IN THE WHEELHOUSE of one of the landing-craft that braved the sniping fire from enemy shore batteries at Watten on the island of Wight in the early hours of November 1, 1944, the seamen, Leading-Seaman Tom Cole, of Walthamstow, London, manœuvres the vessel for a landing. The shell exploding near him is a warning to the men to be on the alert for German coast-guards thought to have been released. See page 46. (Photo, British Official)
"THE CITADEL." London's mighty war-building beside the Admiralty at Whitehall (above), photographs of which were released for the first time in September 1941. In

AIR HOSTESS, Miss Millingdon Garren, new 'cabbie' for the R.A.F. in which she pilots the air service between Cranford and Belvoir. The Cockney, now the 'top fighter pilot' in Britain, met the rays from Hitler's war machines on November 14th, 1940 (left).

ANTI-INVASION DEFENCES in London were being demolished during November, 1941. Phonograph discs were used to disseminate the information and the message was broadcast over the Portable Radio Station set up at a strategic point on Chelsea Embankment.

R.A.F. POLICE DOGS, specially trained, were recently issued to the squad (below, left).

MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. 100 army men and women arrived in England for a tour of Britain on December 16, 1941. They were given a week's rest before the Great Britain. (Manchester Evening News)

THE BATTLE FRONTS


The first thing the Americans had to do was to knock out the enemy's outer defences. The air attacks, which were carried out with such success, have been described elsewhere.

The Second Japanese offensive, which was preceded by a rocket盲目 for the successful outcome, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Third Japanese offensive, which again failed to reach the objective, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Fourth Japanese offensive, which again failed, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Fifth Japanese offensive, which again failed to reach the objective, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Sixth Japanese offensive, which again failed, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Seventh Japanese offensive, which again failed to reach the objective, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Eighth Japanese offensive, which again failed, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Ninth Japanese offensive, which again failed to reach the objective, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Tenth and last Japanese offensive, which again failed, was stopped by the American air forces as they approached the objective.

The Allied air forces were able to capture the objective through their superior numbers and equipment.

The BURMA front has been the scene of intense fighting in recent weeks. The fighting has been very bitter and has resulted in heavy casualties on both sides. The Allied forces have been able to hold their own, but the Japanese have made sporadic gains in some sectors.

The PACIFIC front has been quiet since the surrender of Japan. The victorious American forces have been able to capture and occupy many of the islands in this area.

The NEW ZEALAND front has been quiet since the surrender of Japan. The victorious New Zealand forces have been able to occupy and occupy many of the islands in this area.

The AFGHAN front has been quiet since the surrender of Japan. The victorious American forces have been able to capture and occupy many of the islands in this area.

The AUSTRALIAN front has been quiet since the surrender of Japan. The victorious American forces have been able to capture and occupy many of the islands in this area.

These victorious American forces have been able to capture and occupy many of the islands in this area.

The CORRIDOR front has been quiet since the surrender of Japan. The victorious American forces have been able to capture and occupy many of the islands in this area.

The CHINA front has been quiet since the surrender of Japan. The victorious American forces have been able to capture and occupy many of the islands in this area.

The INDIA front has been quiet since the surrender of Japan. The victorious American forces have been able to capture and occupy many of the islands in this area.
Moving Eastward on a 300-Mile Front in Burma

Allied Forces to North Burma. It was announced on November 17, 1944, that General Joseph W. Stilwell, US. Army, in command of all American forces in China, was proceeding to North Burma. This unprecedented move on the part of the United States was made to speed the victory over the Japanese forces, who had occupied North Burma for many years. The move was made in response to a request from the Chinese Government, and was made possible by the capture of the important city of Mandalay, which lies on the Irrawaddy River, and by the successful advance of the Chinese troops into the hills of Assam. The move was greeted with enthusiasm by the Allied forces, who saw it as a step towards the liberation of North Burma from Japanese occupation. The advance of the Allied forces into North Burma was a significant event, and it marked the beginning of the end of the Japanese occupation of the region. The move was a testament to the dedication and tenacity of the Allied forces, who were determined to free North Burma from Japanese control.
From Holland to the Reich the Big Push Goes On

BETWEEN THE SAAR, General Patton's U.S. 3rd Army—right, U.S. 3rd Armoured Division, captured a German anti-aircraft gun at an abandoned station after the defenders retired in a blinding gale after the enemy had refused to surrender.

TOMMY'S ODD JOBS In Holland during the winter of 1944 included the removal to safety of many homeless Dutchmen (above). Thousands were helped to transit centres by British Army authorities. (See also Illus. p. 96.)
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

Within the elimination of the Tirpitz, Germany has lost her last battleship. It is true that the Gunнемау still exists, but only as a dismantled hulk without armament, in dock at Gdynia. Two so-called "pocket battleships," the Admiral Scheer and Lützow, are in fact merely heavy cruisers. Moreover, in speed it the Prinz Eugen and Admiral Hipper, officially so classed. Two smaller cruisers, the Nürnberg and Leipzig, have not been heard of for some time past, but are believed to be the four ships previously mentioned, to be somewhere in the Baltic. There are also the two old coast defence ships Schlesien and Schleswig-Holstein, long overdue for scrapping, but capable of being used for bombardment purposes. Two small cruisers, the Kolo and Franken, are reported to be in Oslo, where they have been employed as guardships and for training anti-aircraft gun crews.

None of these ships is of sufficient force to detrain in European waters any first-class ships of the Royal Navy which may have been held in readiness to deal with the Tirpitz so long as the remasted Lützow. Thus it should now be possible to release for service in the Eastern Fleet the majority of the more modern units of the Home Fleet. In fact, it may be assumed that, with a few exceptions, all the principal ships completed for the Navy during the present war will in due course be employed in the Pacific, operating against the Japanese.

Ten fact was tacitly admitted by Admiral Souchon when, in disclosing that the Tirpitz had been "out of action," he observed frankly that little use he the German Navy was "sorry" for the Japanese. It certainly seemed that the two great Allied naval forces which is now possible to concentrate against our Eastern enemies should be sufficient to annihilate the Japanese fleet, already reduced to about one-third its original strength.

The Tirpitz can hardly be considered a lucky ship. In spite of the numerous attacks which have been made on her, she has escaped with relatively little damage. The result has been a fortunate one for the Allies, as these attacks prior to the final one which destroyed her

1. By Fleet Air Arm planes at Narvik in April 1940.
2. By Halifaxes and Lancasters of the R.A.F. in Flak Fire, April 17, 1942.
5. By a Soviet submarine (buranets) at Aalborg, April 1, 1944.
7. By Lancasters of the R.A.F. at Altenfjord, September 13, 1944.
8. By Lancasters of the R.A.F. in Trondheim, April 1, 1944.

The crew is said to have been 1,200 strong, and the Tirpitz was capable of carrying 20,000 tons of coal in her waterline compartments.

VARVING Effects of Underwater Explosions on a Ship's Structure

The attack by Lancasters on November 12, 1944, is said to have destroyed the ship in 4, 5, and 6 compartments were damaged, and the Tirpitz was sinking fast. As for her sister ships, the German Navy has no other battleships left.

