BRITISH AND CANADIANS JOINED UP IN NORMANDY when armoured cars of a Canadian reconnaissance unit, driving hard for a town, caught fire. A domino effect, commas in a phrase. The town seems after the invasion of Canada all the more scenic. This picture is from the left side of the town square. The picture shows the belfry of the German 7th Army in the palace "pedest." See also illus. pp. 371-375.
Victory Sidelights seen by Our Roving Camera

MAGNETS were used to collect thousands of eggs (above) under the camouflage painting of a flying bomb. Guarded for overhead, a flying bomb—"booby" to its rear—it was found to be a target for anti-aircraft gunners when its target was hit. (Below) The bomb was rolled to a waiting aircraft, together with ten other captured aircraft. (Below right) The bomb is packed up for transport to the target area. (Below) The bomb in transit to London. (Above) Bombers in action. Photo: Southwark Echo. (Below) Nurses of the Red Cross feeding the Royal Air Force. Photo: Southwark Echo.

LAST HURRICANE to be used in the struggle in the Channel was in August 1944. This fighter-bomber, named "The Last Hurrican," was given to the French by the Red Cross, who ousted the first in service to take the battle against the Luftwaffe. The aircraft, together with ten other captured aircraft, was presented to the United States. (Below) The bomb in transit to London. (Above) The bomb in transit to London. Photo: Southwark Echo.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


Since last week, great events have followed each other at a bewildering pace. The liberation of Paris politically and sentimentally if not strategically is certainly the greatest, and the fact that it occurred on the eve of the Armistice is an additional reason for rejoicing. The possession of such a great road and rail centre was bound to accelerate the development of General Eisenhower’s plans.

Some time ago I suggested that once Rommel was forced from his anchorage at the base of the Cherbourg peninsula the war would enter on a new and mobile phase. I admit, however, that I never expected that it would develop with such rapid and devastating results. I had not allowed for the extraordinary resilience and determination of the German Third Army, nor even been certain that it would appear on the Normandy battlefield. Much less did I expect the Germans to make the enormous blunder of allowing themselves to be caught in a pocket when their gamboling counter-attack towards Avranches had obviously failed. That blunder may not have altered the results of the war, but it has certainly greatly hastened the complete disruption of the German western front.

The Inner Falaise pocket has now been found, and such troops that escaped from it are, I am led to believe, exterminating in the front line of the north bank of the Seine. A fair number may have escaped from it, but disorganized and lacking most of their transport and heavy equipment, they can be in no state to meet General Patton’s armour columns which have already crossed the Seine west of Paris. The disaster which befell what was Rommel’s Army involved the best and most mobile troops of the other German armies in France which von Kluge sent to its assistance. In actual battle of men and matériel the disaster on the Stalingrad scale, and it is the most catastrophic since the destruction of the German Army in Belgium. The losses are incredible and, in view of the German defensive plans in the west, and the landing at General Patch’s army in the south, and the great achievements of the French Forces of the Interior make it doubtful whether the Germans will save enough from the wreck to enable them to rally on their original west wall. The Maginot Line, even if its works have been reversed to face westward, and the Siegfried Line, will not prove impregnable unless adequate numbers of good troops are available to hold them.

There can be no doubt that the Normandy battle was responsible for the disorganization of German defensive plans that enabled General Patch’s armies to land with comparatively light opposition. The landing was, however, so admirably planned and executed that no delay occurred in getting material ashore and in building up the bridgehead. The conditions were, of course, vastly different from those in Normandy, where not only was stiff resistance encountered but when it was necessary to secure a defensive position on which a major counterstroke could be met, and within which the stream of troops pouring in from the south could be made. Weather conditions were also obviously very different in the Channel from those of the Mediterranean in summer. All the conditions when the new landing took place called for rapid and bold offensive action, and General Patch seized his opportunity without hesitation.

The capture of Mantesville, isolation of Tours and advance to Gennes made within a week give proof of the energy he displayed. There is every reason to believe that the landing of stores and heavy equipment will be able to keep pace with his advance, especially as the Port of Mantesville and railways leading from there have probably not been extensively damaged. If he can maintain the pace of his original thrust—and, with the action of the French Forces of the Interior greatly reducing the power of the Germans to delay him, that is not improbable—there is every hope that he will be able to join hands with the Americans and British. This would give large numbers of the Germans in Southern France escape en masse.

If the situation of the Germans in France is desperate the situation on their eastern front is equally serious, despite the temporary relief their counter-attacks have given them. Their armies isolated in the Baltic States have little chance of escape, and with the defection of Romania and the repudiation of the Russian offensive towards the Danube, their troops in the islands of the Levant and the Eastern Mediterraean are isolated. The Germans are fighting a losing battle and their situation is worse than predicament: Kesselring’s armies in Italy have lost one escape and supply route and will find it difficult to disregard if they attempt to retreat.

Even before the attack on Hitler’s life was considered that the majority of the generals of the regular Reichswehr realized the war was lost and were looking for a way to bring it to a speedy end. To prolong the struggle until, and after, Germany itself had been invaded (as Hitler declares he will do) would mean exposing the country not only to the devastation caused by an ever intensifying air attack but to the even greater devastation resulting from resistance on land. I do not believe that many generals were actually involved in the plot against Hitler, and in any case, with the Reichswehr engaged in the fighting on the Eastern front, it would have been difficult to ensure sufficient force to crush Hitler’s supporters by a military coup d’etat. The warning Hitler has received probably makes it all the more difficult to stage a military revolt without a civil war on a great scale, and one in which the issue would be uncertain. The argument of the German troops and their fanatical loyalty to Hitler.

On the other hand I cannot believe that, so long as they commanded troops still capable of fighting, German generals would ever take the responsibility of seeking an armistice without the authority of a central Government. That would be contrary to their conception of discipline and be held to tarnish the honour of the Reichswehr, which must be protected at all costs. Conscripts, if they escape from this obvious dilemma, face the choice of entering the service of a régime which would satisfy their idea of honour, or of continuing to serve a Germany from whose position they will face the worst consequences of invasion. We have learned that the German front in France has found one which would satisfy their idea of honour, and could not have Germany from whose position they will face the worst consequences of invasion. We have learned that the German front in France has found one which would satisfy their idea of honour, and could not have Germany from whose position they will face the worst consequences of invasion. We have learned that the German front in France has found one which would satisfy their idea of honour, and could not have Germany from whose position they will face the worst consequences of invasion. We have learned that the German front in France has found one which would satisfy their idea of honour, and could not have Germany from whose position they will face the worst consequences of invasion. We have learned that the German front in France has found one which would satisfy their idea of honour, and could not have Germany from whose position they will face the worst consequences of invasion.
Over the broad Seine Allied Tanks Thundered
Here are Nazi Prisoners Coming in at the Double

"THE END OF THE WAR is in sight!" declared Gen. Montgomery on Aug. 21, 1944. 'Prisoners came in thick and fast and "at the double!" Gen. Montgomery said kindly. The city of Caen, which the Channel coast front on August 21, gave thanks to their liberators (left). A helping hand was appreciated by the old lady of Caen (below)."
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtie

Commando of the sea enabled the Allies to land in the south of France on August 15, 1944, and so cut off the escape of the majority of the enemy forces to the west of the Rhone. Knowledge of this and similar facts must inevitably weaken the morale of our forces, even as those that are posted to such places as those in the islands of the Aegean may do. Now that Rumania and Bulgaria have changed sides, their line of communication with Germany through Greece, Albania and Yugoslavia is wearing extremely thin, and a landing in force on the Dalmatian coast would soon cause it to snap. It does not necessarily follow that such a landing will be effectuated yet, for it may be timed simply to forestall the enemy's communications by sea with Greece. In any case, attacks by Allied surface warships, submarines and aircraft are likely to be intensified in the present situation.

