Our Roving Camera Sees War's Impact at Home

HARVESTING IN FULL SWING on the Buckinghamshire hills: the crop is oats, and girls in the foreground are stacking sheaves to allow them to dry out before they are collected. People from all walks of life 'help out' in this and many other forms of work, as they were last, when 500,000 became amateur 'farmers' boys.'

CONTROL ROOM of one of London's new deep tunnel shelters, first of which was opened on July 19, 1940, is the nerve-centre of a refuge designed to accommodate 9,000 persons. Power failures here are minimized by dual current distribution, and well-equipped medical aid posts staffed by St. John Ambulance and British Red Cross nurses under a resident doctor.

SERVICE MEN LEND A HAND in vital war tasks in Britain, to help meet the shortage in civilian manpower. The Royal Navy, the Army and the R.A.F. have each loaned some of their personnel; as volunteers for this 'change-over' they continue to wear Service clothes and receive their normal rates of pay. Some gain proficiency as railway foremen and cleaners: Sgt.-Pilot Forster, very much 'grounded,' emerges from beneath a locomotive after emptying the ash pan. The "windproof" coats and "tobacco" hats, some of the R.A.F. operations, help after flying bomb violations; their main job is ravishing coats of damaged buildings.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


WHETHER Hitler and Himmler really succeeded in crushing the revolt of the Stavka is a question I do not think, matter much to us. The mischief was already done, for though the Reichswehr may continue to fight a losing battle it is impossible to believe that any army can maintain its morale when it knows that numbers of its most esteemed leaders have openly shown that they consider the war has been lost—and that through the incompetence of the High Command. The amazing success of the Russian offensive, skillfully as it has been conducted and despite its overpowering weight, could not have been achieved if the German Army as a whole retained anything of its former spirit.

One cannot help suspecting that some at least of the astonishing number of German generals who have been taken prisoner knew that an internal clash was imminent, and preferred captivity to being forced to take sides in a struggle whose outcome was still doubtful. They can claim that they remained with their troops, but it is hard to believe that they tried to take opportunities to escape with some part of their forces before the net closed. Granted that the action of partisans and friendly civilians might have added to the difficulty of escape, and that orders from Hitler not to retreat may have obscured their better judgement. Such an order might often involve Divisional HQs. In the battle, even they and still more Corps HQs should normally aim at being in a position to take a broad view of the situation and to retain power of exercising control.

RUSSIA Koniev's offensive on the Lwow front has had a more remarkable effect on the Red Army than might have been expected, for here if anywhere the Germans were fully prepared. Yet it is on this front that the break-through has made the most astonishing progress, and there have been most evident signs of the enemy's demoralization. Hitler's orders that Lwow should be held at all costs invited a new catastrophe, and the same applies to Brést-Litowsk, Bialystok and Drusk.—the capture of all these fortress towns with their large garrisons, announced on July 27 and 28, of course representing an immensely more important success than their abandonment by the retreating army.

By the end of the first month of the offensive it was evident that Koniev and Rokossovsky were driving with all speed to gain the crossings of the Vistula, while Zhukov was well placed to cover Rokossovsky's right flank and to turn the line of the Narew River. It was clear that the Germans would be hard put to it to hold the line of the Vistula and Waraw. It was obvious too that the three Baltic armies were aiming at isolating and destroying Lindemann's northern armies.

It was not so clear whether Cherniakhovskiy was making no vigorous attempt to close on Krasnopol and Zhabarov threatened to isolate the forces defending it. Whatever the future held in store, the achievements of the Red Army in the first month of the offensive had established a new speed record and had exposed all the amazing incompetence of the German High Command.

FRANCE In Normandy, perhaps owing to a somewhat loose use of the word "break-through," expectations were disappointed when the massive attack which cleared the Caen bottle-neck turned out to have unlimited objectives. Personally I never imagined that a break-through with unlimited objectives was attempted. The mere facts that no attacks were made simultaneously on other sectors and that the attack was directed in a very narrow front seemed to indicate clearly that the object was to remove the cork from the bottle-neck and to gain a bridge-head in the open country beyond.

Admittedly, all objectives were not gained in the initial attack, but it should be recognized that although the cork had been removed the bottle-neck remained, enabling immediate exploitation of success. The existence of the bottle-neck was in fact so evident that no offensive on a great scale could be staged until a substantial bridge-head was secured beyond it and had been opened. Presumably but for the interruption caused by weather the initial success would have been followed up promptly in order to gain a bridge-head of the size required.

Failure to reach all the objectives aimed at led to criticism of the tactical methods adopted, particularly the use of tanks to lead the assault. I would not, however, attempt to form any opinion on the point without much more detailed knowledge of the terrain conditions and of the information available when plans were drawn up. It is clear that Rommel reacted with great speed, and it is possible that too much reliance was placed on his movements being hampered by the cratering of roads. No doubt alternative routes had been reconnoitered with a view to the rapid switch of his anti-tank weapons.

The preliminary air bombardment of the factory area has also been criticized, but it seems to have accomplished its object and to have been skillfully planned to minimize the disadvantages revealed at Cassino. I should imagine, however, that tanks were used to lead the assault on the grounds that they could traverse the devastated area at greater speed than infantry and might therefore have a better chance of anticipating the enemy's reaction. Critics, in any case, might allow for the fact that if everything went as planned a general's job would be an easy one, and, in particular, that our troops in Normandy are opposed by the pick of the German Army commanded by a general who certainly has great executive capacity.

Although the clearance of the Caen bottle-neck has been a step forward, preparatory to launching a full-scale offensive, the bridge-head across the Orne will probably require enlargement before anything decisive can be attempted. The time has come, however, when preparatory operations will be on a greater scale and on wider fronts.

ITALY Meanwhile, in Italy, General Alexander's armies continue to make steady progress, and Kesselring is back in the forward zone of the Gothic Line; the time must be approaching when the German High Command will have to decide whether he is to attempt to hold that position at all costs or to withdraw to the Alpine zones. In view of the lensing importance of the Italian air bases owing to the Russian advance, and the pressing need of the Germans for reserves, it would not be surprising if the latter alternative were adopted. Possibly, however, hopes of gathering the harvest of the Po valley might affect the decision.
Russians Crack More Bastions in Berlin Drive

PSKOV, strongpoint covering roads on southern front, was captured by troops of the 3rd Baltic Front, under General Ivan Maltsev (above), on July 23, 1944. The town was set alight by the retreating enemy (right).

LVOV'S TREE-LINED MAIN STREET, the spacious and imposing Academic Boulevard (left), as it was in pre-war days. Economic, political and regional centre of the Ukraine, big railway junction and bastion covering strategic roads to southern Poland, Lvoiv was captured by Red Army troops of the 1st Ukrainian Front on July 27, 1944. Soviet tanks (right) manouevre into position during the final encirclement of the enemy that garrisoned the city. For two days street battles raged, tanks, cavalry and infantry taking part in the action which cleared it as fast of the invaders. See also map in p. 193, and illus. p. 301.
Great Gaps Torn in Nazi Line across France

WEST OF ST. LO, captured by U.S. Forces on July 18, 1944, the Americans launched a new attack on July 21 to break the German hold on the south of the Eure in Normandy. By August 3 their tanks had moved through Amfreville and reached Rennes and Dinan in Brittany. Encountering enemy fire, U.S. troops dashed across a road to cover (left). An American tank shepherds German prisoners wearing white flags (above), halted and dishevelled, representatives of thousands more.

ON THE CAEN FRONT the British 1st Army, taking up the running of the American offensive, attacked around Caumont on July 25. Faced by stiff resistance, they made good progress, reaching fire by Aug. 3. In a rain-drenched street a British military policeman directs troops (above). Mr. Churchill visited Normandy again on July 21 and was photographed with British soldiers (right). Photos, British and U.S. Official, British Newspaper Pool, Kyotan PAGE 197
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurrich

FROM the very start of this war, Germany put her entire trust in the U-boat as the principal weapon with which to defeat British sea power. In this respect the enemy plan of campaign differed materially from that of thirty years ago. In 1914 scarcely any German seemed to have realised the poorness of the submarine as a means of destroying shipping; and during 1915 and the early part of 1916 its use was limited by a reluctant consideration for the feelings of neutrals. Not until Jutland had made it plain that there was no hope of gaining victory at sea by surface battle was all restraint abandoned.