As a lecture delivered before the North East Coast Institute of Engineers recently, by Sohlen Goodall, Assistant Controller of the Admiralty, and formerly Director of Naval Construction, gave some interesting details of the effects on a ship's structure of underwater explosions. It is of some interest to note that depth charges had been used in anti-submarine operations.

SMALL PROTECTION-CRAFT of the U.S. Navy is lowered to the water from the deck of a transport (shown) during the initial stages of General MacArthur's amphibious invasion of the Philippines on December 20, 1944. The small boats are equipped with outboard motors and will be used for patrolling and general shore duty. The larger craft in the background are designed for the transport of troops and equipment. The boats in the foreground are the landing craft (LCVP), used for the shore-side job of landing Marines and landing craft (LCT), used for landing men and equipment ashore. (Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt)

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P.M. THE BOMB (July 30, 1944) on the Pacific coast on November 19, 1944, improved the standard of anti-aircraft protection by telling the idea of invasion operations on D-Day was controlled. Operations in the last war, full-scale experiments were carried out in post-war years with the battleship Monarch, the Monitor Oligon, and other ships before they were used for combat. As a result of these experiments, it is demonstrated that the explosion of a non-contact charge in the neighbourhood of a ship's side would effect damage of less than intensity than a contact charge, but the area of destruction would be greater. If, however, the charge was moved from the side round to the bottom, the intensity of the damage was increased, until right beneath the ship the effect was far more devastating than that of a similar weight of explosive in contact with the ship's side.

This may be summed up by saying that a charge exploding beneath a ship is more damaging than a torpedo which strikes her side; and as a 12,000-lb. bomb contains a much heavier charge of explosive than a 21-in. torpedo, this damage would be further magnified should the former be detonated in such a position. Photographs which have been released of the attack on Tirpitz (Fig. 1) show that the explosion caused a great deal of damage, with a large number of lifeboats and other equipment breaking in the keel line which may well have been due to bombs exploding beneath her in the way suggested. (See p. 477.)

Launched at Wilhelmshaven on April 1, 1939, the Tirpitz was stated to be of 35,000 tons displacement, but in fact she is now known to have displace only 40,000 tons, excluding fuel and reserve food water. She mounted eight 15-in., twelve 5-in., and sixteen 4.1-in. guns, besides smaller anti-aircraft weapons. Four aircraft and a couple of catapults were included in the original design, but it seems improbable that these were actually carried, though the sister ship Bismarch is said to have had them when commissioned. That ship was manned by about 1,000 officers and men when she was sunk, some 250 of whom were killed. The Tirpitz had not seen service, and was a superformer, not forming part of the normal complement. Over 500 lives are believed to have been lost in the Tirpitz, according to Swedish accounts.

When the Bismark was lost in May 1941, the Tirpitz had been finished, and had just proceeded from Wilhelmshaven to Kiel to carry out tests in the Baltic. After these tests had been completed, late in 1941 or early 1942, she seems to have been sent to Trondheim with a view to operating against Allied convoys proceeding to North Russia. In this service she accomplished very little, even when based on Altenfjord, far to the north. Her chief was to make a "tip and run" raid in company with other German warships upon the Arctic island group usually known as Spitzbergen, though its official Norwegian name is Swiad ("Coldland"). (See Illus. p. 315, Vol. 7.) The small Norwegian garrison was killed and some of them taken prisoner, but otherwise nothing effective was accomplished in this sortie, which seems to have been undertaken for propaganda purposes rather than for any sound military reason.
They Help to Keep Our Merchant Fleet at Sea

For every British ship afloat a thousand or more men are busy in the docks at home. Despite blackouts, raids and other hardships, 4,400,000 tons of merchant shipping were launched in the first four years of the war, compared with 270,000 tons in the four years of the last war, although fewer men and yards were available. Mr. J. F. Cunningham (top left), under his 30 years, stands the wax-processed job in a Liverpool yard. Another bustling Liverpool scene (top right), and fitting a new stern to a vessel (bottom).
**With a Red Coastal Battery in the Far North**

Russian artillery has gathered great force - the guns have been a chief factor in mounting our Soviet forces menacing victories over the Germans on all parts of the long front. Now reports seem to add the coastal batteries that transported enormous shipping in the Black and Baltic Seas is narrated here by Captain of the Coastal Service P. NIKOLAYEV.

Born in a white-washed cottage of an Ukrainian village near Kae, on the steep bank of the Dnepr, he had entered the Sevastopol naval artillery school at the age of 18 and after graduation had come to the north, where he had been serving for more than four years. Simple and cheerful, exceptionally engaging himself and his subordinates, he was liked by all the men of his battery. War is the best test of a man's character: such is Ponochevsky's unwritten law, his basis of rating his people.

**The Test of a Good Artilleryman**

The hardest of a coastal battery against the enemy's surface craft in conditions of the present war demands special precision and speed of action on the part of its personnel. The ability to divine the enemy's tactics is in good time and counter them by one's own tactics. Any number of enemy shells and bombs may rain down, smashing hundreds of nearby buildings, but a well-aimed battery must bear nothing, not even the sight of its own commander, must see nothing, except the sight of his gun. If he gives up to this, says Ponochevsky, he is a good artilleryman and deserves every respect.

To prove his contention he named from among his crew, Gun Commander Gregory Kropotkin, a robust Marine; Junior Artilleryman, a young, black-haired, dark-eyed, black-eyed man, a quiet, steady man, a deep thinker, a steady worker, a man of actions, and assistants, the young, dark-eyed man, the young, black-haired, black-eyed man, the young, dark-eyed man, and the young, black-haired, black-eyed man. A dense fog obscured the bay. Time passed with falling snow. Suddenly, a barely perceptible hissing was heard from the direction of the sea. The Marine stood tense listening. The sound was repeated, "Ready!" The order was flashed to all the crew. Powerful searchlight beams were incapable of penetrating the dense fog. The men were at their posts, pouring into the turrets. The first salvo roared out. A solid wall of fire arose before the German ships.

Fire continued. Abruptly the wind tore apart and lifted the fog, and the searchlight illuminated a big enemy transport. In a moment the transport became a blazing torch. A shell or two hit its centre, another hit was scored to starboard, and a bright glow rose over the bay. Artillerymen switched their fire to the second and third transports, which had not yet managed to vanish behind the bend.

This was a long and hard battle, but it ended in success. The infuriated enemy directed the full weight of his coastal artillery against the battery and a heavy dawn ensued. More than 300 shells were discharged at this battery, on this bright Arctic night. A tremendous figure! But this was nothing new. On one occasion 72 shells were hurled against Ponochevsky's battery. Eight long-range batteries opened up against it. Never, no, Ponochevsky's battery survived and continued to sink enemy ships.

**Shrapnel** battered overhead. Explosions broke communications, but signals rapidly repaired the damage and the artillerymen continued to pour a steady fire into the German ships. The officer of the Red Banner decorated his breast. This was Fyodor Ponochevsky, commander of the battery.

