OPENING THE GATES OF FRANCE REDEEMED—symbolic of the complete liberation of all enemy-occupied territories—General de Gaulle (right), accompanied by high-ranking French officers, entered Bayonne, cleared of the Germans by our Forces on June 8, 1944. First French town to be freed, Bayonne has twice before been occupied by English soldiers—in 1346, at the start of the Hundred Years War, and again in 1417, in the reign of King Henry V.
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL provides first-aiders with plenty of exercise. Above, a midnight service was conducted. Swiftly, working by torchlight, team members raced out a length of hose—with the towering reredos as background. The reredos is undamaged, though the altar in front of it was smashed when a shell hit the church. A picture of one of the early air raids. The height of the building is such that upper parts are beyond the "throw" of any fire-pump; special pumping machinery carries water to the lofty dome.

R.A.S.C. TRANSPORT CORPS animals are in readiness to replace ferries and cars in "difficult" terrain. Animals, officers and men go through strenuous courses. Right, limber teams riding rough country; a test of endurance which only the fittest in man, animal and machine survives.

PLATES, Associated Press, Zerouni Press, Keystone, Fox
THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles

The end of June found the Germans in by far the most serious strategic situation they had yet to face. The fall of Cherbourg meant the definite establishment of a western front, and the rapid collapse of their defensive position. In White Russia was a disaster which knocked out the king pin of their eastern front. Both were strategic disasters of the first order and both revealed the immense offensive power the Allies had developed. The situation in Italy had also deteriorated so greatly that it had become necessary to reserve the German General Kesselring which could ill be spared from France and yet were insufficient to give the Allies a foothold. Cherbourg had stood a prolonged siege, even of it were scaled for a month or six weeks, it would have gone far to reduce the value of the footing the Allies had gained in Normandy. The footing could undoubtedly have been firmly held and possibly have been considerably extended had no far-reaching offensive operations could have been undertaken from it until an adequate port was secured.

It is in fact astonishing that it was practicable, in spite of despotically unfavourable weather, to disembark reinforcements and supplies on the beaches sufficient to maintain the offensive operations which led to the capture of the fortress and pinned down Rommel's reserves. It was, however, that a general offensive and an advance to more distant objectives would have entailed immense and constantly increasing demands which beach combination could not have met. Only the most perfect organisation could have met requirements during the first three weeks, and we have yet to learn what the effort cost in loss of stores and landing craft from weather alone, though we know it must have been high.

The final assault on Cherbourg was delivered with immense dash and determination. The tactical skill shown in outflanking and by-passing the enemy's strong points, it is evidence of the very high standard training that has been reached by American troops. The success of the operation shows how Rommel, however devoided largely on whether Rommel could be prevented from interfering with his armoured reserves. That he was unable to deliver a counterstroke from outside the ring of encirclement was entirely due to the vigorous offensive attitude of the British and Canadian troops in the Caen-Tilly area which pinned all his available reserves to that sector of his front. That offensive action must, however, have made heavy demands on the reserves of munitions and material which Montgomery had been able to command, and despite the great which might rapidly have increased if Rommel had been able to launch an attack on a large scale.

CHERBOURG was intended to be a city of considerable size, I think it will therefore be recognized that under the conditions of weather which made the replenishment of munitions, supplies and equipment both General Eisenhower and Montgomery made a notably hard job and justified to be deferred from pursuing their offensive policy. Less determined leaders might well have been tempted to adopt a defensive attitude until conditions were more favourable, and thus have lost the opportunity of exploiting the initial success of the landing. That the Germans fully realized the strategic importance of denying Cherbourg to the Allies and that they had taken every precaution to enable it to stand a long siege cannot be questioned. The mere fact that they entrusted its defence to somewhat inferior troops is proof of their reliance on its impracticability.

The collapse of the front in White Russia may have more immediately disastrous results. The consequences of the loss of Cherbourg were, however, felt full for some time, but in Russia the whole structure of the front is crumbling. I admit that I had thought, after the Russian successes of the winter which enabled them to threaten the positions at Vitebsk and on the upper Donetz from both flanks, that the Germans were only clinging to that line in order to hold the Red Army at a distance and to blunt the edge of any offensive delivered against it. The position was obviously strong and very long forces would be needed to capture it, which seemed to make it probable that the Russians would select weaker sections of the front for their initial offensive. If, however, a major offensive developed here I believed that the Germans would resort to elastic delaying defence, and carry out a well-planned coordinated withdrawal to a shorter front.

In the light of events it would seem that the Germans were over-confident in the strength of the position, and, believing that the main Russian offensive would come on Marshal Zhukov's front towards Leningrad, were surprised by the weight of the offensive north of the Pripyt and the time of its delivery. Possibly they considered that the preoccupations for the offensive, which they must have observed, only indicated a threat designed to draw their reserves northwards. This would explain why they seem to have left the bulk of their Panzer divisions with Von Manteuffel and to have been weak in the air when the blow fell. Here again they may have used too high a proportion of inferior divisions in what they assumed to be impregnable defences; otherwise it is difficult to understand the rapidity with which the Russian victory was achieved.

When the danger was fully realized the lack of good and direct lateral communications must have been felt, making it impossible to rush up reserves from other sectors in time to attempt to retrieve the situation. Nor can it have been possible to displace seriously the air superiority the Russians had established, for many of the German airfields were in the combat zone or put out of action at an early stage. Once air superiority, or anything approaching equality, is lost is difficult to recover; and almost impossible when the army which relies on it is in retreat.

KEY-POINT Encirclement Plan

Gains Soviet Victories

Although the Germans must have envisaged the possibility of being compelled to withdraw from Vitebsk and the upper Donietz at some stage, it is quite clear that they have not voluntarily withdrawn on a preconceived plan and that they have suffered an unexpected and crushing disaster. The Russian plan of encircling each of the key-points of the front while combining it with a wider pincer attack towards Minsk, which might have provided a rallying point in rear, was well designed to break up attempts to carry out a well-coordinated last minute withdrawal.

The amazing capture of Minsk a few hours after the Germans had broadcast that it must and would be held at all costs can be seen as a surprise even to those who realized the state of demoralization of Bush's troops, of which the capture and killing of so many Russian soldiers attests. The Russian movement was apparently taken without severe fighting, in spite of the arrival of fresh reinforcements, and its abandonment was evidently due to a pure decision—for although it was bound to fail in due course, the Russians' outflanking thrust could hardly have been strong enough to effect immediate encirclement.

We can only conclude that the Russians have again shown an amazing ability to break through the enemy's defences and what is even more surprising, the German have again failed in defence of much stronger positions than the Russians have successfully held on other occasions. Comparing the defence of Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad with the rapid failure of the German defence on the Don at Orel, in the Crimea and now at Cherbourg and Vitebsk, one wonders if there is something radically wrong with German tactical theories. I suspect that when it comes to the attack or defence of really strongly fortified positions, the Germans pay the penalty for over-confidence. When attacking, they are using the full power of artillery, to which both in attack and defence the Russians have owed their successes. Armour, of course, of immense value in mobile operations and as a co-operative weapon, but infantry and artillery are still the dominant arms when armies are locked in close combat.
British 2nd Army in the Normandy Campaign

German Sniper whose last battle has been fought and hot line prone beside a knocked-out enemy tank (1) in the Tilly-Caen sector of the Normandy front; just ahead of the tank a British Sherman, still hissing and spitting, and snipers' helmet, escape from the cover of a chicane. Captured in heavy fighting during the last week of June 1944 two German officers tramp back to a prisoners' compound under the watchful eye of a cheery, dire soldier. (2) The British used their snipers to the last, the German snipers had the exact range of on concealed spot on a road used by our infantry: speedy but cautious movement was called for. (3). Across open country a British assault wave, of which these two are members (5), eager to get to work with the luftwaffe, went into action to take Omaha Beach on June 6th. As a result of brilliant operations extending over 30 days, the key-town of Caen was captured by British and Canadian troops on July 9, and Rommel was in full retreat.
Swiftly Advancing Red Army Regains Vitebsk

IN THE BIG SOVIET OFFENSIVE hourly gaining momentum, forces of the 1st Baltic Front, commanded by General Chernyakhovsky, in Central Russia, on June 25, 1944, captured Vitebsk, a fortress in German hands since July 1941, driving German soldiers into the town in captured Vitebsk and their cheer as they move across the River Prica (map). Citizens crowding round the victors (bottom) after three years of savage German occupation of their town. Rolling on in three thrusts (see arrowed map), by July 3 the Russians had taken more than 100,000 prisoners and had driven the Germans in White Russia.