In Norway the German position is equally unhappy. Patrols there are taking advantage of the situation by organizing seaborne raids on a large scale. One recent achievement of this kind was the destruction of a large depot in Oslo containing 50 aircraft, twice as many seaplane engines, large stocks of spare parts and quantities of unplaceable laws. Considerable supplies of explosives must be in the hands of the Norwegians for such a coup to have been possible.

Another proof of growth of the resistance movement is that many students threatened with conviction for forced labor in Germany have taken to the mountains, whence they wage guerrilla warfare against the hated enemy. This must make things very uncomfortable for the second-rate German troops who now garrison Norway, composed chiefly of old men, boys, and men who have been rejected for general service on account of various ailments and plateaus. But, possibly these men will not be suffering from melancholia. All the sound troops have been withdrawn to bolster up the crumbling fronts elsewhere.

In the Baltic, German efforts to effect a "Dunkirk" withdrawal from Estonia do not appear to be prospering. A considerable number of enemy vessels have been sunk by the Soviet Navy's light forces and aircraft in the Gulf of Finland, including an entire division of destroyers of the so-called "Ellingen" type. There are ships of 1,100 tons and a large number of ships of 1,000 tons, a main armament of 4”-in. guns each. Further fighting may be expected in this quarter.

For German vessels in the Black Sea, escape now appears to be impossible. They include a few small submarines, some motor-torpedo-boats and motor-launches, and a number of local craft which have been armed and fitted out as patrol vessels. Though a few contributed to the destruction of the Breslau, the destruction of the Deutschland disguised as merchantmen, directly Turkey's attention was drawn to the matter, anxiety was caused for the rest.

Some of the German craft in French ports on the Bay of Biscay have already given up hope of escaping and have been interned at the Spanish port of Pasajes. Vessels at Havre and Dugor have tried to get away to the northward under cover of darkness, only to be intercepted by Allied naval forces and aircraft. Those that were not sunk had to seek such shelter as could be found, some running into small fishing harbours and others beaching themselves. Probably valuable material and personnel were being carried in some of these vessels, few of which are likely to find their way back to Germany.

In this connexion curiosity was aroused by the appearance of an official communiqué of a British destroyer named Renwick. No destroyer of this name had before been reported to exist; and it would seem on the face of it or to be a name more appropriate to one of the American-built frigates of the "Cape" class, to whom it is possible she may in fact belong. How many of these frigates are actually in war service is not known, but the names of more than 30 have now been released officially on this side of the Atlantic, and from references in the American Press their total number is believed to be not less than 100. Some are propelled by steam turbines, others by diesels. Armed with 40-mm., 45-mm. and 38-mm. guns, together with a fair amount of seismiccharges, they have accomplished much useful work as convoy escorts in the North-Atlantic.

With the fall of Toulon the French Navy has regained control of its most important naval base. The dockyard is an extensive one, with dry docks capable of accommodating the largest warships in the French Fleet. How many of the numerous ships in the yard will be found in serviceable condition is uncertain at the time of writing, as the majority were scuttled, set on fire or otherwise badly damaged by their own officers and men before their being made safe by their French crews. The battleships Dunkerque and Strasbourg, of 22,900 tons each, mounting eight 14” guns, are the most valuable units. One or both have since received further damage in action with Allied bombers, so it is uncertain whether they can be made seaworthy in a reasonable time. Probably both will need to be extensively reconstructed.

TOULON & A Great Asset to the French Navy

There are seven cruisers, five of which are likely to be useful at present. Four are ships of 20,000 tons armed with 8” guns; these are the Algerie, Duplex, Foch and Colbert. The remaining three are the 7,000-ton Jean de Vienne, La Galissonniere and Marsaille, all armed with 5” guns. How many destroyers are in the port is uncertain, but the number is estimated to be between 20 and 30. Some of these are known to have been repaired and put into service by the Germans. They vary in size from 2,600 tons to 3,200 tons, and in speed from 30 to 35 knots. The French submarine force is adequate for their purposes, of 1,379 to 1,648 tons. Some of these are probably not now equipped by the enemy, and may have been lost or taken elsewhere.

Fleet auxiliaries include the seaplane carrier Commandant Teste, of 10,000 tons, and the netlayer Le Gladiateur, of 2,293 tons. There are also three old battleships dating from before the last war, the Provence, L'Ocean and Condorcet. The two latter were removed from the effective list some time ago and adapted for use as harbour training ships. How much further injury the German penetrators may have inflicted on these ships is uncertain, but they are probably in a fit condition to be used later on.

The German U-boat war is, of course, useless by blowing up the pontoons and wrecking the pumping plant.

All taking all this into account, the regaining of a naval port such as Toulon gives the French Navy an asset of the greatest value. Up to now the only useful bases that could be found for her own flag in the Mediterranean were Bizerta, Oran and Algiers.
A New Chapter Opens in the Story of Florence

FREED ENTIRELY FROM GERMAN OPPRESSION by August 31, 1944, the people of Florence thrilled to the sight of men of the 8th Army passing through the city. In the background is Il Duomo, fourth largest church in the world, dating from 1295. On August 11 officials of AMY-OT (Allied Military Aviation Branch) and the American Red Cross held a conference on the restoration and preservation of the famous Duomo. The famous madonna of the Duomo, however, was destroyed, but in its place an exact copy will be placed.

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Craft that Land our Men on Enemy Beaches

"We will fight on the beaches," said Mr. Churchill when these dark hours of war identity threatened England. But the undersea assault of the United Nations will be a feat of engineering and coordination so vast that it will be an event of history. (See p. 207, Vol. 1.)

Today the United Nations have great armies of these vessels. Figures are secret, but Mr. Donald Nelson has mentioned the production of 20,000 vessels of fifteen special types already built, with 80,000 landing craft of the standard type of the programme, these figures being for the U.S.A. alone. Britain has built thousands of landing craft as well, using small yards on estuaries and in arms. Many have done service in the American Pacific campaign. The United States has more landing craft than it has fighting men. But both are needed. For landing craft can operate themselves, and there are a number of specialized ones. They have their own smoke apparatus, and can open up the top motor-guns if necessary. Landcraft are manned with A.A. weapons and are used in Pacific landings, carry rocket guns. Where an ordinary gun is used would necessitate a large ship and heavy mounting, the non-returnable rocket missile can be fired from a small vessel. The craft can then give cover to the men they are landing.

