VICTORY FOR OUR ARMOUR NEAR BAYEUX was the outcome of the first heavy clash with enemy tanks in Normandy on June 9, 1944; above, a British tank crew, wrapped in blankets, is seen taking a brief rest between spells of violent action. Brought across miles of water by ship, or landed from the air, our armoured monsters pushed on inland. Trying to stem the flow, especially in the Caen area, the Germans threw into battle increasing numbers of tanks, including the big Mark VI Tigers.
Our Roving Camera Speeds Airborne Troops

ON A SCALE never before attempted, the use of airborne troops in the Allied invasion of France met with such quick and overwhelming success as to remove forever the specter of this form of modern warfare. Air landings at specially selected points in many cases caught the enemy completely by surprise, and all tasks allotted to the airborne forces were carried out. In the early stages of the assault, approximately 24,000 paratroops, representing 12 American infantry divisions, were flown over in 1,000 Army transport planes; thousands more went by glider. See stories in pp. 158 and 157.

Stirling aircraft line a runway in Britain, preparatory to taking off for France. As the planes gather, airborne troops fill the inside of one aircraft (1); others read with anticipation pleasure the painted remarks chalked on the side of their glider (3). Crossing the Channel, troop-carrying planes tow gliders (4); below them, having a good shake on the waves, are the naval and coastal units, also headed for France.

Photos, British and U.S. Official
of the weather or other unforeseeable circumstances might lead to disastrous failure in the course of a few hours. That so great a measure of success has been achieved is due mainly to the courage and efficiency of the human elements—our soldiers, sailors and airmen—plus the perfection of the equipment which they operated. The German special credit system and the equipment it was given to the efficiency of the Navy, including the Merchant Service, which was fundamental to the success of the operation. When one considers the number of amateurs recruited into these Services, and called on to carry out unfamiliar tasks often requiring a great display of initiative, it may well be questioned whether any but a nation with natural maritime instincts could have adapted itself to an undertaking so far outside the range of normal experience of war.

The success of the initial landing, apart from these considerations, turned, I think, on three bold decisions, all of which contributed an element of surprise. First and most courageous was the decision to start the operation in what we deemed were excellent weather conditions. General Eisenhower presumably must have been aware of the importance of the decision, but he could hardly have made it without the advice of his Naval advisers whose professional responsibility must have been even greater.

I cannot believe that the decision would have been made if it had been decided, breaking away from all precedent, to start landing at low tide. For in a rough sea the enemy’s elaborate underwater defenses would surely have proved an impassable obstacle. Now that it has been carried out, the landing at low tide may seem to have been an easy solution of the problem of dealing with the underwater obstacles on which the enemy so greatly relied—yet it was not a solution that would seem to have occurred to Rommel or to the designers of the defence system, strangely enough.

For, of course, it involved the exposure of the assaulting troops to fire for a longer time. In the past it would also have meant handling heavy weapons over long distances. The possibility of landing tanks and other mechanical vehicles from the leading landing craft and the effective covering fire which could be provided by the ships on the enemy’s weapons situated to bear on the beaches, greatly reduced these former disadvantages; and obviously the importance of being able to clear passage through low obstacles while they were exposed to the fire of their sides outweighed them. Rommel, confident in the impregnability of the obstacles covered by fire, had apparently committed a high blunder in allowing his troops to his forward defenses and trusted to his armoured reserves being sufficient to counter-attack at any points where his front might possibly be penetrated.

Thus it was the decision to land a large force in advance of the sea landing. It was a courageous decision, if it involved some risk to those who had to advance ashore or had been seriously delayed, the airborne force must have been sacrificed to a man. In the event, the airborne force not only accounted for some of the enemy’s weapons which bore on the beaches but, that was probably more important, engaged enemy reserves which might have been used in early counter-attacks on the beachhead.

**ESTABLISHMENT OF BRIDGE-HEAD**

**Primarily for Offensive**

These decisions all contributed to the establishment, of a protective covering fire which could advance forward, disembarkation could proceed with little interference from the enemy. There was no time to be lost in executing the establishment of a bridge-head covering a wide front and the only forces adequate to undertake major offensive operations. The establishment of a beach-head, though partially intended to contribute to our defenses, in which an enemy counter-offensive in force can be met, has primarily an offensive object.

At the time of writing, the battle of the bridge-head is still in progress. Much has been accomplished owing to the consistently offensive action of our troops, which from the first has compelled the enemy to use his reserves piecemeal in fierce, costly counter-attacks, and to the delays imposed on the movements of his strategic reserves caused by attacks on his roads and air communications. The battle of the bridge-head cannot, however, be considered to have been conclusively won until all enemy attempts to forestall our major offensive operations have been defeated. All these forces, in possession of the port of Cherbourg as a guarantee that an uninterrupted flow of supplies and reinforcements will be possible, in the event of necessity, without an adequate port at which to unload them or the ports, if necessary to be landed, our armies would have to operate without railway communications.
After the D-Day Storm that Smote the Hun

THE ALLIES cracked it, then. A bulldozer (top of page) severed the “Wes Block,” a section of the “Wall” being dealt with (1) at Port en Bessin, stormed by Royal Marine Commandos during the initial landings in Normandy. Two members of an Allied tank crew stretch out for forty winks while waiting for supplies (2). The latter is making the most of the opportunity to write home (2). Letters and parcels from home reached the beach-head soon after fighting began; a batch is being sorted (3) for delivery. A score or more Frenchmen, members of the resistance movement after France collapsed in June 1940, returned to his native land again on June 14, 1944, on a visit; he toured liberated areas, and at Bayeux received a tremendous welcome (4). Thousands of men, women, and children, including the Marseillaise. Plate, British Official, Krystole

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Britain and Canada Fight as One in Normandy

WITH BRITISH TROOPS, who are seen passing a German Mark V Panther tank (1) knocked out during grim fighting in the Caen area of Normandy, Canadians with a Bren gun (4) are in the ruins of a French house (2), from which they have just ejected the Germans who held it. Canadian infantry watch for further enemy movement through a hole they have knocked out of a thick wall (3). Mounted at the edge of a cornfield, a Vickers machine-gun (5) is ready to deal with any enemy lurking ahead. Since Bayeux fell on June 8, 1944, British troops have consolidated their positions and have moved southward in battles in bocage.

Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright; Associated Press

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THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

THOUGH certain of the details have still to be filled in, enough is now known of the Allied invasion of Normandy to make it plain that it is the greatest as well as the most successful combined operation that has ever been undertaken. After all their efforts to ascertain where the blow was most likely to fall, the Germans were in the end taken by surprise. Over 4,000 ships of every kind, together with immense numbers of landing craft, were able to proceed across the Channel, breach the enemy coast defences and land large armies where desired, all without appreciable interference by the enemy sea or air forces.

This vast armada must have been collected from ports all over the United Kingdom, though the greater proportion was concentrated beforehand in southern harbours. To ensure surprise, it may be assumed that the use of wireless was restricted to a minimum; thus communications needed to be severely limited. Everybody concerned seems to have known exactly what had to be done. So that the operation of crossing the Channel and landing the troops was carried through without a hitch.

Superior sea power was the foundation on which this success was based. Not only was ample tonnage available, in the shape of merchant vessels and landing craft, to transport the troops to the beaches, but very strong naval forces were provided for duty as escorts, for the bombardment of German gun emplacements, and to clear the minefields which presented the most dangerous obstacle of all. After the landings had been completed, these naval forces continued to support the invasion by shelling enemy concentrations of tanks and artillery, and protecting the sea supply routes against attack by enemy light craft. In fact, sea power played just as important a part as it did in the North African and Sicilian landings.

