Miloš Broz Tito, President of the National Liberation Committee of Yugoslavia, and his bodyguard, arrived at Novi in liberated northern Italy to meet with Dr. Tito, Premier of King Peter's Government. Agreement between the partisans and the Government was announced on June 18, 1944. On October 20, Belgrade, Yugoslav capital, fell to Marshal Tito's forces collaborating with Russian troops under Marshal Zhukov. On November 8, Tito was reported in Rome for talks with Stalin.
Our Roving Camera Sees Peace Preparations

WER TO PEACE on the horizon in the summer of 1945? We never dreamed of a brighter tomorrow. Early in October 1945, an air-raid alarm sounded in a vast warehouse in London. Uniformed women hurriedly removed beds and tables and chairs and turned the building into a warehouse of utility furniture (left), with aircraft parts and other equipment used in the war. A nurse hurried over to help the women. In the background, the Union Jack flutters. A clock on the wall shows the time from September 8, 1945.

GERMAN PRISONERS in the compound of a 19th-century railway station, faced with the unexpected problem of installing a British version of their own kitchen. Concentration prisoners are shown standing in the background, which had been ruthlessly smashed during the invasion of 1940.

CIVILIAN CLOTHES being drawn under the War Office's direction, with the first issue on October 15, 1945, which was made by British women and men. A jacket bearing the words "Comfortably equipped, he receives a suit, skirt, sweater, and a hat, wearer." A mobile laundry, surrounded by American soldiers, is cleaned in London (left). These women stood in line to do their own washing, if they were wise enough to find a woman.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


For strategic reasons it is often necessary to attack in regions highly unfavorable for tactical offensive operations. But the situation of the Allied armies in Holland and East Prussia is, in Holland our troops have had to fight against conditions which appear to have been disastrous as those at Passchendaele in the last war. Moreover, with little prospect of securing tactical success on a spectacular scale the spirit and determination with which they have fought are none the less admirable, and the results achieved should not be judged by losses inflicted on the enemy, though they have been substantial, but by their strategic importance.

The great dash of Montgomery's Army Group northwest of Antwerp has been essentially a strategic maneuver which entailed comparatively little tactical action, and the capture of the Port of Antwerp itself, the chief prize it secured, resolved from the speed of the thrust. The airborne operation which followed, by making it possible to secure the crossings of the Maas and the Waal, represented a further strategic success gained without inflicting a major tactical defeat on the enemy. The strategic results would, of course, have been greater if a bridgehead had been established on the Leie, where the railroad bridge had also been secured, but even here before the action at Antwerp could have been exploited, the tactical operations for the clearance of the approaches to Antwerp and the security of the Leie Corridor would still have been necessary, and under conditions no more favorable than those which have actually been encountered.

In the past, wars were generally decided by major tactical victories and strategic maneuvers were chiefly designed to be achieved by decisive battles. But the growth of armies and the increased complexities of modern warfare, absolutely decisive tactical victories tend to become rarer. Tactical action, therefore, though of great importance, must be subordinated to the vastly increased scope of strategic action, and the execution of practically every form of human activity. This was the situation in the Scheldt Flaymoor, however, what a great part the infantry soldier still plays and how much depends on the physical and moral qualities he develops under well-conceived training.

I have seen it suggested that it might have been better if the full weight of the Allied Armies had been directed northwards, in order to ensure an immediate break-through into north Holland, and that General Patton's drive onwards from Paris had little chance of achieving further success when it came up against the obstacle of the Vosges and the German frontier defenses. I see little reason, however, to support that suggestion. In the first place, it was obviously advisable to apply pressure to the whole of the long front the Germans had inadequate forces to hold, and to leave them guessing as to the points of most danger. Secondly, it was obvious from the start that the initial Allied thrusts could not be maintained without a pause after their communications had reached a certain length—and, obviously, the smaller the force the further it could go without a pause, provided no serious resistance was encountered.

CLEAREDANCE of Schildt Approaches

Due to Supply Services

Montgomery's 21st Army Group has never been held up through lack of numerical strength, but it had practically outstripped its supply services by the time it had achieved the masterly feat of capturing Antwerp itself. It was for that reason that it was unable to clear the Stahlquellen approaches, or to continue its advance across the triple obstacles of the Maas, Waal and Le, without a pause. This could not have been done without heavy fighting, for the enemy had fresh troops in Holland, and the supply services were as yet in no condition to meet the expenditure entailed in overcoming serious resistance. A greater concentration of force for the northern thrust would clearly have added immensely to road congestion and would probably have necessitated a pause before Antwerp or even Brussels was reached by black smoke. The supply problem and not numerical strength was the dominating factor, and the essential thing in that campaign was to expel so much, not that it was unable to advance much more.

It should be realized that if General Eisenhower had concentrated on a northern drive it is possible that the enemy might have been able to mount a counter-offensive in considerable strength from the Rhine salient, from the Ruhr, from the Harz, or against the head of the army advancing from the south. Judging from the opposition General Patton has encountered this possibility cannot be ruled out, and it might have produced disturbing effects. Furthermore, the enemy's communications, in spite of air attacks on them, are in the vast majority better than those of the invading armies which had, in the first instance, no railway facilities and had to traverse country in which the retreating enemy could add his own demolitions to those previously inflicted by air attack. Dispersion of force had obviously tended to minimize these disadvantages, reducing congestion on damaged roads and facilitating their restoration.
Fiercely Kesselring Clings to Northern Italy

NINTH ARMY TROOPS continued to make slow but methodical progress against overwhelming German resistance in Italy, north of Bologna, during the first weeks of November 1944. An Allied observation post on the rugged slopes of Mt. Vespas (left). Park-mules and panniers carry a small climb and a slippery descent on the picturesque hemp-backed bridge (right) on their way to supply forward units in the hills beyond Cassello. NINIZATION in their drive towards the important industrial and communications centre of Bologna.

NINTH ARMY GUNNERS spindle smoke-bombards Demy to clear our troops on the River Bona near Cassello, which fell on October 22, 1944. On November 18, they were reported to have entered Pavia after bitter fighting. Breaking up all the bridges, the enemy dug and counterattacked the river area to prevent movement of troops, eventually retaking what threatened with annihilation by New Zealand forces. A British tennisman brings in a wounded comrade from the Bariba fighting (right).
Hun Hordes are Hammered in the Netherlands

AFTER THEIR DEFEAT AT HERTOGENSEBOUG at October 15, 1944, the German 15th Army pulled out from south of the River Maas against the Seventh U.S. Army. In this Picardy, a British and U.S. armored division was casualties. Some photos by the British Army.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

ALTHOUGH U-boats are far from being extinct, they hold still some hundreds in service. Their axis of operations has been greatly reduced. They appear to be no more in the Mediterranean, and therefore have been driven out of the Channel and Bay of Biscay. Their principal ocean bases are now on the coast of Norway. It was from one or other of these Norwegian harbours that the "wolf-pack" 2 issued to make the abortive attack on an Arctic convoy described in the Admiralty communication of November 4, 1944. At least three of the enemy submarines were destroyed, and others damaged, some of which may possibly have failed to get back to port. Not a single merchant vessel sustained any damage, our only loss being H.M.S. Kille, a 'sloop of the war-built "Wren" class.

Operations were conducted by Vice-Admiral F. H. G. Dunsley-Hamilton, who was captain of H.M.S. Rodney during the action which culminated in the sinking of the Bismarck in May 1941. Complete co-operation between naval aircraft from H.M.S. Vindictive and Stalker, escort carriers, and a number of escort vessels, which included two destroyers, three sloops and a frigate, proved highly effective in countering enemy efforts to approach the convoy. If the Germans can do no better than this within a limited distance of the bases in which the majority of their U-boats are now concentrated, it does not augur well for their chances of renewing the Battle of the Atlantic on terms likely to yield them any advantage.

