.s than I have for a long time. The House really does need renewing with some fresh and younger material. It has been there nine years and looks it. It is a tired House. Everyone knows the MPs will say (if they get a chance) "There is an air of wearily and strain about the place; it was refreshing to see this dispensed for a moment by that burst of schoolboy hilarity.

Hollywood is the place to make the movie money. The largest income in the United States is earned by Mr. Louis Mayer of the well-known film company. He makes £756 a day. And Leslie Howard, who went there with nothing, now earns £5 a day. He died, though he was still quite a young man. Remember hearing a story of a visit to the bank manager and his boyish agent. The agent who went to see if they could arrange for an overdraft so that the boy might have enough money to buy a dog. That was Leslie Howard, who rose to the fame of a record world force of character. He well deserved all the monetary reward he earned.

Had anyone forecast fifty years ago that the Salvation Army would some day plan to build headquarters for itself in London at an expense of half-a-million pounds, the prophet would have been thought crazy. The Army was then looked on as a passing nuisance. It was small and noisy, sneered at by intellectuals, disliked by the conventional for its income drainpenny-penny. It was not, I imagine, the ways of the Almighty and the sinful human race. Its finance depended on the pence of its members. It was a token it thought it had some few supporters who gave General Booth a large sum to be spent abroad as he thought fit without accounting to anybody. He had a good idea of himself and he gathered together men who were first-class accountants. The S.A. headquarters were destroyed by fire last year and to the compensation that will (they hope) be received from the insurance companies, there will be added sums raised all over the world for a spacious and magnificent building to be erected on the site in Queen Victoria Street, London.
Avenger Takes Off on its Mission of Death

LAUNCHING TORPEDOES FROM THE AIR is the special task of this Avenger aircraft, here seen taking off from the flight deck of a U.S. aircraft carrier operating against the Japanese in the Pacific. Powered by a 1,700 h.p. Wright Cyclone engine, and armed with .50 and .30 caliber machine guns and one 21-in. torpedo, the Avenger has a speed of 270 miles an hour. In May 1944 it was announced that the U.S. Navy alone will soon have a force of 27,700 planes.