In Washington it has been revealed that the contribution of the United States Navy to the operation numbered 1,500 ships, comprising the battleships Nevada, Texas and Arkansas, the heavy cruisers Augusta, Quincy and Tuculoea, over 30 destroyers, and large numbers of destroyers, escorts, transports and landing craft.

"Destroyer escort" is the official rating of an American type of escort vessel, corresponding to British frigates of the "Captive" class. British warships numbered about twice as many as American, and are known from Press reports to have included the battleships Nelson, Rodney, Warspite and Ramillies; cruisers Ajax, Apollo, Arethusa, Argonaut, Belfast, Benlona, Black Prince, Ceres, Danne, Diadem, Enterprise, Frobisher, Glasgow, Hawkins, Mauritania, Orion, Scylla, and Sirius; destroyers Algonquin, Ashanti, Beagle, Brissenden, Eskimo, Haida, Hecate, Javelin, Kelvin, Mellbreak, Scourge, Sioux, Tartar, Urania, Vindictive, Vindicta, Warden, and Wrestler; the monitor Roberts; frigates Duff, Stavanger, and Torrington; and the auxiliary Gleaner, Gleen, Glay, Hilda, Prince David and Prince Robert. Of these ships, the Algonquin, Haida, Horson, Stove, Prince David and Prince Robert belong to the Royal Canadian Navy, the growth of which since 1939 has been absolutely phenomenal. More than 200 mineweepers of various types formed an important element of this fleet, together with a number of warships belonging to our European Allies. There were the French cruisers Georges Leygues and Montcalm, with the destroyer La Compagnie, in which General de Gaulle took passage for his visit to Normandy; the Polish cruiser Draken and destroyers Bykawica, Krakowick and Piorun; the Norwegian destroyers Gladsaxle, Stord, and Svenner; and the Danish gunboats Floro and Somera. Two Italian destroyers are also believed to have been present.

One of the surprises of this operation has been the rapidity with which naval guns have knocked out shore ones. While there is no doubt that fire control methods have improved out of all knowledge since the 1914-18 war, it is still true that a gun mounted on a battery on shore has definite advantages over one in a ship. There is a limit to the amount of armour that a warship can carry, but a fort can be protected to any extent desired. A ship can be sunk, but a silenced battery can be re-established, repaired or re-managed.

Yet in the last few weeks the naval gun has triumphed every time. One reason for this has been the thoroughness of Allied reconnaissance, enabling the exact position of every gun emplacement to be ascertained, so that it can be wiped out by an overwhelming concentration of fire. Spotting of the fall of shot from the air has been developed till it is almost an exact science, depending largely upon very carefully co-ordinated communication by signal between ship and observer. Previous experience in Italy and elsewhere has also borne good fruit. Having said all this, it still remains a fact that the gunnery of the Allied warships has been exceedingly good, testimony to the keenness and trained efficiency of naval officers and men. That these statements are in no degree exaggerated may be judged from the chorus of praise for the achievements of the naval guns from the Allied armies and from independent Press observers afloat and ashore.

Up to the time of writing, no news has come of Allied naval losses, beyond the statement that two U.S. destroyers were sunk, and reports of landing craft wrecked. Though German claims in this connexion may generally be disregarded as exaggerated out of all proportion, there is no reason to be significant that on this occasion they have been unusually truthful. The other hand, have been severe, having regard to the few ships at their disposal. On June 7 three enemy destroyers were attacked by Coastal Command aircraft in the Bay of Biscay. One of these was set on fire, a second slowed down perceptibly, and a third had stopped when last seen. Attacks were also made on the same date upon coastal craft of the type which the Germans call S-boats, but which for no logical reason are commonly referred to as E-boats. Two of these were sunk and a third may have shared their fate.

A day later another enemy m.t.h.s. was attacked with rockets by fighter aircraft and was almost certainly destroyed. Off Ushant a force of German destroyers was brought to action by six British destroyers: one of the enemy ships was torpedoed and sunk and a second was driven ashore. In other encounters more than a dozen German m.t.h.s. and motor mineweepers and several armed trawlers were lost, while air attacks on the harbours of Havre and Boulogne are believed to have accounted for a good many more. Some of these losses have not been admitted by the enemy. We lost a motor torpedo boat in one engagement.
Great Sea Guns Blast Hitler’s French Coast

NAVAL NIGHT OF THE ALLIES helped to ensure success of the initial invasion landings in France on June 6, 1944, with intense bombardment of the beach-head areas, and later supported our troops advancing inland. H.M.S. Warspite, veteran British battleship, pounds the coast with her 15-in. guns (1). Chezture shore destroyers add to the softening-up process (2), and the U.S. battleship Texas joins in (3). Valuable part in the invasion operations was taken by the Royal Canadian Navy’s landing craft (4, in foreground) from H.M.C.S. Prince David, laden with Canadian troops, heads for Normandy beach. See stories in pp. 122, 123.
OFF A BEACH-HEAD in Northern France, and close to the battles there raging, one of the most significant conferences of this war took place on the afternoon of June 7, 1944. For four and a half hours, General Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, with Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Allied Naval Commander, cruised there on board a British warship. General Montgomery joined them to discuss the situation.

On Normandy Beaches Won Back from the Nazis

POWER OF OUR LIBERATING FORCES is indicated in this photograph (1) taken by a combat cameraman of the 1st U.S.A.A.F. It shows just a few of our big and little ships lying off a beach-head of Northern France, protective barrage balloons overhead. Digging in at a strong-point near the coast, British troops make themselves at home (2). Carrying bicycles, infantryman wades the few remaining yards ashore to help consolidate our hold on territory regained from the Nazis (3).

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MOUNTING TREMENDOUSLY FROM DAY TO DAY is the buildup of the Allied forces in Northern France. Above, sea lines indicate four landing-points at Luc, Langrune, St. Aubin and Barneville, where British and Canadian forces went in. On June 12, 1944, reports showed that Allied divisions along the Normandy front, starting from the western edge, included the British Sixth Airborne, the Third, the Polish (Motorized), and the U.S. First Division. On June 13, a turning point was reached, when elements of advance groups from Cherbourg to the ports of Barneville, which hastened a turning point to its tip to break into Cherbourg on June 20.
With the ‘Suicide Squads’ Who Cleared the Way

An 80-mile break in the vaunted West Wall on the Normandy coast lies at the back of our Armies in France. It can be anything buthesive, but in fantastic numbers, British and American beach-head soldiers, and how the first cricks of that beachhead were made by Royal Navy men and the Royal Marine Commandos shortly before zero hour on June 6, 1944.

WRESTLING inland on their stomachs, blackened faces within an inch of the ground, a number of men who had been secretly landed in darkness at a point on the French coast went calmly about their work—probing here and there with special instruments, making notes and generally behaving as do fantastic visions in an uneasy dream. Nonetheless they continued their crawl, and no crack of a shot to indicate that their movements had been spotted by a German sentry.

Half a mile or more in different directions, members of this silent party continued to probe the beaches until they were satisfied their mission was well and truly completed. Assembled at last at the appointed rendezvous back at the sea-edge they packed up their instruments and the soil-samples which these had secured, put away their notes and departed for Britain, as mysteriously as they had arrived.