FISHER reports in the Battle of the Philip- pines makes it plain the Japanese Navy has been dealt a staggering blow. It would seem unlikely that the Japanese will allow any chance of importance to be taken until Allied forces are in a position to advance into Japanese home waters, as the damage inflicted on the ships that required port may have been under refit for some time to come. It is not clear what indicated the enemy to give battle in such unfavorable circumstances. Some white flag was announced in a battle message to the Japanese; this led to the capture of land-based aircraft, and the destruction of the two cruisers 3 and the three destroyers 4 which were off the coast of Luzon for this purpose. Yet both these islands, as well as Mindanao farther to the south, had been very thoroughiy bombed by Allied air forces for more than a week before the action, and a large number of Japanese planes destroyed. So far from this giving pause to the enemy, it seems to have precipitated matters, the concentration of his squadrons being arranged in such a way that the U.S. Third and Seventh Fleets obtained every advantage from their central positions in the area of operations.

Probably the Japanese were misled by exaggerated reports of damage inflicted on the U.S. Fleet by air attack over a week earlier. The damage, neither to an extent sufficient to prevent her proceeding to a repairing base, nor to a state where she could not have been employed against the outposts in her line of advance. On the other hand, the toll taken of Japanese land-based aircraft was so heavy that their force proved quite inadequate to provide complete cover for the three squadrons into which the enemy had divided his forces, and they were therefore outmanoeuvred by U.S. carrier borne aircraft.

A BATTLESHIP OF JAPANESE SQUADRON, coming from Direction of Singapore

It may have been hoped that the approach of the largest of these squadrons, coming from the direction of Japan, would divert the attention of the U.S. Third Fleet under Admiral Halsey, and the Seventh Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Kinkaid, to an extent that would enable the other two enemy squadrons to effect a surprise attack. So far from this being the case, the squadron coming from the south-westward (the direction of Singapore) seems to have been the first to be sighted, with the result that sufficient ships of the Allied Task Forces, 5, 29,300 tons, four cruisers and seven destroyers were on hand, either in the course of the action or during their subsequent return through waters controlled by Allied aircraft. Earlier, this force had been attacked by U.S. submarines during its passage from Singapore, and had the first a couple of cruisers before entering Philippine waters.

Air attacks on the enemy force approaching from the north, which seems to have com- prised two battleships, four aircraft carriers, five cruisers and six destroyers, were very effective in reducing their tonnage, as well as a cruiser and two destroyers, before the Third Fleet aircraft engaged were recalled to proceed to the aid of the carriers of the Seventh Fleet, which were being attacked by the remaining Japanese squadron.

Japanese Battleship Yamato, driven from smoke to smoke, with bombs blazing her forward deck, during the furious 3-day engagement in 1944. In Philippine waters, this great ship led a mixed and confused fleet, and her port was soon shattered by the 16-in. AP's of the U.S. battleships, just as the German Bismarck was in the Channel on its way to Norway. Yamato was sunk.

To proceed to the aid of the carriers of the Seventh Fleet, which were being attacked by the remaining Japanese squadron.

This squadron, approaching from the southward, had made its way right through the Santa Rosario Strait and out into the Pacific, off Samar, early on October 24. It included the new 45,000-ton battleships Musash i and Yamato, with three capital ships of older date, eight cruisers and over a dozen destroyers. One of the cruisers was torpedeoed, and capsized before close contact was made, and other ships received damage. In action with ships of the Seventh Fleet a second cruiser was sunk and the enemy force was in a severely handled that it retreated through the San Bernardino Strait as dark- ness fell. A third cruiser was sunk by gunfire.

AFTER the total Japanese losses in the two battleship actions were summed up by Admiral Nimitz as two battleships, four aircraft carriers, five cruisers and nine destroyers. Severe damage was inflicted on a third battleship, as well as on five cruisers and seven destroyers; some of these ships may have failed to get home. Almost all the other enemy ships also received injuries, though of a less serious character. Ships of the Third and Seventh Fleets lost were the light fleet air- craft carrier Princeton, of 10,000 tons; two escort carriers; two destroyers: one destroyer- escort, of a type rated as superior in this country; and a few craft of less importance. U.S. submarines and aircraft had an impor- tant share in the victory.

It is now known that the casualties in H.M.A.S. Australia, mentioned in page 100, were caused by a Japanese bomber crashing on her bridge after its pilot had been killed.

What strength can the Japanese Navy still muster? Is it improbable that there remain in service more than six or possibly seven battleships, seven or eight aircraft carriers, between 30 and 40 cruisers, 30 destroyers and under 100 submarines. This not a force with which any great enterprise can be attempted. The U.S. Navy alone is capable of putting into the line about three times as many ships in each of these categories.

HEROES OF THE PHILIPPINES--Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, commander of the famous Task Force 38 of the U.S. Navy fleet, and Vice-Admiral William F. Halsey, Commander of the U.S. Third Fleet, are shown above, together with officials of the U.S. Navy who supported the fleet in the Philippines. Photo, Associated Press
Refuel As You Go is the Navy’s Slogan Now

ROUGH WEATHER NO LONGER HAMPERs refueling at sea, thanks to modern methods. Nowadays the operation often takes place in the rough seas. The cruiser’s main engines are being refueled by her tender. (Photos) - The arrow in the foreground gives the meeting point between the seaplane tender and the cruiser. (Above) - The seaplane tender is the bridge over the main deck in the foreground gives the cruiser’s position relative to the seaplane tender. See also page 301, Vol. 7.
Looking for Death on the Beaches of Britain

The official plan clearly showed the position of every mine as planted, but the sides had swept in bow of pebbles in the intervening years and buried the mines or carried along and defining sand. Some had risen to the surface. Others had sunk to unknown depths. Others, again, had been forced out of position and lay across the safety paths defined on the maps. All the mines, as the official records were scanned, were "in an uncertain condition." This was the peril that Sergeant of R.E. was ordered to remove 450 mines originally laid in 1916. They were to be swept off operations when headquarters forwarded an amended chart showing that 50 of the mines had been subsequently installed to improve the field, and the position of five mines was marked as doubtful.

On the 1st of the year the unit recovered over 650 E mines. Some were as mapped, others had been carried away by the sea from positions ten and twelve miles away. One was an airborne mine, a mobile German type, and there were three magnetic mine ships which must have buried themselves in the sand without touching-off. Thousands of mines were, of course, laid at vulnerable points, inland as well as on the coast, under the imminent threat of invasion. Rations were kept as short as necessary until the maximum possible time, and since those mines have been removed to keep track of additional mines planted, the charts are necessarily imperfect.

In one instance, a corporal was killed in a mined minefield and an officer and a sergeant of the Celeborn Guards attempted to recover the body. The sergeant was cut off by the mines, but the corporal, who had planted the mine, was unimpeded and laid, yet within a few minutes he was killed and the young officer behind him was dying seriously wounded. Cliff falls, the action of tidal currents, and the human element itself have all introduced the unknown factor.

There is the vivid story of an R.A.F. Beach Squad that took over a seaside villa. Sappers searched the front garden beforehand and dismantled six mine boxes, each containing 7 lbs of T.N.T. Three days later, the sappers resumed operations in the back garden, where the R.A.F. boys had been feeding the chickens—and dug up coal 63, much to the owner's horror.

Heinz Hounds Nose Them Out

Of late, risks in minefield clearance have been considerably lessened and detection processes speeded up by the use of trained dogs. Lighter than men, dogs have the advantage of being able to move about among mines with rather less danger of getting them off. All kinds of medium sized dogs—even Heinz Hounds, as the mongrels are called—are being employed. Training starts as a game between dog and man, causing the dog to associate the smell of mines—both metal and plastic types—with a reward of food. Twenty dogs can sweep a 200-yard line, 16 yards wide, in 30 minutes. It is an amazing sight to see several dogs at once "freewing" on finding a mine, as pointers do when they mark a bird. The health of the dogs is so well maintained that their reaction becomes extremely rapid and accurate. The Sappers of the Veterinary and Remount Service, who are responsible for this aspect of the work, say that the trained dogs are ideal. Private owners, who have indeed rendered good service (see infra, p. 100).