As a result the United States was drawn into the war following persistent attacks on American vessels engaged in peaceful trade. Thus in the ultimate issue the U-boat campaign proved Germany’s undoing, though not until its prosecution had inflicted well-nigh fatal damage, as figures attest. During four black weeks of 1917 nearly 900,000 tons gross of shipping were sent to the bottom. Had this rate of destruction continued, it was a mathematical certainty that by the end of the year another three million tons would have been sunk en route to Europe and the Leichenbriefs left to bring food, leaving nothing over for the transport of troops, munitions, fuel and other vital necessities.

Not until the struggle is over and access has been had to the enemy records that do not know exactly how many German, Italian and Japanese submarines have paid the penalty for their depredations. It has been stated that Italian losses total 48, which is probably pretty close to the truth. It would leave the Italian Navy with a residue of between 60 and 70, excluding vessels of the midgud type. Some of these, of course, are in German hands and may have been destroyed since. Japanese figures are more uncertain, but it is probable that more than 20 have been accounted for in various ways. This alone goes far to explain the rarity of U-boat attacks on shipping in recent months.

Admiral G. W. Nimitz (right), C-in-C U.S. Pacific Fleet. Recent outstandingly successful U.S. submarine groups have suffered damage recouping landings on Guam Island and Tulon, by the Jap 7th Fleet sub group, on July 22nd and respectively.

Unquestionably the knowledge that under present conditions there is a fair chance of survival must be disheartening for the personnel. At the present time the rate of loss of U-boats is approximately one higher than two in one, which has been assumed to be the average for the whole war. Moreover, the majority of the more skillful and daring of the enemy submarine captains has been killed or taken prisoner, leaving only the less efficient and enterprising to carry on the conflict. In such circumstances it may be assumed that there is no strong desire on their part—still less on that of their crews—to make contact with convoys, even if a successful attack can be made, escape afterwards is highly unlikely. This alone goes far to explain the rarity of U-boat attacks on shipping in recent months.

Owing to the high proportion of surface blockade runners intercepted on route from Japan to Germany during 1943, an effort is believed to have been made to carry on the traffic by submarines. The vessels chosen for this purpose were probably the large supply U-boats already mentioned, together with a few big Italian submarines fitted out specially. Japanese submarines are believed to have proved a failure, so that Germany’s desperate need of rubber, gun, tin, oil and other Eastern products has not been relieved; nor is Japan’s shortage of man of war ball bearings, and so on, likely to be assuaged by anything the Germans can send in return.

Slowly but surely the war is drawing nearer to Japan. Tinian Island, like its neighbour Saipan, has now passed into American occupation with its fine airfield. Reconquest of Guam is making steady progress, and the bombardment of the Palau group is another warning to the enemy that retribution approaches closer daily. In the Indian Ocean the port of Sabang, on the north-western extremity of Sumatra, has again been attacked by Allied ships and aircraft of the Eastern Fleet, and its equipment and a great deal of the enemy’s merchant shipping has been sunk.

However, the Eastern Fleet may be taken as an indication that the time is not far distant when fresh attacks will be made on Japan from the western quarters.

Shortage of shipping is perhaps the greatest reason for which Japan is suffering at the present time. Not only have been many transports and supply vessels been destroyed by air attack, but the ships of the South China Sea, the East Indies and the Dutch Indies, but United States submarines of the enemy’s submarine campaign against enemy shipping in Far Eastern waters, sinking a larger tonnage every month.

Recalling these facts, it seemed to Hitler and his naval advisers that if submarine warfare were waged without limit from the start, its success might be regarded as a certainty. With this in mind, the German Government in 1935 concluded an agreement with Britain by which, while the ratio of German naval strength was fixed as 35 per cent of that of the Royal Navy, the Reichsmarine was permitted to build submarines (a right denied by the Treaty of Versailles) up to a percentage of 45 in the same relation.

U-boat construction had already been resumed before this agreement was actually signed; and it was no doubt calculated that in another four years enough submarines would be available to furnish the means for prosecuting a fresh war against the world’s sea transport. Of course, the fact that Germany had also subscribed to a pact renouncing unrestricted submarine warfare would leave over 100 still in service, without allowing for losses of which nothing is known outside Japan.

Germany possessed 70 submarines at the outbreak of war, as compared with 28 in 1914. They have been added to at a far faster rate than in 1914-18, when 344 were actually completed, 226 more begun but not finished, and 212 projected but never built. By mass production methods the Germans are believed to have turned out over 1,000 U-boats since September, 1939, including some of a special supply type, which for a time were used to relieve and revitalize submarines out on patrol. It is probably no exaggeration to assess the losses of the U-boat fleet in this war at 50 per cent—or not less than 500 submarines to date. In other words, out of every two U-boats that have sailed to prey upon shipping one has failed to return.

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8th Army Riflemen Patrol the Arno Valley

THE RIFLE BRIGADE reconnoitred the difficult country ahead for concealed German positions in the valley of the Arno, north of the captured Italian town of Arezzo (see page 280). Defending the approaches to Florence five German divisions were massed by August 7, 1944, in a 30-mile front—including their best formations in Italy: the 4th Parachute Division and the 1st and 39th Panzer Grenadiers, supported by armor and engineers who had been serving in Italy as part of an armoured division since March.
Advance to Arezzo Heralds Fall of Florence

Triumph for British Tanks. Guardsmen, riflemen and Indian troops of the 8th Army were the first to capture Arezzo, in the centre of the coast-to-coast battle line in Italy and the keyport of the German defenses guarding Florence and Rome. The fighting was most bitter. The Sappers and Miners, too, made their contributions to the preliminary stages of this advance, and here (1) a Fies Air Arm and R.A.F. personnel get a Seafire into fighting trim at a forward airfield. A Sherman tank passes a de-railed and knocked out German Panther (2). British troops dug in to give covering fire to patrols clearing a village near Arezzo (3). Infantry on the march, one of them wearing a "non-regulation" sun-hat (4).
Irresistible Red Armies Swept On Into Poland

OVER A RIVER AND ONWARDS surged tanks, guns and men of the 1st Ukrainian Front, under Marshal Koniev, towards Lvov, key to Southern Poland (see illus. p. 190); for days completely encircled, the city was captured on July 27, 1944. Lvov is an important junction of railways to Warsaw, Cracow, Breslau and Budapest; it was the third biggest city of pre-war Poland.

SIXTY THOUSAND GERMANS, including generals, marched through Moscow on July 17, 1944—but not as the conquerors they had hoped to be. Captured in White Russia, they were on their way to prison camps in Siberia, watched by grimly silent crowds of Muscovites. German forces had advanced to within 13 miles of Moscow in 1941; their repulse was due in part to Marshal of Tanks Pavel A. Rotmistrov (in circle), Russia's greatest exponent in the theory and practice of tank warfare.
IN THE FRONT LINE NEAR CAGNY, south-west of Caen, one of the 3rd Armée awaits the order to attack. Both quote a platoons ready for instant digging in as advancing new positions, and a D.R. stands by to carry their men if the attack is held up. Photograph shows the trench of a French outpost which resulted in the capture of a number of German prisoners. The trench was estimated to be about 20 miles, with a firing depth, from 2 to 3 miles.

Photo: Snedecor
They Tend the Front Line Sick and Wounded

Ministering angels of the battlefields go to their tasks from Britain with no illusions as to the hardships and peril in the execution of their duties. They must face the glamorous holiday from the homely round of home duties but a stern facing-up to tragic realities of front line nursing, as shown here by GEORGE WILKINSON.

See also page 138.

QUEEN Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service has made known its need for a thousand nurses for the front line, to staff such medical and surgical units as mobile casualty clearing stations for succouring Allied wounded in the battlefields of Western Europe and Italy.

In no previous war have nurses been called upon to work in such conditions of extreme danger, hardship and endurance.