Photos: Pictorial Press, Inc./special

of News Umemedia

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THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtie

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enous insistence on fighting to the last
ditch for the benefit of Germany must
inevitably affect the naval situation
in the Baltic. Already the enemy, in accord-
cance with the pact made by Ribbentrop
with the Finnish Government, has been obliged
to send some of his scanty reserve of
troops to the aid of the Finns. These forces were
landed at Helsinki (the Finnish capital) and at Turku. The former port is situated on
the Gulf of Finland near its narrowest
point. Approach to the harbour is guarded
by the fortress of Sveaborg, which was
bombarded by the British fleet during the
war of 1854-56; in these days, of course,
Finland was an appanage of Russia, it looks as if becoming again before long.
Turku, formerly known as Abo, is in about
100 miles farther west, outside the gulf.
At a shipbuilding yard there submarines were
built to German designs during 1929-33, when
U-boat construction was still prohibited
in Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. In
this way our enemies carried out useful ex-
perimental work, which enabled them to
resume submarine construction in good
time for the present war without infringing
the letter of the Treaty. At the same time, the
Finnish Navy was enabled to acquire
a number of submarines for next to nothing.

TRANSPORTS bringing the German troops
to these two places were escorted by the
heavy cruisers Admiral Hipper and Prinz
Flagen, a "pocket battleship" (either the
Lützow or Admiral Schleisser), and three
destroyers. These constitute the backbone
of the German Navy, for its only two genuine
battleships, the 45,000-ton Tirpitz and 26,000-
ton Gneisenau, are completely disabled, and
incapable of proceeding to sea. In addition
to the duties just accomplished, these ships
will have to undertake the task of convoying
to Uto (formerly known as Ulazberg), the
Finnish port near the head of the Gulf of
Bothnia, reinforcements and supplies for
the German army which occupies northern
Finland. Until his death in a flying accident
recently, the army was under the command
of General Dietl.

It may be assumed that the Soviet armies
will continue their advance along both the
northern and southern shores of the Gulf of

BRITISH CRUISER H.M.S. GLASGOW (foreground) and U.S.S. Quincy, units of a bombardment task force, at 15,000 yards range fired broadside aboard the German battleship Bismarck in Cherborg Harbour, many long-range and shore batteries returned the fire vigorously until silenced. This bombardment, in support of our ground forces, started shortly after midday on June 30, 1944, and lasted more than three hours.

harbour through which men and materials
have been poured into Normandy at a much
more rapid rate. In almost every encounter
the Germans have lost a unit or two, either
destroyers, motors-torpedo-boats or minelayers,
so that their forces must now be seriously
deprecated. Air raids on Havre and Boulogne
have inflicted further losses.

There has been little mention of U-boats
in this connection, though before the invasion
the German public were told that these were
being reserved for this special purpose.
Now it is argued by the enemy that submarines
are at too great a disadvantage in the narrow
and shallow waters of the Channel.

According to later reports from Admiral
Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S.
Pacific Fleet, the defeat inflicted on the
Japanese off the Mariana Islands was more
severe than at first believed, although the
ships of the opposing fleets never sighted
each other. It is evident that the Japanese
attached considerable importance to the
retention of the island of Saipan in the
Marianas, which is capable of being used
as a base for attacks on Japan. With the
exception of Guam, captured from the
Japanese in December, 1944, it is the most
populous and highly cultivated island of the
archipelago. That Saipan fell was a strong
one may be judged from the fact that the
United States Marines and Army formations
struggling for its possession lost, between
June 15 and 28, no fewer than 9,752 officers
and men in killed, wounded, and missing.
What this means will be realized when it is
added that the total U.S. casualties in
Normandy from June 6 to June 20, including
hard fighting with a German division which
was carrying out an anti-invasion exercise at
the point where American troops landed,
were not more than 24,162.

In addition to a fleet aircraft carrier, two
torpedo bombers and probably a destroyer, the
Japanese fleet attacked by U.S. naval aircraft
between the Marianas and the Philippines
is now known to have lost a second aircraft
carrier of smaller size. A large aircraft
carrier is also believed to have been sunk by
an American submarine. The fleet carrier
of the Soryaku type already known to have
been damaged is now stated to have been hit by
two 1,000-lb bombs, and a light
carrier by seven of 500 lb. Therefore, not
less than five enemy aircraft carriers have
been either sunk or put out of action for
some time to come. Enemy aircraft destroyed
over Saipan totalled 42. Conquest of
Saipan was completed on July 8.
British Troops March Through Freed Bayeux

STALWARTS OF OUR 2nd ARMY marching triumphantly through the cobbled streets of ancient Bayeux on June 6, 1944, were warmly welcomed. The German occupiers had been killed or ejected or taken prisoners—though the crack of a sniper’s rifle still rang out occasionally. At that early stage of the Normandy campaign Bayeux had the distinction of being the first French town to be set free. Also it had the good fortune to escape bombardment; the 13th-century cathedral (in background) showed no sign of damage.

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Photo, British Official
One of the finest deep-water harbours in Europe was secured to the Allies when strongly fortified Cherbourg in Normandy fell to our forces by June 27, 1944. Large-calibre coastal defence guns in reinforced forts (1) were shattered by air and sea bombardments. Strongpoints overlooking the tunnel entrance to Fort du Houl were overrun by Allied troops as their batteries still fired.
Nazi Naval and Military Commanders Surrender

CAPTURED WITH 200 GERMAN TROOPS in a subterranean passage under Fort du Roule on June 30, Lieut.-General Carl Wilhelm von Schlieben, commander of the Cherbourg garrison (centre, facing camera), and Rear-Admiral Heinecke, sea Defence Commander of Normandy (left), formally surrendered to Major-General W. Lawton Collins (right), commander of the U.S. 7th Corps, at his headquarters after the taking of the town and whilst numbers of Germans were still fighting. These Nazi wounded (top) were making their way through the streets under the protection of a Red Cross flag.

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Nurses Were Soon Tending Our Men in France

WITHIN A WEEK of the Allied landings on the Normandy coast, nurses of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, wearing regulation Army battledress had crossed over from England to the beach-head and, with the assistance of R.A.M.C. personnel and the Pioneer Corps, established a fully-equipped general hospital to house 600 patients. Most of these nursing Sisters had seen service before in this war—in France and the Middle East.

Nurses and R.A.M.C. orderly remove a soldier-patient from the mobile operating theatre (2) back of the lines. The lights are wireless outside the tent (3) live under canvas); they are well camouflaged. The art of reducing splinters and gauze tampons (4). When night bombing is in progress they lie down in slit trenches: here (2) they prepare their beds. A newly-erected American Field Hospital in the Cherbourg peninsula seen from the sea. (5)

[Photocredit: British Official; Crown Copyright: HMNavy]
How Crab Tanks Clear the Nazi Minefields

EXPLODING A WIDE PATH for our infantry waiting to advance (1), and for guns, tanks and other vehicles about to go forward (4) through minefields in Normandy, the Crab 811-tank goes ahead and beats the ground with chain-saws, thus setting off buried anti-personnel and anti-tank mines. Close-up of chains (2). The Crab in action (3), incorporating the best points of three previous types, it helped to clear the invasion beaches before commencing operations inland. The Sherman is the tank chiefly adapted to this purpose.
For Lack of a Drink a Battle May Be Lost

Shells, cartridges and food may be in ample supply, and courage and leadership of the highest order, but if thirst afflicts an army all its elaborate equipment may stand for naught. In this page, Rear-Admiral Dickson explains how our fighting men on the various fronts are safeguarded against horrors and perils that may arise through lack of water.

An elaborate system of water supply for Second Front troops had been worked out so that when they landed on the coast of Normandy they were able to take their own drinking water with them. Mobile reservoirs, each holding thousands of gallons—taken from reservoirs in this country—had been standing ready. Each is mounted on a railway truck and, the landing effected, they were stationed at supply bases and other strategic points on the invasion coast for immediate dispatch to any of our advancing troops who might encounter water shortage.

New Zealand troops stationed on Nissan Island in the Solomons have their own water diviner, Sergeant I. R. Varnham, who roams the island with his hazel twig searching for supplies. In the hands of an expert, the V-shaped twig jerks spasmodically when the searcher is in the immediate vicinity of an underground spring; and Sergeant Varnham's twig betrays hidden supplies in various parts of that island where fresh water is otherwise difficult to come by.