Fowlers of mines have now passed through mine-clearance courses at military engineering schools. Beginning by gaining knowledge of the principles of explosives, and confidence in handling them, they are then taught to lay and take up their own minefields. The main change is removed from the mines, but igniter sets are left aside, and they contain sufficient explosive to blow off the hand or foot of anyone foolish enough to disregard all due precautions. "The most famous last words in this industry," the instructors emphasize, "are 'I'll try anything once!'"

It goes without saying that accidents amount to less than 1 per cent. A discarded pebble can explode a buried mine. Body traps with elaborate systems of trip wires had also been thickly sown over home shores. There was an occasion when an American soldier armed with a powerful explosive involved a number of N.C.O.'s and men, and, amid the final casualties, the bodies of those officers and men, shot in the head, lay with injuries left unmended, surrounded by unexploded mines. The task of excavating these bodies was made harder by further mines buried beneath the surrounding buried wire.

Major Gerald Mathews, the officer who faced the risks and for his bravery received the George Medal, placed planks over the wire and entered the minefield. He missed treating on a mine by only six inches. Against the dangers that are constantly undergome, the number of minefield casualties is remarkably small. Many troops have been decorated for gallantry in Britain's minefields. They include Bombardier James Nearby, G.M., who made a mine crawl of 75 feet through a thickly-sown field on the Tyne when two officers had been killed by it. The bombs were 500-lb. and were delivered by the Coastal Battery of 154 L.E. R., B.E.M., who recently landed another battery into an East Anglian field after a party of R.E.'s had met with disaster. There are Sergeant W. W. Ochol, G.M., and Lance-Corporal Gordon Cowbell, B.E.M., who went to the aid of a Spifire pilot who had crashed-landed on a mined beach. The
How Our Sappers Tackle German Booby Traps

GERMANS RETREATING through Northern Italy, saw in 1944, made increasingly desperate attempts to destroy or delay Allied advances by use of booby traps. Trapping of all types, and with the aid of decoy lights, they set traps to delay Allied advance along the "S" miles.

The first step is made entirely of glass and is concealed, and because it is not revealed by the enemy, it is dangerous. The other, known as "Booby Betty," leaps into the air to explode at a height of three feet.

A British sapper uncovers a booby trap in a minefield. The sapper has identified the device by a deadly charge (1). A suspicious object, it is removed before it can explode. The device is buried under sand and is detonated by a tripwire (2).
Buffaloes at Beveland Aid Scheldt Invasion

AMPHIBIOUS TROOP-CARRIERS spearheaded the assault by British and Canadian forces at the British 2nd Army when, heading for Walcheren, they landed on the Beveland peninsula on the north side of the River Scheldt on October 19, 1944. nickname Buffaloes, these armed transport vehicles are propelled through the water by the same rubberized track which enables them to travel ashore. A column advances (1), others return with prisoners (2). Loading the Buffaloes (3). Loading craft as in (4).
Dempsey's Men Hurl Enemy Back to the Maas

ON A HOPPING-UP FORAY on Sherman tanks, these smiling troops of General Dempsey's British 2nd Army are seen on the thinly-walled outskirts of Hartelenburg, which had been finally cleared on November 17, 1944. The outskirts of the pocket in the German defenses matrix is still far from clear, although the Germans have abandoned some of the areas, and this is the reason why General Montgomery, who is in charge of the operation, allows the British Army to go in for a sort of hopping-up foray on the part of the enemy. The whole Allied line thereafter moved to the River Maas, leaving behind only isolated enemy rearguards.
New Guinea Landing Cuts Off 15,000 Japanese
A Major Amphibious Operation...
Harbours Made in Britain Sailed for France

Long before the invasion was launched it was obvious that vast quantities of stores and equipment would have to be landed on open beaches. It was estimated that about 12,000 tons, plus 2,000 vehicles of all kinds, would have to be handled in this manner each day for 90 days at least. There was only one possible plan— to have ready prefabricated sections which could be assembled at the spot where two vast invasion ports would be most useful.

A harbour for British use was to be located at Arromanches: another, for American use, at Port en Bassin. And each approximately the size of Dover Harbour—which took seven years to complete! These two were to be set up in days, to give full shelter and all usual port facilities to vessels whilst unloading. This entailed the construction of 190 caissons—enormous hollow blocks—for the harbour walls.

The largest of these caissons had a displacement of over 6,000 tons. Each contained crews' quarters for use during the passage, the crew being partly naval, and partly from the Royal Engineers (or American Seabees) for carrying out the operation of sinking. At a later stage, both guns, 20 tons of ammunition, and rough sheds for a gun's crew, were placed on the caissons in addition. A protection for the harbour was needed—so a channel, each a tug of about 1,500 h.p., was designated. The covering was to be automated into position with the help of small tugs, and other vessels would be equipped to assist in this work. At a later stage, the covering was to be removed, leaving a gap of about 200 ft. wide and 100 ft. deep. The work was planned to be completed in days rather than weeks.

On D-Day two blocks piled to provide breakwaters for the immediate shelter of boats and small craft. The designing team had to consider the impact of the breakwaters on the surrounding area and the possibility of their being damaged by enemy action. The breakwaters were piled in sections, each section being approximately 200 ft. long and 100 ft. wide. The sections were then joined together to form the final breakwater.

This description is based on the experiences of the British engineers who supervised the construction of the harbours. The harbours were designed to accommodate the landing of troops and equipment, and were built using prefabricated sections that could be assembled quickly and efficiently. The use of prefabricated sections allowed for a rapid and efficient construction process, which was crucial in order to support the Allied invasion of France.

The harbours were completed in a matter of days, and the transport of all the equipment and troops that followed was made possible by the quick and effective construction of these harbours. The British engineers worked closely with the American engineers to ensure that the harbours were designed and constructed to meet the needs of the Allied invasion. The success of the invasion was in part due to the rapid and efficient construction of these harbours.
Secret of the European Invasion Revealed

Without this crowning example of the British genius for invention it is doubtful if Hitler's West Wall would so readily have been pierced: tided in sections from Britain to Arromanches in Normandy, a prefabricated harbour provided vital accommodation for our shipping. One of the immense concrete caissons (top) about to be towed across the Channel. The caissons in position (bottom), forming part of the main deep-water breakwater; A.A. guns on platforms guard the harbour.
Advance to German Frontier Made Possible by—

Steel roadways carried on steel piers run out from the beach at Arromanches to distant pier-heads at which our invasion craft, including 7,000-ton vessels, discharged their cargo (center right). A pier-head, with a displacement of 1,000 tons, complete with crew's quarters, generating sets, and storage accommodation, at the end of the cross-Channel tow (center left). Ambulances formed part of the traffic using the piers: a convey (bottom left) proceeds from shore to hospital ship.

—This Masterpiece of British Skill and Daring

Looking towards the invasion coast, long lines of piers stretch far into the calm sea from the two-mile-long harbour (bottom right) formed by sinking the concrete caissons, in whose making vast quantities of rubble from blitzed sites of London and other cities were used. This sheltered water played a tremendous part in enabling us to advance so successfully and swiftly "what Philip of Spain failed to do, what Napoleon tried and failed to do, what Hitler never had the courage to do."
**Two-Way Traffic on the Prefabricated Piers**

Final erection of the second harbour, for American use, was discontinued, but not before many vehicles and much equipment had been landed (top). At the British harbour (bottom), in the construction of which our soldiers, navy sailors and Royal Marines were both, casualties are being evacuated whilst Army vehicles are being discharged at the end of one of the floating piers, so devised as to rise and fall with the 30-foot tide.
by Hamilton Fye

Whether you agree with it or not, this remark of a professor at Birmingham University is calculated to make you think. You should never forget the common man, he said. "He is the most important person in the world because there are so many of him."