Mrs. L. J. WILKINSON, O.B.E., R.N.C., Matron-in-Chief of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service. Serving in the 1914-1918 war, when she was awarded the Royal Red Cross (First Class), she was in France again in 1943. She gained the O.B.E. in 1943. Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Let us glance for a moment at how the whole problem of nursing was brought within the pattern of the national ‘man-power’ at the start. In 1939 the Ministries of Health and National Service required all State Registered Nurses and Certified Midwives to register. That was the first occasion when a census of nurses had been made on national lines. It revealed the fact that the country had a reservoir of some 80,000 qualified nurses and midwives, and it made possible their appropriate distribution. In April 1943 the Ministry of Labour required all nurses and midwives to register at their local offices, for by that time we had need of 13,000 nurses.

Nurses were then classified into groups—those immediately available, those unemployed, in industry or married, and those who had nursing experience but were not engaged in nursing. Between 1939 and 1943 many nurses and women with nursing experience had entered the women’s Services. They were henceforth free to quit the Services for their own job of nursing. And those who had gone on to war work were taken off and returned to this great central pool. So much for the general way in which this vital public service has been directed during the war. What of the Q.A.I.M.N.S.?

This Service, whose grey and scarlet uniform is everywhere familiar, is divided into three sections. First, the regular section, then the reserve, then the T.A.N.S. (Territorial Auxiliary Nursing Service). It is for this Service that the gallant thousand are required. What sort of conditions will they have? Their work, it is true, will be done under the hardest conditions; but they will have the compensation of possessing a higher status than ever before. For these women will rank as officers and wear the appropriate rank badges—beautician, captain, major, and so on. In place of the familiar scarlet and grey they will wear khaki, for there is a shortness of the standard cloth. For the rest of the war period these nurses will wear a uniform like the A.T.S., which is a great break with tradition. Their pay starts at £10 a year, all found.

It is not generally known that the V.C. is a decoration which may be won by a woman, for the regulations governing that award state that the act of gallantry must be performed in the face of the enemy in the field. It is therefore possible that this war will see the award of the V.C. to the first woman recipient. In the past most army and other service nursing has been done at base, but these new nurses share the full ardours of war and already there is a casualty list which tells more eloquently than words of the reality of these perils. It was nurses of the Q.A.I.M.N.S. who stuck it out on the beaches at Dunkirk in 1940; these staffed the long processions of ambulance trains in France. They have served in hospital ships, and in many countries, and now again in France. They have worked under perpetual bombings and under intense shell-fire.

Yet, despite a magnificent record of courage, devotion and endurance, few stories have been told of these self-sacrificing and uncomplaining women. Incidentally, it is the name of the ‘pub-badda’ nurse who does not dramatize her work, but takes it in a matter-of-fact way, doing her job quietly and efficiently in every manner of way, with no self-importance. There was one such nurse who was torpedoed and shot into the sea. For twelve days she was one of a party in a life-boat. She held a daily ‘sick parade,’ she comforted men when hysteria broke down their courage, she operated on boils with an iodine-dipped safety-pin, she instituted a daily salt-water bucket bath to allay thirst. In short, she handled the whole human loadout with the competence and quiet assurance of a Ward Sister in a civilian hospital in peace time.

Nurses on active service handling casualties in the forward area often have to put up with conditions which would appal a tough man. Consider the delicate operation of giving a blood transfusion. This operation is now performed under canvas or in any sort of available cover behind the front line—in leaky tents with floors slippery with wet mud, often with nurses in attendance who have not had their clothes off for a week, by nurses whose hours run to anything up to eighteen per day.

Such, very briefly, are circumstances in which our Service nurses are surrouning our men to-day. How do they ‘take it’? Maybe the best answer is found in the casual remark of a nurse serving in Arakan, at a casualty clearing station close to the front line. She said, laughing: ‘We are the most forward women in Arakan!’

If you enquire who these women are, the answer is they come from London, from Ireland and Scotland, from provincial cities and towns—that they are, in short, a cross section of the British nursing service and the inheritors of a tradition which goes back in direct line of descent to those crude, rough hospitals of the Crimea where Florence Nightingale laid the foundation of modern Service nursing.

At the head of Q.A.I.M.N.S. is Matron-in-Chief Mrs. L. J. Wilkinson, who had been Chief Principal Matron in India since 1942; she succeeded Dame Katherine Jones, as Matron-in-Chief, in July 1944.

Many who responded to the appeal for front line nurses are girls who had only just completed their hospital training and attained to the dignity of State Registration.

ARRIVING IN NORMANDY a few days after the Allies battered their way ashore, these members of the Q.A.I.M.N.S., clad in battle-dress, are being detailed for duty by their Senior Commandant Matron (extreme right). Their purpose was to arrive on the beach-head on the Normandy beaches and to be ready to take the first casualties. R.A.M.C. and Pioneers, the task was accomplished in record time.

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Hard-hitting Spearheads of Our 2nd Army Front

GREAT WEIGHT OF BRITISH ARMOUR, sweeping ahead of a combined British and Canadian advance east of the River Orne in Normandy, included American-built Sherman tanks (1) have seen moving up through standing crops. Improved Shermans, fitted with the British 17-pounder gun (2), prove the test. A Cromwell followed by another Sherman crosses a bridge (3); one of the latest types of British cruiser tank, the Cromwell, incorporates a 75-mm. gun. Eastward across the Orne via "London Bridge" comes yet another armoured column (4).
Roar of British Guns Rolls over Norman Plains

OBSERVATION TOWERS, skilfully camouflaged between tall trees and evergreens, and blended with the foliage, are used by our forces on the Western Front. This tower (1) was built for a flash-spotting unit of a Royal Artillery survey regiment; the men who watch from the summit platforms note flashes from enemy gun positions and pass the loca- tions to our own batteries for accurate retaliatory action.

At dawn a gun of a 5.5 in. medium battery joins in a massed barrage; shells are stacked ready for the non-stop pounding (2). So fierce was the firing that the barrels of this 18-pdr. battery had to be cooled at regular intervals with water (3). Each time the barrels were filled with water the thick raised clouds of choking dust (4) is thickened with recoil absorbers, seen above the control part of the barrel.
'Red Duster' Flies Again in Swedish Ports

**Fire small British Merchant Navy blockade-runners, audaciously defying Hitler's navy and the Luftwaffe, succeeded in establishing a regular service between Britain and neutral Sweden—after a break of 33 years—returning with, among other war cargoes, vital ball-bearings. Facts about this daring enterprise are told here by Capt. FRANK H. SHAW. See also page 217.**

**Technically, the Merchant Navy is a civilian, non-combatant force; since the day hostilities opened it has been in the front line of activity, braving the seas and every fiendishness that Hitler's ingenuity could devise. Its losses, in men and ships, have been colossal; but there is no record of any single ship faling to sail on schedule. Out of such mauling record it stands to reason that any occurrence deserving outstanding praise must be a remarkably fine feat indeed. Consider now the almost fantastic story of the little Red Ensign blockade-runners which have defied the worst Hitler's navy and air force could do, to maintain a regular service between Britain and Sweden.**

The picture of Francis Drake was hung in the cabin of each of the five gallant midget ships concerned. The names of this dearth quintet deserve to be honoured equally with the Golden Hind and the stoutest hearts-of-oak that ever took the sea with Good Queen Bess's august Blessing. The Eilleren-Wilson Line, noteworthy through many years for trading in the harsh, hostile Baltic, were given the responsibility of operating the Gay Corsair, commanded by Capt. R. Tanton, O.B.E.; the Gay Vike, Capt. H. Whittall, O.B.E.; the Hopewell, Capt. D. Stokes, O.B.E.; the Master Stanstead, Capt. C. R. Holdsworth; and the Nonsuch, Capt. H. W. Jackson, O.B.E.

M.T.B. could have run the gauntlet any day; but these sea-basques are totally incapable of carrying considerable freight; consequently, the Drake Flotilla, as these ships might well be honoured in future references, had to be roomy and capacious, where every possible inch of space could be devoted to the snug stowage of cargoes. The fact of their unqualified success speaks volumes for the ingenuity of their designers and builders, as it glorifies the sterling, audacious courage of their youthful crews.

"Give us the tools," said the Prime Minister on a memorable occasion, "and we will finish the job." The little craft got mated those of the crew of our old marines and light coastal craft: hot cooked food was a rarity, exercise a practical impossibility. And when the service was started, in the autumn of 1943, the North Sea and Skagerrak waters were about at their worst. As an old navigator of these waters, in fair weather and foul, I can only stand amazed at the consistent temerity with which the hundred-odd men concerned faced the fearful enemy attacks from all directions, to dare thick fogs, ever-altering mindfields. The North Sea gales were continuous and tumultous. Leading lights and landmarks were practically non-existent; the nights of that first bitter winter were long and dark—very, very dark.