Remarkable stories can be told of the part played by thirst in this war. In the Libyan campaign the British needed 5,000 tons of water every day, and to secure it considerable resources and initiative on the part of the Royal Engineers in that and another country were called for. They tapped a variety of sources. From lakes in the highlands of Kenya, Uganda and Abyssinia, water travelled over two thousand miles through the Sudan and Upper Egypt to Cairo and Alexandria. Then the LS&I had constructed a pipe-line to Tobruk capable of delivering 2,500 tons of water daily. Fifteen hundred tons a day were shipped to Benghazi and another 300 tons were landed from lighters at the main beaches. There still remained 700 tons a day to be found somewhere. Again the water diversions played their part, tracking down a number of new sources of supply by means of their hazel twigs. Thus, plus water distilled from the Mediterranean, was the remaining 700 tons provided.

Later in this campaign an astonishing incident occurred. It happened in those fateful days of early July 1942 when it looked as though Rommel would smash his way through to Alexandria. In fact, on July 3 he did penetrate our lines at El Alamein, with three very reduced panzer divisions. A number of his men then came upon a pipeline stretching as far as the eye could see, and to them it was a wonderful sight. For nearly a whole day they had been without water. Immediately they shot holes in the pipe-line, dropped down and drank their fill. Then they pushed on towards Alexandria, and the following morning were within sight of it, when up came a weary section of the British Army to deal with them. It was a peak moment of the campaign. One battle-worn section of the German Army faced an equally exhaust ed section of the British Army. For some time the battle swayed to and fro, then the Nazis began to withdraw.

Shortly afterwards, over a thousand men of the 90th Light Panzer Division moved towards our lines with their hands above their heads, obviously surrendering. They seemed to move very uncertainly, and then the British soldiers noticed the twisted expression on their faces, the swollen lips. On the very day the Germans had broken through, our engineers had been testing that particular pipe-line. To test a pipe-line in the desert you use sea water: fresh water is far too precious. The men of the 90th Panzer Division had swallowed gallons of sea water, and, in the end, it was thirst that drove them to surrender.

Even in 1933 the War Office was sufficiently interested in the work of divers to send Captain A. J. Edney of the Royal Engineers, an expert "dowser," to a congress of divers. Today, a very elaborate water organization has been devised to keep soldiers, sailors and airmen adequately supplied even in the most difficult circumstances. The Royal Engineers have a compact pumping equipment of which one was made in the Anzio beach-head in Italy. In the first place they set up water points, tapping all suitable streams, then pump water into sandbagged tanks, from which water trucks can be filled at high speed. Water for washing purposes is run by pipes to the bath-house, a structure built by a company of R.E.s in a few days; it can provide baths for as many as four hundred men a day.

Water for drinking purposes receives elaborate treatment. The Army now has its mobile laboratories which can travel close to the front line, with all necessary equipment to test the purity of food or water. When the enemy is in the habit of polluting all the water supplies before he retreats, it is vital to have the water analysed before it is used in any way. The mobile laboratories can carry out these tests at speed. The water may need filtering, or it may need treatment with chlorine. Whatever the trouble there is always an answer. One particular water point in the Anzio beach-head supplied 40,000 gallons a day; special water trucks distributed it. In mountainous country the Army uses specially trained mules with water panniers. And in emergency water can be dropped by planes to encircled troops or marooned seamen.

At sea the problem of fresh water may become as vital as in the desert or the jungles of Burma, particularly to shipwrecked men adrift in boats. The Ministry of War Transport, in collaboration with a group of experts, has devised a compact distiller which converts sea into fresh water at the rate of five pints an hour. The distiller was the result of many months' experiment, and it was finally chosen from several other distillers (see illus. p. 11, Vol. 7). The choice was made by a board of scientists selected at random from merchant ships. What I will call Mr. K.'s seemed to suit their point of view. Today a large proportion of lifeboats on merchant ships are filled with this apparatus.
5th and 8th Armies Advance on 150-Mile Front

Northeast from Rome the armies of the Allies in Italy swept the Germans before them in a retreat which assumed more and more the nature of a flight. On the west, the 5th Army went forward on a broad front to extend their mastery over the plain of Tuscany; by July 6, 1944, U.S. advance units were within fifteen miles of the great port of Leghorn. Inland, the French were driving on north of Siena, which they captured on July 3. In the more difficult country to the east, British 8th Army troops were engaged in a fierce struggle round Lake Trasimeno, where the Germans put up a considerable fight for the road to Florence.

At the east end of the front on the Adriatic coast before Ancona port was threatened, a useful part in the capture of Anzio Piceno was played by Alpine units of the Corps of Italian Liberation, while behind the enemy lines in Northern Italy partisans were encouraged to become more audacious in sabotage. Keenly attempting to delay General Alexander’s advance by extensive demolitions while his troops fell back to the so-called “Gothic Line” between Pisa (north of Leghorn) and Rimini.

CITIES OF UMBRIA

groton fell into Allied hands one after the other as General Alexander’s armies pressed on through Italy. Two days after the capture of Anzio, Piceno, they came the capture of Perugia; Sgt. C. Read of the Royal Corps of Signals is standing before the city’s war memorial. The Indian troops sharing in the triumphal progress of the main Italian front (e.g., Terni (1)), much-bombed centre of rail and road communications, lying midway between the east and west coasts, was the principal objective of the first drive north from Rome, and was occupied on June 15. Parallel to the mainland, French troops landed on June 17 on the island of Elba (1) with Allied naval and air support, and by the 19th had overcome all German resistance there. On June 24 the 8th Army Colonel Monte Cassino, cote Allied threats on June 25. Photos, breaths and C. S. Elliott; only by courtesy of J. A. Smith. PAGE 141
You found little Cassino a tough nut to crack. Well, I hope you have been considering, when estimating the duration of the war, how many Cassinos there will be on the way to Berlin!

That remark was made to the writer by a neutral military expert, who had carefully studied the methods of the Germans in this war. And it was, if only for the moment, like the shock of cold water.

Had it not been firmly established by Cassino, in confirmation of the lesson taught at Stalingrad and so many other battles in built-up areas, that towns held with determination could halt the progress of a modern mechanized army more effectively than any other means?

Thus the writer remembered another conversation he had had with a tank commander who had fought in many campaigns. This man had been asked why tanks were so "fluid" in towns. And he had replied: "You just try driving a number of tanks into an urban area defended by troops in the houses and office-blocks and cellars. Not only are you easily blinded, with your gunners' and airmen's vision restricted to lamp-posts and walls, but the occasional down stairs windows and doors, but you are terribly vulnerable. Anti-tank artillery can aim at you from deceptively close quarters, having the clear vision that you lack. Even the crudest methods, such as the dropping of petrol bombs from rooftops and upper windows, the throwing over of coping stones, can destroy you before you have an opportunity to hit back.

Meanwhile, your greatest asset, mobility, is reduced to a point where the rubble in the streets, or the actual narrowness of them, Why, I once saw a Sherman hopelessly jammed in one of those little Sicilian towns. It had become wedged between buildings in a narrow street and was neither backs nor forwards. Ugh! No built-up areas for me!

Is the tendency of this article clear? Perhaps it may be put briefly in this way: that if towns have been proved by the experience of the present war to be more defensible than any other kind of position against modern attack, then we can expect that north-western Europe, studded with towns, will present some very ticklish problems to our invasion forces. And that is just exactly what is now happening in Normandy.

There is little doubt about the fact of towns being easily defensible. First revealed in the Spanish Civil War by the prolonged resistance of Madrid and other cities, it should have been recognized by ourselves as a most useful discovery. Then we and the French might have stood longer in the blitzkrieg storm of 1940: certain Malayan towns, and finally Singapore and Rangoon, might have delayed the Japanese for months if defended street by street.

But the Russians watched and understood. They knew no city should be otherwise than in complete ruins when an enemy takes possession, was their virtual commandment to military subordinates, and so the German flood was eventually halted and turned back, not in great pitched battles, not on the open plains or on the river banks, but amid the remorseless rubble of cities, towns and their suburbs—Leningrad, Smolensk, Rostov, Volgograd, and what will remain the classic text-book instance, Stalingrad!

What was the reason? An answer has been partly given in that tank commander's remarks. Since modern strategy and tactics depend almost entirely upon mobility, anything which grounds tanks, lorries and other vehicles is fatal to the success of their missions. But there is more to it than that. Second in importance to mobility is firepower, the terrible capacity of modern artillery and automatic small-arms for destroying anything soft in the open. The Germans had to retreat in Italy till they reached Cassino, or our superior fire-power would have broken their line. Upon reaching the town, however, they could defy our fire-power for many months.

They could also defy our bombs, sometimes rained down in the heaviest concentrations of history. This was because they always had some protection in this as in other towns, and it is remarkable what men will endure provided that he does not feel altogether naked. In every town there are wooden houses. When they are being shelled the defenders descend to cellars, tunnels, and catacombs. Meanwhile, they excavate still deeper refuges, and the rubble above provides them with fortifications from which they can watch the midnight shiver of which they can safely forth in raids and counter-attacks.