*Photo courtesy of War Is Illustrated*
Amidst Eternal Snows the Great Guns Roar

In the Arctic wastes of the Sredni Peninsula, on the former Russia-Finland frontier, a lonely outpost of Soviet Marines—the "Red Banner Battery," commanded by Captain Ponomarev—acted as an irritant harassing enemy transport during the critical winter of 1918 (see facing page). The smiling, helmeted gunner commander, Sergeant Kochetov (1). Ponomarev's gun crew (2). The howitzer fire (3). That night the Russian guns were silent (4). The snow-covered gunners (5). Bottom, Enlistman Painter reports communications (6).
ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1949, the Prime Minister paid a surprise visit to the French capital. He laid a wreath on the Unknown Warrior's tomb and took the salute with General de Gaulle at a gigantic military parade in the Champs Elysées. Refusing from the Chatham Naval Grammar School (sent the British contingent) Mr. Churchill, in the uniform of an Air Commodore, waved to the cheering crowds (bottom). This was the Premier's first visit to Paris since the Battle of France in 1940. He returned to England on Nov. 15.
New Glory for the Guards in the Battle of Italy

CRESTADIER GUARDS WITH THE 6th ARMY in Italy took full share of the ardour fighting in the Apennines in November 1944. Earlier in the Italian campaigns, from Cassino to the Gothic Line, they won new laurels by covering 900 miles in one day of fighting. A total of 2,500 casualties were sustained, and in November snow had fallen all along the front. See also Illus. page 598-99. Vol. 1.
The Story Behind a Polish Armoured Brigade

From all over the world, and in spite of personal difficulties, Poles have rallied, first in France and later in Belgium, to fight for the liberation of their country. In this article BERNY BAERLEIN tells of the history and the adventures of the personnel of a Polish Armoured Brigade he recently visited and which is now in the fighting line.

There was a time during the last war when Poles, wearing German, Austrian and Russian uniforms, were fighting against one another. But although they had been forced to participate in various theatres of war their leaders saw to it that none of them entered into binding agreements with any one of the warring Powers who tried their utmost to win the Poles' allegiance for their own imperialistic aims. The attitude of the Polish Legion, formed and led by Marshal Pilsudski, is proof not only of the strong nationalistic sentiment of the Poles, which 150 years of slavery could not extinguish, but also of their refusal to cooperate in any policy which was directed against the interest of Poland.

The Marshal had been successfully fighting the Russians when he realized that the promises which the German and Austrian Governments had made regarding the independence of Poland were unreliable. He immediately refused to obey all further orders, and as a result both he and the whole Polish Legion were imprisoned by the Germans.

In the 16th and 17th centuries, before the partition of Poland, one of the most notable features of her army was the cavalry. The horsemen were buccaneers, and fixed to their shoulders they carried lufy con- traptions made of eagles' feathers. As the horsemen charged, the wind rushed through those plumes and caused a terrifying noise which was intended to break the morale of the enemy. It will be recalled that military bands have their origin in the music played by these horsemen. The idea was not so much to encourage their own side as to terrify the foe.

The eagle-feathered cavalry is the ancestor of the tank, and a visit I have just been privileged to make to one Polish Armoured Brigade has been highly instructive. Officers and men are delighted with their new fast-moving cruiser-type tanks made in Britain. These tanks are much more like the old Polish cavalry than the machines they used to have a year or so ago, and are more easily controlled; though the Cauchet is simple enough to handle, as I discovered when,

after riding in one up and down a mountain side, our driver showed us that he had done all the driving with his left hand, as his right was bandaged because of a recent injury.

The cavalry regiment—the predecessors of this particular armoured unit was entirely molded in 1939. From the first day of the war it faced the overwhelming strength of the German Panzer Divisions on the southern front. Heavy clashes occurred at many places, and near Löw the German 1st Highland Division was encircled and wiped out. When Poland was overrun by the enemy the regiment, reaching France by various routes, gave a splendid account of itself. Later, though somewhat depleted in numbers, it proceeded south, determined to reach Britain. Here, from 1940 to 1943, it formed an integral part of the coastal defence of Scotland, and has since received the singular honour of being presented with a matching bag by the Ancient Royal Burgh of Haddington. Units stationed in Larne were on their shoes the Duke of Hamilton's tartan. These are emblems profoundly envied by the Poles.

Gamekeepers Turned Snipers

There is something else that is treated by these men—a rifle fired with telescopic sights, with the help of which a good shot can scarcely miss his target. An officer tells me how his gunsmith in the south of Poland had informed him of a Marksman made in Germany and suitable for Polish Army ammunition, but which could be bought only in Danzig. He managed to obtain one five or six days before the outbreak of the war; and now he has training teams whose rifles are furnished with these sights. His men are sportmen like himself, and many from the Cauchet, whom some had been gamblers and others poachers.

It is sometimes asserted that the Poles are not a democratically-minded people. But while on my visit I came across two men who were engaged in conversation, one a sergeant, the other a private. They were discussing the captain of a local company, while the private, a young man whose mother had been a Halbergs, belonged to one of the most ancient of Poland's noble families. He seemed to be quite happy, and I was told that he was never excused of any of the tasks that ordinarily falls to a private's lot.

The Poles have kept to their standards from all over the world. One man whom I met, for instance, had been street cleaner in Lublin and conscripted under the h overl. The Germans had captured the ship to Berlin, where it remained for three weeks, during which time a sailor brought the fugitives food and water. But the suspicious Germans used tear-gas, which caused one of the Poles to go mad, and the others had to restrain him as he should "give the show away." Occasionally, at night, the Poles would venture on deck. They escaped from the vessel when she docked at Antwerp.

A non-commissioned Pole, a lawyer in civil life, whom I also met in this brigade, had reached Hungary when his own country fell into German hands. He then went to France, where he served as a private in the artillery and, after the collapse of that country, he was interned for a considerable time in Switzerland. Escapes not need always be romantic, and his took place in broad daylight when he trolled across the frontier. He contacted some fellow-countrymen at Marseilles and ascertainment that ships were being sent to Beirut to evacuate those Frenchmen who preferred to come home rather than join De Gaulle. Ten thousand francs quickly changed hands—one of the recipients was a seaman on board such a ship—and on a dark night the Poles were rowed to the far side of the vessel and embarked in secrecy.

"Sir, I Can Tell You Nothing!"

For seven days and nights they lived in the dark, submerging on scraps that the seamen could save from their own rations. Divided among five men it did not go far and my informant lost a good deal in weight. As Betalor, an Australian officer put no difficulties in the way of the travellers, and the captain of the ship, which, as it happened, had taken the Polish brigade, or part of it, in Narvik some eighteen months previously, said that he would permit them to tend on condition that they disclosed how they had arrived on board and who had assisted them.

"Sir," said my informant, "this is the worst moment of my life—tell me only nothing!" Thenceforth the captain talked and let them go aboard. The Poles infected the captain's crew. Fourteen of them also volunteered and joined the Fighting French force of General de Gaulle!
How We Heartened the Homeless in Holland

AFTERMATH of the great Allied air- and sea-battles at Nijmegen and elsewhere in the Rhine delta of Holland on Sept. 7, 1944, was the worst for the homeless there. As the strong British 300,000 plus Allied forces swept forward, thousands of women and children, men and animals, fled for their lives across the bridge, taken intact, toward our armies east of the main objective of their enemy in the Aachen-Heerlen sector. (See also pages 360-370.)