These “bright lads” (as one of them described his adventurous party) were civilian scientists, and the information and specimens they brought back were used to prepare a series of antidotes to be used by the medical personnel who would have to treat the wounded ashore.

A great deal had been learned of the nature of the ground and of the defences where our landings might possibly take place, through innumerable photographs secured by low-flying planes of the R.A.F. and, appertaining to the topography and terrain characteristics, old French books—some published before the 18th century—had yielded much that was of use. This midnight crawl of the scientists over Hitler’s weapon-bristling beaches added the final foodlines and marginal notes. Summed up, all this diversely gathered information resulted in invasion-rehearsals in Britain which went far towards ensuring the success of our troops.

From the crawling scientists’ painstaking charting was discovered where treacherously soft patches of beach would be encountered, where booby geomet and slippery clay and firm or shifting sand would have to be negotiated. The beach obstacles they had sketched were reproduced on British beaches and assaulted by way of rehearsal. Landings were practised on British coastline stretches and one officer observer has recorded how his craft was among the few that met with dire misfortune:

Her bottom had been ripped by one of the thousands of obstacles. With the water spilling over her engine-room plates, and her engines out of action, the Commanding Officer decided to beach her. At low tide it would be possible to get her up and make the passage back to her home-port and carry on with the “shuttle service.” The tide crested a low barrier, to reveal an amazing sight on the beaches. Thousands of wrecked craft, broken and mangled, littered the coasts like stacked rifles, had been driven into the clay and sand. Their jagged edges at high tide either barely protruded above the water or, more often, were just submerged. Between these mud-yielding states were driven into the beach to which ships, mines, and other underwater traps had been attached. How so few craft had sustained relatively serious damage was a miracle. That there was not a single landing-craft larger than the smallest assault craft—and of these there were very few—actually sunk, throughout our sector, was a tribute to those who designed and built them, as well as to the seamanship of the crews.

Bulldozers smashed down, and mobile cranes tore away from their stands and started at top speed to enable successive waves of assault craft to come in. There were great lines of bars, and barbed wire, and tanks, and earthworks to blast passages through concrete or mosquito sea-walls in which some places were about 30 feet wide, with men thick—though nothing like a continuous “wall” was anywhere encountered. This solid “wall,” as popularly visualized was a phantom of Nazi bluff; but what there was of it crumbled and splintered throughout invasion day and intermittently throughout the night and next morning, and mines of every description continued to detonate.

Occasionally—" said another war reporter— "there was not quite one, but not often. Then a man or vehicle would hit it off, and the man goes to a hospital or a grave, and the vehicle to a repair crew or junk heap." . . . Salute to the Brave!

ENORMOUS EXPLOSIONS occurred on the French beaches as enemy mines were touched off by men of those of the Royal Navy. As members of Landing Craft Obstacle Clearence teams, in co-operation with the Royal Marine Commandos and other units, they met with no great difficulties. The only two obstacles in the path of our assault troops. How these “suicide squads”—on D-Day—and subsequently—will be told in this page. PAGE 107. Photo, British Official. CROWN COPYRIGHT.
'Blimey, it's Churchill!' the Soldiers Said

TO SEE FOR HIMSELF, Mr. Churchill crossed the Channel in the destroyer H.M.S. Kelvin and spent seven hours ashore on the Normandy beach-head on June 14, 1944. With him went General Viscount Montgomery, of South Africa, and Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, G.C.B., D.S.O., Chief of the Imperial General Staff. On the way across H.M.S. Kelvin bombarded a German position.

Mr. Churchill chats to Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke (1). From the deck which brings him ashore the Premier sets foot on French soil, to be warmly greeted by an army of people "mobbed" by working parties of Army and Navy men as he tours a captured town (5). German planes came over, but were engaged and driven off; the Premier, General Smuts, General Montgomery and Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, were at the air battle (6). General Montgomery obtains information from fishermen (5) at a captured port.

Photos, British and U.S. Official.
Reinforcements Move Up to the Western Front

IT MIGHT BE A COUNTRY LANE IN ENGLAND with carefree soldiers on a routine march. But the scene is Normandy, and these infantrymen of ours are moving up to frontline positions. British divisions now engaged in France include the 6th Airborne, and the 3rd and 16th (Northumbrian). The latter was in the spearhead of the British assault on D-Day, earning high praise for "a first-class performance in the face of very adverse conditions and stout enemy opposition." The 7th British Armoured Division also is near our shores.
Miracles of Planning Behind the Great Invasion

No less renowned a warrior than Marshal Stalin has paid tribute to the brilliant success of our invasion. "Western Europe has never been in such a state of confusion," he said, "as in August." And indeed, the invasion had been so well planned and executed that it appears to have been a surprise to the Germans.

During that period the pattern of our movement began to emerge. From combined operations at St. Nazaire in March 1944, and in August at Dieppe, much was learned. The lay-out of the supposedly formidable West Wall was revealed in its secrets to the British Intelligence Staffs. Invasion maps, covering all parts of Western Europe where operations might eventually take place, were prepared by the million; this work practically every firm in Britain whose plant was capable of, or could be adapted to, the printing of maps was employed by the Survey Department of the War Office, the greatest precautions meanwhile being taken against leakage of any scrap of information likely to be of use to the enemy.

Operations against Sicily and the Italian mainland followed the Casablanca Conference of early 1943. At the end of March of last year the 44th "Second Front" preparations entered on a new and vigorous phase. An Anglo-American staff representing all three Services (Army, Navy and Air) made an accounting of all resources that would be available early in 1944, and compiled plans for the invasion.

A general scheme was submitted to British and U.S. Chiefs of Staff, and finally approved by the Prime Minister and Mr. Roosevelt at the Quebec Conference in August 1943. Administrative preparations then went forward apace, special training of the forces was speeded up, and co-ordination by air and naval forces was arranged to the satisfaction of General Eisenhower, who assumed the appointment of Supreme Commander in January 1944. Upon him devolved responsibility for deciding, as far as the actual date of the assault.

Supply and provisioning and transport all had to be fitted into the master plan. Here entered administrative problems of the very first magnitude—the concentration of large troop formations in areas near to points of embarkation, with the minimum dislocation of the civilian population, to be followed by the movement of the concentrated troops to marshalling areas, where they would be divided into assault troops, first reinforcements and follow-ups and then split into unit parties and craft loads for embarkation. Coastal shipping for the cross-Channel transport of troops had to be arranged for, with the "robbery of the countryside" by which we mean the wherewithal to obtain essential supplies for home and factory use. Loading berths and sheds to be constructed to add to berthing facilities, tanks, tank artillery, necessitated the employment of much specialized labour, and special motor-boat companies had to be organized. For every lorry drivers instruction had to be thorough about the water from the assault craft was necessary.

One simple type of craft from which troops could be disembarked was the "rahib" or infantry battalion. But their vehicles, and tanks, and artillery, necessitated the employment of manifolds of craft. These must all be at the right spot at the right moment, and in sufficient numbers. One problem in connexion with the landing of vehicles on the French coast was that of getting them to the Directorate of Mechanical Engineering, until a system of waterproofing was evolved. This not only protected vehicles against the corrosive effects of sea water, but enabled the engines to function in the water in which the craft may be not ordinarily adapted.