That the Germans have appreciated the military significance of these facts has been revealed not only by their defence of Cassino but also by the system employed by them in Russia to hold certain localities. This "hedgehog" system, as it was called, used towns as nuclei of defence, surrounded by artificial strongpoints, all connected by trenches or tunnels so that the garrison could be switched quickly from one sector to another.

Therefore it is but realistic to assume that the enemy will try to halt our progress in north-western Europe and elsewhere by a series of stubborn stands in certain key towns—such as, for example, the Channel ports, then Rouen, Amiens, Arras, and Lille. The desperate German defence of Caen in Normandy suggests that this is, indeed, his intention. Above all, he will almost certainly hope to defend his own towns of the Rhineland and Ruhr Valley, where he will not suffer from the handicap of a hostile support. It is probable that if we played his game, and sat down as besiegers before each of these strongpoints in turn, then our journey to Berlin would indeed be protracted.

Fortunately we will not do so: or we will not if we observe what was done to Cassino and Russia taught us. Undoubtedly that Italian town and those Russian "hedgehogs" protected the enemy for a long time, so long as we and the Russians took them seriously and attacked them frontally. But once we left Cassino temporarily alone and attacked elsewhere, and once the Russians learnt to by-pass the "hedgehogs," the enemy was checkmated. He could continue to hold out for a while in an island of resistance, but with the knowledge that he could obtain no more supplies and must ultimately surrender if he did not retreat. Usually he retreated, and the town was no longer a fortress.

The moral has been for us, accordingly, that the road to Berlin may be a surprisingly swift and direct one, provided that the forces of retribution, like the Pilgrim on his progress, keep straight on. This is more than a matter of the neutral military expert; when our tanksmen, always steering as clear of the rubble as possible, should not be prevented from fulfilling their true functions of smashing the town's armour, supported by their impotent "hedgehogs" one by one.
D-Day Morning in Fields of Northern France

Across the English Channel on June 6, 1944, stretched an airbridge formed of great numbers of towplanes and gliders, protected by thousands of Allied fighters. Here, through clear June skies, tow planes that towed some of the troop-packed gliders to Normandy in advance of our ground forces; their mission completed, they head for their bases in England. Empty gliders bestrew the fields, whilst men that occupied them have rallied to strike mighty blows for the liberation of Europe.
When the Allies Swept Across Cherbourg Peninsula

Through St. Sauveur outskirt (1) Allied troops advanced on June 17. By June 27 Cherbourg had fallen. "The striking advances which gave the Americans the entire south of the peninsula," said Mr. Henry A. Stimson, U.S. Secretary of War, "were due in large part to British and Canadian operations at the south-eastern end of the front." After the battle of St. Sauveur inhabitants returned (5). The crew of this camouflaged gun (1) received the enemy range by phone from a spotting plane.

The King Visits His Victorious Armies in France

H.M. the King crossed in the cruiser Arcturus to a Normandy beach-head on June 16, drove inland to General Montgomery's headquarters and inspected Allied officers and troops (4) after a special investiture. Seen from the air after its capture, the smashed tower of St. Sauveur (1) stands at an important road junction. Down a lane in the Lingrevex area (6) pointed a 6-pounder gun, ready at point-blank range to open fire if the wish of its crew—a glimpse of the enemy—were fulfilled.
Eastward Lies the Road to Paris

When Cherbourg had fallen, the road to Paris was the part of this bullet-pierced sign (1) that held interest for Allied troops in Caen. Enemy snipers lurked in Christot village near Tilly-sur-Seulles; these watchful British troops smoked them out (2). In the main street of Tilly, centre of communications west of Caen, Royal Engineers searched for mines (3), which were left in abundance by the Germans when they were driven out on June 19.
There are many surprising things in Mr. A. D. Divine's new book, Navies in Exile (Murray, 2s. 6d.), but the one that astonished and delighted me most is the lovely picture of a sailing minesweeper in the Mediterranean. It is yacht-rigged, but the vessel itself is like one of those sturdy, safe-looking Dogger Bank fishing-boats which bring us the cod that tastes so different here than it does when eaten fresh in Newfoundland. The idea of a sailing boat doing the hazardous work of clearing mines was so unexpected, the contrast between the beauty and the grim ugliness of war so pathetic, that I have turned to the photograph again and again.

It is the Greek Navy which sends out these boats, and only recently has it devoted itself to the war effort. Not much has been able to do with the fleet (the two fleet years) which 1941. Nearly all of that was lost in the struggle with Italy. But the ashes of it produced a phoenix, a new force, with 350 officers and about 6,000 men. Britain has supplied them with six new destroyers of the Hunt class; they have three submarines, and a day or two ago they shipped their first war Submarine, one year by year, since the disastrous days of 1941, they have played magnificently their part.

For similar reasons, some 100 years ago, the Norwegian Navy. Its spirit may be illustrated by the story of a Norwegian fisherman who had been turned into a naval patrol-boat. She had one gun, and was guarding the entrance to the Oresund, the darkness of the sea at nightfall was so great that we could call it, which goes up to the coast of Norway. He challenged, but received no answer. Then he signalled to the big ships to heave-to. This was ignored also. So, with his small gun, he opened fire. The patrol-boat took on the whole of the German naval force sent to play its part in the brutality, unprovoked attack on the Norwegian people.

"Instantly from the German line came the flash and thunder of an overwhelming reply." The patrol boat was a wreck within a few seconds. The skipper had both legs severed by a shell, and he dropped into the water, he tried to scramble into his one boat and, as they were doing this, and finding it too small for everybody, he muttered, "I'm no good, anyhow," and rolled over the side into the sea. I wish there were a poet living who could celebrate that as Tennyson celebrated the death of a hero. It is the death of the ship--up against the naval might of Spain.

There are many stories of gallantry in this book, but none to match that. Here, however, is one of a different kind, which did immense credit to the cleverness as well as the courage of a Yugoslav naval officer, commanding a motor-torpedo-boat in the Adriatic. Its speed was 20 knots at best. Eleven Italian destroyers were looking for it on a dark night; they could do better; a powerful searchlight sighted the torpedo-boat and challenged as "Yugoslav warship. They had no idea as to whether he was a friend or foe. "Quick," said the captain to the man with the flashlight; "ask the second ship of their line for the password." It was asked for--and given into the open sea, she was scraped by a wire cable of moored mines or sweep.

In the Baltic the Greek boats had no enemy ships to attack, and when she had searched in vain for a week repairs were needed and had to put into Trondheim to repair and rest the authorities, either in fear of or in league with the ship, had decided to disarm and destroy the submarine, although it had a perfectly good legal claim to shelter for as long as it took to finish the repairs. At once the suggestion, "Let's make a run for it!" was put forword and accepted unanimously.

The crew had burned their documents and charts; their guns had been removed. Some of the men were sent to Germany, but six remained. On a Sunday morning the commander cut the cable of the lift which raised the torpedoes and then went on deck, slating the Estonians for carelessness in handling it. It was Sunday. Mending the cable would be a long job. Why not put it off till Monday? This they did. Only the Germna guard was left on board. Departure was fixed for midnight. But between eleven and twelve an officer arrived to inspect the guard. There was a delay of two hours. At last the signal was given. The guards were seized, gagged, carried below. All the cables were cut. The engines were started. The torpedoes were swung towards the port entrance, but not without the knowledge of the Germans as to where they were. By this time the alarm had been given. Guns began booming. Rifle and machine-gun fire from the fishermen on the island. The exhaust screened the submarine from sight and not a shot was made. She escaped to sea, but had to dive-cruise immediately, for she was caused by a burst of 7.7 mm batteries sent over six-inch shells. Surface craft also hurled out to drop depth charges. The skipper, seeing the fire from the other under water all next day because it was felt. When the crew felt fairly sure from pursuit they put the Estonian guards in a boat. The land was looked over for fact and whisky and started to comb the Baltic for any German ships they could put their six torpedoes into. They found none. At the end of a fortnight they had scarcely any water, very little fuel. They could have put into a German port and been interned, but that did not appeal to them. They determined to make for Britain. When they reached here, the skipper, knowing the weather, thought they were told, "You can't be the Orel. The Orel has been lost!" The story of the Orel never died.

If in the course of his accounts of ships and other exiled navies—the French and the Dutch, with glimpses at Belgium and Denmark, Mr. Divine gives in some interesting speculations. He thinks it may be said some day that the invasion of Norway lost Hitler the war. In that operation the German Navy was crippled. It lost something like one-third of its cruisers and destroyers. This prevented it from "playing havoc with the evacuation of Dunkirk," and making possible landing on the British coast under cover of the Luftwaffe.