Most novel of the amphibious vehicles is the Duck, or to be correct DUKW. The popular name is a "happy accident" according to the factory specifications, for a proper, a body-chassis and a body-chassis into DUKW. The Duck has at the rear a double set of wheels between which is placed a petrol engine which can be engaged by the driver, some of its motive power when in the water also being derived from the tracks of the wheels, which are kept turning. With this heavy load the engine must remain in low gear while the Duck is in the water, but quickly switches to a higher gear and is perfectly controllable. The Ducks proved themselves in the Sicily landings, and since.

The enormous advantage of the Duck is that it goes straight ashore with its load. Men, ammunition and stores do not have to be transferred at the beaches; the Duck can drive straight on with its load to the battle lines. It cannot, of course, make a long sea voyage, but must be dropped from a large ship near the beaches. The Ducks go aboard under their own power, fully loaded, are carried along by the action of the waves, and then landed by methods that remain secret. Basically they are U.S. six-wheeled trucks modified to make them float. They are now being built by the thousand, and are being delivered in the U.S.A. and elsewhere. No invasion is possible without them. But the dramatic invasion of the U.S.A. has been delayed because of the need to increase the landing craft available.

"Alligators" in the Pacific

All our invasion craft so far described have been built for amphibious operations. Other methods of propulsion have been tried. At the time of the Japanese onslaught on Pearl Harbour the U.S. were experimenting with a small amphibious craft whose caterpillar tracks became paddles when water was encountered. Such craft were also used in the Pacific. (See p. 207, Vol. 1.) One of the difficulties of designing these craft was the need to improve the design of the engine, the greater its power, efficiency. Big craft are more difficult to control, and they entail the risk of capsizing in one's basket. The Japanese have never used large craft and have always mixed their cargoes, carrying tanks, lorries, artillery, machine-guns and men in one unit.

"There were few who had to decide on the United Nations invasion craft building programme have constructed "made to measure" craft, in the right numbers and of the right type for each landing place, Admiral Lord Beach, the German naval spokesman, devoting one of his latest broadcasts to this, to the Allied invasion had paid high tribute to its efficiency, and he said the craft varied from 2-ton amphibians through 16-ton landing craft, 250-ton landing barges and 5,000-ton transports carrying as many as 500 men. In attendance on our landing craft are clump-lookers, but efficient landing barge kites (L.B.K.s); these did specially good work off the Normandy coast, as told in n. 251.
Mightily We Smote the Hun in Southern France

Another terrific blow to German hopes was dealt by the Allies on August 15, 1944, when British, U.S., and French troops made a landing on Beaches of Southern France, near Avignon. Between Nimes and Arles, where the Rhone enters the Mediterranean, about 1,500 airplanes delivered a ferocious air force, which inflicted the loss of 1,500 aircrew, poured down on to the German defenses a cascade of bombs. All day hundreds of Allied aircraft, U.S. and British, roared over the battle area in a two-pronged offensive that culminated with the landing itself.

Gen. H. H. Arnold, Commanding the Allied 7th Air Army. At the Allied center front, Gen. Patch (left), Commandant of the 7th Army. As the Allied center forces moved, a U.S. soldier found time to hand sweets to children on a roadside house (right). An Allied patrol passes a broken tank, now impounded with a French woman and a child, among part of the retreating German forces (center left). A parachute-troop division moves on Aug. 17 (center left). Parachute-troop division in mass on strategic key points (bottom).
'Magic Carpets' Help to Keep Our Forces Moving

As our armies advance towards Hitler's inner lines of defence, portable roads and aircraft runways are being laid in forward positions, thus enabling our tanks and other vehicles to move over the worst kind of ground, and our aircraft to land on and take off from advanced bases. Such developments are a far cry from the arid mountains of Sicily and Italy of these 'magic carpets,' and on them we were operating Allied aircraft from the Normandy beach-head shortly after D-Day. Before the end of the first day of our landing in France our armoured vehicles and lorries were moving along these portable roads.

This was made possible by the development of a material known as Sommerrich Field Track, the principle of which is that of a spider's web, as already roughly copied by men in the trenches. As the web is made of silk, so a light metal carpet made of wire netting strips, reinforced with steel bars, is the basis of what is known as Sommerrich Field Track. The principle is that of a spider's web, as already roughly copied by men in the trenches. As the web is made of silk, so a light metal carpet made of wire netting strips, reinforced with steel bars, is the basis of what is known as Sommerrich Field Track. The principle is that of a spider's web, as already roughly copied by men in the trenches. As the web is made of silk, so a light metal carpet made of wire netting strips, reinforced with steel bars, is the basis of what is known as Sommerrich Field Track. The principle is that of a spider's web, as already roughly copied by men in the trenches. 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Nazis were Snatched from Albanian Stronghold

Surprise blow was struck in the early hours of July 23, 1944, when Allied forces, consisting of British, American and Greek troops, landed on the Albanian mainland, two miles south of the village of Kali. Two factori co-operated in the surprise raid which resulted in the capture of 2,000 Nazis. The Allied forces encountered few garrisons and content with partisan forces in the area. It was the biggest combined operations carried out by the Allies and fighting in the Balkans. The unexpected landings had been made under cover of darkness.

As dawn broke, two destroyers, encased in the dense smoke of a thick fog, crossed the entrance of Gzippeng Bay. One of the destroyers carried a Royal Marine commando, and the other was carrying a British airborne unit. The destroyers cautiously made their way forward for five miles before a beachhead was established at Gzippeng. After strong resistance, 400 Nazis were taken prisoner. The British Airborne Commando then assembled supplies into their landing craft and set out on the ocean.
British and Greek Commandos in Aegean Raid

SHOCK TROOPS of Britain and Greece, launching the assault on the Aegean, held down thousands of German soldiers and guns. On night of October 20, 1944, the Greek Island of Samos, eight miles from the western shore of the Aegean, was the front line of the Dodecanese island of Euboea (now east), four miles north of Rhodes. Leading the attack, the British Commandos, under the command of the Major-General, landed at 6 A.M. By the afternoon, they had repulsed a German counterattack, and within 90 minutes, the entire garrison, which included Italian Fascists, had been captured. The ships of ammunition were destroyed.

In an amusement overlooking Naxos harbor, a sergeant prepares the demolition charge for the Greek Commandos. The site was used to go ashore to blow up German installations. Despite the German counterattack, the island, covered in mountainous terrain, was overrun by the Allied forces. In the last battle, three Greek commandos giving a bravery award.