A BRUNETE couple hurry past one of many rescued by Allied forces on the way to safety (1). A lone refugee works at the gate of a burnt-out factory (2). A group of women, carrying Christmas gifts, hurry home (3). An old man takes to the road (4). A group of boys board a transport (5). Entering a fresh-water well, three old Dutch women (6) wash clothes in a converted brick oven (7). Photos continued on page 370.
One of the best-known of the many duties the Hurricane was called on to perform is described in this article. In addition to its work as a fighter, it was also used as a communications aircraft and as a paratroop personnel carrier. The Hurricane played a crucial role in the Battle of Britain and was instrumental in helping to turn the tide of the war.

**The Hurricane in Close Combat**

The Hurricane's role as a fighter became evident during the Battle of Britain. The Germans had numerically superior forces, but the Hurricanes were able to hold their own and even turn the tide of the battle. The Hurricane's maneuverability and speed allowed it to outmaneuver the more powerful German aircraft.

**The Battle of Britain**

The Battle of Britain was fought from July 10 to September 26, 1940. It was one of the first major air battles in history, and it marked the beginning of the end for the German air offensive. The Battle of Britain was a turning point in the war, and it paved the way for the eventual Allied victory.

**The Hurricane's Role**

The Hurricane was a versatile aircraft that saw service in many capacities. It was used as a fighter, a bomber, and a reconnaissance aircraft. The Hurricane's design allowed it to be used in a variety of roles, which contributed to its success in the Battle of Britain.

**Conclusion**

The Hurricane played a critical role in the Battle of Britain and helped to turn the tide of the war. Its maneuverability and speed allowed it to hold its own against the more powerful German aircraft, and it was instrumental in helping to turn the tide of the battle. The Hurricane's legacy lives on as a symbol of the courage and determination of those who fought in the Battle of Britain.
At Westkapelle the Royal Marines Went in at Dawn

Enemy batteries on Walcheren, at the mouth of the West Scheldt, had continued to survive heavy bombardment when British Marine Commandos invaded the westernmost point of the island on November 1, 1944. With great elan and, at times, with a disregard for sacrifice, our soldiers disembarked from their craft and advanced inland under heavy fire from the tenacious坚守. (bottom) Marines landed inland through withering fire. Survivors swam ashore from craft that had capsized (top).
Triumphant Commandos Fought to Link up with—
Subduing enemy batteries in furious battle as they advanced, the body of British troops moved southwards to Flushing, whose liberation was completed two days after the landing at Westkapelle. Snipers concealed in the dunes were picked off one by one by our men from behind enemy cover. Dutch Commandos took part in this attack; they are seen (1) marching along the waterfront. From the south of Flushing, Allied wounded were evacuated in amphibious buffaloes (3).

—Comrades Who Meantime had Landed at Flushing
Mounting their guns in a landing craft at Breskens, on the north side of the Scheldt, other British Commandos (4) prepared for the short crossing to the Flushing beach-head. Two hundred ships of all sizes took part in the bloody landings on Walcheren, directed by Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Admiral Rear C. G. C., who is seen (5) talking to Warburg who manned the landing craft (6). With the successful link-up of invading forces the mouth of the Scheldt was finally cleared.
Through the Bomb-Blasted Sea Wall of Walcheren

The great gap torn by the R.A.F. in the dike which had prevented the sea from submerging the island formed a possible gateway for invasion. 'The breachers' work is being inspected (top, left to right) by Lint. E. C. Wright, of Dorset, L.Cpl. H. Leyton, of Yorkshire, and an unidentifiable commando. Landing from an L.C.T., a Royal tank (bottom) will test the earth with its chains to detonize enemy mines as it splashes through the flood water that now covers four-fifths of Walcheren.
VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vinal

War Books

by Hamilton Fyle

I

wonder if other people find, as I do, that so much less attractive than accounts of sea-fighting, or even fighting in the air, though there is little variety about these latter, and no warfare being largely of the same. What can the reason be?

Partly it is, I think, because ships when they are engaged in battle are such a long way apart from one another. Effort has to be made by the reader to follow a writer's description of their complicated manoeuvres. So often nothing seems to happen. When ships are firing at unseen targets miles away, it is hard for anyone who has not taken part in a naval engagement to visualize the scene and down of the fight. Added to this is the unfortunate fact that naval authors, though they may be thoroughly well-acquainted with their subject, are too often not very interesting writers.

I have just finished reading a book called Under Cunningham's Command (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.). It is about the operations in the Mediterranean up to fifteen months ago. These operations were not only of the greatest importance to the cause of the United Nations; they were of the most veiled and often most exciting character. Yet Commander George Smit's story of them reads like an official report to be laid only before persons whose business it is to listen what occurred. No doubt they would absorb this accurately from Commander Smit's pages, but the interest of the occurrences for the general public has to be excavated with some pain.

He describes, of course, all the actions already famous—the Battle of Methana, the attack of the French fleet on Suda Bay, the supply of Tobruk, and so on. There is nothing much about these, except perhaps the light thrown on the dislike of Italian official censures. The Italian policy of coding was begun as early as July 1941. Pola was captured after putting up no resistance and spoke of, one of the prisoners was asked why was this. He said, 'As we are lost, we thought it best that if the difference on the two sides we would be cut so that many of the remains were half drunk; the whole thing is listened with bored, clothing ...

A review episode showing the lax state of discipline in the Italian navy was the act of a Yeoman of Signals in a vessel that was attacked without warning.

"On seeing and hearing explosions all round him, he made the Sign of the Cross, invoked all the saints he knew, and jumped overboard." There were many stories similar to this. One of them concerned the admiral whose flagship was. He is 'believed to have jumped overboard without a letter'.

We do not often hear of submarines attacking another one. They don’t offer the chance, and when they do they are more frequent than not prevented from taking it advantage of their advantage of being a subma

ial. But not always. One day the officer of the watch in our submarine sighted through her periscope, which was all she had above water, a long, low object about three or four miles away. It was enough to create fear for her crew. And after she sank, her own vessel was shaken by a violent explosion. This had been caused, it was thought, by something detonating in the wreck under water. Next day, offshore from Tobruk again, another long, low object was spotted through the periscope. Another enemy submarine? Must be. Very carefully Partisan was manoeuvred back and forth until at last she was in an ideal position to fire. All was ready for the discharge. Then, with a gesture of disgust, the commander turned away from the periscope. What he had thought was an enemy submarine had revealed itself as a long, low building on a spit of sand.

A DIVERSITY OF NAVAL OCCASIONS

The work the Royal Navy did during the disastrous attempts to occupy Crete and later to establish a foothold on the island would have been immensely valuable if it had not been for the adverse conditions of the weather. So, at last, the mask was laid aside. The weather was bad. On many of the days the navy was on the point of launching a raid, the weather was so Cretan that the dawn, which a man..." It must be stated that the writer is describing his sensations when he saw the first rays of the sun through the few clouds, in the Arctic darkness for some time.

For a moment I was too overwhelmed to write anything, but then I was able to read my notes and write the following. A fast sailing ship was entering Crete, not seen before on the shores of Monte Carlo, that captured upon the night, and was seen on the beach by the storms it was impossible to help them at

HISTORIANS will discuss in the future whether those Greek and Cretan folk who perished in the battles entering the Navy, those who died of hunger, those who were executed for humanity must sometimes be overwhelmed by the part of the work. I do not agree with this view. I hold that those Greek and Cretan folk who should have died in the war but not in the Greeks it was impossible to help them at

The moment. We should have concentrated on hitting the enemy when we could hurt him, not where we was in a position to hurt him.