Again, they missed their chance. Mr. Divine thinks, with the magnetic mines, that an engine manufacured in vast quantities and utilized in a single tremendous laying in every stretch of shoal water about the United Kingdom, in every channel and harbor entrance, it was a "crushing blow." As they did not do this, as they began with a small number, we have only to look after its secrets and the answer to it.

Minesweeping IS THE TASK of this Greek sailing ship, an ex-War service, the activity of the lesser vessels of the British Royal Yacht Squadron, which he used and said. The book reviewed in this page. PAGE 147, from, British Official
Battle-Torn Tarawa Atoll Now an Allied Base

FIRST MAJOR BLOW was struck by the Allies against the Japanese in the Central Pacific on November 20, 1943, when landings were made on Tarawa and Makin atolls in the Marshall group, some 1,100 miles north of the Solomons. Two days after the invasion was complete, in this desperate fighting Tarawa, chief Japanese air-base in the Gilberts, became a shambles; but it was transformed within weeks into an efficient Allied base.

One of the first steps in producing order out of battle chaos was to import a small saw mill with which to make planks for building purposes (1). Lt.-Col. E. C. Flom (left) and Capt. R. B. Hafner, British administrative officers commanding the U.S. forces who drove out the Japanese, reconditioned for Allied warplanes (2). Street scene (3) shows huts and tents so placed as to make the most of cooling breezes and shade from the scorching sun (4). See also pp. 147, 149. Photos, Associated Press.
CRUSHING BLOW to Japanese aspirations in Burma was the final clearance of the vital Imphal-Rohino supply road, announced on June 25, 1944. Far longer than the road in or out, and reaching into the heart of Japanese occupied territory, this road had enabled the enemy to keep vital supplies flowing to his troops in the north. After months of battle, the final push to clear the road, described by the commander of the 14th Army as a "crushing blow to our opponents," was completed. The road is one of the most important in the world, providing a vital link between India and the Middle East. Its closure will have significant consequences for the war in the Pacific. The Japanese have been forced to retreat, leaving behind evidence of their defeat. The road will be repaired and strengthened, and will remain a vital link in the battle against the Axis powers. The fighting has been fierce, with heavy losses on both sides. The 14th Army has shown great determination and courage in its fight against the Japanese. The road is now open, and the Allies can now continue their advance towards Japan.
Men of the Maquis are Striking for France!

A special communiqué issued on June 27, 1944, by Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force detailed the considerable part that has been—and now more than ever is being—played by the Maquis, the secret Army of the French Forces of the Interior, towards the liberation of their country. Just who these valiant patriots are is explained by JOHN ENGLAND.

"Guerrilla operations against the enemy are in full swing," announced a communiqué from S.H.A.E.F., "and in some areas the army of the French Forces of the Interior are in full control. At the end of the first week of operations on the shores of France the army of the French Forces of the Interior has, with its British and American comrades, played its assigned role in the battle of liberation."

Let us turn back the clock to 1943, when Germany made forced labour absolute for young Frenchmen. Resistance at once stiffened and "ne va pas en Allemagne" (don't go to Germany) became the watchword. That followed the census of all men born between 1912 and 1921, about 130,000 being affected, according to Vichy, of the total of nearly a million registered for forced labour. Before then men could only be persuade to go to work for the enemy; the Compulsory Labour Service instituted a two-year period. The Maquis is a Cornish word for the dense undergrowth of that island was the reply of French youth to that.

No less than 200,000 young men dodged registration. In the Limousin region only forty per cent registered. Chambery did not of persuading these patriots to submit to the foreign yoke. Promises were made of amnesty. When this false front was brought to bear, in particular against the numerous bands who had retired to the Haute Savoie, there to wage a guerilla war against the invader, without organized arms, without proper commissariat, without camps, often without food or shelter.

It was to the Haute Savoie that the ruthless Durand sent his armed police, but without much success, and soon there were bands of these spirited young men in every "inaccessible" part of France. These youths suffered many losses on the snow-covered mountains of the Mediterranean, and Durand claimed that he had cleaned up the menace. It was an empty brag, for the men of the Maquis are more active than ever—in the Savoie, the Limousin, the Dijonais and the Ardenne. They are in Brittany and in the Jura, they have strongholds even in Toulon and Bordeaux regions and in the Pyrenees.

The Maquis bar no foreigner who cares to join their ranks, and many have, including Fascist-hating Italians and Republican Spaniards. It includes radicals, socialists, communists, and royalty too. Right, Left, Reds, Pinks and Blues, it is all the same. In the matter of leaders the Maquis have been fortunate; for many officers rallied to them, most notable of all General de Lattre de Tassigny, who later escaped from France and was in command of the French army which captured Elba in June 1944. Every man who makes his way to the hills or to the forests is ushered into the hut or tent of the local captain must take an oath of fidelity, expecting no rewards, uniform or medals; only hardship, danger, outlawry, hunger and thirst.

The Maquis had in the early days only one source of firearms—setting aside secret stores which date back to the defeat of 1940. They had to carry out raids, and some of these have been spectacular in their daring. And it is a capital offence to lose one's arms, a severity dictated by the extremes of necessity. A man instructed to secure food or clothing sets forth from the secret camp for the nearest town or police or military store; often food and goods are pressed upon him without demand for payment. But all this, too, have been a source of strength to the movement, hiding men and secreting food for them.

The Maquis waged war by means of sabotage, and as the months passed became more and more daring. Referring to them in a speech some time ago, General de Gaulle said, "We can guarantee that inside France combatants, many of whom are now taking part in small-scale actions, will participate in the great military effort of the French and the Allied armies by attacking the enemy in the rear on orders from the French command in accordance with the operational plans of the inter-allied High Command."

And now? Since D-Day (June 6, 1944) the ranks of the Maquis have continued to swell, absorbing police and gendarmes and Vichy army deserters complete with their arms. On that day the French Provisional Government in Algiers announced that members of this underground movement were helping Allied airborne troops and attacking communications behind the battle zone. It was further stated, on June 14, that the organization was recognized by the French Provisional Government and that all troops served under the direct command of responsible leaders. Their official status as the French Army of the Interior was further marked on June 23 by the announcement that General Koenig, of Biz Hakeim fame, had been appointed to direct the operations of all resistance forces in France under and by authority of the Allied C.-in-C.

On D-Day an appeal was made by Supreme Command H.Q. to the Maquis asking them to try to delay enemy reinforcements being brought up to the Normandy coast during the first twelve hours of the Allied invasion. The reinforcements were delayed three days and the French, with their indomitable energy the partisans are paralysing rail and road traffic, blowing up bridges, damaging canals and locks, and interrupting telegraph and telephone communications.

Submarine cables and power supplies being well defended, have been attacked and destroyed, and transformer stations taken. The objective of wide-directed and executed sabotage. German prisons have been burned, street fighting has occurred, villages occupied, enemy detachments wiped out, and prisoners taken. And still it is rising—this enemy-dreaded might of the Maquis: a grim shadow of doom behind the German lines.
Armour Speeds to Combat on the Western Front

SWEEPING ON PAST INFANTRY-HELD POSITIONS, a Sherman tank, followed by a dispatch rider, rumbles along a dusty Normandy road to further action in the Tilly-Carac area. In this crucial sector, where Rommel massed most of his armour, British and Canadian forces kept German tank formations from moving towards Cherbourg. By June 28, 1944, when the troops emerged from difficult country around Tilly into an open plain more suited to the deployment of armoured, many clashes occurred with the enemy's Panthers and Tigers; climax came to our furious assault when on July 9 Cassino fell. See map in p. 121.

PAGE 151
Our Colonies in the War: No. 11—The Cameroons

REMEMBERING the days of Teuton miracle, that part of the Cameroons which became British after the Germans were defeated there in February 1916 is helping to ensure another defeat for the enemy. Lying between our colony of Nigeria (see pp. 586 and 587, Vol. 7), by whom government it is administered under a mandate, and French Equatorial Africa, the British Cameroons is a strip of land running the whole length of the Nigerian border with a total extent of some 34,000 square miles. Puling its weight with Nigeria, the British Cameroons is producing bananas, rubber, tea, palm oil, castor seeds and cocoa for the war effort; bananas particularly being of great value, as tons of them, dried and made into banana "dates," go to feed our troops in West Africa.

Time of shredded castor seeds are spread out in the sun to dry (1). Green tea leaves are poured into a rolling machine (2). Tapping a rubber tree: an incision is made in the outer bark which feeds the sap (latex rubber) and allows it to flow into the collecting cups (3). Great bunches of bananas fill the openning shreds (4), which are served by cooled trucks.