It was impossible to display so much as a glimmer of light even to guard them from collision with friendly or neutral craft. Each eastward voyage was so deceptively timed that the ships reached the Skager-rak, the area of greatest danger, as the darkness intensified. This called for expert navigation of herding and the ship. The sun was Visualization, and the main aids were compass and sounding lead. The masters and crews were specially trained to feel a way across the North Sea's hidden bottom. But Hull's work—men—who predominated in the crews—are notoriously skilful at such work; it is an inherited tradition with the stolid Yorkshiremen that the bitter sea washing their coast exists only to be beaten in fair light—though the sea is a more treacherous fighter foully: getting its challengers down for the count and then hammering home its most savage blows.

And so, thrusting through nooky seas, blasted by screaming machine-guns, by not less incessant ferocity, liable to immediate sinking by enemy attacks from all directions, the persistent armadas carried to Sweden commercial commodities required by that neutral country, and exchanged them for ball-bearings by wholesale—and ball-bearings mean as much to the machine-building industry as does oil—and a multitude of other material without which our successful conduct of the war could not be guaranteed. Invaluable passengers were conveyed, too—entailed even closer stowage of the human element aboard. Details of the cargoes borne both ways must necessarily be kept secret, but it is no exaggeration to say that for the fidelity and toughness of these men and ships, a presentation in the form of Europe might well have been impossible.

Sweden welcomed the adventurers, rejoicing to see a resumption of trade with her old commercial friend. Although Germany did all in her power to intercept the comings and goings of the little armada, Sweden sternly held that she was entitled to conduct such trade. Our British die-hards were welcomed in Lysekil—the Swedish port selected for harbourage—with open arms. They were fitted, much to the disgust of the Germans; and the crews moved jauntily ashore among the very nationals whom they were defying day by day.

Not all the little ships escaped. The Master Stanstead fell foul of a storm, with loss of every activity. She was taken as good prize by the Germans; that she fought gallantly is proved by the fact that her small crew suffered less performance of his duty; Captain Holds-worth deserves a place among the very best, comparable with any non-combatant merchant-adventurer whose deeds have helped to shed lustre on the British flag.
Naval Aid for Our Armies of Invasion

Through death-storm, narrow waters and under shrew-battery fire two great invasion armies were successfully carried to the Normandy coast and landed on open beaches with the combined protection of Allied sea and air forces and the help of the Merchant Navies of Britain and America.

Since those June days, food and water, petrol and oil, ammunition, vehicles and spare parts, and great reinforcements have been transported without intermission—"Making it possible," in the words of General Sir Bernard Montgomery, C-in-C 21st Army Group, in a message of thanks to Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsey, Allied Naval C-in-C Expeditionary Force, "for us to fight when you had put us ashore."

Above, on the deck of a British warship anchored off a beach-head, the crew of a Bofors A.A. gun covers shipping unloading supplies. Right, troop transports and landing craft approach the coast.

Photos, British Official; Pictorial Press
Beaufighters Blot Enemy Convoy

Supplementing the brilliant work of the Allied navies, supporting our armies in the Continental field, one of the largest “strikes” seen by R.A.F. Coastal Command has ever put in the air swept down through raid to most unexpected depth on July 14, 1944, and surprised, attacked, and smashed an entire German convoy off the south coast of Norway. While the Beaufighters departed, unharmed, every one of the enemy ships—some severely needed war cargoes—went on a roll. It was last seen going down, the remainder were either on fire or crippled. An armed trawler (in foreground) nets into flame; in the background another is perilously fringed with near-misses. At the height of the attack, four of the German ships were set ablaze and another was seen breaking up in action. Enemy gunners abandon their positions (19) as this trawler begins to bear to water-level. R.A.F., Canadian, Australian and New Zealand squadrons of Coastal Command participated in this extremely successful operation.
Guns of Navy Take Part in Land Battles

As they bombard enemy strongpoints ashore guns crews of the Royal Navy rely for correct ranges on men of Forward Observation Bombardment units, among whom are many naval telegraphists from H.M. ships; here spotting for the Navy's guns are (1) an infantry officer and a sergeant; and, in the trench, a naval rating in battledress. From the bridge of a U.S. escorting destroyer (2, left) the British cruiser H.M.S. Dido is seen bombarding shore targets to the west of Gaeta, in Italy. Changing guns on the upper forward turret of H.M.S. Ramilies (3), which helped considerably to break up concentrations of enemy armour around Caen in Normandy; in the first ten days of the invasion operations Ramilies hurled nearly 1,000 tons of shells on German defence positions.

Photos, British Official
I have been reading what its author calls "an angry book. He offers no apology for it. He makes the same answer that the prophet in the Bible made to Jehovah when he was asked "Dost thou well to be angry?" His answer was "I do well."

Mr. George Solovoychik claims that he has every right to feel anger against "successive nations of false countries and a false nation refused to govern;" and as a result of that refusal, "they have sent hundreds of thousands of heroic young men to slaughter or enemy prison camps." He extends his indignation to the nation that declared war on Germany and without bothering to wage it! and were so foolish as to declare war on an empire that inflicted "on millions of men and women all over the world the horrors of invasion, terror, and bombing.

He expands this indictment as follows: The Allies, "having exhausted their efforts to evade war at almost any price, having surrendered one vital bastion in Europe after another, and refused to fight for Czechoslovakia," declared war, but did not wage it. They each proceeded to attend to their own affairs, while carefully refraining from attacking Germany in the west—the only effective help they could have given the Poles.

Britain, it is suggested, was even more to blame than the French for the "phony war.

After eight months there were still many hundreds of unemployed as well as many hundreds of soldiers who had never been registered for military service still waiting to be given anything to do. The war did not begin for us, Mr. Solovoychik says, until Hitler invaded Scandinavia (April, 1940).

It took the tragedies of a defeat in Norway, the disintegration of Bitter Country and a ghastly break-through to the Channel ports that came from globalization became possible, and with the much needed and fitting adaptation of the nation to the life-and-death struggle in which it had been engaged.

This did not save us, however, from the consequences of the defeat of the British Empire to become "the greatest collection of unprotected loot in the world."

This is the heavy indictment: Mr. Solovoychik brings against the rulers of his adopted country during the past twenty years. He does not bring it for the sake of raking up old muddles and blunders and clouds. He is not, he says, of the Peace-MacDonald, 10/6 designed to show how Britain shook free of Baldwinism and Chamberlainism, stood alone against fearful odds for a year, and has since redeemed the reputation of our race for obstinate, unbearably opposition to tyranny. It is a plea for British leadership of the most vigorous and enlightened kind after the war.

Mr. Solovoychik was born in Russia. He came to this country 25 years ago and took up British citizenship. He can therefore, unreservedly. He can look at the same time he can look at our history with detachment and our problems with the perception of a looker-on who has seen more of the game than the players who were engaged in it. At times he shows that he has not quite assimilated the British point of view. For example, he says on page 212:

"Our rule is to meet an issue head-on. A cryic might say that in being forced to take up an issue at once we are doing what the idealist would argue that we are fighting. He would be right. There is a modicum of truth in both these views. On Page 215 he accuses those who claim that Britain is fighting "solely for the common good" of being "cynical, sanctimonious and defeatist," and states roundly that "every single one of the United Nations is at war because it has been constrained by direct or indirect attack to fight for survival."

I do not remember hearing anyone claim that we were altogether disinterested when we declared war on Germany and without bothering to wage it! and were so foolish as to declare war on an empire that inflicted "on millions of men and women all over the world the horrors of invasion, terror, and bombing."

Mr. Solovoychik proposes British leadership should aim at. Chiefly, of course, the prevention of a Third World War, for which Germany's military leaders are believed to be making plans already. But he creates for himself a difficulty. He believes that "in every State there exists an inherent tendency to expansion."

Indeed, I believe that it would be quite as reasonable to say that nations, created and fostered by politicians, journalists, philosophers, and other people who have nothing better to do than improve their importance by appearing as "national leaders" and attempting to lead their nations toward making themselves happier and richer by dominating and oppressing other nations. The Swiss have never shown an ambition such as that. The Scandinavians have not shown any symptoms of expansion, either, granting such an opportunity for them to count the time of Charles the Twelfth. And those are nations which Mr. Solovoychik singles out for special commendation.