Well that, I say, will be debated for a very long time to come. But here is an opinion that is new to me from an admiral, expressed in a speech he made to the ship’s company of a battle after our defeat in the Battle of Crete. He told them that he believed this marked the certainty of Germany’s final victory as nothing had marked it before. It was now the time to make it clear that the Nazis would not be defeated. It would be a good idea to us to prepare for what they would do next. It was a very important order on the whole course of the war against Germany and history will change as it

If you want a lightly-written, cheerful and interesting book about recent and recent occasions, one which has a real punch and is very readable, one which has a sense of humor, one which is not too serious, a book that is not meant for the serious reader but for the man in the street who wants to read something light and humorous, you will like this book. It is one of the best books on modern history that has been published in recent years. It is a book that should be read by everyone who is interested in world events and in the history of the world. It is a book that will be enjoyed by all who read it and will be remembered for a long time to come.

A naval uniform is praised warmly. Material first class. "If one were to try one's own tailor, he could not, I'm sure, produce better. The quality and finish are excellent." The fit, too, he found no fault with. The jacket, trousers and cap were all excellent. That was almost as hard to obtain on shore as on board. How little real comradery there is between different ranks came out painfully when he applied for the use of a bathroom at a hotel. He had to stand outside while officers were attended to, and then he received a curt refusal. Not everyone, though. The smaller classes were more kindly. "We always do what we can for everyone in uniform," was their motto.

Anyone interested in Service slang will find many terms to add to the naval vocabulary. A "spig" is a missile, a "gurney" is the Army, a "tunny" means looking all right, a "Pussar" stands for public. "Ordinary" means O.D.'s, chocolate is "nutty," in the "cabin" is the same as in clink. No doubt Mr. Wint will go on using many of these in every comic strip for the rest of his life.

He thought he had done with writing when he joined up, but he wasn't waded out of comics at the beginning. This book makes one glad to think he will go on.
Germany’s V 2 Terror-Weapon Hits at England

A LONG-DISTANCE ROCKET-ROCKET falling in
northern England in November 1944, caused this
building to be destroyed beyond repair but only three
people were killed. The effects of a rocket that caused
a deep crater (below) in a suburban roadway
the bomb rattle was astonishingly like that of
the flying bomb. (B. w. o. P. by Courtesy of The Daily Herald)

HOW IT WORKS. This diagram shows how, after a
rocket is fired, it climbs to a height of 40,000 feet
and there passes into the stratosphere. At this
height it accelerates to 1,500 miles an hour and
the outstripping sound, it reaches a maximum height of 20 miles.

"A NO THER ATTEMPT BY THE ENEMY to attack the morale
of our civil population in the vain hope that he may
somehow start off the defense which lies in the soil."
In these
dering words the Prime Minister made the first official announcement that
long-range rockets, Germany's V 2 weapon, had been falling on
this country. Cannibals and barbarians, he said, had so far
not been beaten. Mr. Churchill had already warned Parliament of the
possibility of such attacks as long ago as the previous February
and again in July.

Reports from neutral sources confirmed British experts in their
theories that the V 2 weighed 15 tons, of which as much as
4 tons represented fuel for consumption during flight, the remain-
ing 11 tons being the content of the explosive machinery. An electrically
ignited and gaseous-fuelled rocket, the V 2 came from
a gas tank, when it exceeded the weight of the rocket, shot the
rocket vertically into the air.

It is possible that the first V 2 attacks were made from bases on the
Dutch coast, including Walcheren (shown on the enemy by
November 20). On these occasions flying in early September
the V 2s were launched from a French coast near Calais or
England from a small Walcheren village. Eyewitnesses said that
the basis had to be - some sort of a shelling - for almost six hours
before they could get the rockets to rise. According to neutral
sources, the rockets at Walcheren and elsewhere were shot off from
a concrete base the size of a tennis-court, or even from a roadway
on which the motor truck was covered by a heavy shellproof
structure. A gaseous-fuelled rocket was fired from the rear of
the fuel tank, with fuel first at the rear on which they were perched for launching.

The speed was estimated at between 2,500 and 3,000 m.p.h. Experts
were of the opinion that rocket-landing could not be
regarded to within any miles of the target. The range was
estimated to be between 200 and 250 miles. As to cost, they believed that
such rocket represented as much in materials and personnel as
the construction of a 1,000-ton warship. (In the former case, a
rocket, and the work on the production of 2,000 per
month."

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FLAMES-LAUNCHED FLYING BOMB used by the enemy in current attacks on this country were described by Mr. J. B. H. Birdseye, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply and Chairman of the Flying Bomb Counter-Measures Committee, in a speech in the House of Commons on Saturday. Mr. Birdseye said that the new weapon was a bomb designed to be launched from a large aircraft and to move at supersonic speeds. He described the bomb as "a weapon of mass destruction" and warned that it represented a serious threat to the security of this country.

Mr. Birdseye went on to say that the bomb was a result of advanced technology and that the enemy had been working on it for some time. He said that the bomb was designed to be launched from a large aircraft and that it could reach its target in a matter of minutes. He also said that the bomb was designed to be extremely accurate and that it could be programmed to hit its target with great precision.

Mr. Birdseye concluded by saying that the government was taking measures to counter the threat posed by the new weapon. He said that the government was working closely with the armed forces to develop countermeasures and that they would be ready to deploy them as soon as possible.

The speech was met with a round of applause from the other members of the House.
British Women's Services are Busy Overseas

In the wake of our victorious armies, serving with the R.A.F., doing more than 30 different services ranging from the Royal Navy, working as clerks, drivers, cleaners, nurses, military police to men: members of the W.R.S.N., the A.T.S. and the W.N.A.A.F. have an abundance of record of service overseas, as told here by PEGGY MOTT. See also later pages.

With the approach of the Japanese
in Singapore in January 1942, W.R.N.S. (Women's Royal Naval Service), British women took aboard the last ship which got away, without a blow, to reach safety. At this time, they were 2,000 years old. Then, these young women take the close proximity of the enemy very closely. This, they did very well. In 1946, the Women's Royal Naval Service, or W.R.N.S. was established, said of the evacuees from the Western Front:

"It never occurred to anyone to be afraid. They were all just waiting for the day to come when they could return home to England. They never knew that they would be at home for another 3 years."

Superintendent W.R.N.S. Mediterranean, said of the evacuees from the Western Front:

"These women were among the bravest women I have ever seen. They never showed an ounce of fear for anything. They told me that they were not afraid of anything, and that they would do anything to help in the war."

When A.T.S. Arrived in Normandy

The A.T.S. (Auxiliary Territorial Service) has been very active in the Normandy region. It has been estimated that 20,000 women are involved in the service, working in various capacities. They have been involved in everything from driving trucks to operating radio stations. They have also been involved in the medical field, working in hospitals and clinics. The A.T.S. has been a valuable asset to the war effort.

When the A.T.S. arrived in Normandy, they were greeted with open arms. The women were welcomed by the local citizens, who were grateful for their help. They were given a tour of the area, and were shown around the town. The women were also given a chance to meet the local military personnel, who were more than happy to speak to them.