That our tankers and our regular landing craft, the Normandy shore through six feet of water is due to the largest of every sort of work this war. Chiefly, this task of waterproofing the invasion vehicles fell to the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Enough steel plate was used in the process to lay an armoured road from London to Berlin, and it was produced by the round-the-clock efforts of our combined steel sheet-rolling industries. Army and civilian lorries to the number of 250 were engaged for eight weeks in transporting the material from the factories and handling it to the beach, and the 500,000 components the R.A.O.C. received and assembled and then issued to some 5,000 different depots for fitting.

Installation was complicated by the need for medical equipment, and was necessarily arranged for the transport of the sick and the wounded from the beaches. The relative importance of the air and by land was, after a hitch, thanks to the Psammophores, General's forethought; and within a day or two of the landing letters were being collected from the delivery boxes and letters were being received by the "boys" who shared the brilliant triumphs of those early June days.

WATERPROOFING our assault vehicles for the dash to the Normandy coast was a high-speed job in which our teams were at their best. The job of the lorry is being prepared for the waterproofing process.
Allied Tanks and Equipment Pour into Normandy

Shepherded across the English Channel by the Allied Navies under Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, tanks and equipment in ever-increasing quantities land on wide stretches of the Invasion Coast in broad daylight. With barrage balloon protection, calmly and methodically the work of unloading goes on. Many vehicles, such as the tanks in the top photograph, have been specially waterproofed to keep their mechanism unaffected by immersion in deep water as they drive ashore.
Foothold Gained on the Northern Coast of France—

Under cover of naval and air bombardment, American assault troops plough through the surf from a landing craft (1) on June 6, 1944, to the shore, where they are here seen from the air (2). Confronted by withering enemy fire they take cover behind beach obstacles (3). At the end of a day of very heavy combat in one beach sector, they gained a hundred yards of ground, "hanging on by their eyelids" declared General Montgomery; but a few days later they were 10 miles inland.

Our Men are All Set for the Liberation of Europe

British infantry and Red Cross personnel (4) wade in from the sea in the wake of comrades who are battling their way inland through the Normandy countryside. Tug-pontoon and gliders swarm overhead (5) carrying more reinforcements, while landing craft lie close inshore. In the first 24 hours the battle of the beaches was won; in a week the Allied front extended 50 miles, with maximum depth of 15 miles, crowning with triumph the greatest combined operation in history.
Canadians Contribute to the Haul of Prisoners

In six days from the landing prisoners numbered 90,000. This wayside station in Normandy (top) was a German strongpoint. It is now in Canadian hands, and the lined-up prisoners await marching orders. They were still preparing an "impregnable defence" when the blow fell. Another score half-dozen (bottom) are seen with their guards; in the background, casualties receive attention. The Western Canadian Infantry Brigade formed part of the British 3rd Division.
by Hamilton Fyfe

A Swedish statesman some centuries ago was sending his son out into the world and giving him advice. Better advice than Polonius gave Laertes, though that was not bad. Ostenstierna said, "Don’t believe what you are told by men. Get to know for yourself. Make up your own mind. Then you will be astonished to find how little wisdom the world is governed." I suppose few ages have had more glaring examples of this than the one in which we live in.

I have been reading a book which shows how the muddles and intrigues of politicians made possible the attempt Japan is taking to become all-powerful in the Pacific. That attempt could not have been made, says Willard Price in his Japan’s Islands of Mystery (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), if the mandate for protecting these territories which stretch across the ocean for thousands of miles had not been given by the 1919 Peace Conference to Japan. The risk of doing this was not evident from some American minds. President Wilson felt they might be a threat to the United States. But secret treaties between British and Japanese statesmen were being set up standing against this gift of enormous value to Japan. It indeed appeared probable that there would be no mandate.

It was laid down in the mandate that the islands should not be fortified or used as naval bases. This, even less than the question of the “so-called” islands of Micronesia which means the Caroline Islands, was a clause of the League of Nations, "comfortably leather-chinned in Geneva," for not keeping a closer watch and discovering that Japan treated this mandate as a mandate. He does not find the secret diplomacy that poisoned the islands of the first stage of the mandate, in 1914, when the rising of many ghosts which haunted President Wilson at the peace table. "He blamed ‘American vacillation and lack of clear-cut policy’ for the failure to safeguard American interests in the islands of the Pacifi, by setting territories vital to the security of those interested.”

When the U.S.A. fought and beat Spain, the islands were part of the spoils of victory. All that the U.S.A. kept were the Philippines and Guam. The rest was returned to Spain. Spain paid the U.S.A. $2,000,000. The Germans were more energetic than the Spaniards had been.

The German period had been largely a regime of priests who forced their religion upon the inhabitants with the bloody assistance of soldiers. Rebellions were frequent.

The Germans worked up the trade in dried coconut (copra) and were making a profit when the 1914 war came. Then Japan’s rush to and seized Micronesia (the Little Islands) before British ships on the same errand could reach them. The Japanese made it quite clear they meant to hold them, if necessary to fight for them. So the easy way out seemed to be to give them the mandate to take care of them. Japan did this technique, to the interest of the inhabitants but of its own ambitions.

Not only did they make the islands strong for use in war; they also introduced new methods in cultivation and new crops which have increased the yield. They have introduced economic revolution. Production of copra has been improved and quickened. Some of the finest sugar in the world is grown. Tapioca, used by cake and confectionery makers everywhere in powdered form, has been planted on what seemed bare land. Pineapples and pigs are raised in vast numbers. That is an example of wisdom in government, but the Japanese spoil it by their criminal folly of believing they can make profit out of war.

Willard Price and his wife managed to see a good deal of Micronesia in spite of the obstacles thrown in the way of anyone who wanted to visit there. A German who got in some ten years ago complained that he had been followed about wherever he went. The explanation offered was that he had been discovered to be tuberculosis, and it was necessary to take great care of him. He mistrusted hospitality for shadowing! Another traveler, a U.S. colonel of Marines, disappeared and was stated to have drunk himself to death, but the general belief was that the Japanese disposed of him. Willard Price says that in all these islands it is true that there is a large number of people who do not know how to live.

A mong some of the islanders head-hunting still goes on. I have often wondered what its origin could have been. It is now practised as a kind of sport. How it started was explained by one of the "kings." At a time when there was not enough to eat—"too many people, too little food"—each group of tribesmen tried to thin out the population by killing as many of other tribes as they could. Warriors were sent out to trap warriors, women or children, and fall on them unawares. "If we could stop a young mouth from a lifetime of eating, it was even better than stopping an old one." So Karl Marx called economic warfare was waged in its simplest form in Palau.

The South Seas have been described so often as earthly paradises that it will surprise and shock most people to learn that the natives are an unhealthy lot. Everywhere the population is decreasing. "Long time ago," lamented a chief, "only old men died; now young men die." They die from disease of the stomach and lungs. They die from leprosy, dysentery, venereal complaints. These last have been most prevalent in the Mariana Islands, as tuberculosis was, by white people. But they have only themselves to blame for weakening their constitutions by living in thatched-roof huts, which are shut up tightly in bad weather and at all times are damp, frantic and dark.

Their ancestors taught them to plunge fever sufferers in the sea to cool them, and to lay anyone with a chill on them as close as possible to a fire. They still do it. Some of them wash their dead chieft’s bodies after death and drink the water, hoping to acquire his strength. So much was their religious capacity diminished by illness that the Japanese in self-defence established up-to-date hospitals and efficient health centres.

It is impossible to avoid thinking that the islanders would be better off if white men had never found them. One of the most intelligent whom Mr. Price talked to deplored the "blessings" supposed to have been brought to them. He said they got on very well without them. They were contented and quiet. Now they were being made restless, anxious to be doing something, even if it was quite useless. "On the athletic field near the school a track has been made where boys may run round in a circle. That is what civilization is—running round in a circle."