In his plans for keeping the Germans out of forever, he makes an argument built on facts. Instinct or no instinct, they have got to be shown that the rest of the world does not mean to let them disturb its peace any longer. They have been disturbing it since 1857, when Bismarck was the arch-deler, not only supported by politicians, professors and publishing houses. Hitler is merely a caricature of Bismarck. The policy, the ambitions, have been the same ever since then. The rest of the world could have stopped that policy, could have snuffed out that ambition, could have stopped it in its infancy. The author wisely pours scorn on the notion that it should be "invasion by an army of no doubt well-meaning English-speaking schoolmarms, tutors, padres, quakers, Y.M.C.A. workers, missionaries, and other vegetarians," who would "re-educate" the Germans.

But there ought to be, he says, strict frontier supervision, so that the imports of iron, copper, bauxite, fats, oil, petrol, and a whole series of other raw materials essential to rearmament, which were allowed to flow in between 1933 and 1939 when Hitler secured power and 1939 when he made war, shall be made impossible. That will be generally supported, too. But he does not agree with the writer and Dr. Groebels, iron which he quotes as a classic example of making peace is power and not morality—

That is not what the very sentiment we are fighting against.
The Japanese are being Driven out of Manipur

AFTER CLEARING THE ENEMY from the 45 miles long Imphal- Kohima road, on the Burma- India front, the offensive achieved by June 3, 1944, British and Indian troops despite monsoon weather pressed on against the Japanese in that region. Behind tanks, British and Indian troops (1); bombed hills in the background indicate the difficult terrain with which they have to cope. The monsoon wind, sweeping over a flooded R.A.F. airfield, picked up this plane and turned it over; ground staff and a mobile crane undertook to set it right again (2). In dense jungle Japanese foxholes lie hidden; covered by a Bren menu British troops stalk them (3). Awaiting their turn to go into action are these Gurkhas (4); behind are transport planes which will take them and supplies to the front.
How Freed France Kept Bastille Day in 1944

ANNIVERSARY of the Fall of the Bastille which, 155 years ago, heralded the death of a former tyranny and birth of a new France, was celebrated in Bayeux, the Garden of France, on July 14, 1944, in French towns and villages liberated by the Allies. In Bayeux, cleared of the Germans on June 6, Allied troops and civilians paraded before the 1744-18 war memorial (3), flowing through the first villages to be freed, a French child placed a wreath on the grave of a British soldier who fell in the early hours of D-Day (5). A military band grouped before the flag-draped war memorial at St. Ouen de Ross (3), USA; 10,000 men of the French in Cherbourg (4). With simple ceremony the great anniversary was marked amid the ruins of La Haye du Puits (6).
Catapults give R.A.F. Pilots a Flying Start

The day I crossed theerry to visit the R.A.F. station where they train catapult pilots, there was a choppy sea and a sharp wind blowing. Ships of all kinds lay at anchor, slatternly tugs, brand new merchant ships and a sprinkling of warships. One at least among them had a strange-looking apparatus fitted across her decks. I was destined to see a larger version of this device in operation.

I approached it via a tunnel, part of an old fort which, centuries ago, had protected this part of Britain from invasion. I came out of the tunnel, and there was the giant trelis-work of steel lying across its concrete base like the huge skeleton of some prehistoric monster. This is the device which three years ago put a spoke in the U-boat's wheel and made the attacks of German long-range bombers a very hazardous business. In those days the beach of the sea was the most vital battle of all, and ships far out in the Atlantic had no protection against prowling German bombers capable of flying long distances without refuelling. Then catapults were fitted to hundreds of ships. R.A.F. pilots became part of the crew, and high-speed fighters were launched from the ship. The pilot glanced over his controls and then waved his arm to the catapult officer. Already various flags had conveyed a variety of signals to and from the catapult crew, and all was ready for the firing of the shell. It was a tense moment for a pilot about to make his first trial catapult take-off. He doesn't quite know what to expect. The arm of the D.O. fell, the armorer pulled a lever, the launching was a deafening explosion. Instead, the metal rails suddenly leapt to life, the whole framework of legs, and within the main steel trellis, were three massive rams, which gave the plane its drive. Then each ram took up the impulse from the last and finally conveying it to the plane. The latest catapults used on our merchant ships work upon a similar principle.

The Direction Officer, of the training school waited until the plane was in position, then walked over to examine the catapulting charge, something like a seven-pounder shell, but fitted with cordite instead of high explosive. A nod from him and the armorer inserted the charge into the breech just as though he were loading a gun.

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Photographic Reconnaissance is the speciality of one of the newest members of the famous fighting Spitfire family—the long-range Mark XI; there are three versions, powered respectively by the Rolls-Royce Merlin 61, 63, and 646 engine, which gives a maximum output of more than 1,650 h.p. Providing for great range, extra fuel tanks, additional to the two main tanks in the fuselage, are fitted in the leading edges of the wings—in the space usually occupied by guns. The plane has a span of 36 ft. 10 in. and is just over 26 ft. long.

Men who fly these Spitfires belong to the R.A.F. Photographic Reconnaissance Unit, which had its origin in a special flight formed in October 1939, from remnants of a peacetime survey unit. First Spitfire was used for reconnaissance in April 1940, when Kidd was photographed.

A Spitfire Mark XI above the clouds, about to dive down to take its pictures (1). Into its dive (2), its terrific speed (no dive unaided) carries it through "enemy action." A fitter mounts the camera (3) which, electrically operated, can take 500 pictures, photographed horizontally or obliquely. After a flight, pilots are interrogated (4). Lashing on the wing of a plane P.R.U. men examine their pictures (5).

Photo "recce" pilots helped the planners of our invasion of Europe by producing minute-detail photographs of the territory over which the Allies would fight. Not an inch of a 5,000-mile coastline was neglected, and from nearly half a million photographs experts pieced together the mosaic.

Planes, British official, Class E, Streer, Fox
New Awards Raise this War's V.C. Roll to 93

Temp. Lt-Col. H. R. B. FOOTE, D.S.O.

Of the Royal Tank REGT., Royal Armoured Corps, Lt-Col. Foote (left) gained the Victoria Cross in Libya during the period May 27 to June 15, 1942. In one action, his own tank knocked out, he changed to another and, although wounded, continued to lead his battalion. The second tank disabled, he continued to lead his men in brilliant leadership he defeated a German attempt to encircle two British divisions.

Major C. F. HOSEY, M.C.

On Feb. 16, 1944, in the Nalgheda / Fass in Aroan, Burma, Major Hosey (right) of the Lincolnshire Regt., badly wounded, rushed an enemy strong post, killing the occupants before he himself fell. He was awarded the V.C.

Actg. Naik NAND SINGH

Of the 11th Sikhs Regt., Indian Army, Naik Singh (above) was badly wounded on March 5, 1944, but hid his head in the bottom of a gun and crawled over a steep, knife-edged ridge under heavy fire, with the bayonet alone, and wounded, he took three Japanese trenches single-handed, killing seven of the enemy.

Pilot Officer C. J. BARTON, R.A.F.V.R.

Posthumously awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery in a raid on Nuremberg on March 30, 1944, Pilot Officer Barton (above) took his crippled Halifax to the appointed target. On the return journey, enemy fighters attacked, strafing and bombing the aircraft. He then flew his plane in attempting to avoid houses in England.

Major J. K. MAHONY

Of the Westminster Regt. (Motor), Canadian Army, Major Mahony (above) during the establishment of a vital bridgehead across a river in Italy, and in the face of determined enemy attack, on May 14, 1944, showed great courage, exposing himself wherever danger threatened until all attempts to break the enemy counter-attacks had failed. This action gained him the V.C.

Temp. Captain R. WAKEFORD

In the Cassino fighting in Italy, on May 13, 1944, Capt. Wakeford (above) of the Hampshire Regt., accompanied only by his orderly, killed a number of the enemy and took 30 prisoners. Later, seriously wounded, he continued to hold the position and from his hospital bed gave orders to his men. For selfless devotion to duty he won the V.C.