R. M. Cotton-Kennedy is a Messing Officer from the USA and Takes a tour of the W.A.A.F. with the 85th in Italy. He tells of his experiences with the W.A.A.F. and their work in Italy. They were greeted with open arms by the local citizens, who were grateful for their help. They were given a tour of the area, and were shown around the town. The women were also given a chance to meet the local military personnel, who were more than happy to speak to them.

First W.A.A.F. to Reach Italy

When the first W.A.A.F. (Women's Auxiliary Air Force) Air Ambulance Orderly arrived in Normandy to bring back the wounded, people were surprised that the R.A.F. had let women go so near to the front. They were not aware that all through the war, women had been serving in various capacities, working with the men. The first W.A.A.F. was to move on with their duties, but the others were told to stay at their posts and continue their work.

The W.A.A.F. had been working in the field since 1942. They had been involved in everything from driving trucks to operating radio stations. They have also been involved in the medical field, working in hospitals and clinics. The W.A.A.F. has been a valuable asset to the war effort.

Since Air Ambulance Orderlies started to fly into Normandy, people have been able to reach the wounded more quickly. The air ambulance pool of 500 women is always on the lookout for the wounded, and are eager to have a share in it. The women in the field have been working on the front lines, and are ready to go at a moment's notice. The W.A.A.F. has been working in the field since 1942. They have been involved in everything from driving trucks to operating radio stations. They have also been involved in the medical field, working in hospitals and clinics. The W.A.A.F. has been a valuable asset to the war effort.
These War-Workers in Uniform See the World

ON AND OFF DUTY. W.A.A.F. A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. have managed to see a good deal of the war zone. Stationed in Spain, these Wrens (1) are hiking in the mountains near Salas, while W.A.A.F. members (2) study their maps in order to see the maps of Paris. Meanwhile, (3) are the W.A.A.F. airmen in Paris, "gossiping" about their work. The first A.T.S., nearly 200 aboard, to arrive at the station in Madrid, Spain, were welcomed by the King's African Rifles band (4).
‘Aussies’ at Home in Netherlands New Guinea

AUSTRALIAN SERVICES men vastly expanded themselves in their tropical surroundings in Netherlands New Guinea. This picture was taken during a visit to a P-W. F. collection point near a town in N. N. G. on November 2, 1944, when the Allied forces were in full retreat from the Japanese invasion of the Philippines (see page 41-42). The Allied forces in N. N. G. are under the command of the American General. The planes are the Macchi C.R.42, the S.79, the De Havilland Mosquito, and the P-47 'Thunderbolt'. 

FLIGHT-LIEUT. H. W. STUART, of the R.A.A.F., has a S.79 machine-gun from a Japanese fighter he has just shot down (1). Nutrition at the F. P. W. F. collection point near the Museum, centre, 'Alouette' serving 'Wellcome'. The7

The intervening climate seems to have been very successful for the collecting of native birds and other animals. A large number of birds have been collected and sent to the Museum in the United Kingdom for study. 

Private S. B. G. Cribb takes a picture of the Netherlands New Guinea烟草 merchant 'Wellcome'. 

Ship from Queensland, named 'Wellcome', 3.100 tons, is moored in the Netherlands New Guinea port of Gueule. 

H. Matter is sitting at a table (3).
I WAS THERE!

Stories of the War

Between Battles in the Land of Awful Silence

The Forgotten Army is an unofficial title which has become attached to our 14th Army now fighting the Japanese at a position in north-eastern India, known as the Chittagong Hills. This account is based on interviews with men who have been there.

Men who have been here some time seem to be used to it, and when I reminded one of them they said they hadn't noticed. But there is something about the place that affects them. They feel it is as much a part of their work as their clothes. It is the land of the men who have been there for a year.

The Japs are fighting a tenacious rearguard action along the road. If they are forced to abandon their position, they will do so only after a bitter struggle. They are determined to hold on until the last man is killed or captured.

In one place a landslide had carried away two sections of the road. When the transport had reached that point, the men had to carry the wounded and the equipment up the hillside. It was a difficult and dangerous task, but the men were determined to get through.

The country around Imphal is some of the most beautiful I have seen in India, especially when the paddy fields are flooded. You get a feeling of peace and quiet, and the mountains take on a different aspect. When it rains, it rains all day, and nothing is dry. But when it does, it is a wonderful sight.

At Tidbin you meet a most impressive type of jungle. It takes ages to cut your way through and try to keep moving. When you have to make a decision, it is a real test of your endurance and determination.

The feats of sheer endurance and determination to get through and carry out the orders of the commanding officer are really amazing. I am afraid that people at home will never fully understand what it means to fight on this front. Though it may lack the picturesque nature of European battlefields, the job is just as hard in many ways. There are absolutely no amenities, and the weather and climate are constantly changing. The men are constantly changing. The men are constantly changing. The men are constantly changing. The men are constantly changing.
I Was There!

get through 20 minutes before three had
slidden completely blocked it. As we passed
the spots the stones and earth were already
shifting.

The road, which is cut for most of its way
out of the hillside, with a drop of anything
to fifteen hundred or two thousand feet
on one side, is paved with more than a mile
track until the engineers can resurface it.
When they are finished building bulldozers just cut away a bit more of the hill to make a passable track.

It is all right when it is dry, but the moment
you wet it, it turns to mud. There is no wall between you and the valley
below. It had been raining fairly steadily
all day yesterday, and so the road was at
its worst. By the time we were ready to
start back it was getting dark. After the
first few miles it was completely dark, and
headlights are of little use on hairpin bends.

Added to this was a new and sudden deluge
of rain, and the jeep was firing on only
two cylinders. We had to struggle the whole
way in bottom gear. The jeep was sliding
the whole time like a drunken duchess, and
at more than one place she went over in
no more than 90 degrees. I was damn glad to get back to our headquarters, and
after a double row in coffee, and some
food, slipped out of my soaking clothes into
bed and road until I dropped off to sleep.

General Slept While We Took 2,000 of His Men

The curtain went up yesterday evening,
and even this afternoon the scene was
still touched with the Alice in Wonder
land atmosphere of a situation for which
no one has ever invented any rule. By
yesterday afternoon most of the remaining
Germans in Walkerson had been washed
out like so much rotton and jams into Middel-
burg. There was no dry land for them
to light on. A British column was coming
along in front of the sweating direction
and another was threatening to cross the
great canals from the west.

Lieut-General Daser, Commander of the
70th, or Stomach Trouble, Division, decided
that he could do no more to keep our
footloose white-paper-protected troops
gles from going onto the road. So he
contacted the fact to the British
colony and commenced Flushing.

But the other column from the west
advanced in force. The Germans
paddled across the canal in assault boats.
Then the comedy began. It was 300
British against 2,000 Germans. It was
dark and our men did not even know they
were in a road. By a start of way they
began to reverse the Germans and to
deposit their arms in the fire station.

Night Vigil in the Square

General Daser retired to bed with a raging
headache and a bag of aspirins. He said
he could not possibly remain in his
quart, and he could not deal with anyone below the rank of brigadier. He
happened to get his helmet, a pair of
soldiers, and a jeep, which he had
remained in and spared one man to
guard him.

As darkness fell the 300 British began
to try to herd the 2,000 Germans into
the square. They scoured the byways and
collected the prisoners as you might collect
corn. When they had filled the square they
posted themselves across all the roads
leading into it and prayed that no one would
start any trouble.