But if the people are in many ways disappointingly, the beauty of the scenery cannot be gainsaid. We were able to see a considerable part of the Japanese naval base, as a fortress bristling with guns, grim and horrid, it is in truth more wretched even than the island. It is a cluster of 245 islands in a vast iridescent lagoon surrounded by a coral reef." Once there was a huge volcano here. Its summit was divided up into many summits. The land gradually subsided; only the tops of the mountains were left above water. These are now Truk. The summit is 80 feet below the water level, while the volcanic remnants are like towers and minarets, cloaked from seas to summit with breadfruit and banana trees, coconut palms, scarlet bougainvillées and crinoline blossom. Here is "the deep blue South Sea sky," Mr. Price says if he could choose a spot in which to spend eternity, he would think twice about Truk.

It would have to be de-Japped, of course. Well, it will be. And then we must hope white people will be careful not to make such plans here as they made in the past—with the result that we are tangled up in this world war.
ONE AFTER ANOTHER towns and villages of Normandy have had the Nazi yoke lifted by the advancing Allied armies. Le Mesnil, a small commercial town some three miles inland (1), was captured on June 19, 1944. Cheering the Allies on with flowers and two little girls presented bouquets to the officers who addressed them (2). Capture of Bayeux on June 6 deprived the enemy of the most direct line of communication from the Cherbourg peninsula to the valley of the Seine (3). In the operations in the area around Carpinet, key transport and communication centre (4), which the Allies first entered on June 12. The town of Hérouville (5) was taken on June 6. See map on p. 106.

Photos, British and U.S. Official; and Associated Press

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We Have Won Battle of the Beaches—Montgomery

The situation today is that these landings that we have made on the coast of Normandy have all been joined up into a solid line—a continuous lodgment area from right to left.

The violence and the power and the speed of our initial assault carried us right over the beaches and some miles inland very quickly, except in one special case. On these beaches there were concrete defenses and in a great many cases the were passed with enemy parapets remaining in them.

I said beforehand that every man must be imbued with one idea and that was to penetrate quickly and deeply into enemy country and peg out claims inland. The conception that you land on the beaches and get a little bridgehead, then dig in—that is no good. You must penetrate quickly and deeply. Those defended localities which still held out when we were three miles inland had to be dealt with and reduced later.

In that process we had losses, but because they were held by short-hearted Germans who fought very well indeed in their concrete-built boxes.

On the beach where the landing of American troops took place east of the Caen-Avricourt, they found a German field division which had been brought up from behind to thicken the coastal crust and was in process of carrying out an exercise. Very heavy fighting went on on the American beach on D-Day, swimming back and forwards, and by the evening the landing troops were not more than ten yards inland, hanging on by their eyelids... Today these troops are miles inland.

The situation was retrieved by three things: (1) the gallantry of the American soldiers; (2) by the very fine supporting fire given from the sea by the Allied Navy; and (3) by the very good fighter-bombers, who came down low to shoot up the Germans at close range. I should think that the retrieving of that situation from a very difficult and unsatisfactory situation to a very good one is probably one of the finest things that has been done in this operation.

The Western Canadian Infantry Brigade, which is part of the British Third Division, has been in the thick of the fighting since the first day. The brigade landed on the beaches, went right away to its objective inland and still stands there.

The support given to our armies by the Navy and Air Force has been superb—without it we could not have done it. The heavy bombing of the Festoons and the other bombers was one of the big factors which made our getting on shore as quickly as possible. Our soldiers, American and British—have already got the measure of the enemy.

From a talk by Gen. Montgomery to War Correspondents in Normandy. June 12, 1944.
Heart of a Fallen Empire Beats Freely Again—

TEN YEARS AFTER OUR NEW OFFENSIVE in Italy, which was launched on May 23, 1944, the Allies entered Rome. Mussolini’s balcony, from which the ex-dictator was wont to harangue his crowd, provides our troops with a grandstand (1). General Mark Clark, Commander of the 5th Army (in jeep/delf), talks to a priest outside St. Peter’s (2). Transport in front of the monument to King Victor Emmanuel II (3) is also marks the Italian Unknown Soldier’s grave. Romans greet our troops (4).
—As Allies Reach the End of the Road to Rome

ARMOUR OF THE 5th ARMY rolls past the ancient Colosseum in Rome, which our victorious troops occupied on the night of June 4, 1944, while clearing Italians from the pavement. Before the liberation, Rommel's forces were retreating miles in the north, pursued by our advance mobile columns and battered by our air forces. The Colosseum, erected by the Roman emperor Vespasian in A.D. 72, was inaugurated in A.D. 80, by Titus, whose armies at that time were occupying part of Germany.
How We Smashed Into Western Europe

How went the first hours of D-Day, in this personal account, glimpses are given of some of the actions not incident, that made June 6, 1944, memorable as the actual commencement of the greatest combined operation known to mankind—the mighty assault on Hitler's hated fortress in the West to free the enslaved peoples of Europe.

I parachuted into Europe at two minutes past one a.m., this morning, six-and-a-half hours before our seaborne forces began the full-blown invasion of Festung Europa, and I have seen, done, and experienced a lot since then.

I was near the shore, hiding from Nazi patrols as I watched our first forces go ashore from the sea at 7:15. I have seen a few thousand paratroops and glider-borne troops, whom I nominate now as the bravest, most tenacious men I have ever known, hold the bridgehead against Hitler's armies for over sixteen hours despite overwhelming odds.

Our job as an airborne force was to silence a vital coastal battery, which if still in operation might have blown our ships to bits as they came to the shore. We silenced it.

And our other just as vital job was to secure two important bridges over the canal and river north of Caen, to prevent them from being blown up, and to hold them against all-cornered until the main Arromanches arrived. We are still holding them. They are still intact.

I exclaimed in "C for Charlie," a great black bomber, at 11:20 p.m., and we took our place in the taxi-ing line of planes that stretched from one end to the other of one of the biggest airfields in Britain. There were Lancashire men, Yorkshiremen and Northumbrians mostly in our "stick" of paratroopers, the beefy bunch of armed men I have ever seen. Preceding them by half an hour were the gliders and planes of paratroopers who were going to make a do-or-die attempt to take vital bridges before they could be blown up. Those gliders were going to crash themselves on the buttresses of the bridges themselves, and then, aided by paratroopers, were to capture the bridges and all surrounding land. It was our job to bring them aid within thirty minutes of their surprise attack, and to "infest" the whole area for a hundred square miles around to prevent the Nazis from counter-attacking.

It was five minutes to one when the light snapped off and a hole in the plane was opened. Under it we could see the coast of France below—and a parish sight it was, life flack from the coast defences was spouting flame everywhere. In great globs of red and purple it burst all round our place as it coasted in and down to the dropping zone. And we were scared by it—until the red light flashed before our eyes and then swiftly changed to green, and we were all madly shuffling down the hole and jumping into space. I looked, as I twisted down, for the church I had been told to spy for a landmark, and for the wood where we were later going to rendezvous as a fighting force. But the wind had caught me, and I was whirling out east. Faster and faster I twisted, and I had to wrestle with my straps to get me straight. By that time I had come down in an orchard outside a farmhouse. And as I stood up

with my harness all off and the sweat off my body, I wiped the hair-brained face, I hoisted on my pack, and I asked: "Dare I go to the farmhouse and ask for directions?"