I don't myself agree with that. It seems to me that the professional men are far more valuable than the common man because there are so many of them. Or even, "Weeds are better than flowers because flowers are so few and weeds innumerable." There were a great many men of the common man in that country who should have been in the air to help save the country and save their lives. Were they more important than the men who had constructed that marvellous prefabricated harbour on the Normandy coast (see pages 430-44), or more important than the man who, when the plan was ready, said, "Now get it done quickly?"

However, that remark by the Birmingham professor was useful because it set a woman thinking. That woman was Miss Verena Holmes, now Technical Adviser to the Ministry of Labour. Some little while before this war began she gave that remark a twist and produced this reflection:

"Considering what's happening in the factories, the most important person is going to be the common woman—the ordinary munition girl doing bolstering or turning shells or making screws, or doing innumerable other operations on millions of different parts. To fill her, the factories must have women trained, and I think that after her, to control and encourage her, is my opinion a work of the very greatest importance."

So Miss Holmes started classes for training women to do supervisory and technical work. This enabled many of them to show they were really women, not just as war workers but as the people who attend those classes are now occupying key positions. The women are naturally at delicate, precise work, such as instrument making and tending. There are things they cannot do, either because they are not proficient enough or because they have not had the necessary experience.

"But, if you give them a purpose to be overcome against women doing many jobs," says Miss Parkinson, Peggie Scott's new book, They Made Invasion Possible (Hutchinson, 15s.), "if you give them training and encouragement, everyone is astonished at what they can accomplish." Miss Parkinson thinks men have been more astonished than women.

It does not surprise women to know that women of the Air Transport Auxiliary are plotting our beaten four-engine bombers; that women can drive great freighters and are commonly known as drivers; and that women are bus drivers and even manage the bus service; or that a shipyard can be worked with 85 per cent women. The men never stop being surprised.

Even women, however, Miss Scott admits, hardly supposed that women could "work as labourers', dig trenches and lay drain-pipes for an aerodrome site; shovel sand, after first standing in tugged to smash it with electric drills; that they can quarry stone."

There is still a good deal of doubt among both sexes as to whether women should be given any of the higher appointments in industry. In the factories at present very few indeed rise above the position of forewoman. But there is no doubt whatever that some of them may make good as directors and managers. Take the case, for example, of the one already mentioned as running an aircraft engineering business.

Miss Margaret Norman, sister to the founder of Heston Airfield near London, began by flying herself, then became a maker of scale models of planes. These were bought readily, she prospered so well that she was able to take other small manufacturers in her business; she had established a business of the kind before the war, and produced a type of plane which she named and became Mrs. Burke; at one time she had to take her baby she was nursing—look it even into city offices when she went to seek appointments. "You would have thought it was a bomb if you had seen the faces of some people," she told Miss Scott. But she made her factory manufacture materials for invasion in the southern workshops was spinning a mat on a thread. Whole families worked together all night and called in their friends, hospitals, lunatic asylums, Red Cross and other many organizations lent a hand, and at right n'klock on Monday morning Mrs. Burke delivered the full连忙 complete.

A bout the future of women such as Mrs. Burke and Miss Holmes there can be no uncertainty. But what about the numbers of ordinary women who will have to find some other employment when war work stops? Many will not want to go back to indoor jobs after having become accustomed to outdoor life, and having liked it as much as did a balloon operator, formerly a clerk, who told Miss Scott, "It's lovely! I thought I would be frozen stiff in the winter, but if we're moving we don't feel the cold. I wouldn't change my job for anything," she was not an exception. On that balloon site all the girls who had been indoor workers lived the outdoor life, and it must not seem strange. There are many in their thirties who have never had a job. Even these single women who have never taken a job——"

A farmer in Sussex, member of the Agricultural Committee, says that any girl in the Land Army who wants to stay on a farm after the war will have the chance to do so. "I admired their pluck," he told Miss Scott. "They don't object to anything. They spread the manure and clean out the pigs, and they do the threshing, which is a dirty job."

"They can't milk as well as men who have been at it all their lives; they can't chuck ricks——though perhaps there are girls who could do it. They can't lift weights for feeding the cattle in winter. Their labour is expensive, but they work well together—and how their tongues go!"

Whether women carpenters and plumbers will be able to keep on with the work they are doing now is more doubtful; but they are good at these jobs is beyond question.

Women, it seems, need more entertainment to be provided for them than men usually do. They want something special for the evenings. They are not content to sit for hours in a pub, or lean against the bar, and chat interminably over pints of ale. Not that they have any objections to drinking at a bar if they want a drink. The old idea that no respectable woman would be seen inside a licensed house has been killed both by the young women of the aristocracy and by those of the women's war services. Will that turn to womanhood or hidden, their futures?

The Director of the Women, Miss Laughton Matthews, shakes her head. She sees that women's new age will not be a golden age. A woman who is trained to work as a skilled machinist and foreman is artificial; she is a marvellous woman, but the natural woman will remain. There is nothing wrong in women drinking as a pastime. It is a great thing to teach them self-control which will follow them in all ways of life. She has knowledge and experience and make for under- standing of what we are trying to do. Women will be better people on account of this war, she believes.

Certainly, if we may judge from the trouble most of the Service women take with their hair, I think women will change their appearance in their outlook. They are evidently as anxious to attract the attention of possible husbands as any girls in "civies." And why not?
This is How the Enemy Sniper Gets His Man

One thing would spoil the thrill if you were allowed as a civilian to visit the Western Front, and that would be the sick feeling at the pit of your stomach every time a vicious streak sounded in the distance and your guide said casually: "Sniper. Better duck your head." Probably there has been a widespread outbreaks of this military malaise as at present; and right across Europe to Berlin it will be encountered increasingly.

The reason why every frontline report tells of sniping is that — we are winning. The enemy would never use the method in the way that has been described if he were not desperate. Throughout military history the sniper has chiefly been employed by the losing side. When you cannot dominate the battlefield you seek a hiding-place and try to pick off your opponent as he passes.

Thus our men in this war mainly suffer from the sniper after a successful battle. They enter towns in Holland and France and presently they will enter towns right across Germany. All seems quiet in the shattered streets, then a shot rings out and a leading soldier falls; another shot, and our victorious troops must systematically set about rooting out perhaps a score of snipers. These have been enroiced in houses, towers, trees, on rooftops, under detect tanks and cars, and have been given instructions to do as much damage for as long as possible.

It is not just nuisance value that these low-lords have from the enemy point of view. There have been authenticated cases of individual snipers do both attacks on the part and the last war who have accounted for as many as 200 victims before being caught themselves. On the average in these wars it has taken an army of 20,000 to kill a man. Good snipers get their kill at the average rate of an enemy a year. The enemy, knowing that they must be posted to retriva! 400,000, and deducing the to the experience of the past campaigns (especially in that matter), have trained thousands of sharpshooters for our inconvenience.

First the sniper must be an individualist, and second, he must be a good shot. It might be thought that the Germans today would be running short of both. But thousands of German soldiers, in reaction from regimentation, are probably glad of a chance to work on their own; and modern rifles make it very easy to shoot straight. The sniper is trained to be spiritually and physically self-sufficient, able to endure days of “isolation” and preserve his mind, even when he occupies a point and所得 a raging sea of the enemy, and when he is forced to remain in his position for the duration of the day. The enemy is spoilt by the dis- covered by those whom he has no visibly and disturbingly dealt with.

So the man is trained to hate as well as to kill, to take pride in the notches on his rifle barrel, to be capable of existing on a minimum of food and drink which he must carry with him, and not to fire unless he is certain of hitting his mark — the arrangement which it may be impossible to alter. After which, he studies the arts of personal concealment.

Sharpshooter in Heap of Hay

He must be a chameleon among a heap of rocks, or a mound of clay in a muddy field: he must be a clump of overseas, or little branches beside some bush — a tree, a fallen log, a depression in the ground, a chimney, a clock, a church clock, a thick curtain in a window; he has been even been known to be a dignified statue in a market-place.