Photos, Nora Hayden
I WAS THERE!
Eye Witness
Stories of the War

I Saw a City Below the Germans’ ‘West Wall’

Parts of Hitler’s Normandy front defenses, boasted in loud propaganda as the impregnable ‘West Wall,’ really were amazingly well prepared. Alan Moorehead, for Associated Press, has recorded a day he spent in going through one such area—abandoned in panic at short notice.

I went into about twenty dugouts all concealed under the trees. Here was a complete underground city, the work of two years or more. Wooden steps made of saplings lead you beneath the surface and then you are surrounded by concrete and masonry. Everything was abandoned apparently at five minutes’ notice. The mess-room is about eighty feet long by twenty feet. It has a piano, four radio sets, a bar stocked with German Pilker beer, German gin and whisky and cigars (or the relics thereof). There are several chests full of sports gear—football, jerseys and shorts.

Another dugout is a central office with a telephone exchange, table lamps and many bookshelves filled with books, papers, forms and all the impediments of a lavish pre-war city office. A third dugout contained sides of beef. A fourth had about thirty bicycles and a workshop. A fifth contained officers’ sleeping quarters, rigged up with dressing table, curtains and comfortable beds with sheeting.

I went into half a dozen store-houses containing timmed pork, fruit and vegetables, thousands of gallons of all kinds of ammunition, signalling sets, flags, clothing, boots, rifles and machine-guns, with all their spare parts. Then there was the kitchen of a dream kitchen with electric boilers and cookers all fitted with elaborate gauges. I came on underground piggeries and stables, fitted with the most modern equipment, underground, hangars for tanks and lorries. In the sculleries there was a great butter churn.

At the moment when our assault was launched the Germans were in the act of bundling up parcels to send home to their families. Each parcel contained three pounds of fresh Normandy butter. All over ground there were many more curious and pathetic things. The German officers’ dugouts were chained at a series of neat wooden benches. Those that had no food when the battle swept over, lay in a coma of hunger and thirst at their chains. Everywhere within the German houses, their eyes white with fear at the shelling. Some were still hunched to their long wooden coffin-like wagons. Others were being robbed by the Tommies. Others, which had broken legs, were being shot by our officers. The very slim in this green and unreal wilderness were dying on the ground; others had been wrung or crippled by the flying shrapnel.

I watched a group of Tommies kill and cut up a German pig. A little farther on a Sten gunner had bagged two pheas. A third group was firing the live: the men had cut from some animal during the battle. This then was a German Regimental Headquarters.

From it a network of trenches fans out. One trench, about eight feet deep, zig-zags down to the sea three miles away. I imagine you could walk for five miles through trenches and pillboxes almost without coming to the surface at all. I leave you to imagine the vast labour and expense sunk in this empty under- taking—years of work and everything lost in a day. The crust was simply not strong enough to hold. We paid for it, of course. Today I have been by many fresh graves which the French have piled high with Normandy roses in pink and red and white. And yet the officer who commands the German forces on this sector told me in his new tented hospital today that he had catered for very many more casualties than we have had. As for the wounded, they are probably getting better and quicker treatment than the average battle of this kind. This sector has been issued right down to first-aid posts.

General Montgomery has been here and has given praise in a way I have never known him do before. It must have been pleasant for him to see among our booty a number of British vehicles of the Morris make which the Germans apparently captured at Dunkirk in 1940 and were still using.

A Gale Nearly Wrecked Our Invasion Fleet

How the build-up of our great attack in Normandy was nearly brought to a halt in its third week is told by W. F. Hartin (by arrangement with the Daily Mail). Only superb seamanship by hundreds of young sailors handling their cumbersome invasion craft in the teeth of a howling Channel gale saved the Army from a serious setback.

For two nights, as vessels dragged their anchors, plunged into one another with a sickening grinding sound and were swept by 80-foot waves, the situation to us were in the midst of this fury seemed touch and go. We were in mid-channel when the full force of the north-east wind, meeting the tide, piled up a mountainous sea. We were in one of the Navy’s motor launches, a sturdy patrol vessel used to most hazards of these treacherous waters.

Suddenly, three times in succession, we were nearly capsized. As every man clung to the nearest hand-hold, the water lashed along the deck, burying the starboard half in foaming foam. We looked at each without out attempting to speak, because the same thought was in all our minds—’This is the end. She is not going to right herself.’ Each time the vessel swung back crazily to port it was as if she were bracing herself for the final plunge, when she would roll over completely to starboard.

Then the captain, Lieut. G. S. Parsons, R.N.V.R., saw his chance, snapped out an order to put the helm hard over, and the little ship bravely dug into the sea head-on. She shivered as she hit one wave after another, but we were comparatively safe. The story of the next 12 hours is one of relentless fight, rip-raging across these seas, when each turn might have been fatal.

Hour after hour we tried to edge nearer our part of the French coast, and after 12 hours’ passage we managed to get an anchorage in the lee of some big ships miles from where we were scheduled to arrive. We soon realized our troubles had barely begun. In the early morning of the last night of the year, we could hear above the hiss of the waves and the shrieking wind the yell
more ominous sound of ships grinding together.

Landing craft out of control pounded against us. Our anchors dragged, and we lost one. We were drifting, and before we could tackle the situation the ship was flung heavily on a sandy bottom and pounded by a terrifying curt.

In another second we would have been rolled over, a plaything of the storm, but just in time we managed to get our engines going and headed for deeper water.

The appalling sight of the beach in the early grey of the morning told us our own tale of craft that had girdled together and been ground to matchwood. Fervid salvage work was going on all round, and most remarkable of all when we reached our appointed anchorage next afternoon, the laborious process of cleaning the Army supply that had not been brought to a standstill.

Still, angry seas were flinging the small craft up and down the sides of the big ships from which they were taking cargoes in slings. It was a feat of seamanship to get these small fellows alongside without getting them smashed. It was another to get them loaded, and yet another to get the cargoes ashore. But despite the combined heroism of thousands of men, the supplies came ashore all too slowly. The tonnage landed that day was small.

It was decided that the next day—whether the weather suited or not—our giant landing ships would go in "taking all risks," and land direct on to the storm-swept and wreck-cluttered beach. It was realized that this would probably mean a dead loss of these ships, for it was doubtful if they could ever be refloated in a seaworthy condition after the pounding they would receive.

Fortunately, the wind died down after 31 days, and on Thursday morning our whole invasion coast lay lapped in a glassy sea. Unwonted calm and apace, though not all, the damage could be put right at once. The serious aspect was the 35 days' delay in passing cargoes to France. It took several days of intense activity to make good the depleted dunes ashore. A northeasterly gale of such ferocity—it blew in 70 m.p.h. gusts—precluded the memory of the most experienced Channel pilots, and blowing, as it did, straight into the Baie de la Sene, it riled up such a sea that all calculations of tides were confounded.

We Broke Through the Hills About Cherbourg

Twenty days after the initial assault, Cherbourg fell to the Allies. It was at 5.30 on the afternoon of June 23, 1944, that American troops saw for the first time the city spread out below, and here a war correspondent gives his impression of the momentous occasion. Alan Moorhead's story is published here by arrangement with the Daily Express.

It was an uplifting moment. We could see the buildings fringing the water's edge, the warehouses along the docks, and beyond this, in the calm sea, the outer concrete breakwaters of the harbour. All the green land between us and the sea—about 2 miles—was swarming with Germans. They brought us to a sudden halt on the road by firing almost point-blank out of a stone farmhouse. On the right they kept up a running fight through the undergrowth with machine-guns.

And on the left, just as I was watching with my glasses, a thicket of trees suddenly opened up with great trilling balls of fire coming towards us. These were the German rockets. As their phosphorous burned away the air was filled with a breath-taking noise, a sort of whirling and tearing, and a second later the farmyard below us disappeared in walls of dust and smoke. About the same time half an acre of ground half a mile away appeared to rear itself slowly and lazily in the air until it formed an immense mushroom of smoke and the noise of the explosion came rushing across the fields at us.

We were pinned down on a sunken road under almost continuous rifle and machine-gun fire. It kept hitting with vicious little whacks against the piled-up earth beneath the hedge. So long as we did not bob up above the level of the embankment we were perfectly safe there in the strong June sunlight. The embankment was four feet thick and those shots that missed simply whirled by harmlessly overhead.

Some of the infantry slept oblivious of the noise and the presence of the enemy in the next field. Some brewed coffee. Some edged up the hedge nearer and nearer to the Germans. The American general, who looks like a successful business man, was striking about, highly delighted with it all. "Come on," he called to us, "if you want a good view, go up that hill." All around us was the recent wreckage of battle: a group of dummy German guns made out of saplings, the still warm German dead lying at their fosbales, a burning cowshed, the dead beasts in the fields among the torn telephone lines, and the litter of mess-tins and empty meat cans scattered up the road.