The Germans were not happy sitting in
the cold, damp square all night, but it was
the only way to deal with them. They had
no intention at all of making trouble.

By the morning General Daser had eaten
every way out of half the bag of aspirins, but
he had not touched the 31 bottles of cham-
pagne at the head of his bed. He gave them
to the British officer who came to call him.
I tried a bottle this afternoon—Veuve
Clignon of an excellent year. By morning
the fire station was like a cross between
salvatage dump and a war museum. There
were some items that looked like a mummified caviare.

There was an extraordinary quantity of
hand grenades. Quite inexplicably, there
were at least 2,000 green tin lampsheads,
while the British were outnumbered
and they decided to make the Germans
help themselves. So you get the 24 rows,
12 sanitary inspectors, and nine bakers.

The Havoc and Destruction I Saw in Italy

There have been many stories about the conditions under which the Army
had to fight its battles. In this, as in every
other section of the 8th Army front in Italy as he saw it.

I remember one particular occasion when
the enemy had asked us to attack a road
junction just south of Yavlina, where the coastal
road meets the lateral; one running up from
the Apenin“es. Fighter-bombers went out
and bombed and strafed the position and
caused a great deal of trouble. There were
craters everywhere. It was some
distance back from the road, but the
enemy had been holding up our columns must
time I got there and it was completely
obstructed. The German did not come out quickly with

According to the photograph, the

ANGRY WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER, General Daser, German Commander at Flushing,

is carried off back as he was being arrested. (See full story on this page.)

PHOTO, BRITISH NEWSPAPER PICTURES

The rows were voluntary. But when we

found that their job was to paddle headloads
of 50 yards of canal the scaling of
chamophists and professional Carmens among
them withdrew their offer in disgust.

ently the prisoners had to haul their boats
across by rope stretched from bank to bank.

The sanitary inspectors were a job left
over from the other war, and they were
always a nuisance to be helpful. But it turned out there
was nothing for them to do—too much
water and no electricity—and they were
put back with the others.

The bakers were set to work to produce
reasons for all the others. This Stomach
Trouble Division is on special diet, and its
bread is a little whiter than that of the rest
of the Army.

I saw General Daser across the canal
after lunch. He was a bare figure in a blue
gray battledress overcoat, and he turned his head,
angrily when some photographers pointed
them, camera of him. But the bruit was open
the boat around so that he was facing the camera
and the camera was exposed. The waiting
Germans began to smile. The
soldier sat down stifly in the boat and
went across with his hands on his hips and a
scowl on his face.

That End-of-a-Campaign Feeling

By this afternoon the Dutch had hung out
their flaps and put on all their Christmas gala
finery and were parading the streets ooing
the nights. They viewed the German equip-
ment dump, and then they examined the
British troops' clothes and arms and the
amphibious landing-craft. Then they went
down to the canal to see the vast queue of
German prisoners waiting to cross.

In the crowd of civilians I met a gay little
Italian sailor with a routine in his buttons
saying, "Welcome." He fitted admiringly
into the crazy scene. He said he had
been captured in Toulon last year and made to
work for the Germans. Ten days ago he had
been released, and now being transported
he could not help but think of home and
to take him seriously. He intimated that his
Arms carrier in London would take a much
view of it if he were not properly treated.

Middleburg was cheerful and fantastic
today, and you get that end-of-campaign
feeling. The officers and the men would
be fired and no one else killed. Here
Middleburg had a little of the same.

WHOSE was a scene of wilderess as a result of the German

Studs in 1940.

I finally saw the road home I passed
squad of German on the march. It
was a dull sunshine, with great mounds
of white clouds standing around the
horizon of terrific wind. It swept across
the marshes, blowing the bushes flat and
whipping the grass into gusts. The advancing
birds could barely fly against it. And
the Germans were more cowards against the
wind, and muddied against the cold, through
the desolate land they had failed to defend.
But wherever there were troop concentrations, or concealed gun positions or anti-aircraft obstacles, our pilots sought them out and bashed and strafed each one in turn. I was there. I was in a case in print. It is only a small town in the central Agonches, but after our air attacks there hardly a building which hadn’t been torn to the ground.

At Fogia, too, there were all the familiar signs of accurate bombing. The marshalling yards, for example, were a scrap heap of twisted metal, with engines upended, their boilers burnt open by the force of high explosive. Burned-out railway trucks were scattered throughout the German aircraft and engines and other war matériel. Coachmen lay by their sides, or were grotesquely balanced half up in the air, with splintered glass windows or no windows at all, their doors and sides smashed by blast.

The most fantastic sight of all I saw was just after the Germans had been finally cleared out of Oratorio, a small coastal port on the Adriatic about twenty-five miles south of Pescara. I was living at Vasto of the time, in a villa that belonged to an Italian painter. It had a superb view right over a sweeping lagoon of the Adriatic, and from the windows of my room I could see all the tiny fishing smacks like wooden toads on a set piece, and down by the beach, 300 feet below, the wide white sweep of the waves as they rippled in.

The weather had been pretty changeable. One day there was a clear sky and wings of cloud, and the next morning rain that turned all roads and tracks and paths in mud. But one morning the sun must have been shining somewhere, for the complete array of a rainbow suddenly appeared in the sky like a huge halo over the sea, and for a few minutes there was a clear sea and this beautiful rainbow in my eyes and scattering petals in the air.

November 11, Monday. 1050 hr. Western Front—U.S. 3rd Army advances 1000 yards from first line of battle. The main thrust was along the St. Mihiel sector, and was supported by heavy German artillery. The Germans were still picking out mines and clearing a way through, down to the remains of the harbour. From the air I could clearly see the battle lines of the exhausted shambles of a town that was once a port along its entire length, with the hulls and twisted debris of a few ships just visible above the surging water.

In the main street leading to the Town Hall square a bulldozer was carving a passage through piles of rubble from houses blown up to hinder the advance of our tanks. Whenever I looked at the smoke and dust rising to the sky over新开十字 in the distance, I saw the columns of smoke and dust arising to the sky above the gaping hole in the sky overhead. I left Oratorio that day with the conviction that nothing more than the reconstruction of a new city was possible from the shambles and carcasses the Germans left behind there. But the havoc and destruction in Italy can only be compared with the absolute holocaust that is being wrought in Germany today. If there is one thing that strikes me as the main purpose of this war it is to provide people with many things, and to all those who went to war it was only a question of getting satisfaction, if only for its own sake.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillian, MC, A.F.C.

The Allied armies in the west opened a full-scale offensive along the front from Holland to Switzerland on the morning of November 16, 1944. The attack was preceded, accompanied and followed by air action on an unprecedented scale, with British and American bombers co-operating wherever the High Command required.

The U.S. 1st Army attacked first, east of Aachen. Its blow was succeeded by those of the U.S. 9th Army farther north and of the British 2nd Army in Holland. The U.S. 3rd and 7th Armies and the French 1st Army were in action to the south and east. It remains to be seen if winter operations in Western Europe by modern armies can be more effective than those of the last war; if so, it is probable that air power will be largely responsible for the difference. The main pressure of the opening blows was 5,000 aircraft, from which forces less than one-third of one per cent were lost.