Photo: British Commandos Shelling the Town.
The Story Behind Britain's Vast Radio Blitz

I
d有没有可能，如果那个盛装死亡的花环从纳粹手中夺过欧洲广播，整装待发，让英国广播公司的军事广播站可以重新获得空中优势？在德国广播公司，每一位的广播人员都必须受到三个月的军事训练，学习如何在无线电传输中使用希特勒的演讲和音乐，使听众在知道德军的行动之前，就可以听到最新的战况。在英国广播公司，每一位的广播人员都必须受到三个月的军事训练，学习如何在无线电传输中使用希特勒的演讲和音乐，使听众在知道德军的行动之前，就可以听到最新的战况。

在二战期间，英国广播公司（BBC）在德国广播公司的军事广播站中，每一位的广播人员都必须受到三个月的军事训练，学习如何在无线电传输中使用希特勒的演讲和音乐，使听众在知道德军的行动之前，就可以听到最新的战况。在英国广播公司，每一位的广播人员都必须受到三个月的军事训练，学习如何在无线电传输中使用希特勒的演讲和音乐，使听众在知道德军的行动之前，就可以听到最新的战况。
**Von Kluge's 7th Army Trapped in France**

British and Canadians drove a wedge on August 6, 1944, into the enemy lines south of Caen towards Falaise—at the mouth of the 'Falaise trap' wherein by August 20 part of the German 7th Army was being annihilated. Our transport and men on the Caen-Falaise road (above), with distant flares caused by 1,000 R.A.F. bombers which attacked on the previous night; below; bombs burst on German positions during the following daylight raid by 600 Fortresses.
Closing in for the 'Kill' in Normandy

Advancing on Falaise to help clear the "H" British troops closed Army-Car-Chute on August 1, 1944 — the first letter
their advance action-interrupted. The troops' task was to open a road to the Falaise pocket, where the German forces were
beginning to surrender. The British forces, led by the 1st Canadian Division, quickly overran the German positions,posing
a major threat to the German Army. They continued their advance through the Falaise Pocket, clearing the area of
German forces and securing the area for the Allies.

Here is Peace for the Vanquished Hun

Screaming in the wake of the retreating enemy as Condors to the quality-aided battery bridge, across which a battle
traveled. The capture did not mean a German victory, as they were driven back by the Allies. The German forces were
forced to surrender, ending the Falaise Pocket campaign and bringing peace to the area for the Allies.
Respite from Battle for Man and Beast

Indifferent to British guns and vehicles, cows amble leisurely to the milking-shed of this Normandy farm (top) around which for three weeks firing had raged; to the watching villagers they are symbols of Home. A chance to relieve the dust of conflict is jumped at by the troops; the lads complained they line up at the mobile laundry for clean underwear (bottom)—grateful to the R.E.'s who make this refreshing behind-the-lines service possible.
VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

I suppose that everyone who takes any interest in the war in a surprising number of people don’t know something about the U-boat war, a tonic torpedoed and set on fire, abandoned by her crew, then covered and sold. These extraordinary exertions and hardships, brought into the chapter with the chapter, are the theme of our first story. Most of us read about it at the time; some of us have seen the film. See p. 97, Vol. 33. It is a great story, which makes one feel immensely proud to belong to the same race as the men who figured in it. But it is only one of many stories which produce the same effect and which are to be found in Capt. Frank H. Shaw’s new book, *The Merchant Navy at War* (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.).

Another exploit of the same kind received no public notice, but was not less worthy of it. Here again a ship had to be abandoned. She seemed to be sinking; her bow was under water, her propeller revolving in the air. However, she did not sink, so next day the crew went back and made up their minds to save her. This time it was not fire but water which they had to fight. There was a huge hole in the bow, where the torpedo had struck. The stem was still sticking up. The first thing to be done was to get free from the water. That was managed for twenty-four hours, and did it. Then they had to shelve the water into the adjoining bignocks which kept the sea from flooding the whole ship. That too was accomplished, and then they lined herself, steering with difficulty, making very few knots, an easy prey for a U-boat if there had been one about. Luckily there wasn’t. For some reason the name of the vessel itself has to be kept secret.

I CAN imagine you by name, however, to the British freighter Ajax, of 7,000 tons, owned by the most tremendous name of Adam — Capt. Eliam Adams. Not a particularly popular name, but quite distinct. Saved money wherever he could. Capt. Adams called it “cheaper.” Adams didn’t mind. When the Admiralty put a gun on board he guessed, because sailors would be needed to work it, and he would have to pay for them. But two of his mates qualified as “Very Good Indeed!” in a gunnery course, so they were given charge of the gun and the captain was pleased.

But he didn’t remain pleased long. He grudged the time occupied in training a gun crew, and he did not like them being on the poop, which he always had kept to himself. He had no use for gun decks. Also he resented being told to handle his ship when it was sailing in convoy. Accordingly, Capt. Adams was not having a good war.

Then one day a U-boat hit the Ajax with a shell. The gun on the poop went into action. Capt. Adams became man of war, they were shelling his ship. They had torn a hole in her side, they had shot away her funnel. The quartermaster at the wheel was hit. Cool in spite of his fear, the captain took the wheel and steered as well as he could steer a muttered ship, to turn her stern towards the enemy, thus preventing a submarine attack. There was a considerable swell. Several rounds were fired by blast from the mast, all of them missing. The U-boat managed to get away, but the Ajax was badly damaged. Another set the secondary ammunition near the gun, and there was a tremendous explosion. A number of the crew were injured, and another was hit by a shot that felled a man at the wheel. Other members of the crew dashed in and at great risk threw the mortars ammunition overboard. The fore-and-aft wreckage party ranged loose and put out the flames. Ajax went on serving the gun.

At last he registered a hit on the U-boat, but it was not enough to put her out of action. She went on firing with her two guns and manoeuvred at top speed, twenty knots, to avoid being hit again. After an Ajax lifeboat had been blown to match-wood the mate, thinking of their chances of escape, asked if the captain was going to abandon ship. “Abandon be damned!” was the answer. “We’ve not started fighting yet. If I come am to show you—!"

**Limelight on Our Merchant Navy**

He did not go on. He led a party to extinguish a fire caused by a shell. While he was engaged in this, another shell found its mark, and he was wounded. He knotted a hawser round the wound, and carried on. At this point the mate made another hit on the U-boat, which lowered her speed; he followed this up by another that silenced one of her guns. The U-boat fired now only "in a dimitory fashion;" but she began loosing-off torpedoes. Fortunately, the range was too great for them to take effect.

The Ajax was by now a real good deal of a wreck. Without her funnel, her upper part practically burnt out, the channel director. The first wing was gone, the poop was cut into two parts, the river of fires was spread in several places; but the gun remained undamaged, though the U-boat had tried to burst it up over its position in the hope of putting the crew to hard work.

As for the U-boat, only her coming could have been above water. She seemed to have light flesh left in her. Now was the moment to get away, for the chief engineer announced that he could give steam in spite of heavy damage to the engine-room. But the captain had no thought of escape in his mind. “Carry on!” he ordered, and in a sort while the Germans were seen to be abandoning ship. When eighteen men in the water there was an explosion. The U-boat blew up — nobody knew who.