Suddenly there was a rip in my pack and I was jumping-smoke, and I flung myself to the ground as machine-guns rattled.

There was silence, then two more smashing explosions. Hand-grenades, this time. I could see figures moving on in the moonlight. I dove into the next field, and began to run to the church. And then, suddenly, at the farther edge there were two more figures. They were coming towards me, and they were carrying guns. What might have happened is one of those "ifs" of my private history—only there was a crash of Sten gun fire instead, and both men crumpled up not fifteen yards from me. Into the field stealthily came five men to challenge me—and I was with our own paratroopers again.

For two long, weary hours we wandered the country. We hid from German patrols in French barns. We shot-up a Nazi car speeding down a lane. When we were lying in a ditch on the outskirts of a village, a youth appeared with a German flask full of Normandy wine and, after we had drunk it, he led us, by a roundabout route, away from the enemy. And just after 3 a.m. we made our rendezvous—the bridges. Over both the river and the canal, spans were in our hands and firmly held by paratroop machine-guns. Only beyond, in the west country, could tracer be seen and the noise of battle heard as we kept back a Nazi counter-attack. And then, at 3:20 every Allied paratrooper behind the so-called Atlantic Wall breathed a sigh of relief as he heard the roar of bombers coming in low, the sound of guns, and saw towing gliders towards the dropping ground.

We watched them in the pale moonlight and glare of flak, unhooking, and then diving steeply for earth. We saw one, caught by ack-ack, catch fire and fly around for three or four minutes, a ball of flame. We heard the crunch of breaking matchwood as gliders bounced on rocks and careened into still-undestroyed poles. Out of every glider men were pouring, and jeeps, and anti-tank guns and field guns—and we knew that if Nazi tanks did come now we could hold them.

And now, as a faint glow began to appear in the eastern sky, our eyes turned upwards and westwards. For there was a roaring that rapidly grew to a thunderous roll that never stopped. We knew the climax of phase one of the invasion was approaching now. Here were bombers, swarming in like bees to give the Nazi coastal defences their last softening-up before our seaborne forces landed. And what a sight it was to see. We were about two and a half hours out of the Madden of explosions lifted us off the ground, tore the dip and hit me in my flaps and purple glow from burning Nazi dumps, and still more bombers swarmed in.

As dawn came I moved across country.
It was 4.15 a.m. Mortars and machine-guns shattered. I was aroused by one desire to get back home. Suddenly: "Push ahead, and find out if you can see any ship. If you can, call me, but if you lose sight of her, just keep silent" came the voice of a captain who had come over in our glider. "Don't call me until I have a chance to see if I still slung, feeling very weak. I drew myself forward with my hands, which were cut and pierced and stung by nettles. I parted some reeds, and the rustle brought bursts of machine-gun fire and bullets from a sniper across the field. I continued to inch along the ditch, getting wetter, colder and more hungry.

At 4 p.m. the ditch was still my shelter. I did not move out of it all day. In my crawling I met Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Schellhammer, of New York. He had been in my glider and I felt a little better. We were able to get out of the ditch and ..."

through Nazi patrols to get nearer to the coast. Wherever we moved there were traces of our airborne invasion. Emptyed containers, still burning their signal lights, were scattered in fields and orchards.

Wrecked gliders littered the ground, some of them splintered to matchwood. There were parachutes lying everywhere. Eventually we reached high ground overlooking the coast.

I WENT WITH THE FIRST GLIDER-BORNE TROOPS

I landed with the first glider forces in the invasion. It was dark, it was deadly, and we landed in a country of sinking swamps and hidden snipers. Almost the whole time I was there I had to take evasive action from the enemy. I crawled as I have never crawled before. When I left the fighting area I left behind me my face print in the mud of Normandy's ditches.

I went over with the first glider group from Britain before dawn on D-Day. Never before had I been in a glider, and my own experience has shown me that the men who fly in gliders are among the world's toughest. They risk a crash landing, to start with, and are usually given a hot reception because the enemy has been put on the alert by the prior arrival of paratroops. We took off in the dark with scores of large transport planes hauling the heavily loaded gliders off the airstrip at intervals of about 20 seconds.

We headed into heavy weather towards France. The glider heaved and pitched. Soldiers on either side of me were sick. I chewed gum vigorously, according to directions, swallowed some seaweed pills and tried to think of something funny. I couldn't. The aerial procession was a sight I shall never forget. The sky looked like a giant Christmas tree, aglow with heaving clusters of red and green lights. In a little over two hours we reached the French coast, which was ablaze with light. We approached by an indirect route. Then it began. Pluck started ripping through the fabric sides of our glider, but no one was bit despite our slow pace and low altitude.

Suddenly we went into a sickening dive as we dropped out tow-line. "Hold tight. We're going down!" yelled the pilot. Great balls of fire started to stream through our glider as we cleared to land. I loosened my safety belt to remove my Mae West and could not get it fastened in the excitement. I was thrown to the floor at our glider smashed and jolted on the earth, slid across a field and crashed into a ditch. For a moment I lay stunned, but the red-hot zip of machine-gun bullets an inch or two above my head revived me in a hurry. I took a wild dive out of the emergency door and fell into a ditch, waist-deep in sinking water overlaid with swam.

Storming Ashore with the 50th Division

We landed soon after seven a.m. on June 6, from an assault craft. As our line of craft approached the shore the Navy's guns were blazing and smashing shells into fortifications guarding the strip of the beach we had to take. Just ahead of us, tank landing-craft were already inshore and tanks were racing up the shingle. German 88-mm. cannons got on to them and there were several direct hits which knocked out the tanks. Others came.

We had no time to see how they got on, as our craft were by this time bumping on to the beach. Three hundred yards ahead of us was a concrete wall about 20 feet high. It was really a road embarkment with a road running along the top. It was embossed and the Jerrics were lining the top and petting away at us, sweeping with their machine-guns and hurling down hand-grenades as we swept forward.

Several of our lads fell, but we dashed forward and got under the base of the wall where the Jerrics couldn't get at us. More of our landing-craft were coming inshore. I took a glimpse backward and saw one go up in flames. It had hit one of their underwater obstructions. I had seen these poking up out of the water as we came in, but we missed them. They were long ramps sticking up from the sea-bottom like inclined planes, and intended to rip the bottoms out of our craft. In addition they had bottles of explosive attached to the protruding end, which went up on contact. It was one of these that appeared at one place that I saw go up.

I was fighting hard to stop us landing, but soon the beach was swarming with our chaps. My party worked along the base of the wall and then charged over the open beach. There was sloping ground away on our left on which led up to a higher ground where the wall petered out. We fought our way up this slope and got into the good ground above the foot of the Jerrics. The wood was cleft-crossed with new stone walls, just like the stone walls behind these walls and they let us
H.M.S. ROODNEY hurled 18-in. shells at the Normandy coast while backed-craft sped to the beaches under cover of the terrific bombardment from her guns and those of other Allied warships (see story below):Two men with their eyes glued to their powerful binoculars mounted in the control tower from which the fire of this battleship is directed shouted together: "There he goes again!" as a winking light on the shoulder of the skyline this afternoon betrayed a powerful German gun in action. It had obviously been dragged into position overnight to take the place of the battery which we had knocked clean out with our 15-inch salvos yesterday. The new arrivals had dug themselves in near the old position probably because no other so completely commanded our beaches.