The sniper’s principal concern is not the perfect technique of his shooting. Absolute stillness and steadiness are necessary. He must not fire, even when using ammunition that is quite smokeless, if some- one is gazing directly towards his hiding-place.

But rigidity can be helped by various devices. There was a sniper in Normandy, the man, who had been fired with uncanny accuracy on to an exposed piece of road at night. They found him by thrusting bayonets into a heap of hay, where he had a carefully-sighted rifle set in a vice.

Telescopic sights are used, but generally the sharpshooter relies on field-glasses. If he lacks a good pair he will take the first opportunity of picking off an officer of artillery and securing his. The Germans have always possessed excellent glasses. Then he will, if possible, choose close targets, anything from 300 to 500 yards away. Good artillery glasses enable him, with trained eyes, to see the hairs of a man’s eyebrows before he shoots his.

A specially important device is the loop- hoo!, which is so constructed in the camouflage, wall, tree or parapet, that the sniper has a wide field of vision. It is always left in an ordinary sniffer to be used in every other. He can then look through a sniper’s loophole, and observe what he is doing, and the outlook from one constructed by himself in a trench or entrenchment. No wonder the sniper aims such a moral secondary. As somebody in France has written: “You have never seen that hidden man. Probably never will. But suddenly you picture him vividly; not so much his face as his eyes, his mouth. You ‘feel’ his cool movement after that last close shot; he is gently, more steadily aiming and loitering that olive as he sights along it to make doubly sure he gets you this time. Such a feeling can sicken a man.”

Yet it is in some ways a foolish feeling, especially under conditions such as those on the Western Front. In that tense war you see a man, and a German, and you think he can’t come nearer. This is not the case. Furthermore, the Japanese snipers are a very great menace because they cannot easily be caught. But when they have been left behind by Germans in occupied Dutch villages and towns it is just a matter of taking-careful precautions and sooner or later removing them out. Special squads are detailed for this task. They may at first sight be all in black, perhaps using decoys, and once he is located he must submit to being disarmed and captured. Note that most of the German snipers are sup- posed—not shot—at their posts. There are no dog-fights, because today enemy snipers are operating on the whole in un- friendly territory and have no support.
Chinese Regain Ancient City on Burma Border

FIRST CHINESE CITY east of the Burma border to be freed—ancient Taungbyo. It was seven miles west of the Burma Road, fell to Chinese troops, it was announced on August 6, 1944. Two thousand Jelemao who had dug in for a 3-months' siege became casualties in the twelfth battle, which led to the establishment of contact between British and Chinese forces under the command of General Hissar, and Chinese under Major General Wai Li-Kuang. Chinese wounded (above) being carried past the battered city walls.
HUNGARY is once more in the news and with her such names as Horvath, Salatini, Goebbels, Breit, Karolyi and others. It is the country least understood, the least understood of the world, a country of contradictions and, because of them, of a tragic fate. These contradictions, in some instances, go so far as to appear like Fidesz's bad jokes.

Hungary is a monarchy, yet without a king, and with a law forbidding the return of the only legitimate claimant to that vacant throne. As for Regent for nearly 25 years she has had an admirer, yet without a foot, or even a port, or an outlet. She has a parliament, yet of all Fascist or pseudo-Fascist regimes in Europe, hers is the oldest and most deep-rooted.

Now are her conditions less singular. The Magyar language, in which masterpiece of European literature have been written, bears no relation to any other, except very vague and distant ones with Finnish and Turkish. The "social" problem is complicated by the fact that of the seven tribes which immigrated from Robot's time Hungary has a vast, fertile plains where the tribes had become in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. It was the end of a progressive Chulas Khan, had been converted to the Jewish faith a century or so before, and refused to follow their king St. Stephen when he converted his nation to Christianity.

Hungary's kings were, in turn, Slavonic, French, Austro-German, Polish, and of the German, Spanish, Habsburg dynasty; only for short intervals, or in anti-kings, had he occasionally rulers of her own race. For about two centuries she was occupied and ruled by Turkish Sultan through their governors. Small wonder, then, that a semi-Oriental mysticism entailed the crown and St. Stephen's sceptical golden emblem with the best cows, gilt in part of a Pope Sylvester II, in part of the Byzantine Empire Medallion. Directly the name of a power was developed, and a cult around that symbol preserved to this day.

Hungary has had regents, deposing for a non-existent king, before: Janos (John) Hunyadi, five centuries ago, during the first war against the invading Turks, and Lajos (Lewis) Kossuth, in 1848, when Hungary's revolt against the Habsburgs had proved a temporary success. And she had magnates—puerul, princely, often virtually independent noblemen owing larger or smaller parts of their duties to the king, a policy of their own, practically throughout her history, the real masters of her population, her wealth, and her fate.

Not all were stubborn, narrow-minded and against, as a voice of the Press, Junkers, or the Polish Scholastics: there were Liberals, such as Count Stephen Szechney, Francis de Deza, Count Gysla Andras, Kolonel de Tisza, and his son Count Stephen (assassinated at the end of the war) and even fervent practical Socialists like Count Michael Karolyi, first Hungarian President after 1918, and now in this country. But even so, Hungary's social structure is pervaded by a streak of mediocrity such as hardly any other European country has preserved in our day.

This is the basis of a two-fold political trend which (practically in the exclusion of all the other problems, social, economic, and intellectual, which occupied the world since 1918) engaged all the energies of the Hungarian people: the fight for the recovery of lost territory, and the suppression of all movements, communism, of schools of thought whose Liberalism or cosmopolitanism might deflect the nation from that task.

A huge, permanently illuminated map of pre- and post-1918 Hungary displayed in Budapest was symbolic of this single purpose, an endless propaganda all over the world, far and near, and the country, kept in evidence the alleged wrongs done to "poor" Hungary by the Treaty of Trianon. That, and that alone, was the keynote of all Hungarian politics. For that, Budapest turned first to the League of Nations, then to Britain, than to Faschism, Italy, and finally to Hitler.

By no means stupid, the Hungarian politicians indeed considered the Nazis as a last resource, and a most undesirable one. For while they were gratified by securing a considerable area of Slavs whose Hitler had recently conquered Czechoslovakia, and the better part of the opposition, the Danish-Chicago newspaper under the Vienna Award of 1940, they were fully aware that this meant giving up their last chance to resurrect the old Hungarian nation with its old Hungarian basis. And, reminiscent of 1918, some of them least should have been in fear of another German defeat such as now knocks at Budapest's doors.

As for the justification of Hungary's territorial claims, nobody was allowed to doubt, or even to argue in his own favor, any more than the mystic vision of St. Stephen's crown, its own vastness, its own noblemen's power, Hungary's pre-Trianon territory, land under the competence of the Pope. The 1918-1920 Hungarian Empire, embraced 132,000 square miles, with 8 million inhabitants; two post-1915 areas was confined to 37,000 square miles, with 7½ million souls. True, even their own statisticians had to confess that half the pre-1918 citizens were Magyars, so that, in view of the heavy loss of life incurred by their soldiers, who are world-famous for their daring and bravery, no really large proportion of thoroughgoing Hungarians can have been left out of the seemingly so drastically constricted Transylvanian frontiers.

Ancient Rights of Conquest

But it is an ambitious race, and the maps possessed large properties, with crescents, shooting focios, steels, and forests outside these new, unconquerable borders. They had fought for that soil, against the "infidels," for centuries, and wanted it from Turks, and the Venetian Republic, and what not; and they were firmly entrenched in their mediaval belief that their ancient rights of conquest should prevail over the new-fangled rights.