The eighteen were rescued. “No one would believe we’d picked a Hunt,” said the captain, “unless we took back souvenirs.”

It was a magnificent “licking,” with odds of more than two to one against the Ajax, two guns to one and twenty knots to ten.

Captain Shaw is severe, and justly so, to the neglect of precautions for the security of merchant ships between the wars. The Admiralty, “with its sublime, absolute faith in gunnery,” persisted in believing that cannon could ‘hit targets well under water.”

They gave merchant ships deck-guns as defence against submarines submerged. Had they provided depth-charge throwers and charges to be thrown, there would have been far fewer losses. Captain Shaw says.

Then the merchant ships were too slow for the U-boat. They were too slow for the war, too slow for the time of the Great War.” The idea of convoys was received with considerable antagonism by the Navy, and by merchant seamen as well. And the Admiralty put up the first line not long ago. “About as many fast merchantmen has been sunk by the enemy as slow ones.” Why, Captain Shaw says, did not some M.F. inquire: “How many fast ships were sailing in slow convoys?” Convoy must meet at the place of the slowest ships in them, and we have far too many slow ships.

After all, thoroughly neglected the Merchant Navy during those twenty years of peace. Captain Shaw brings out the point, with pardonable indignation. It is not the first time that the River of Fates was but a long river, not yet running to the sea, and the men who had been their crews and officers were “rotting” in some ships. Many ships were sold to Germany, many to Japan. The most vital national service was ignored and neglected. There was no vision. “If we had not learned our lesson or shall we do the same again?” The Merchant Navy ought to be regarded as part of the Royal Navy. It is absurd to keep up the barrier between the two services.
French Army Fights Again in its Native Land

Regular French troops were operated in action in France, fighting beside the Americans. They were the 2nd French Armoured Division, with 12,000 men, North Africa in May 1943, and finally reached in England.

As proudly they drove through the streets of St. Mere Eglise, they for their part fought as hard as the Americans. The townsmen stood to give them cheers, and all the inhabitants were ambulance drivers, willing to undertake for France.

General Jacques Philippe Leclerc, Commander of the 2nd French Armoured Division, was famed for driving desert racks he led during the North African campaign. He was killed in battle in Normandy, but Leclerc managed a half-track vehicle. Placards were shown by this girl as tanks rolled through her village after the French II Corps commander. The 2nd French Armoured Division had entered the streets of Paris.
Through Shattered Falaise Avenging Armour Sped

BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, the ancient town of Falaise, 30 miles from Caen in Normandy, from which 4,000 citizens had fled, was swept by the Germans before British and Canadians entered it on August 17, 1944. Falaise was the beginning of the great push which smashed through the German's Atlantic Wall defenses and opened the way to the liberation of France. Troops of the 1st Canadian Army were expected to enter Falaise on August 16, but the actual attack was postponed because of the fall of Caen.
Before the Red Armies a Complete Immortal Ran

NO glimmer of the front-line soldiers surrounded the sapper major. Yet his name breath for everyone in the annals of the Soviet leave ; to the depth he proved how truly he also serve who ride with the war.

Konstantin Simonov, playwright and official Red Army correspondent.

WHEN the battles on the Donets were severe, in September 1943, we were stranded because of a breakdown at a most awkward spot—a position, indeed, where the Germans temporarily just sliced the road with their heavy fire, eating through the narrow gorges, and three or four German aeroplanes attacked the crossing and began to deep bomb all around it. The working-party fell flat on the ground, but the little artillery major in command would not permit a moment's delay ; the advance depended on them. He got the working-party to its feet again and with frantic efforts still holding over head, the building of the bridge went on.

I might have forgotten the episode had it not been for the fact that certain circumstances, far behind those days of the great advance in the spring of 1944, it was during the fighting around the Donets. We had to take the army, which had gone far ahead. Every new and again we would come upon a name that seemed fated to be ever travelling companion. It was written on bits of plywood nailed to telegraph poles, on the walls of houses, or chocked on the armorial of a half wrecked enemy tank. 

"No mines—Savlev, " or "Road examed for mines—Savlev, " or "Short this area on the left —Savlev, " or "Bridge built—Savlev, " or "Location there was this—Savlev, " or arrow pointing ahead.

It was obviously the name of the officer in command of sappers who marched with advance units and cleared the road for the army. The notices were frequent and detailed, and were most important, thoroughly needed. They were seen 20 or 30 of these notices. I suddenly met a little stage who had commandeered the bridge-building over the river. I asked the driver if he might be the mysterious Savlev, marching ahead of the column in the capacity of guardian angel. When we reached the river Bug, we spent the night in a big field hospital, where there was a field hospital. In the evening we gathered around a big bonfire and told the doctors. I don't remember how it came about that I spoke of Savlev's notices. 

"Yes, we have had our nearby 500 kilo meters by these notices, " the chief surgeon said. "It's a famous name in these parts. In fact, it's a real encouragement for some women crazy ! Don't be annoyed with me, Yura Nikititsin, I'm only joking. He turned to a young woman doctor, who made a face.

"It's no joke as far as I can see, " she said. "You're going on ahead, aren't you? " I promised, and she tore off a scrap of newspaper, wrote down her mail box number, and held it out to me. As I put it away in my pocket I saw her movement closely, as though to make sure the note was in a safe spot.

The offensive continued. I came across the name Savlev often, on and beyond the Donets. "Road examined for mines—Savlev, " or "No mines—Savlev, " and sometimes again the name alone and an arrow pointing ahead. When we were in Belgorod in April of this year, I happened to go to a rode division, and mentioned Savlev's name.

"In some area we know him. It's our sapper building-battalion commander Major Savlev. A splendid sapper. You must have seen the same very often", I agreed.

"I should think so. He's the man who clears the roads for the whole army, and not only for our division. His name is known throughout the army, though very few have ever seen him. He's gone over 500 kilo meters of road. Yes, his is a famous name, an immortal name I should even call it. " The coming at the Donets came back to my mind again, and I told the General I'd like to see Savlev.

"Oh, you'll have to wait. If we have a temporary halt you'll see him. But now you can't. He's somewhere ahead with the advance formations of the army. The officer whose name is this, " he said. "Is this his true name? " I asked.

"Yes, Alexander Nikititsin. Why? " Then I told the General about my encounter at the headquarters of the reserve, " he said, " although such a fighter does you think he's been in the army a hundred years, Yes, this must be the man you're looking for."

That night I searched my pockets for the sapper, and at last I found it. Savlev had written her address, and I sent her a few lines saying that her name coming up at the moment the notices had proven correct, and that some she'd have travelled a thousand kilometers on her own brother's trail. I remember being very pleased, myself at the moment for not having lost the address and having kept my promise, despite all the dislike of letter writing. But before the week was out I regretted it.