A haze began to drift over Cherbourg towards the evening when the Americans advanced for their last run down to the sea. It had been as balanced and as decisive a break-through as any I have seen in this war—the power of the offensive machine against fixed positions. Coming up to the Regimental Command post one could feel the sense of expectancy and eagerness among the staff officers. The Colonel said, "I think we are going to have better luck today." He selected a good observation point for us on his map, and added: "Right now there is a German ack-ack gun on it firing at
our forward troops; but we will have it without delay. Just wait till you get the artillery to dump something on it." He picked up his telephone and presently the dumping began. While we were watching the colonel explained that little knots of Germans had been b-hiding in our rear and had been holding out for three days. "But, hell," he said, "you don't go any place unless you-by-pass." All the shots took place under the low branches of an apple orchard in full leaf, and there were with us a couple of British Guards officers who had come up to see the fire.

Midday was hour zero, and as it struck, the colonel picked up his telephone and told him his troops were ready to move.

Then it started. There was no great barrage, no cloud of aircraft, no great noise. The infantry silently vanished into the trees with the sound of the light, quick coughing of their rifles and machine-guns. Yet the next six hours were packed with more incident than I can put down here. At 2:45 a French irregular came up to my jeep with a Russian in civilian clothes. He wanted the Russian shot as a spy. But we managed to question him and push him.

Within an hour we had gone clean through the German perimeter. On either side of the lane there were deep concrete dugouts which the abandoned enemy gun nests, with running hot and cold water and elevators to take us and our gear and tanks and trenches badly blasted by the German and the German dead lay spaced along the roadside ditches. Altogether it seemed as if the city limits came on the main German encampment, which had been b-hiding in our rear and had been sunk beneath the surface and linked with underground concrete passageways.

Some 400 Germans were holding on here, but they fled in panic as the Americans burst through the trees. A dozen shuddering and frightened horses stamped about. In the offices of the police headquarters and the storehouses we found cases of brandy and tubs of butter, many radio sets, big stacks of office equipment, botted the jeepee and the guns slowly trundling up.

Our DIARY of the War

SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF GERMANs who surrendered in the arsenal of Churburg were later spared capture and internment by the French, who had no further use for them. The Germans were very grateful for this treatment, and often expressed their appreciation by singing German songs in their tents or in the Avenue. The soldiers were permitted to retain their personal belongings, and many of them brought with them pictures of their families as mementoes of home.

July 1, 1945

Our diary ends on this day, as our forces are now in full control of the city and surrounding areas. The fighting has been fierce, but we have come through it without serious casualties. The Germans have surrendered in large numbers, and we are now in the process of implementing our plans for Reconstruction.

General—U.S. Govt. several diplomatic relations with Finland.

July 2, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have occupied the entire area of the city, and control is now in our hands.

July 3, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have established a joint military government in the city.

July 4, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have agreed to a joint declaration of independence for the city.

July 5, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the distribution of food and supplies to the population.

July 6, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization.

July 7, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of evacuation of the city.

July 8, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of reconstruction.

July 9, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of rearmament.

July 10, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of integration of the city into the Allied occupation zone.

July 11, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of reparation of war damages.

July 12, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of normalization of relations between the city and the countries of the world.

July 13, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of rehabilitation of the economy.

July 14, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of education and training of the population.

July 15, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of health care and medical assistance.

July 16, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of cultural and intellectual development.

July 17, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of social and political reform.

July 18, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of legal and judicial reform.

July 19, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of economic and financial reform.

July 20, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of international cooperation and assistance.

July 21, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of humanitarian aid and relief.

July 22, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of stabilization and reconstruction of the city.

July 23, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of peace and security in the region.

July 24, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of disarmament and demobilization.

July 25, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization and demilitarization.

July 26, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization and disbanding.

July 27, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization and disarmament.

July 28, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization and demilitarization.

July 29, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization and disbanding.

July 30, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization and disarmament.

July 31, 1945

General—U.S. and British forces have begun the process of demobilization and demilitarization.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

Since the beginning of the P-planes bombardment of Southern England, the Germans have maintained as great a continuity of attack as possible by night and day. Anti-aircraft defences and fighters have taken an increasing toll of the crewless raiders, and the Prime Minister remarked on June 30, when visiting A.A. batteries with General Sir Frederick Pile (G.O.C.-in-C. A.A. Command), "It's a pity there were no Huns in them!"

So far official policy is still to maintain complete silence on the percentage of P-planes brought down by the defences. There must always be a balance between the harm done by careless gossip and the advantage gained in refusing the enemy accurate information, but in this case, when there are no arrows to return to state where the bombs exploded, it must be more than usually difficult for the enemy to check up their results by photographic reconnaissances.

Whole areas would have to be photographed to discover where damage had occurred to built-up zones. But even this immense task of photography and subsequent assessment would not disclose the number of P-planes destroyed by the defences, for those that exploded in open country at the end of a normal flight do not excite the huge crater which would betray the explosions of ordinary bombs, and thus cannot be readily assessed even by expert photography.

The most that photographic reconnaiss -ance results can give is the percentage of hits in built-up areas. There seems to be no way for the enemy to correlate between misses and P-planes destroyed. Obviously, the most effective way to employ a battery of P-planes would be to have spotters aircraft over the target area, able to report results by radio as is done for gunnery shoots. Other- wise, the shooting of the P-planes battery must be blind. No doubt the fighter squadrons of Air Defence of Great Britain would welcome the chance of having a crack at German spotters planes over Southern England. And the policy of withholding information which might prove useful to the P-plane bat- teries is certainly justifiable.

The Germans have given this weapon the nickname "Vergeltungswaffe" (revenge weapon) with the abbreviation "V1." It has now appeared in several varieties, with wing spans of 16 ft., 18 ft., 23 ft., and even up to about 30 ft. The first has a speed of nearly 400 m.p.h. and the second about 350. The 2,200 lb. of high- blast explosive contained in the warhead makes this weapon more powerful than a one- ton bomb whose total weight includes all the metal. Height of flight above the English coast has been about 2,500 ft. by day and rather lower by night.

Apart from the fighter, gun and balloon defences against the P-planes, the bomber attacks against the launching platforms (now totalling 50,000 tons) have continued and sometimes significant periods of quiet followed these attacks. Moreover, while the bombers make the attacks the enemy cease launching P-planes. On the other hand, it is clear that this diversion of bombing effort from German cities to military targets behind the French coast must provide relief to hard-hit German industries and cities. But the growth of Allied shuttle-bombing must make it increasingly difficult for Germany to find safe sites for the manufacture of weapons.

On June 21, U.S. Army 8th Air Force Fortress bombers from Britain attacked oil plants in Ruhrland, 50 miles south-east of Berlin, and other targets, and flew on to airfields behind the Central Russian front. They were escorted throughout by Mustang P-51B long-range fighters.

Previously (July 1943) British bombers from Britain attacked targets in Italy and Germany in North Africa, repulsing the Axis drive on the return journey. In June 1944 U.S. bombers shuttle-bombed Rumunia from airfields in Italy and Russia.

The strategic use of air power includes withholding attacks in addition to making them. This strategy was used at Boden Fomn by General Weichelt's Army of the Nile. It was used again by General Eisenhower in connex -ion with the invasion of Normandy. The plan to bomb the Loire bridges before the invasion were set into action, because, in conjunction with the bombing of the Seine bridges, they might have disclosed the probable zone of invasion. By D-Day all the Seine railway bridges were down. The Loire bridges were then made the first object of attack, and all were quickly blown, disrupting all rail traffic from the south of France to Normandy. These actions greatly hampered the movements of German troops and planes, and led to 600 German tanks to be brought up to the fighting zone on their own tracks, to the detriment of the mechan -ized forces of the Germans.

GERMAN Tanks Blasted by Lancaster in Normandy

The strategic bombers of Bomber Com -mand have also been thrown into the fighting in Normandy. After the fall of Cherbourg the troops of the British 2nd Armored Division crossed the river Odon were fiercely counter-attacked by enemy forces, including many tanks.

In the afternoon of June 30 Bomber Command sent a force of 250 Lancaster night bombers, heavily escorted by fighters, to the aid of the 2nd Armored. In the space of a few minutes they dropped more than 1,000 tons of bombs on Villers Bocage and a restricted wooded area where enemy tanks were concealed -part of June's 56,000 tons.

In Normandy, too, tactics similar to those used successfully in the Pacific against Japanese ships were used against the German army. A Typhoon squadron skirred-bomber a German Corps H.Q. in a chateau at St. Sauveur Endelin. The bombs were released at zero feet and disappeared into the house, which then disappeared completely.