They had no intention of interfering with us. Seeing the devastation of our coast so near them, they probably had a healthy respect for our gunnery, but they betrayed their activity by a few expectant rangings shots which they put out to sea. What they wanted to do was to take advantage of the hazy distance between us and them to get on with their real job of harassing the beach as efficiently as possible, knowing that we cannot answer back. It was part of the schedule of the cruisers Froebisher and Scylla to investigate certain targets reported to them by aircraft, and so they were instructed as they passed nearby to let the new occupants have a few salvos. It was hoped that the Germans would return the fire and so give us an opportunity of marking them down accurately for the attention of our heavier guns. I was in the director control tower when one of the gunnery officers' team reported: "Froebisher has opened fire, sir!" "Now we will see if Jerry accepts the bait," said the gunnery officer ("Guns"). It was a few seconds later that the cry went up from the watchers, of whom I happened to be one. The new, and very temporary, tenants bit all right, and the tell-tale gun flashes from the all but invisible skyline were quickly translated into a target for our "B" turret. Distance, angle of sight and a dozen other readings were transmitted to the G.T. "Table" in the bowels of the ship from which all the guns get their instructions. Another of our team had noted the fall of shot about the two cruisers.

It was too close to be healthy, and from the splashes we judged the guns to be 5-9-in. or 6-1-in., big pieces to have got into position so quickly unless they were mobile. The Germans had taken the bait wholly, and flash after flash revealed them as they tried to pin down the weaving cruisers. I took my eyes from the binoculars for a second to peer through my armoured slit at the blistered and blackened barrels of the old 'Sprint's' guns. They were already trained on the 'new tenants,' cocked so aggressively that when I sat at feet above the captain's bridge I could almost look down their grated muzzle. They were only waiting the order of Captain Kelsey to get out the inferno of flame and brown smoke spreading their ton-weight of high explosive to its billlet. "Open fire!" came the order from the bridge. The Director-Layer—an experienced warrant officer—pressed a foot-pedal which can fire all the main armament in one mighty broadside.

Two ranging shells went screaming away through the volume of smoke and flame which filled everything from our view temporarily. "Guns" imperceptibly noted the passage of the rounds it was amazing how the whole crew could feel you exactly when the projectiles were going to burst. "Splash!" rang out "Guns," using the technical slang to indicate that the shot had fallen; and peering through my binoculars I saw two fountains of grey smoke spring up from the side of the hill. We were 'right for line as they say, but a little short." 'Up zee' and 'right one' were the instructions that sent the next two ranging shots screeching on their path. Then whizzes of delight rang through the D.C.T. as the next salvo spurred high above the horizon, exactly where we had seen the gun flashes of the 'new tenants.' "That will make them think again, but let them have another for luck." I said "Guns." Away screamed another salvo and with it the 'old hands' began to be really dull and way still echoing faintly back at us the German battery flashed again. "Wait until this one reaches you!" Again we seemed dead on the target, and behind the dun-coloured bursts of our shells a streamer of Hanging smoke spread and drifted to leeward in a heavy pall.
We Carried Canadian
Troops to the Beaches.

They look like beer bottles, these mines, and they are coloured blue. They hang on tripods stuck in shallow approaches to the beaches, and you see them if you approach at low tide. They do not hurt fair-sized ships, but if you are in small assault, landing craft you have a tough go of it; but if it is at all possible you carry out your assignment—to deliver Troops. That was the problem for the Canadians selection of tanks that had been charged with bringing Canadian assault troops to the beaches when Western Europe was invaded this morning.

I was aboard H.M.C.S. Prince David when we launched our assault on the coast of France and giant davits dropped her landing craft. The Canadians landed their craft charmed away in a perfect line, and the Canadians in them tightened their grips on their weapons—members of the crew, youngsters from every part of Canada and veterans of the Navy and commerce.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

Throughout the twelve days’ interval, between the break-out from the Anzio beach-head and the capture of Rome, aircraft of the No. 1 Tactical Air Force of the Mediterranean Allied Air Command scoured the roads leading to the battle area from enemy-occupied Italy to destroy enemy road communications. During the Allied attack against the German Army, Kesselring’s supply problem became so acute that he was forced to use road transport by day, whereas formerly he had kept his road conveyances hidden by day and moved them only at night. The fighter-bombers and medium-bombers sought their targets with pitiless efficiency. By night the roads were lit by parachute flares. Allied aircraft were flying over 3,000 sorties daily; verse weather reports curbed a postponement for 24 hours. The delay was not for flying weather, but for sea weather for the landing craft. This gave the air bombardment forces a further 24 hours for preparing the "softening-up" of the enemy-held zone. On June 5, up to 750 Fortresses and Liberators with about 500 escorting fighters attacked bridges, rail communications and radio towers. Mustangs bombed German army lorries. Thunderbolts bombed bridges, railway intersections and locomotives at Conflans, Gisors, Mézières, Boulogne, and Mers; factories at Conflans and Juziers; and a radio station at Louviers.

By June 6, 72 railroad and 9 road bridges had been destroyed, and only one railway and 5 road bridges were standing across the hammering coast defences, roads, rail bridges, and troop concentrations. More than 10,000,000 tons of bombs were dropped in 7,500 sorties in weather which compelled low flying. Never were there fewer than 200 fighters over the battle area.

Mr. Churchill stated that the Allied air force operating against the German army in this operation was over 11,000 in strength, a world record force. R.E. Pioneers and R.A.F. Servicing Commandos landed with the first troops, and in three days Spitfires were flying from landing strips in Normandy. The bombing forces were speedily larger day by day, even bombing areas where German snipers were secreted. Wounded began to be evacuated by air ambulances.

Strategic air power has been applied in recent weeks to reduce the enemy oil reserves. This strategy worked well against Rommel before the final victory in North Africa. In the Mediterranean, it was fruitful over Europe, from Poiesi oilfields to synthetic oil plants in Germany, and stories of oilfields in Austria and Hungary. Berlin was bombed three nights running—June 9, 10, and 11—by Mosquitoes with 4,000-lb. bombs, and on June 16 by Bomber Command’s heaviest force. More than 1,000 Fortresses and Liberators screened by up to 1,000 Mustangs, Lightnings and Thunderbolts, bombed Berlin by day on June 21.

On June 13, Germany began bombing Southern England with platoonless bombers, p-planes for short. These weapons, constructed mainly in steel, are not radio-controlled, but directed by an automatic pilot, set before take-off. Here they differ from the radio-controlled Germany’s which are launched from concrete platforms heavily protected against bombing. Their take-off is assisted, probably by rocket accelerators. More will be known about launching methods following the inspection of platforms overrun by Allied forces in the Cherbourg peninsula, an area wherein more than a quarter of the robot-planes’ launching sites.

The present p-plane fuselage is 21½ ft. long, with a maximum width of 32 inches. Wing span is 16 ft. They are petrol-driven and jet propelled by a reaction unit mounted above the tail’s. They have a range of 200 miles, and 150 m.p.h. A thrumming noise accompanies their flight. The exhaust shows as a glow and flash behind the tail; when this "light" goes out (i.e. when the engine stops) the p-plane dives and the synchronized explosion follows from five to fifteen seconds later.

The explosive, carried in a warhead rather like the marine torpedo charge—indeed, the p-plane is a real air torpedo, a hitherto much misused term—is the main weapon in front of the fuselage, bringing the overall length up to 25 ft. The explosive power is equal to a German 1,000 kilogramme (one ton) bomb. Since their introduction these missiles have been used by day, but more by night. Targets claimed by the Germans to have been attacked include London, Southampton and Portsmouth.