 Fusilier F. A. JEFFERSON

In an attack on the Gustar Line in Italy on May 16, 1944, Fusilier Jefferson of the Lancashire Fusiliers (above) after giving unflinching action to a German tank threatening an important position and counter-attack, PAGE 21
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness
Stories of the War

How We Ran the Blockade in the Gay Corsair

Captain Robert Tanton, O.B.E., Merchant Navy skipper, has told to a News Chronicle reporter the part his little ship the Gay Corsair has played in bringing to Britain tens of invaluable war materials available only in Sweden—sailing defiantly from an East Coast port, past German planes and E-boats, and over minefields into a blockaded Swedish harbour. See also p. 206.

MORE exciting than the Malta convoy run, in a way, this blockade run was. I was a first officer then with Elder's Wilson Line. I was sent for and asked if I would like to take a special job. I volunteered. Next morning I had been promoted to captain, and five of us met in a private room in the owners' office. There we were briefed. They told us we had to get through to Sweden. Our route ran straight across the thickest minefields.

We slipped out of the Humber in convoy. A few hours later we had engine trouble, and when the engines were really bad we were all alone in the North Sea. The Gay Corsair was only 125 ft. long. There was no comfort around, and we all knew that we should be on constant alert all the way across.

We flew our Red Ensign all the time and the pictures of Drake and Mr. Churchill we had aboard gave us a feeling of adventure. The boys were ready for the whole German shooting match. It was daylight when we left England and making dusk when we reached the Skager-rak. Then we crowded on all our speed—and it was plenty. We just shot through the sea.

There were plenty of floating mines in front of us, but the look-outs gave up watching them after a bit. Our bow wave was pushing ahead of us, and we simply drove at full speed right through the mines. The wash we threw up carried them past our bows.

The Skager-rak was the worst part of the voyage. A German patrol-boat spotted us and our guns went into action with their Oerlikons. The German turned away and disappeared. It was very cold and very wet, and we were weary. Our look-outs spotted German patrol ships and the Germans savaged us, but the engineers poured on everything, and we slipped by the E-boats without action.

We were pleased with ourselves, of course. As we entered the little Swedish harbour there was the German consul standing on the pier. He was glaring at us, but my boys weren't worried. I must say they were very polite. They greeted the consul with—well, like British sailors greeting a German consul—you can imagine!

I DUG THE GERMANS FOR FIVE WEEKS IN CAEN

A Lancaster bomber pilot from London, Squadron Leader E. Sprawson, told a Daily Mirror correspondent of his adventurous introduction to the old Norman city and of his five weeks' association with friendly French civilians before British troops arrived and threw the Germans out.

I was shot down by a fighter over Caen on my way to Venice. Five of us were bailed out. I don't know if the two gunners made it or not. French civilians who had just got out of the centre of Caen to avoid bombing happened to be in the field where I landed. They had me out of uniform into these clothes within 20 minutes of my landing. They are very brave people with plenty of guns and determination. They had realised what would happen if I was caught—I would be taken prisoner and they would be shot for hiding me. We went back into their house in the town and they treated me as a member of the family.

I had no ration, so they insisted on sharing theirs with me. We were lucky and lived on the produce from a little allotment, the milk from a couple of cows and the very limited rations distributed daily to the townpeople. I got two square meals a day. My chief worry was to know where to do. Allied broadcasts advised us to evacuate the town, but I could see myself trickling into Switzerland by about 1946 and decided to stay where I was in the hope that our troops would arrive before long.

Another idea was to move into open country out of the way of concentrated bombing and shelling. But being British and individual, I thought I would have much more trouble concealing my identity. There was only one really bad bombing. I was right in the middle of it. I walked through Caen twice when it was full of Germans.

Though I speak French and could make myself understood I could never have passed myself as a Frenchman. Last night when we were in the cellar of the house in Rue de Moulin, jutting on to the main thoroughfare of Boulevard Des Allies, a great deal of scuttling about by the German guards. They had lots of armed patrols sticking along the streets while the crowd justed south. For the last fortnight civilians in Caen have been living for this day. We heard you were two miles away, and we were happy. But there was still no sign of it this morning. A 12-year-old boy rushed in to me and said very excitedly, "Here are the Allies!" I went out and saw a British airman and said "I was British, but it is difficult for him to believe me. I showed him my identification papers and told him to put me under arrest if he had any doubts. He put me in the charge of an officer who took me to the colonel of the regiment.

My friends in Caen had spread the tale that I was a Frenchman who had lost everything and was so shocked that I was unable to speak. Until this morning other French civilians with whom I had come in contact daily did not know I was English. There were collaborationists about who would have reported me at once if they had heard me talk.

Most of the French in Caen were definitely for us. They realised that the bombing was necessary, and were determined to accept it as worthwhile, although after some of the heaviest raids it is understandable they would occasionally let slip a few nasty things. And now I am longing to be in uniform again and have another smack at Jerry.

JAMES CONWAY (right), curly motor mechanic of the Gay Corsair, with other members of the crew. The little ship is only 125 ft. length but is highly powered. See story above.

PAGE 217
We Shelled German Targets at 11 Miles Range

There is at least one German who can vouch for the accuracy of the guns of the cruiser H.M.S. Arethusa during the bombardment of Nurnberg. This unobtrusive fellow is perched on the top of a chimney stack in a factory area acting as spotter for the shore batteries. The story is told by the Arethusa's gunnery officer, Lieut-Commander H. T. Barrett, D.S.O.

I wouldn't have had his job for all the tea in China. We were nearly ten miles out, although we had to get within 25 yards of the chimney although we didn't actually hit it. We started a couple of large fires and we heard later that the chimney had been destroyed by our aircraft.

We were at the head of the column of bombarding battleships and cruisers, and our position was on the eastern flank. Our original target was a shore battery, but hardly had we commenced firing when a number of friendly destroyers came out of Le Havre and opened up on us. We switched our fire on them and they scuttled back to harbour without causing any trouble. We then returned to our original target and put it out of action.

In a Burning Plane I Crashed in Yugoslavia

In some thousands of sorties to Yugoslavia there has been only one accident.

It happened on the night of July 16, 1944, when a transport plane carrying personnel stalled above its goal and crashed from 400 feet. Among the survivors were Major Randolph Churchill, attached to the staff of the Macedonian Mission to the National Liberation Movement, and Philip Jordan, who here relates the adventure.

We are all looking back after the greatest kindness and enthusiasm in various partisan hospitals and billets here, but for those last hours we have so far been here it has been impossible for our generous hosts to attend and provide dresses for any but the seriously burned or fractured in some testimony to the grave shortage of medical supplies from which the army still suffers.

Our own medical supplies, along with everything we possessed, except the clothes which remain with us, were consumed in the fire. Our perished crew was drawn from Australia, Canada, South Africa and Britain.

Our failure was a double tragedy, for there was no return journey for the wounded partisans who were waiting so patiently for us in the fields.

Nothing that I know is more forlorn than this country when you fly over it in the dark night. Once the last faint shimmer of Adriatic waters has gone it is as though the world has gone also, and you were in a void with neither purpose nor direction. The stars went out; the new moon had not risen. Even our wings were not visible except when summer lightning gave them a fleeting bloom. The only lights we saw were snatches from exhausts which flew past like tracers. Once we flew over a road convoy.

Forward observers ashore sent back positions of targets which varied from the gentleman on the chimney to tanks, lorries, infantry and gun batteries. We also had a crack at a chateau which was being used as enemy headquarters. We were twelve miles out, but got at least three direct hits. The chaps ashore were very pleased with our shooting and one Brigadier signalled that we had broken up three counter-attacks on his troops. In all we got rid of 2,282 rounds of ammunition.

We were attacked many times by enemy aircraft at night, but were not hit. You would have thought that with all those thousands of ships lying offshore they couldn't have missed, but they did. We had two near misses, and that was all.

The Germans put their parachute troops into a village near the front line and we went down in steep and steady spirals. Until we were within 100 feet all was well. It was dark when we hit the ground, but when those of us who were lucky enough to regain consciousness two minutes later opened our eyes the aircraft was illuminated by what seemed thousands of little candles, for the flames were burning from one end to the other, flicking in through every split joint.