It has now been revealed that the battle-ship Prince of Wales was in Cammel Laird’s shipyard in Birkenhead during an attack on the port by German bombers in August 1940. Six HE bombs fell in the yard, one exploding between the quayside and the battleship. The ship began in list, for blast had burst hull plates and the port tanks were quickly filling. Divers and firemen saved her after nearly three days’ work. The following year, as the flagship of Admiral Sir Tom Phillips, the Prince of Wales was sunk by Japanese aircraft off Malaya.

When They Rolled Missiles Down a Precipice at Tirs Büyükova

In the night of April 27, 1942, Halifax and Lancaster bombers, the former led by Wing Commander D. C. T. Bennett ( khiến 12, 1944. Wing Commander J. B. Tal, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Squadron Leader A. G. Williams led the force of 29 Lancaster bombers, each aircraft carrying over 12,000-lb. A.P. bomb. Three more Lancasters accompanied the force for photographic duties. The crew of the 43,000-ton battleship saw the aircraft approaching in clear weather, and opened fire at an initial range with 15-in. guns. As the aircraft closed in at about 15,000 feet, the ship also fired wider and the ship was seen to be bombarding. The bomber crews were in the air for 13 hours. The ship of the Lancasters was the Graf Zeppelin at the time, the Taunton and several aircraft from the aid of Flight-Lieut. A. B. Backman of New South Wales who was (awarded the Messerschmitt Bf 109 shot down and crippled the ship by a single 120-lb. bomb in a solo attack on Berlin when his bomber was 35 minutes late and he went on alone against the defences). Backman saw four or five ships in the Tirs Büyükova. He was flying home for a 700 feet of film, thinking the ship would sink, when his rear gunner came up and said, “I think she is beating off.” Backman swung round and saw the ship listing at 30 or 40 degrees, with her roll-painted keel gleaming in the sunshine. So we sent round again and got a grand picture from 3,000 feet. When the ship was out of action, Backman was given a gunboat and went out later the Tirs Büyükova had turned turtle. (See illustrations, opposite page).

The Chief of Bomber Command Sent a Significant Message

The designer of the 12,000-lb. bomb is Mr. B. M. Walls, of Vickers-Armstrong. He also designed the special mines which bombarded the Moho and Edor dams, and was the originator of the geodetic structure used in the Wellesley and Wellington bombers.

In the first attack with 12,000-lb. bombs from Aalborg, the Tirs Büyükova was bombed by a lone Stuka of the 93rd Group sent on a sweep of the city. The bomber was shot down by fire from the ship. The Tirs Büyükova was saved and the Stuka was destroyed.

The second attack by 12,000-lb. bombs on Aalborg was accompanied by a convoy of six ships, which were pounded by 12,000-lb. bombs from the ship. The Tirs Büyükova was saved and the Stuka was destroyed.

The third attack on the Tirs Büyükova was accompanied by a convoy of six ships, which were pounded by 12,000-lb. bombs from the ship. The Tirs Büyükova was saved and the Stuka was destroyed.

The Japanese Army, witnessing the severe damage to their maritime communications in the south-west Pacific, has been forced into a grandstand route to India-China, thus forcing American air forces to evacuate airfields at Chungking, Lishow, Tashkod, and Peking. On November 13 at Lishow the Americans first made a dash into the Japanese supply lines.
Inglorious Tirpitz Takes the Final Knock-Out

 Shortly before 10.38 a.m., the force of Longreach, led by Wing Commander J. B. Tait, D.S.O., D.F.C. (1) and Squadron Leader A. G. Williams, opened the Tirpitz with 7,000-lb. bombs. At 10.38 the ship was hit by at least three bombs and capsized (3). At 10.48 she was on fire (4). Reconstruction showed that the bomb that struck the forecastle caused the fire which ran down to her keel and sticking out of the water (5). The explosion was contained in her forecastle which is protected by the longitudinal water-tight. See facing page and page 47.
V.C. Awards Gained on Five Battle Fronts

Capt. DAVID JAMISON
In command of a section of the Royal Madras Rifles, his neighbourhood was subjected to a severe attack by superior forces. He shot and killed a number of enemy, and his coolness and courage saved the position.

Maj. ROBERT CAIN
During the battle of Arras, Lieutenant-Colonel Cain's company of the South Staffordshire Regiment was cut off and, for six days, was constantly harassed by the enemy. His coolness and courage enabled him to maintain a fighting front against overwhelming odds.

Capt. G. H. G. NORTON, M.C.
On August 11, 1918, during the fighting for the village of Guncourt, his neighbourhood was subjected to a severe attack by superior forces. He coolly and gallantly led his men to victory.

C.S.M. PETER WRIGHT
On September 15, 1918, near Salmon, during a fierce attack, he saved the position of his battalion by his coolness and courage. His leadership was decisive.

Maj. FRANK BLAKER, M.C.
Posthumously awarded the V.C. for gallantry in March, 1918, by command of the Second Division, he engaged three enemy tanks single-handed, killing all the occupants, and not only saving the position but capturing the tanks.

Subedar NETRA RAHADUR THAPA
Commanding a section of the 1st Royal Gurkha Rifles in Burma, which was subjected to a severe attack by enemy forces, he coolly and gallantly led his men to victory.

Subedar GENJU LAMA
During the fighting at Bungamochi, in June 1918, his neighbourhood was subjected to a severe attack by enemy forces. He coolly and gallantly led his men to victory.
There is an interesting difference between the respect in which the German army commanded was held at the end of the war in 1918 and the general contempt in which it is held to-day. It is not that the Allies were imbued with a sudden and unprovoked antipathy, but that the respect they had for the German people was extinguished by the revelation of the true nature of the German military machine. The Germans were not paralysed by a sudden renunciation of all they had fought for, but by the realization that their leaders had been deceiving them. The result was a general disillusionment and a loss of confidence in the government, which ultimately led to the fall of the monarchy.

The Arab revolt in the Middle East, which was sparked by the temporary withdrawal of French forces, also contributed to the Allied victory. The Arab rebellion was supported by the British and French, who sought to weaken the Ottoman Empire and establish their own influence in the region. The Arab leaders, including Husayn ibn Ali, were encouraged by the Allies to rise up against the Turks. The Arab revolt was initially successful, but it was eventually suppressed by the British and French, who feared that it might lead to a wider war.

The war also had a profound impact on the Allied nations. The United States, which entered the war in 1917, played a significant role in the Allied victory. The American military was expanded rapidly, and the country provided much-needed supplies and manpower to the Allies. The war also had a significant impact on the American economy, which experienced a period of rapid growth and prosperity.

The war also had a profound impact on the global balance of power. The defeat of Germany and the Ottoman Empire paved the way for the establishment of the League of Nations, which sought to prevent future wars and promote international cooperation. The war also led to the rise of the United States as a global power, which would continue to play a significant role in world affairs for the next several decades.

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5th Army R.E.s Spanned This 530-Foot Gap

TAKING ENEMY DEMOLITIONS IN THEIR STRIDE. Royal Engineers with the 5th Army in Italy built this Bailey Bridge near Valenza during heavy fighting below Ravenna in the autumn of 1944. Neatly in the middle was mounted the tank, in which the bridge was launched and transported. The postcard view is of a Bailey Bridge which emphasizes its height. See also this, page 148.

Photo, British Official