Towards the end of June the Luftwaffe began to offer more opposition on the Normandy front. Allied pilots reported increasing numbers of aircraft in the Charnites airfields area. But bombing, and attacks with rockets, cannon and machine-guns have pushed German air-bases far back from the fighting zone. As a result, almost all of them have been forced to construct new, small satellite airfields from south of the Loire to Belgium and Holland to enable their aircraft to operate. Twenty-five German aircraft were destroyed over Normandy on June 29, a larger number than in the earlier days of the fighting.

The raising of his score of victories to 33 brought Wing Commander J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. (see Illus. p. 29), one of the R.A.F.'s previous highest scorer Group Capt. A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C., also a young man, has now risen to the present position of the light bomber. All through the present war has outlasted the duration of the last war, fighter-pilot's life expectancy has been lowered. Nine pilots' scores equalled or bettered the current R.A.F. high score. Bishop 77, Mannock 73, McCudden 50, McIntyre 41, Little 40, Fullard 39, Ball 38, Collishaw 38, Barker 33. Five of these pilots won the V.C. and five survived the war. The only fighter-pilot who has won the V.C. in this war is Nicolson, who gained the decoration for bravery in an action in which he shot down his first pilot. In this war the majority of V.C.'s awards in the R.A.F. have gone to Bomber Command. Why?
Casualties Carried by R.A.F. Transport Command

SPEED SAVES THE LIVES of very many Allied wounded on the various battle fronts. In six days aircrafts of R.A.F. Transport Command, flying to Normandy with beachhead supplies, returned home with over 1,000 casualties.

Please read for the return journey are prepared to receive the wounded (1). In the foreground one of the fighter escort awaits the signal to take off. A waiting casualty is the step-son of a W.A.A.F. nurse (2). A soldier's injured foot has been bandaged in readiness for the journey by a W.A.A.F. nursing orderlies (3), who will also attend to patients in the air; the first W.A.A.F. medical orderlies arrived by plane on France on June 13, 1944, from a motor ambulance's service. A reinforcements aircraft (4); a swift cross-Channel flight and the men will be in England.

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Southern England Attacked with Flying Bombs

LAUNCHED MAINLY AGAINST LONDON from bases in France. Flying bombs or pilotless planes (sectional drawing, top right) totaled 3,754 up to 8 a.m. on July 4, 1944. Many were intercepted and shot down by R.A.F. fighters. This one (1) started its 500 m.p.h. journey (2) from a camouflaged launching base in the Pas de Calais, similar to several captured near Cherbourg by the Allies (3). Caught in a network of tracer shells, bullets, searchlights and flak, another Bazooka to extinction—blown up by gunfire (4). See also p. 156.
N O T S O M A N Y P E O P L E are very sorry, as the year turns forward this year to preview help in bringing in the harvest. Partly this may be due to the cold weather of May and June. Most folks are liable to think conditions will go on being whatever they happen to be at the moment. If it rains, they say "We are in for a rainy summer." If the wind blows from the north with a razor-edge to it, it when it ought to be blowing warmly from the south-west, they anticipate months of it. There is just as much chance that August will be very hot as that the inclemency of spring and early summer will continue. But there is another reason lessening the response to the appeal for workers in the field. This is that many of the younger men and girls who harvested last year supposed that they would get a holiday with lots of time to themselves and nothing very strenuous to do when they were on duty. But they found out their mistake and were disappointed when they could not "make whoopee" as they had expected. That is what one of the field-workers has been telling me. She adds that if for those who take it in the right spirit no holiday could be healthier or more enjoyable, as well as valuable about the country and our great cause.

I A M told that a good many Dutch army officers and business men in Holland were believers in Nazism as a system of government, but I cannot think that they are of the same sort of people. The same used to be said, with more truth I fancy, of Swedish military and commercial men, for, according to personal knowledge, they have been, Sweden, this pre-Nazi feeling has by no means disappeared. They certainly were on the side of the Germans in the First Great War. The Swedish aristocracy and upper middle class are inclined to domination. There is a story in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's Valima Letters about trouble in a South Sea Island. Some native chief had been imprisoned for stirring it up and it was feared that a war might be attempted. A young Swedish officer, who was in command of the local police force stationed there to keep order, pronounced in his home tongue that war could not and it was good for you. Public feeling was aroused, the risk to the whole community was realized, and the plan was ruled out. But it was a pointer to the sort of way that young Swedes had been taught to think.

"The more things change, the more they remain." says the paradoxical French proverb, with characteristic French love of literary epigrams. It is a proverb frequently proved to be true. Mankind is like the pointer in a weighing machine, which swings away to the left as you weigh yourself, and as you get off, swings back again to its abiding-place. See what is happening in Russia. First a tremendous upheaval. Everything in the machine is changed. Never be the same again," said the wiseacres. But watch what happens. A little while ago religion was brought out and duted and set up again to be practiced without hindrance or even discouragement. Now the machine has been restored to its place among popular entertainments. It would not be surprising to see Stalin become sovereign. Oliver Cromwell nearly became king, not because he would be easily apostatized to find people there eating so much better than they do in our cities and towns and even in most villages. I have had a letter from someone enjoying a holiday in the foothills of the Cairngorm Mountains. "We got any amount of cream," he says, "and really more eggs than can be good for us. Yesterday, counting the puddings and sausages made with them, we reckoned we consumed half-a-dozen each." You may say, "Ah, yes, the Black Market." Not at all. The explanation is simply that in the village there are so many cows and so many chickens, and the spot is so remote from a railway, that the local produce must be consumed on the spot. That is also the reply to ill-natured people who say the Normans must have been food hoarding. They used to supply other parts of France, especially Paris, with the produce of their fruitful soil. As it can't be taken away by road or rail, it stays there. And the troops get the benefit of it, I am glad to say.

Here is an illustration of the way in which languages grow. I first heard the word "mailgu" when I was in the Mediterranean around many years ago and noticed a very agreeable scent in the air. I was told it was a type of the South African veldt and that all over the island grow flowering perfumed shrubs. They were what I could smell out at sea. Later when I landed and walked about the place I came to love the maquis as much as one loves the South African veldt with its scent of mimosa so heavy in the hot air. It must be a local word, for I cannot find it in French dictionaries; but it cropped up a year or so back in the news about the French partisans in the mountains of their homeland. They were then termed the "men of the maquis." It was to become a contemptuous term of themselves (see article and illustrations in p. 150), and no doubt the word will remain with us, meaning "guerilla troops who fight in wooded districts." The men who would like languages to be cut-and-dried products of pedantry will rise any complaint made against the "language" because it is "an underground language and as a rule you never hear it except in the open:" it is meant without the other way than what they now mean. Any language that becomes stiff and stereotyped is already half dead.

A SYMPATHIZER with my lament over the doggerel issued by a Government Office which was exhibited in fishmongers' shops, sends me these wretched lines which he saw in an omnibus:

Sprightly Stephen thinks awhile, Then climbs to Top Deck with a smile.
Leaving the Lower Deck for lutes Of folk who loathe the sight.

For seventy years we have been trying to educate the masses—that is, to get them to read and write. The government is trying to supply them with a standard for judging decent English and literate drivel. We have failed so completely that it seems to be as if we have tried some other method of mind-cultivation. For, mark you, it is not merely that the products of elementary schools tolerate rhymes of this character. These are produced and put up in public places by those who manage commercial companies, who are in charge of Government Offices. These people have in all probability been at secondary and perhaps at "public" schools, yet they have no knowledge of values whatever. Why not drop education on literary lines and teach boys and girls to use their hands, make them study machines, train them by engineering courses? It might give better results.

Life is a series of surprises. Most people are surprised when they find themselves married. Children, when they come, cause unexpected wonderment by all they do and say. Discovering that we have grown old is a surprise. Dying may be the greatest surprise of all. Certainly every war that has been fought since long-range weapons and fast-moving vehicles were invented has upset all the plans made by military commanders. It was supposed that this war would be like the last one; it has turned out completely different. The sort of fighting that goes on now in Italy and the near Middle East is far different from anything that had been expected. It gives the private soldier more exciting work to do than he ever knew before. And it is more dangerous to generals than war used to be. Half a dozen have been killed on the enemy side in Normandy.
North Italy: a Wave in the Permanent Way

BEARING WITNESS TO THE ACCURACY of Allied bombing of enemy rail communications in Northern Italy is this twisted section of a main line which received a direct hit; on the left can be seen a derelict tanker waggon. Speeding up the rate of our drive far beyond Rome were special mixed tank forces composed of tanks and mechanized infantry; by July 8, 1944, they were heading north-west of Rome, a triumph for the 8th Army; towards the city of Florence.

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