The little people, smallholders, craftsmen, labourers, care no more about these lofty political principles than do their fellows in other countries. They are poor—most Hungarians, not excluding even many of the proud noblemen, are poor measured by此外an aggregation in money—but they enjoy the benefits of a great climate. They are fishermen, artists, of a country, and, not infrequently, following their leaders in war, venture to a country with a remarkable loyalty. That is the only possible explanation of the frenzy with which, after the last war, they supported first a short-lived "Social" rule, then an even shorter-lived Bolshevik one, and then from onward a series of varied feudal regimes, interspersed with such excursions as those of the early "Austro-Hungarians," or the later "Arrow Cross" (Stalinist) and other variations of Naziism. Meanwhile in the country—the "Kir Palota," above the Danube—the Aunt of Countess Isabella, "queerly played upon these emotions."

He may have looked down thence upon the king's hour, the propagation of the flag at half-mast and Bodlighidted at night, or have heard the people sing the Magyar Hymnology (the Hungarian Choral) and the Centennial (The Day of Warnings) often enough with mixed feelings. He may have dreamed of a country of his own, but the dreams shattered by the death of his son on the Russian front and the advance of the Red Army into the great pastures of the Puszta.
Nazis Fall Back on Their ‘Last Ditch’ Reserves

CONSCRIPTION of every able-bodied German from 16 to 60, ordered by Hitler on November 1, 1944, has placed in control, announced that troops armed they would wear no uniforms; only an armband in accordance with instructions on the dress of the Allied assault on the Balkans' and based on the British

Wehrmacht, the 'Wehrmacht' and 'Wehrmacht' - Hitler's armament; we think the 'Wehrmacht' - Hitler's first armament has been in control. Every man, every woman; he told correspondents. In the north, the armament of German military pulling all anti-tanks and anti-aircraft guns and other armaments - will be used near the East Frontier front (9) on October 31 they were prepared to assault. On November 1, 1944, the armament of Wehrmacht (10) with a 'narrative breakdown.'

John Lennon
Russians Well Over the East Prussian Border

HEADING FOR the Internationale Grenz. Certain Areas of the 3rd White Russian Front, pronounced by corps commanders to have been taken, were reported on October 23, 1944, to have broken through on a front of 50 miles. Marshal Vatutin, by heavy counterattacks, had destroyed powerful and heavily strafed defenses which, the Germans had been preparing for years. The Rumanian Army, moving through devastated Sibiu, the capital of Transylvania, was reported five miles from Sibiu.

GREAT FACTOR in the break-through was the Red Air Force, directed by Marshal Pokryshkin, who, as Minister of aviation, had been attached to the Ministry of Air. Marshal Maksim Polezhayev, Marshal of Aviation, was forced to depopulate a vast area of German towns.

The Russians, who are now 30 miles from Berlin, are close to the outskirts of the city. German tanks were burned on the outskirts. The Russians are now approaching the outskirts of Berlin.
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness
Stories of the War

I Saw the Royal Marines Go In at Walchelen

Westkapelle, bayonet in the Dutch island of Walchelen blocking the landing beach near December 1914, and again in 1917, the Royal Marine Commandos, and rocket planes and bombers of the R.A.F., Here to tell in their own words and facing action as he witnessed it from the H.O. ship.

As we approached the island, stretching away on either side of us was a vast convey of landing craft, and we could see the light-house tower and the famous all-day-wide gap in the wall of naval vessels. The H.O. was soon alongside and hoisted our signal no. 2, then we steamed on out.

We approached to within thousands of yards of the coast, as the accommodation of the roar of the 15-in. guns of the battleship Warspite and the monitors Erebos and Lord Roberts. I thought it all seemed very unreal—until a couple of German shells fell among us. Guns broke away from almost every craft and shells of every calibre were screaming to land at once. The German guns were firing at the island and beach fortifications. But more and more shells dropped among us and one or two ships were hit.

On an uneven to the left of the town were four large German guns in concrete emplace- ments, and these were shooting pretty accu- rately. By this time several landing craft were after and burning fiercely. Then I saw an unfortunate night-shoot of landing craft boiler-room hit. The cruiser was hit, and the cruiser, the cruiser—men of the famous Royal Marines. They were all singing—singing as they went into that hell of fire and shell and flying metal. We've got guns," said a sailor.

Still more and more craft swept past us, and all the time the German shells were falling among us, clothing a craft here, a man there. In the din of battle we heard the roar of aircraft, and up from the ramp of Typhoons screaming down—a puff of smoke, and their rockets flashed against the German posts.

Deflating Round of 15-in. Guns

Great spots of black smoke streamed up into the sky from the burning boats, and the smaller fire from the German already exploded. But those big guns continued to take toll of the assault force. By this time the L.C.O.'s (landing-craft officers) were near enough to add their quota, and the noise and crash and bang became almost deafening, while, all the time, wave after wave of Typhoons raced in.

Above the din we heard the steady boom-boom of the "15-inches" from the two monitors and Warspite, and suddenly I saw a great burst of flame and black smoke come from

ROYAL MARINE Commandos in amphibious fighting during the Allied venture to Walchelen in December, 1914. Under cover of smoke and confusion, the commandos advance from their landing craft and captured the key gateway of the island.

I Took a No. 10 Tram to the Front Line

Antwerp was taken in its stride by Allied troops on September 4, 1914. The Germans, however, still held the Scheldt estuary before the city in October. George Edwardes here describes the fantastic approach of the city and the rhapsodic welcome given to the Allies on their entry.

As we steamed away from Walchelen I could see fires here and there on the island and, dotted about the sea, several blazing craft—burned out. A wounded Marine Commando officer said to me: "Don't tell them at home that it was easy—it was claimed difficult, but we did it—please tell them that!"

[Continue story]
at the Town Hall, D——, and walk straight ahead."

"And you won't have long in the line," added the lieutenant of Marines, "if you want to hear Solomon tonight—his Chopin recital starts at 6:45."

The sub-lieutenant was genial with his 40 minutes. I got there quicker. I came back quicker off. I was dazed at the unreality of it. But there were greater unrealities. I had consumed peaches, ice creams, and champagne. That was not all. At lunch on one occasion we had Greek Muscat wine, Burgundy, Bordeaux, and Cognac. But we did not have any meat.

Antwerp, it dawned on me, abounds in all the luxuries, but lacks all the necessities of life. Later I was to hear an explanation. I heard it from a Princess of the royal blood. Her khaïi tailor-made, just out of the foremost of fashion houses, symbolized the fantastic world that is Antwerp in 1944. "Of course," we went on making luxuries. It kept our peoples employed. Then the Germans could not deport them, and they produced things that were not the slightest use to the Germans."

**An Evil Tyrant Built a Castle**

"It is true." I asked the veteran Burgomaster, Cidde Huyman (he is also president of the Second International), "that your shipbuilders managed to work full strength for the Germans for two years without building them a single ship?"

"And most understandable," he said. "For centuries we Belgians have only been independent for 130 years. For eight of these we have been occupied. That teaches you a lot about an underground."

It did. It taught them to raise a secret army, to keep it armed and drilled against the day when they could deliver roads, ports, docks, and bridges undamaged into our hands. Beyond the zoo lies the harbor—ungauged reserves of desert quay, lines of idle cranes, and grass growing through the warehouse floors. It was serenely peaceful.

And there I remembered how the place once was called Antwerp.

There was an evil tyrant once who built a castle there and raised each fabulous toll on all the corn and wool that came up the river that all the people were hungry to death. But there came a liberator. His name was Boudicca. And he burnt the castle and cut his hand off and threw it into the river, where she was called Antwerp in Flemish, "throwing of the hand." I told the porter watching either that. "O.K."

"We've got to cut that tyrant's hand off all right. It is gripping the edges of this port!"

**We Sent a U-Boat Down in Five Minutes**

Flying-Officer R. W. G. Vaughan, 28-year-old captain of a Catalina of R.A.F. Coastal Command, received the immediate award of a D.F.C. and congratulation from the Admiralty for one of the quickest kills on record. Although his flying-boat was preceded by several hours, one engine had stopped and petrol was leaking from the other, he brought it immediately to land at a deserted airfield in southern France.