The bridge over the Pruth had not yet been built, but two perfectly sound ferries were working with unanimous opposition between the south and north. We were driving up to the left bank, when I noticed on the shield of a small German self-propelling gun a familiar notice: " Crossing in order—Savlev. " I entered the Pruth on a leisurely ferry, and when I reached the opposite bank I looked around for the usual notice. Twenty paces away, at the edge of a picturesque bank, I noticed a fresh-washed mound with a wooden pyramid on which some hard obviously expended great pains. Under a five-pointed star at the top of the mound was the inscription: " Here lies Major A. N. Savlev, who died a sapper's glorious death during the crossing of the Pruth."

Beneath this someone had inscribed in red paint behooved haow knows where I the words that have acquired the lustre of a familiar tradition since our first winter campaign in 1941: " Forward to the west! " A square piece of glass protected a small photograph, I looked closer and saw that it was an old snapshot with nothing familiar at the edges. It had evidently been carved in a tunic pocket for a long time, but it was still possible to recognize that little nose which had seen at the crossing over the Donets.

I stood for a long time before the memorial. The emotions that stirred me were complex, and I was sorry for the sister who had lost her brother—perhaps before she had read the letter. And then a familiar feeling came over me. It would not be the same the road about without that familiar signature. We waited while the ferry unloaded our cars, then pushed on. Fifteen kilometres distant, at a point where deep towers stood down on either side of the road, we saw piles of German anti-tank mines, famous huge landmines. And on a telegraph pole there was a little piece of plywood with the words: " Read examed for mines—Savlev."

This was nothing supernatural about this, astonishing as it seemed at first. It was simply that, for many many miles, any one who entered the part that the sapper battalion was charged with clearing the road and leaving his name on the notice they passed through. There was nothing of lofty symbolism in this simple action of the men who went ahead.
Soviet Guns Reach the Soil of the Reich

ON THE EAST PRUSSIAN FRONTIER German troops were urged by Hitler to stand firm - a appeal before the advancing Soviet Forces would be regarded as a negligible gesture in the face of the giant German machine. In the early part of August, 1941, Red Army troops led by Gen. Ivan Chernyakhovsky crossed the River Supe and reached the frontier northwest of Königsberg, prepared to carry the fight to the German soil...
Over Guam Island 'Old Glory' Flies Again

First U.S. Pacific Island taken by the Japanese, in December 1941, Guam, in the Marianas group, was regained on August 10, 1944.

The day before Guam was claimed to have as hundreds of Japanese aircraft as the Philippines, the war weary U.S. Marines, under the heroism of Lt. Gen. E. E. P. Geiger, U.S. Marine Corps, and the expeditionary troops, drove Japanese out of a hidden citadel of Japan. This picture shows the lifting of the flag on the Guamanian capital. (Fennell) (Fennell)

I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Opened the Fourth Front in Southern France

British, U.S. and French troops landed on the Rhône on August 15, 1944, and within a week a vast square mile of territory in the South of France had been liberated. General Eisenhower of the Daily Herald, who was aboard the flagship, reported that the advance had been "Victoriously hazardous."

I have just seen the fourth front open in the chily, misty hours of dawn. We were due to land our first men at 8 A.M. At 8.35 I can write that they are pouring on to the beaches. At this early hour there seems astonishingly little response from the enemy. He may well be long-doped, but I prefer to believe his coastal defenses are either stunned or obliterated by the air-sea bombardment that is still shaking our flagship like a tin toy in a bath.

More than 1,000 Allied ships lurked in the offshore mist when over the loudspeakers came the warning: "Now, here it is," followed by a command that pinned the gunners to the guns and infantry to their slits in the earth by the phrases of the customary attention to the first. It is the traditional prelude to an American naval operation. The stage has been set and the chosen piece of Americanism to describe—what everybody engaged in this vast operation believes it to be—the last challenge to Hitler to find reserves to raise the grand assault that is going to finish the war.

Well, here it certainly is. About in a sea gale with orange sun and gales with clouds forming, and 사실istically by the roar of it all, I try to sort out my impressions. Those of you who have been to these points in the Mediterranean to fox the enemy for four days and nights they seemed yesterday, when we were well into our present cents of Admiral Cunningham and the Air Marshal Wilson shadowed around us in the fastest, slickest British destroyer values with the message that we were going to do it by the end of the year, and the talking will prove the final blow to the enemy.

I talked on the bridge with the admiral commanding the particular naval force, which is concerned with the central part of a thousand-mile front. "They've promised me bombardment by 1,500 bombers just before the attack, and they've even promised me bombs that make no dust," he said. The first sign of battle came from the enemy-held coast when a signal lighted into the sky. We were still watching the spot when an American destroyer spotted smoke and a shell towards the coast.

British destroyers opened up just as vehemently, then more Americans joined in. Finally the great shadowy shapes of battleships, almost hidden in the mist farther out to sea, began to roar out broadsides. Destroyers snarled up usually to the shore and poured in close-range stuff. And these, 1,300 bombers weighed in, giving in a close-up picture of what a Berlin bombing must look like. The bombers left, and it was the turn of the rocket ships. They threw sheets of fire that made even the oldest warships jump until the noise died down just in time to give our ear-drums a reprieve as the first wave of infantry went ashore.

It is now 9.35, and I hear the voices of beachmasters, calm, confident voices, telling us how boats can now get in with little difficulty. At 9.40 we ourselves ease towards that strangely quiet beach. An American tank lies wrecked on the beach, victims of a coastal mine which our rocket ships failed to detonate. A cloud of dust rises from where a small square beach house had stood. Some minutes before, the Germans opened fire from that house on a tiny British flak ship standing by.

So a destroyer burst in like a big brother, just one blow and the column of dust shot up. From a hole high on the coast that never had a German in it, there came a flash of white light. The flag of America is streaming, unwavering and welcome. As I heard over my message for transmission a hundred guns are coming down to our beaches and the seventh wave of our infantry leaves from their barges.

I Saw the Mad Colonel of St. Malo Surrender

Having sworn to defend St. Malo, in Normandy, to the last drop of blood, Colonel von Aulich has been a grim presence of dog Germans to surrender—the day after Hitler was promised it with the same license to the men in the line that he ever had. Express correspondent, sent this story from the Citadel on August 15, 1944.

A few minutes before four o'clock this afternoon, the German commander of the Citadel, Colonel von Aulich, the mad colonel with a monocle and a swaggering walk, led 640 men from the depths of its fortress and broke his promise to Hitler that he would never give in to the Americans. The colonel goose-stepped up to surrender, with a baton carried high, a large black suitcoat, and another in attendance round him sticking the dart from his uniform, and as they went by an American soldier called out: "What a carroty show I." Colonel von Aulich is the man who went to the American commander attacking the Citadel to say that a German officer never surrenders, and for 15 days he sat tight

40 feet below ground in the safety of his underground shelter. To tonight the Americans would have been sitting on top of his fortress, which would have been a most picturesque sight. Colonel von Aulich has not lowered the color of the war. His loss is a cause of the most complete destruction to the towns of St. Malo, and now further needs of hatred in the hearts of the French.