There had been darkness and cold, but now there was infinite light. It was no more reality than the transformation scene in a pantomime. It was enchanting until I realised that my own hair was one of the candles and that the fallen jack was across my body making movement difficult. When we "put ourselves out" and went to the door it would not open, but they say we squeezed out between it and the aircraft's body.

Later when we had forced the door others walked or were carried out, but they could not get them all. A young British signaler from the North Country and a partisan were noted to have been searching for bodies in the flaming plane. Then all the very lights in the plane went off, and it collapsed.

I don't believe we quite knew what had happened. Maybe we don't know yet, for none of us has any sense of tragedy or destruction even though we know and liked and respected one partisan girl and a young lad inside us. Maybe we haven't yet had time to feel anything but physical things, and they have hardly begun yet except for those who are badly hurt.

H.M.S. ARETHUSA, 13,800-ton cruiser, the story of whose bombardment of the Nurnberg area was given above, was seen at Malta before the war. She is armed with six 6-in., eight 4-in. A.A., two 2-pounder guns, and six 21-in. torpedo tubes. Photo, Fox

Germans parachute troops drop during their abortive attempt to capture the Bosnian headquarters of Marshal Tito on May 25, 1944. Marshal Tito and Allied officers attached to his staff including Mr. Winston Churchill's son, Randolph Churchill, were in the village. Photo, Keystone
Our Unwanted Cargo was an Unexploded Mine

I thought we had cleared the beaches, but when we left I found one of the mines had become caught in our landing ramp. It was firmly lodged, and although it had not exploded it was liable to do so as soon as anything touched the detonator. My First Aid Kit—1,000 cigarettes and 100 sleeping pills—was removed from it.

We came all the way across the Channel with this mine stuck in our bows, and after we had been on the spot for some time I decided not to enter harbour with it still there, so we tried to get rid of it. We rigged a wire from the ramp to the capstan with the idea of shaking the mine loose as we ran the ramp into the swell. We cleared the upper deck, and the party needed for working the capstan got under cover. There was standing on the bridge keeping well down, and giving orders to the capstan crew through the loud-hailer.

Unfortunately the mine exploded in a bit too hard, and instead of shaking the mine loose we pulled it inboard. By a stroke of luck it fell sideways and the detonator was knocked off without exploding it. No time was lost in getting the mine over the side before the engines were repaired. As soon as the engines were running I tried to catch up with the others, but we were too late. The British didn’t see them even when we reached the beaches.

I discovered later that they had had a spot of bother with some E-boats and I had passed out of sight of them.

SALVAGE WATERS

I was pleased that we had unloaded our tow back another landing craft that had been damaged. The weather was very bad—the worst known in the Channel for years—and as we had to tow the other craft alongside us, we sustained some minor damage. We reached port safely and underwent repairs. When we rejoined the Flotilla I found we had been reported as missing, as the Flotilla had lost touch with us after the engine trouble.

Churchill had made three-day tour of invasion area.

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PARIS, July 19.—A.F.P. made very heavy night attack on Berlin.

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THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

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TEN hundred miles southwest of Wake Island and 1,000 miles east of Manila in the Philippine Islands lies Guam, the southernmost island of the Marianas group, and one of the stepping stones across the great Pacific Ocean. Before the war Guam was one of the stepping places for the China Clippers of Pan-American Airways on the San Francisco-Philippines-Hong-Kong route. Indeed, it was the last stop before reaching the Filipinos. That was its importance then, as now. It became an American possession in 1899, during the war between the United States and Spain. For America it became a naval station. This island, 32 miles long and ten wide at the widest part, had a pre-war population of about 21,000, mostly Chamorros, one of the Malay family. Fewer than 1,000 non-natives lived there normally. Its interior is jungle, with savanna, sword grass, and Rongel high hill is 1,334 feet high. (See map p. 167.)

This island of 206 square miles received a 17 days' naval and air bombardment from an American task force prior to the landing made on July 20, 1944— with the support of carriers and cruisers of the Fifth Fleet by U.S. Marines and Army assault troops. The landing operations were directed by the naval officer who commanded the amphibious operations against Sicily. The landings were made on both sides of the five-mile peninsula of Orroch which juts out from the west coast of the island. Wave after wave of dive-bombers added their power to the blast of shells that swept the Japanese positions. The Japanese cannot withstand this deadly dual form of bombardment.

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SAAR power has shown its effectiveness already in the Pacific. As the war against Japan proceeds to its inevitable end in the defeat of the first time of that predatory people, the employment of marine-air power will rise continually to ever-increasing fury. The configuration of Japan proper lends itself to attack by sea-borne aircraft—a long series of narrow islands running in a gentle crescent. But air power directed against Japan will not all be sea-born, as the Boring B-29's have already demonstrated. With the capture of Saipan and Tinian islands, and the imminent capture of Guam and Rota islands, the American forces will hold the four southernmost islands of a chain which runs almost due north to Tokyo itself. The science of the construction of take-off points for aircraft has developed enormously during this war, and one of the most important features of military engineering is now the ability to construct air strips where before this war it would have been thought impossible to do so.

Moreover the increasing power of aircraft engines—which has risen since the war began from between 1,000 and 1,500 h.p. to a range that now reaches 3,000 h.p.—has made it possible to take off under conditions that would have been dangerous before. Even on rocky islands, or on tropical coral atolls, it is possible to make strip runways, and so get aircraft up and down. The incalculable islands of the Pacific Ocean in the area where the war against Japan is raging provide a great number of aircraft or 'carriers' whose value is that huge war zone as was the value of Malta to the Mediterranean. The war in the Pacific is therefore still at the stage of a flight of power which has already affected the victory pushing forward the advanced landing fields towards the great combat areas where Japanese power will have to be defeated to overthrow Hiroshito and his robber barons.

The Japanese have demonstrated how clever they are at maintaining communications, by running ships along the coast of China. Before their communications with Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies and the Philippines can be seriously cut, it will be necessary to move the air bases forward island by island and so provide air cover on a scale that will make even the air cover provided against the German submarine menace seem puny by comparison. Moreover, the rear areas will then still need air cover, and this is where the value of the islands now being captured will excel in strategical value to the Allies their previous use to Japan, for the Allied carrier task forces will penetrate into the inner hostile waters with a protective land-based air force in their rear.

As I see it, the sea-air war against Japan proceeds into two strategic zones—one contained within the area bounded by the Alcatans, Midway, the Gilberts, the Solomons, New Guinea and the Philippines; and the other bounded by India, Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines, and it is in this area the possession of the Philippines is the key. Every move made by the American naval and air forces under Admiral Nimitz points to the Philippines as the first great strategic objective, and the underlying strategy of General MacArthur is corroborative pressure towards a common goal. It is within the southern half of the first-named great area that air pressure has been most applied; and whenever its power has been used to aid the occupational forces the Japanese have been squeezed to destruction and defeat. The Japanese pre-war air development of the Palau islands provides a useful stepping stone on the way to Mindanao. Meanwhile over Europe great air blows have been maintained against the German dominated Continent, both in the fighting fields and in the strategic zones lying within them where industry strives to produce the weapons for the enemy. Here I regret to have to mention that Wurthban, the greatest of our photographic pilots, is posted missing.

The work of the aerials who undertake these tasks is arduous, dangerous, less spectacular, perhaps, than the land or sea bombardment; but it is the basis of our air-war intelligence. Often these men have flown unarmed aircraft far into enemy territory to secure photographs, relying on the speed and skill of their aircraft and the safe flight for safety. Not always did they return. One pilot I knew flew an unarmed Mustang on a mission to the Salzburg area, and did not get back; he had made many flights before, passing over Europe almost as the airline pilots did before the war began; on that run over the Austrian Alps he was unlucky. (See illus. page 213.)