Two members of the crew were wounded—one seriously—but both are recovering. The Catalina was on patrol in Northern waters in daylight when a message was flashed from a Coastal Command Liberator that a U-boat had been sighted. On searching the area, the captain sighted the submarine. To carry out an attack, the captain had to fly through a low barrage set up by the U-boat's guns.

Flying-Officer Vaughan tells what followed:

"As soon as I saw this barrage I took violent evasive action, throwing the Catalina at a 45 degree angle to the course of the U-boat. The members of the crew were holding on like grim death. I knew the aircraft was being hit—I could see the flak whistling past my window—but we dropped our depth charges and the gunners bailed out several hundred rounds at the coming torpedoes. By the time I had turned and could see out of my window the stern, or the bow, of the U-boat—I could not make out which—was disappearing beneath the water. At first we were not quite sure if the submarine had crashed-dived, but our hearts leaped with joy when we saw 35 to 40 survivors swimming in the sea, and a number of little yellow one-man dinghies. Some of the Germans were trying to swim in a large oil patch left by the U-boat.

F/O K. S. Freeman of Chester, wireless operator air gunner, was badly wounded in the leg and hand. Flying-Sgt. S. M. Audland, an air gunner, who comes from Nigeria, was also hurt by shrapnel.

The journey back to base was one of undoing the guns, removing flying through patches of fog. Two hours from base the captain realized that he could give no more readings on the fuel gauges and that we should have to go on until our engine gave out. Realizing that the Catalina was badly holed and would sink if I stayed on the water, I "laddered" her and raced through the water at speed until she ran up the beach. I found out later we had petrol left for only one more circuit of the area."

**Radio Spy in the Jungle of Leyte Island**


In his jungle headquarters, talking by the dim light of a Weak flaming in coconut oil, and surrounded by sleeping guerillas, St. John set up all night to tell me of his adventures. His H.Q. is 15 miles in front of the American lines. To reach him is a photographer, and a six-man army patrol had to cross five miles of open sea in a native dug-out canoe.

As we scared the shrew, St. John, another American, and a crowd of Filipinos—guerillas, their families, and the girls who cook..."
**I Was There!**

and now for the guerrillas—were waiting for us. The second American was Eugene James Beattie, a carrier pilot. He had parachuted over the islands and had been taken by the guerrillas to St. John.

As we neared the beach three Jap fighters moved out of the clouds overhead. We jumped overboard and swam, chest deep in water, to the shore. Said St. John: "Did you bring bread?"

—It was nearly three years since he had tasted bread—and then, to the soldiers: "I've waited a long time to see your uniform—Beattie had to be a navy guy!"

Then he asked for a cigarette. He explained that in those three years he had only ten packets. He led us to his headquarters. A radio operator of the Philippines Army sat at the portable radio set; the guerrillas crowded in and sat staring at the "Americans." "You get used to it," said St. John. And then began the story that lasted all night.

He told how once his headquarters were attacked by 200 Japs, who shot cut a tooth of hair from his head. He told of raids of monkey-meat and fried locusts, of going two years without shoes, of his terrible longing for cigarettes. He told of Filipino fiendishness towards him and of Filipino hatred for the Japs.

St. John is an almanac, and his story began on Mindanao early in 1942. After the collapse of the Philippines he and 11 others tried to reach Australia in an Army launch. They got to Leyte. From there they set off for Australia one more, in an outrigger canoe.

Their canoes off Mindanao; they lost their clothing and a treasure box of watches and photographs of American women; they were pursued by the Americans "pacing off" so that one ship ought not to have been able to see them. They almost died from malaria and dysentery. Native natives had restored their health.

**OUR DIARY OF THE WAR**

October 11, Wednesday, 1:00 P.M.

Western Front—Europe.

First American soldier captured by British troops. First British and Belgian soldiers captured by Americans.

—R.A.F. bombers dropped four 500-pound bombs on St. John's headquarters. A medical officer was killed and a number of papers destroyed. Captured prisoners admitted the raid by Red Army.

**Flash-backs**


**OUTLINE OF THE PHILIPPINES INVASION**

announced on October 29, 1944. U.S. landing craft poured with troops began to go into action against the Japanese, heading for the beaches at Leyte Island. The invasion was preceded by a devastating naval and air bombardment. See story commencing on facing page, and illus. page 49.

But said St. John, the Americans became so thin that "we had to sit on pillows to prevent our bones poking us." The first Mindanao guerrillas were bandits who had fled from the Japs, but with American aid they were properly organized.

It was after recovering from malaria that St. John got in touch with the American leaders of the guerrillas. He was offered the choice of going back to his old squadron, then in Australia, or of going to Leyte to watch the Japs. He chose Leyte, because "I began the war in the Philippines and thought I might as well end it here." So an outrigger canoe took St. John and his radio set to Leyte in August 1943.

"The Filipinos were marvelous," said St. John. "They did my washing and cooking because, they said, I was an 'American' helping them, so they would help me. I had to move on every month or so. The Japs knew I was on the island—and there were spies around." As St. John talked, Filipino girls served a meal of rice, bananas, coconut-salted chicken. But St. John did not eat; he was too excited.

Hand-built bridges stood weeks by day and burned at night; and again destroy the Damnitro, Damid and Dariel, to mention.


**NOVEMBER 1, Thursday,** 11:00 A.M.

Western Front—Europe.

Fifteen prisoners captured by British troops captured on the Bataan Peninsula. Several Americans captured in the Philippines. Five prisoners, including a Canadian, captured by British troops.

Desolate—American troops captured Lofoten, in North Norway. British were captured in Norway.

November 2, Friday, 1:00 P.M.

Western Front—Europe.

British troops captured Tynset, in North Norway. British troops seized the airport at Bardufoss, in Northern Norway.

November 2, Saturday, 7:00 P.M.

Western Front—Europe.

British troops captured Tynset, in North Norway. British troops seized the airport at Bardufoss, in Northern Norway.

General—Announced that 1,000 U.S. troops captured in the Philippines.

November 3, Sunday, 1:00 P.M.


General—Announced that 1,000 U.S. troops captured in the Philippines.

November 4, Monday, 1:00 P.M.

Western Front—Europe.

British troops captured Tynset, in North Norway. British troops seized the airport at Bardufoss, in Northern Norway.

General—Announced that 1,000 U.S. troops captured in the Philippines.

November 5, Tuesday, 1:00 P.M.

Western Front—Europe.

British troops captured Tynset, in North Norway. British troops seized the airport at Bardufoss, in Northern Norway.

General—Announced that 1,000 U.S. troops captured in the Philippines.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

In war it is extraordinarily difficult for the ordinary reader or listener to the radio to obtain, in a balanced judgement of the mass of events. Each report gives only the act of propaganda to the full — indeed, as a matter of pride. To me one of the most distasteful of propaganda methods is the constant assurance that enemy commanders must always be tinged with falsehood, or at least with inaccuracies of impression. Such a report sometimes are. But how often does one read in a B.B.C. news bulletin after a quotation from a German source that this is reported by a Russian or German attack on a given sector that this should be treated with caution? As far as I know there is no confirmation from our Navy? Generally the confirmation comes within a few days, but the B.B.C. does not then say that the report was confirmed by the previously unconfirmed source. The constant listener is so dulled with propaganda that he or she fails to connect the items in relation one to the other.

The difficulty about day-to-day accounts of events is that the first impression is not always correct, yet it often secures the largest audience. That is why histories of wars continue to be written long after they have ended. It takes endless patience to sift the facts from the evidence. It is a more difficult task than that of a judge in a complicated murder trial. After this war it is going to be more difficult than ever before.