Even as I write, the townspeople gathered in the Place du Marche are shouting at the other's lists at the Germans from the Citadel. At the German arms it took me, hands waving away, the older men somehow look ashamed and stupid, but the young Germans are still

ASSEMBLED FOR INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE, some 70 vessels of a great armada of ships are seen here at anchor in a part of southern harbor, covered by a mist that masks the Italian fleet, U.S. N.C. and British warships in the harbor grounds. British, U.S. and French vessels, and vessels flying Dutch, British and Belgian ensigns. The landings took place on August 15, 1944. See story above, and this p. 166.
I was there—

and the usual heaps of empty bottles.

grinning and arrogant. The Citadel fell dramatically just an hour before American infantrymen were ready to assault the fortress for the third time, and just as a squadron of light-bombers swept in to shower incendiary bombs on the place.

All last night and throughout this morning heavy guns had pounded the Citadel, a main blockhouse surrounded by about a dozen entrances from the mine-lake caverns below. The Americans ate lunch in the wrecked streets before they formed for the attack. At 1:30 p.m. a bugle blast appeared on one of the telephone poles. No one looked much notice, for at 1 o'clock a flicker-lighting up a tower and suddenly with a whoosh! o'clock the first lightning sweep in. It came down to 50 feet and piled a couple of inaccessible squares on top of the Citadel. More white flags were run up—there were now five flying in the breeze.

The pilot of the second bomber saw them and did not without dropping his bombs. But he opened up his guns as a sort of warning at the few rounds followed by the usual blinding white light. Colonel Alcock still keeping order, the men, shouting orders, long enough to see a batch of Germans come from the Citadel and a bunch of Americans walk up the hill on the fort carrying a colored identification flag.

Now there was a mad scramble to the Citadel. Word soon went round that the Germans had surrounded it. Eyewitnesses all rushed the hillside to see the sight. First out was the main batch of Americans, leading to a tangle of infantrymen getting tangled over themselves to obey. Two junior officers were with him, one of them a naval commander. They were all trying to make an impressive display in front of the Americans.

Then a curious thing happened. An elderly German, a naval cook, broke ranks and ran up and embraced a young American soldier. The German was lucky not to be shot and the guards lowered their guns just in time. But no one interfered when the U.S. soldier put his arms round the German. They were father and son. The German spoke good American slang and was allowed to stay out of the ranks and act as interpreter. He had been 14 years in America, he said, and went back to Germany just before the outbreak of war.

Colonel Alcock counted all his men as they filed out carrying their belongings. There were Poles among the party, some Russians and about a dozen Italians. Shouting orders, Von Alcock was put in a jeep and driven away to Division Head-quarters. He refused to talk about his surrender and so did his soldiers.

Down in the labyrinths of tunnels the Citadel there was the usual destruction and signs of panic. Clothing and equipment were strewn all over the place. There was plenty of food, water and ammunition.

How Our Buttoned-Down Tanks Charged Through

Described here by News Correspondent Bernard Clark of "the most motorized army in the world," the U.S. 3d Army under General Patton was August 23, 1944, making a dash towards Paris. He tells how the tanks made mud dashes through some village and hamlet after village and hamlet, across a passage through small pockets of the enemy, who might be there.

In the most part each large town commanded a road junction in the grid of columns that bypass them to unclog it; they when this threat, developing the German forces defending the town pull out, often to find their escape cut off by our tanks already across the road behind them.

Where the road is long and straight the tanks "button down" their turrets to make mud dashes through some village or hamlet where small pockets of the enemy might be established. This is the quicker way of dashing passages through the enemy.

To bring up infantry and mount an attack on the village as the military manuals say should be done would take time and give the enemy an opportunity to mine an area ahead and reinforce a strong point. So the tanks go through like some mad cavalry gallop. Not often are they ambushed. More than once they have charged against an enemy anti-tank gun and its crew, coming upon them while they were still concentrating and sowing bugging the position.

In whichever direction you choose to go today the roads of France are hidden under an endless and increasing flood of transport. The cottages and houses which bank the rivers of vehicles shake and quake as heavy tanks, transporters and lorries, piled high with supplies, roll on.

You come to villages where you have not yet raised the Tricolor—others where it is flying for the first bood in four years. You are just a jeep in this procession of moving vehicles. For hour after hour the wheels churn; you are caught, perhaps, between a tank and an armoured car, shorned in the dust and fumes of back firing exhausts, and must keep your peace in the convey. At night the noise and the spluttering fang-like dynamo sparks from the tank in front of you cannot move out of range of the hot blast of its motor and after returning supply lorries, aim your head and your eyes. The nightmare continues through the night.

On the pried lorries men fall asleep while the drivers keep going, his own training to catch the tail-light of the vehicle in front, and start to brake when the convoy halts. You shout at you in the dark, "Is this the road for—?" "Where is —— head-quarters?" But the most motorized army in the world—the U.S. Third Army—moves on.
outside which these 200 Russian women stood absorbing the sights of war moving to secure the destruction of Germany. In the dance hall of what had been a roadside hotel 215 women had their sleeping quarters. Through a Russian-born French interpreter, M. Constantin Polkow, we heard their story as they surrounded us. Four months ago 1,500 Russian women had been seized in their homes around Lensingrad, snatched from their husbands, and children, and brought in France in cattle-trucks to labour for the Germans.

They had been put to work unloading mines and other war materials from trains shunted into the Le Mans sidings. They had been made to work during bombing raids. We left them dancing in a dark which had been their overnight dormitory, one of the women playing a guitar. Their laughter was free and unexpressed, and they flung themselves about and chanted each other like children. Their German captors had gone—they were watching a column pursuing their new-found happiness was unbounded.

Pacific—Harbour captured Allied air attack on Naha, Okinawa. A carrier-based fighter command's 8th Air Group shelled Okinawa.

August 26, Saturday

168th Day


August 27, Sunday

169th Day


August 28, Monday

170th Day


August 29, Tuesday

171st Day


August 30, Wednesday

172nd Day


August 31, Thursday

173rd Day


September 1, Friday

174th Day


September 2, Saturday

175th Day

A FORTIGHTS’s air bombardment pre- ceded the assault on the River- spring of France by the forces under General Marland Wilson. At seven o’clock (first light) on August 15, 1944, heavy bombers and medium and light tactical aircraft bomb- ed gun positions, troop concentrations, strong points, airfields and communication lines. The actual combat began with the descent of para troopers (see Illus. p. 269), who landed in waves of up to 1,000, followed by strafing tow gliders carrying troops, jeeps, and 75-mm. howitzers. Thus came the main force in beach assault craft, their approach to shore covered by aircraft and a naval bombardment of coastal guns (see story in p. 281). More than 44,000 aircraft were in the air during the landings. Allied aircraft quickly secured absolute mastery of the sky above an area stretching from the sea inland to 20 and 30 miles. Great forces of bombers smashed rail and road bridges in the hinterland, far up the Rhone valley. The quick success of the air operations in the chosen battle area showed how we have gained in battle experience, through the knowledge acquired from the Commando assaults against Norway, the bitter trial of Dieppe, the attack on Sicily, and the first great Continental invasion in Normandy.