It is remarkable how front-line troops can withstand the terrible bombardments rained upon them from the air. Thousands of tons of bombs fall upon their defenses. Yet our advance does not move swiftly forward afterwards. Why? I believe it is due to over-concentration of bombardment. We now bomb heavily only 2,000 yards from our own troops and in a concentrated enemy-held zone. Just outside that zone the enemy are as secure as our own troops. The science of bombing forward is such that the last man from the last war except in weight of attack. In the interval the science of deeper penetration of the creeping barrage of artillery.
Tedder's Carpet Laid Down on Western Front

ONCE GERMAN FORTIFIED POSITIONS near Sannerville, south of Caen, this carpet of craters was laid by R.A.F. Lancasters and Halifaxes providing a British offensive in Normandy. Highly concentrated and astonishingly accurate bombing completely obliterated the defensive works. Bombs with slightly delayed action were used, so that the ground should be shattered so deeply as to be impassable by enemy armour—development of the famous technique associated with Air Chief Marshal Arthur Tedder, G.C.B. (see p. 5/6, vol. 7).
Britain's Colonies in the War: No. 12—Gambia

Linked with Britain for over 350 years, since 1588 when Queen Elizabeth granted a patent to English merchants to trade with the country, is Gambia in West Africa, which became a Colony in 1888. After this war had broken out—especially when from June 1940 to May 1943 the Mediterranean was closed to Allied shipping—Bathurst, capital of Gambia, gained importance as one of the stopping-places on the West African air transport routes.

Gambia, with an area of some 4,132 square miles and a population of 190,593 has several organisations to help the Allied effort, including the Gambian Women Workers, composed of Europeans and non-Europeans; during the early days of the Battle of the Atlantic these voluntarily assisted and cared for shipwrecked seamen; they also helped to equip Gambians serving in the Army. Volunteers for the Army, Navy and Merchant Navy have been many. Products useful to the war effort include vast quantities of ground-nuts or monkey nuts (oil from which is used in the manufacture of margarine and soap) and rice, hides, rubber and wax.

Millet and rice are the staple food of the people, and the bean-growing of these crops helps greatly towards meeting difficulties arising from war-time reductions of other supplies; it also releases ton of valuable shipping space for other vital service in the cause of the United Nations.

Transport difficulties are surmounted by employment of ox-drawn carts (1), and paired containers carried shoulder-wise (2),; the latter are here filled with millet, one of the staple foods of the natives. A Gambian who qualified as radio operator in the Merchant Navy (3), from a gigantic mound of harvested ground-nuts (5), bags weighing 90 lb, are carried up a precarious gangway to an ocean-going vessel moored at the very edge of Kuntaur, 150 miles up the Gambia River (6).
W.H. when will the War end? I was the pointblank question put to me by a friend one sultry afternoon recently when we sat down to tea at his country cottage after enjoying the excite-
ment of watching a Tempest shoot down a flying bomb nearby on the Sussex weald. Although my main preoccupation since September 1939 had been to study the War News, I should not venture an answer to such a question with the slightest belief—my opinion was more likely to be accurate than that of my barber, who had given me astonishing information about pilotless planes which I knew to be amusingly wrong. But I could at least tell my friend with absolute confidence that the prophecies of the strategists made in London conferences at Harrogate towards the end of 1941 that the War would end in a victory for the Allies by January 31, 1942, did not fit in with the facts as I knew them! Indeed, one of the minor victories of the War has been its devastating exposure of these persons who used to make a profitable business of interpreting the secrets of the stars for the amusement of the credulous.

One of the most high-spirited women of my acquaintance is a lady of seventy-
nine: the mother of five stalwart sons and four tall and elegant daughters! Her hus-
bands, three in number, have died in war, while all her sons nobly discharged their duties in the last War and came through it scathless. She has been living in recent years in a flat in a North London suburb where there was once a church, and other-
wise, the building containing her flat was so badly blasted that she lay for nine hours amongst the ruins of her home before she could be released. Knowing her in-
ordinate vitality and remembering her light-ridden heart, I am not surprised that after she had recovered from the shock, in an emergency hospital to which she had been rushed claud only in her nightdress and with a blanket around her, she seemed little the worse for her experiences. She was kept under treatment for a week before being removed to the home of her eldest son in a suburb where flying-bomb attacks have been even more numerous than in the north. When it was necessary to bring her clothing clothes from her bomb-blasted home to fit her up for removal, not one item of her clothing could be found at her week's flat: she had nothing beyond the nightdress in which she lay—no other evidence of the wreckage! Looters had removed her entire wardrobe. In Berlin the looters would have been found and shot out of hand. It might be a good thing to invent some sort of punishment, just a little short of shooting, for our own looters: for looters, especially in circumstances as these, are vermin, be they English or German.

The Finnish ruling class offers us another illustration of the truth that people who have struggled for themselves often struggle quite as hard to prevent others being free. While Finland was under the harsh domination of the Tsars, it had the sympathy of the civilized world. When it was freed, it became, far as it could, an even more brutal domina-
tion on the Karelian people. In 1918-19 the atrocities committed by Finns filled those who knew about them with horror. The object was to prevent the Karelians from throwing in their lot with Russia and force upon their subjugation to England. Yet more we have proof of the correctness of what I have written, with his wide experi-
ence as Foreign Minister, said about "a passion in the human heart stronger than

the desire to be free from injustice and wrong—that is the desire to inflict injustice and wrong upon others." Clemenceau's opinion was the same: "I have worked for liberty for forty years," he observed in 1914, "but the Frenchmen's idea of liberty is suppressing somebody else." Lord Salisbury, when he was Prime Minister, saw concealed behind most religious movements and "great moral efforts" what he called "the steady enemy of human liberty—the desire of men to grasp power, to force others to conform to their ideas." Oliver Cromwell put the same thought into other words when he remarked bitter: "Everyone loves liberty but none will give it."" When Clemenceau and Lord Salisbury went wrong, it seems to me, was in attributing to Frenchmen as a race and to men in general this stupid craving for power. The mass of mankind do not feel anything of the kind. They want to be left alone and they are quite ready to leave others alone—if their minds are not perverted and their imaginations luridly fired by the incite-
ments of cunning or crazy agitators. Palmer-
ston was himself such an agitator when he stirred up the British nation to the point of making the Crimean War on Russia in 1854. He was a cunning one. Hitler was a crazy one, as were the Finnish rulers who succeeded men of ability and good sense and filled the minds of the Finns with foolish visions of spreading Finnish rule as far as the Ural Mountains! Some of those who, during the time when they struggled towards freedom, passed for able, influential men, have revealed themselves in their true

characters since they became rulers. One of them, named Tanner, was a Co-operative Society leader, well-known as a supporter of labor in Britain. He has been one of the most obstinate believers in a Nazi victory over the United Nations. It is not surprising that some of our Co-operative leaders would come down on if they had to choose, like Tanner, between supporting National Socialism, which is Fascism, or real Socialism of the Russian type.

A private of a French Canadian regiment lately in Britain, now in France, told me how he escaped from France two years ago because he was disgusted with Petain, Laval, and all the Vichy gang. He got into Spain across the Pyrenees. He was a French-
man of France; many others like him escaped. Also there were Germans deserters from the army of occupation. Reaching the Spanish frontier, they had to explain themselves to the authorities. They managed to do fairly well and arrangements were made to send them to their respective "fatherlands." They had to go through a lot of examinations, and any who did not answer up quickly were turned over to the Spanish police, who passed them on to agents of Hitler's Gestapo, and they were sent back to France. But a good many made their escape, and some of them are back in Europe now, like the "French Canadian" whom I met.

An American soldier who watched a cricket match at a British army camp near London could understand why four members of one team had deserted the game and went away because that their side had "declared"—that is, decided not to send any more of its men in to bat and put the other side in. He shook his head bewildered. He was equally puzzled by the running-getting. One batsman was in for nearly an hour and got fewer than fifty runs. In America, this soldier said, such dead-alive performers would have had lemonade bottles thrown at them. He contrasted the solemnity and leisureliness of it with the brisk excitement of baseball—and I have previously done in this page—and said he could not discover what the English found so attractive in watching cricket. There were thousands of people at Lord's that day. They had all paid for admission. We have been told for years that they all seemed to be enjoying themselves. He gave it up! As a matter of fact, we should not have been baffled in contemplation of the "sportmanship" of those who throw lemonade bottles!"
British 17-pounders Pursuing the 'Tigers'

Improved in British factories by the fitting of a longer-range and more powerful gun—the 17-pounder—American-built Sherman tanks, which can out-manoeuvre the enemy German Tiger, claimed to be the biggest tank in the world, on any type of ground can now outfight it. At over 1,000 yards the Sherman's firing down is superb. In its original form the British 17-pounder was a wheeled anti-tank gun and is still used as such.

Photo: British Official