Since the p-plane attack began, in addition to confirmed counter-attacks and landing sites, Britain’s anti-aircraft defences—guns and fighters—have been engaged in fight. Last night fighters of the new Tempest fighter—have been organized to meet the new weapon, and many p-planes have been hit down into the sea or open country.

IT'S TIME TO INTERFERENCE with our advance in Normandy, so this photo from Hermann Schmidt’s O.E. shows the German’s principal single-engined fighters—was shot down near our lines in the Tilly-sur-Seulles sector to the southeast of Bayeux, in which neighbourhood some of the most violent armoured battles in the present fighting in France have taken place.

Photo, British Official

610 vehicles were destroyed and 561 damaged on May 26; on June 4 and 1,200 German road vehicles were destroyed.

Close cover for the armies was given over the fighting zone. Before the break-out from the Anzio beach-head a Spitfire squadron moved in to operate from a landing strip one mile from the enemy advanced positions. Dumps and stores were guarded by the R.A.F. Regiment. The cover was continuous. On June 3, M.A.A.F. Began 2,100 sorties and saw only one enemy aircraft in daylight. The German armies, almost isolated, were unable to withstand the drive of the Allied Armies. Rome was entered on June 4, 1944, and as the soldiers were entering the city about 750 bombers of the M.A.A.F., were attacking railway targets on both sides of the French-Italian frontier. Kesselring’s retreat was rapid, with aircraft pouncing at way his flying columns pulling north into Tuscany.

June 4 was the seventeenth successive day of air attack on military targets in northern France. June 5 was to have been the day of assault against the Normandy coast, but ad-
Allied Wings that Rule the Skies in Normandy

SUPPORTING OUR ASSAULT TROOPS, Marauder bombers smashed early German attempts at reinforcements of stormed beach positions in Normandy by blasting road and rail junctions, such as this one emasculated by high explosives (1), and covered our landing-craft as these beached (2). Air Marshal H. Broadhurst, D.S.O., O.B.E., A.F.C. (3) is Air Officer Commanding an R.A.F. Group operating from the first R.A.F. airstrip to be built in France since 1939, from which these Spitfires are about to take off (4).
How the Wounded Come Home from the Beaches

FIRST CASUALTIES IN FRANCE were taken in Britain on the day that the invasion commenced. A wounded man is carefully hoisted from a beach landing craft aboard a troopship lying in the Channel (1). Comfortable on bunks inside a returning tank landing craft, casualties are homeward bound (2), and eventually are helped ashore (3). An ambulance receives a stretcher case for treatment at the rear (4). An arm is bandaged at the hands of a woman doctor (5).
Editors Postscript

N. A. leaders had stowed away their ill-gotten fortunes and how large these were, says that in New York City, a shabbily shod in about such a sum, as well as the original inhabitants of America, the Indians, were the most reserved, silent, inscrutable of beings, while the present Americans seem to possess exactly opposite characteristics?

Was there anything about the name George that promised to go to heap it humorously? "Let George do it!" have long been a familiar phrase. Why should George be selected in the go at all? Who are the bidders? And why do airmen call the mechanical pilot which, in certain circumstances, can be left to direct a war plane for long distances while the pilot sits back and reads or twiddles his thumbs—why is that called "George"? Is it because there are so many front-rank fumkakers with this Christian name? George? For instance, Robey, W. George Wood, George Cochran—could you recall them out for a long time. I should guess that George is not a name many parents choose for their baby sons at present. It may join Marmaduke and Augustus Cynical, which used once to be fairly common and now are turned into jokes.

Will baseball become as popular in Britain as it is in the United States as the result of its being played here by Americans and Canadians and being taken up by British soldiers too? The last-named, I hear, are in the Middle East being provided with bats and balls and gloves in so that they can play the game properly. It is far better to watch than cricket. Something over "overs" without a run being scored. You do not have to sit and watch a game to know whether the pitch in the far-away pavilion and another walks out. The excitement at ball games in America and Canada surpasses even that of our own matches. As far as the game to play, baseball is also better than cricket, for there is not all the long waiting about while your side is batting.

POSTERS in London are telling the world that "the British Empire is founded on God's word and on Sunday. If any of the millions of Moslems, Hindus, Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists or Jews in the British Empire read that, it cannot make them feel very much at home in it. Too none of them believes the Bible to be God's Word, nor do they regard Sunday as it is regarded by a certain type of Christian. This kind of thing is ill calculated to draw the bonds of Empire more tightly among all its peoples. As to Sunday, that is misleading too. For the millions of Roman Catholics and Anglo-Catholics in the Empire do not hold at all the view as to "keeping it holy" which is held by a small number of Protestant sects. They make it a holy day, not a holy day. And if it is still taught that it is a holy day, the Almighty after He had created the world in six days and decided to rest on the seventh, how can we justify stopping work on Sunday but on the first day of the week? This kind of state of bearing theology does more harm than good, I fear.

WAR makes the "common man," as President Wilson called him, feel that he has become—for the time, at any rate—more important. The "common woman" too. Dwelhalls for the mass of us used to be put up according to the ideas of the small builder. Very poor ideas they were. Houses were built in long rows all alike, and as ugly outside as they were inconvenient within. Now housewives are censured as to what their kitchens and their parlours and their bedrooms to be like. And in Norfolk every is being asked to say what size the gardens attached to council houses ought to be. Some want an acre, others say one-sixth of an acre would be as much as they could manage to cultivate. The latter is in the line of the average allotment. Some people, not only men, but women, too, are anxious to cope with the allotment patches, but it means hard work. If the worker has only spare time to devote to it a couple of day's work, say, or if between the manful labours of keeping a house going on a fifty-fifty basis, by 180, is too large. An acre would mean a whole-time job, I should think. Few people have any notion how large an acre looks. It will be instructive to see what the general opinion in Norfolk turns out to be.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. E. VANDENBERG of the U.S.A.A.F. was appointed Deputy Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Expeditionary Air Force on April 19, 1944. At this time, he was commanding the Ninth Air Force. His decorations include the D.S.M., D.F.C. Legion of Merit and Air Medal.

All Americans who have come to this country of late express surprise at the quiet way in which we accept the tidings of great events in the war. All Britons who have been in the United States recently comment on the excitability of the population, their readiness to fly off the handle either at good news or bad, and to swallow absurd stories when there is no news at all. For instance, the story printed in a Washington journal about the talk of a Second Front was merely intended to scare the enemy seems to have been widely credited and talked about in United States newspapers.

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my letter came a full answer, courteous and helpful, telling my friend what she must do. Mr. Leon Simon, head of the branch to which I wrote, must be a new kind of official—

a much better kind than those to whom we have been too long accustomed. To deal so promptly with a query in wartime and with so much extra work to do is really marvellous.
POINTER THE WAY TO VICTORY—and to home after victory is won—is this American-made signpost at Majuro Island in the Marshall group, in the Pacific, first Japanese territory to be liberated by the Allies, February 1944. Other pointers are directed toward Guadalcanal, shore of the sea by Feb. 14, 1944; Kwajalein (Marshall Islands), taken by U.S. forces on Feb. 3, 1944; and Eniwetok, west of the Marshalls, captured on Feb. 18, 1944. Rabaul, New Guinea, Truk, and Kusai, all important Japanese bases in the Pacific, have also been liberated. (Photo, Keystone 1944.)