Superimposed upon the organizational excellence of the assault were the newest methods of placing troops just where they were most needed, and covering them with the latest fire-power weapons. During the final five minutes of the pre-assault barrage 14,000 rocket projectiles were fired from ships and aircraft into the Riviera beaches selected for the first beach landing party.

The nucleus of the Luftwaffe enables air defense of the coast to concentrate even more strongly against the surface forces of the Allies. Boats are heavily laden with bombs, and both the Hurricane and Thunderbolt were stepped up to take one 1,000-lb. bomb under each wing. Northrop bomber Havocs have been stepped up to take one 500-lb. bomb under each wing; thus increasing its bomb load to a total of 3,000-lb.

THE NAZI PILOT BAILED OUT, leaving his ME 110 to be finished off by the Allied fighter pilots. The picture is a recent one, since it is not generally known that the Germans were sufficiently trained in the last years of the Third Reich to perform such an operation. (photo, U.S. Official.)
How R.A.F. helped the Maquis to Set Paris Free
Wild Beauty Now Covers Our London War-Scars

SUMMER has come to London, and an array of wildness has invaded City street and suburban avenue. Search and study, these wild soldiers are already firmly entrenched. They are at their own particular job, and they are doing it well. Today, on the dome of St. Paul's, the wild pansies are blue; and on the dome of the Southwark Cathedral, the wild daisies are yellow. In the parks, the wild daffodils and tulips, the wild roses and lilacs, are already in bloom. The city is covered with a thick blanket of wildflowers, and the air is filled with their perfume.

The wildflowers are not confined to the parks. They are to be found everywhere in the city. The wild grasses and weeds are already established in the streets, and they are growing rapidly. The wildflowers are already turning the City streets into a garden.

The wildflowers are not the only ones to benefit from the invasion of the City. The wild animals are also benefiting. The birds are singing and the squirrels are playing.

This is a sign of the times. The City is changing, and the wildflowers are a symbol of the new beginning.

LEONARD B. GIMBLE
Wells it was complained to Abraham Lincoln that Grant, the great man of the Civil War, was becoming too much of a brandy drinker. 'I don't need any more brandy than I had,' he retorted. But then he also went on to state that he 'knew a life-long method': this officer was reprimanded for sleeping whilst on sentry duty in the rank of Lieut.-General, to which he would have been entitled, was withdrawn from him. Then he was given a command in Europe, and gained a place in history by his handling of the Army of the American south that carried on such a brilliant as ever the Germans equaled in their conquest of the Continent. Evidently General Patton's imbecility can be turned against the enemy with the most satisfactory results. Those who advocated his dismissal from the Service must be wondering whether the ordinary rules of conduct ought to apply to commanders of armies. Anyhow, the amazing energy and fecundity of his leadership in France were promptly recognized by the confirmation of his rank of Lieut.-General.

Norriss will impress future ages more powerfully, when the history of the war is written, than with the exaggeration with which the dates of the United Nations' readiness to strike was predicted. Perhaps 'predicted' is not the right word. It was not a guess or a prophecy. It was a calculation. When Mr. Churchill told early in 1942 that by 1944 we should be in a position to begin driving the enemy out of occupied Europe, sights of dismay went up. Few people believed that the war could last that long (though they did not want it to). But these of us who were admitted behind the scenes of the great show that was being prepared knew the Prime Minister had given the orders after long and close collaboration with those who would naturally be suspicious. He had been prepared for turning out the material in the munitions. His journey was the troop, for weakening Germany's output of war machines, for two years in advance for the strategy that was to be followed. And since by the end of the year, the carrying-out of these plans has been steadily proceeded with.

The Americans were right to build up of a force that should be invincible and irresistible. We know that we cannot tell. Much of it to Mr. Churchill, much to General Eisenhower, a good deal to General Montgomery, though he came into it only after his brilliant Desert campaign had been completed. What a contrast with the absent-mindedness that such an unhappy effect on our war effort last time? Haig was no planner. Perhaps, came in too late to do much in that line. We had no one at home like Mr. Churchill. Until Foch took up the superincumbent charge there was no one stepping on our side at all so far as the Western Front was concerned. Outside has satisfied Foch with an intelligent man. He said in 1919, "Germany must be rooted out." The "battle- scarred veterans" who were turned into "bottle-scared veterans" came to America, where less care was taken of them. One of the happiest times I have noticed lately was in a new film about a question of this kind. It is called "Graham's Light." It ended with the speech of Mr. Ernest Bunker asking whether "Are We the Losers" will do soundings. Compositor that must both have thought there was a M.P. named Further!

Boyai are a concomitant of all wars. Between 1914 and 1918 as many were killed in action as were killed in the whole of the American Civil War, drank too much in their own country, and took up with the brand he drinks, I'd send my other commander's hat to a friend of Roosevelt thinking the same about General Patton. Yes, for all I know, a life-long method! This officer was reprimanded for sleeping whilst on sentry duty in the rank of Lieut.-General, to which he would have been entitled, was withdrawn from him. Then he was given a command in Europe, and gained a place in history by his handling of the Army of the American south that carried on such a brilliant as ever the Germans equaled in their conquest of the Continent. Evidently General Patton's imbecility can be turned against the enemy with the most satisfactory results. Those who advocated his dismissal from the Service must be wondering whether the ordinary rules of conduct ought to apply to commanders of armies. Anyhow, the amazing energy and fecundity of his leadership in France were promptly recognized by the confirmation of his rank of Lieut.-General.

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As a final comment on the number of misprints in some journals, this is due partly to the more usual hurried conditions in which newspapers have to be produced, and partly to the addition of surnames put upon the naturally careful "reader" in the newspaper offices. The duty of the "reader" is to go through all the proofs, having the "copy," which is the original, read out to him and correcting mistakes that compositors may have made in "setting it up." These compositors of the Press, as they call themselves, are thoroughly competent and it is free for misprints to get past them. The story of the "battle-scarred veteran" who was turned into a "bottle-scarred veteran" came to America, where less care was taken of them. One of the happiest times I have noticed lately was in a new film about a question of this kind. It is called "Graham's Light." It ended with the speech of Mr. Ernest Bunker asking whether "Are We the Losers" will do soundings. Compositor that must both have thought there was a M.P. named Further!
ROYAL ENGINEERS in working "undercut" eased the way for British and Canadian troops advancing on the village of Thury Harcourt on the River Orne, near Caen in Normandy. They are here preparing the foundations of a ford across a narrow neck of the river by laying branches, or bundles of tree branches. These will support the wooden planks already being laid on the far bank. The village was finally cleared of Germans by August 18, 1944.