One of the actions which cannot yet be fully assessed is the great seaborne battle in the waters around the Philippines following the American landing on Leyte Island on October 20, 1944. Before U.S. land-based aircraft could operate from Leyte, the Japanese sent a large fleet divided into three forces into action against the Americans. One force of enemy ships was sighted on October 23, 1944, by the 3rd U.S. Aircraft Carrier Task Force. Halsey, the very strong proponent of an attack on the Japanese at Leyte when he was in command, now at the age of 52, learned to fly. Halsey kept in contact with the enemy ships during the night (successfully by radar), sent up his aircraft at dawn on October 24, and by the next day had great havoc among the Japanese ships; this action, in the waters north-east of the Philippines, was assisted by China-based U.S. land aircraft intervention against Japanese land air bases.

PHILIPPINES: A Strategic Core

in the South-West Pacific

The air/sea action continued for ten days, in a series of sorties. The Americans lost the Princeton, a 10,000-ton cruiser converted into an aircraft carrier, two escort carriers, two destroyers, and an escort ship; these losses appear to have been suffered while escorting a convoy of 600 ships moving towards Leyte in support of General MacArthur, and were caused by Japanese land-based aircraft, operating presumably from Philippine island bases.

Two Japanese forces approached from the west; one from Cam Ranh Bay moved towards the Sibuyan Sea between Mindoro and Panay Islands, the other towards the Sibuyan Strait north of Mindoro. I said in my previous article (page 412) that the Japanese could be expected to fight desperately to hold the Philippines, which is their strategic core in the South-West Pacific. The attacks by Japanese warships and aircraft carriers, prove how they value the Philippines.

The forces approaching from the west were attacked by U.S. and Australian warships and aircraft carriers of the 7th U.S. Fleet under Admiral Nimitz, who divided his fleet, strongly supported by aircraft from carriers, to engage them. The enemy force in the Sulu Sea and Suroguan Strait was completely destroyed. Its strength was accompanied by Japanese air attacks against American shipping in Leyte Gulf, where U.S. carrier aircraft destroyed 35 Jap planes, and A.A. guns another three. Total enemy losses were 24 claimed sunk (including two battleships, four aircraft carriers and nine cruisers). Only two of the remaining 36 ships were believed to be undamaged.

This appeared a sweeping victory for the U.S. Fleet and its aerial power. But it struck me as curious that Admiral Nimitz should subsequently say that he expected the Japanese would again attack in strength, that the time would eventually come when the U.S. Navy would seek out the Japanese Navy wherever it was and utterly destroy it. If this was a complete victory for the U.S. Fleet (as the first reports indicated) why should not the U.S. Fleet have gone to destroy the remainder of the enemy fleet at once?

The reason conveyed in the despatch news item that came in on November 4 stating that U.S. ships had been attacked by Japanese aircraft in the neighbourhood of Caroline and suffered losses and damage were these American ships which had been damaged in the Philippines action (about which the communiqué said nothing) limping home to Pearl Harbour for repairs? If so, the whole story of the battle has not yet been told. Meanwhile it is clear that the Japanese achieved some part of their object, for another communiqué on November 4 stated that "the U.S. carrier force operating from Leyte and the Sibuyan Sea saw numerous Japanese land-based fighter planes in the air, and the U.S. carrier had been hit by four 20-mm. cannon. Flak, according to the official story, was credited to the Japanese all round."
Assembling Super-Fortresses for the Pacific

ATMOSPHERE-PRESSURIZED SECTIONS of the control cab and gunners' compartments (shown in black in diagram) are built in separate units, fuselage and tail cone being designed to withstand the artificial pressure air-pressure maintained for safety and comfort of the crew. On the assembled plane, high-wing type with landing wheels and two of the four 1,200-h.p. engines already in place is towed to the hangar for Super-Fortresses recently delivered to Fort Knox in mid-October 1944. See also front page 168.
British Forces Returned in Triumph to Greece

Greece was freed in 34 days. It was announced on November 2, 1944, when Generals E.A. Lawford and D. T. G. Butt, commanding British forces in north-west of Salonika, reported that they could no longer find traces of the occupying army of Axis forces of 100,000 men. The liberation campaign had begun on September 30 before evacuating the Pelasgianane, in the north. The forces bearing the Italian flag on the Adriatic shore, mixed and blocked the enemy's enclosures. Captains and officers of the Greek navy, the merchant ship of 1,000 tons, the Greek army, the people of Athens, issued an electric message: "It was this alliance that welcomed our forces and paraded the streets waving Allied flags. British soldiers landed on the beach of the Acropolis. The Greek parades were formed as a guard of honour when the Greek President Gordon Orgas was led to the flag in front of the Parthenon. It was a gladiatorial triumph," said the President.

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The point has been overlooked by those who have protested angrily against the American soldiers feeding German children with their ration and starving them with their mothers. This point is that so many American soldiers are of German origin, and that German children are as well, that the American soldiers talk English, have German names, and are more accustomed to German ways of life than to English ways of life. In some countries there are very large numbers of such people in the United States, and it is next to impossible to prevent their making friends with some German who has occupied territory. In some ways it might be good for them if they did; without any suggestion of propaganda they would show Germany that it is the people who defeat them. That is something which is very necessary for Hitler's hopes to last. They have not learnt it yet. They never will learn it from official sources. But if it slips out now and then in conversation with men who talk their language and have had relations in Germany, it is likely to have lasting effect. The late Wendell Willkie, whom I could not bring myself to admire, once boasted of his German blood. But how any decent-minded white man could contemplate the history of Germany in the last seventy years and the spectacle of Europe today and be proud, instead of ashamed, of his German blood, just boggles me. It is a human failing to be "proud of things we couldn't help." We are always going together with a great many people. They were worrying long ago about juvenile delinquency. It was shown that children were about as good and as naughty as usual. Now they are disturbed because children are not forced by their parents to go to school. Wartime diet has no effect on them. Nowadays, medicinal drugs have a long wear to run. Why not accept that and keep quiet? But no, they are saying: Now everybody you hear of a father making his children eat anything they don't want on their little boys and girls policing out green vegetables, for instance, they are saying: Now everybody who was forced to eat Swiss cheese in the nursery, although he hated it, the effects on that child were, they say, about as permanent and certainly as bad. The best way to provide children cheaply all food that any two humans would be yielded by the two would have to insist on them to have food that they were drinking at that time would call for all the bottle on the bottle and provide most of it down the gullet of the irritating child.

Visitors have been told about chucklefit satisfaction over the killing of vast numbers of stonies by the bears, and sketchlight. The bearhunting season has been broken, and they're being taken out of the country. The bears are very stubborn and pestle them. They rise from the trees where they roost and they make it very difficult to get a bear. They have been stoned at the station and two bears have been killed and been shot in the head and been hung. The bear farmers, and he would like it if the people living with them somewhere with some statues of war heroes. He says they do a lot of damage to crops, and he wouldn't mind them if he could get the law, strutting about in shiny, iridescent

much more expensive than the one that I had thrown away; but it was scarcely prepared to read on the price ticket attached to a specimen five inches long by three inches wide, of the cheapest sort of sponge, 97s. 6d. Before the war 9s. 6d. would have been an adequate price for the article, and if refined point-leak to pay this exorbitant increase, even if I went without a face sponge for the rest of my life. The girl in the shop had not even the grace to show me a smile when I asked her the price. She gave me a grunt; she was in stock and evidently, she had no time to be friendly. There I mentioned the incident said that she had overcharged me, and that the shop was to receive the extra amount of the size I had required was 2s. Another and less exigent shop she was lucky enough to find was all the trouble of two old tickets of 9s. 6d. And in the price that woman was to receive the extra amount of the size I had ordered was 2s. Another and less exigent shop she was lucky enough to find was all the trouble of two old tickets of 9s. 6d.
ON THE WAY TO HERTOGENBOSCH, in the advance through Holland, a Royal Engineer climbed the shell-shattered tower of the church at Wilsum and removed the Nazi flag. Herkenbosch, important communications centre (parachute降落伞), fell to the British 2nd Army on 30th September. A month later, British troops entered Tilburg. The British salute, from being a somewhat gloomy operation, has now assumed a non-partisan mood, with the Allies pushing northwards to the sea.