CHINESE GUERILLA, one of thousands fully trained in all weapons and skill against the Japanese invader. During their seven years' active operations in the sphere, such fighters have rendered valuable assistance to the Allied cause. On November 13, 1943, Major-General Albert C. Wedemeyer, who succeeded General (now) as military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek, announced that the Chinese forces had accepted in principle a plan which he had submitted for the disarming of Chinese forces.

Photo by E. F. HOFFMAN

NO. 197 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1945
Our Roving Camera Sees Latest British Weapons

MARK 10 SELF-PROPELLED 3.7 in. ANTI-TANK GUN, details of which were released in November 1944, is built on the lines of the Sherman, and designed for use by British and Canadian arms. It is manned (alone) by Royal Canadian Artillery.

GLIDER-BORNE BOFORS 40 MM. GUNS played an important part in overrunning Guyenne following D-Day. Here one is seen on its runway in the footloose of a giant British glider ready for action on touching down. See also Illus. p. 104.

THE STAGHOUND ARMoured CAR—seen in Italy—has been a closely guarded Allied military secret until now. Capable of high speed, it combines the features of tank and armoured car, i.e., it has a length of 26 tons, and carries a crew of five. It is powerfully armoured on all four sides, and mounts a cannon as well as two machine-guns.

MOSQUITO MARK II, showing the four 30-lb. reach-guns with built-in-power-pump, the machine gun machine gun, and the 20-mm. cannon (main armament) mounted in the nose of this R.A.F. Coastal Command high-speed reconnaissance aircraft, has enabled the Germans to spot their 50-mm. battle-tanks. This photograph was taken over centre France on 20th August 1944. A further development of the Mosquito is theuttering of the in-crew's death, which are over 3 ft.

ALLIGATORS are used for transporting ammunition. An amphibious craft (left), it is propelled through the water by its caterpillar tracks, and even in rough seas is able to land on the shore. (See Illus. p. 104.)

PAGE 482
THE BATTLE FRONTS


Some time ago (see page 259) I suggested that the Reichswaffe generals, realizing difficulties to last, would not lend themselves to Hitler’s plans for prolonging the struggle into the spring of 1945 and rather than expose the country to the devastation which might follow, would accept decisive battle in the frontier regions. Even if that result the quick and final collapse of the Allied forces, it would at least maintain its honour and traditions. The Allies would win the war, if at the cost of a desperate struggle in the west (the ‘Second World’) and in the east (the ‘Third World’), for which reason, I was in favor of General Eisenhower would postpone his final offensive until after the winter and that the Allies, war-weary, might then be induced to agree to terms short of unconditional surrender in order to avoid embarking on another major war.

If that was his hope, General Eisen- hower’s announcement that there would be no postponement faced them with the alternative of adopting Hitler’s (or Hinnen- ter’s) policy or of accepting decisive battle in the frontier defence in which there could be little hope of withdrawal and still less of victory. General Eisenhower has made it plain that in his opinion the German General Staff has adopted the latter course, and that they will fight the decisive battle west of the Rhine: that is, in the zone of their frontier defences. Up to the time of writing, all the indications are that his judgement is correct. Wherever the Allies have crossed the frontier the Germans are fighting for every yard of ground, and are flinging their scanty reserves into the struggle in desperate counter-attacks. Only in Holland and in Alsace and Lorraine where the fight has not been on German soil have there been withdrawals under pressure, either as a deliberate policy or by force of circumstance; and there is no sign that the withdrawals will be continued beyond the frontier region.

COUNTER-ATTACKS Delivered

The decisive battle has undoubtedly been joined on the Aisne-Chapelle (Aachen) front, and it will, I think, soon be extended to the Saar front. How long it may continue in the frontiers of such great strength and depth it is impossible to predict. Much will depend on the weather, which up to date has been all in favour of the defenders, reducing air co-operation to a minimum and clogging the movements of the attacking troops. Yet the rate of attrition has evidently been very high—much higher than the Germans could afford to give ground and were not compelled to carry the pressure to desperate extremes. Counter-attacks undeniably may check the rate of the Aachen advance, but delivered in face of an immense weight of artillery fire and met by stubborn resistance their cost is terrific. Ludendorff, it may be remembered, failed in the Somme battle, in the last war, to prohibit excessive expenditure of troops in counter-strikes delivered simply with the object of recovering wasted ground. In his case could be summed up the difference between fighting because he cannot, seems compelled to adopt a strategy that forces an ultimate capitulation.

How far the amazing success of the French 1st Army in breaking through the Breslau-Gap, and the equally surprising thrust of the U.S. 7th Army, led by General Lemnitzer’s 3rd Armoured Division, will frighten the Axis powers (not to mention the Allies) into counter-attacks with decisive results is unknown, but unless it has occurred the Saar front remains to be seen. They have certainly added greatly to the rate of attrition and have caused a gap which the Germans may have difficulty in filling, even though a high percentage of second quality troops might be used with reasonable safety since there can be no question of an attempt to cross the Rhine in the reaches exposed. The moral effect of these two remarkable feats may be as important as their strategic results.

They must have brought home to the Axis full the fact of the French Army, whose strength and fighting qualities they had probably underestimated, is actually a powerful force of great offensive capacity. They must also have revealed the danger of placing much reliance on their own second or third quality troops. Strategically it is less important that the Rhine has been for so long been reached on a broad front, than that the long active front in the Vosges has been replaced by a strong defensive flank, thereby releasing a considerable part of the U.S. 7th Army and French 1st Army for fresh undertakings.

So far, as I have said, it is only on the Aisne-Chapelle (Aachen) front that the decisive battle has definitely opened. There, despite desperate German resistance and unfavourable conditions, Allied progress has been continuous if slow. It is obvious that the Germans are determined at all costs to cover approaches to the Ruhr. They have concentrated picked troops and have staged counter-attacks on a scale never reached in Normandy, except in the failed attempt to cut General Patton’s communications at Avranches. Yet even the heaviest counter-attacks have failed conclusively. From the moment he had crossed his front, he is in a position from which he can mount a decisive attack on their main defences. If they can delay or repel his attack they might then be able to increase the risk of transferring some of their reserves to the Aisne-Chapelle front.

The success of the 7th Army will, however, go far to upset any such plan, for obviously it will now be able to advance along the west bank of the Rhine in cooperation with Patton’s right, and in ever-increasing strength as the Germans are driven out of the Vosges across the Rhine. There can be no question of the French or 7th Army attempting to cross the Rhine in its Basle-Strasbourg reaches, but the clearing of the Vosges will open new lines of communication, well protected on their right by the Rhine, for an army operating northwards along the west bank of the river. A powerful attack in this direction, of course, means a great increase of the length of front on which the Germans must stand fast.
British Thrust at Venlo on the Ruhr Highway

PROGRESS THE VENLO-GOELDEHNHEIM SECTOR of the British 2nd Army's attack is the scene of noisy activity. The German Soliders are determined to resist the British thrust in the Ruhr. In the photo, German troops are seen defending their position. The British are advancing on the Ruhr, aiming to secure the area.

Lousy with MINES

British troops clearing minefields near Goelandhein. British soldiers, shown in the photo, are clearing minefields. The area was heavily mined by the Germans, making it difficult for the British to advance. The British are using specialized equipment to clear the minefields.

British troops clearing minefields near Goelandhein. The British are clearing minefields near Goelandhein. The area was heavily mined by the Germans, making it difficult for the British to advance. The British are using specialized equipment to clear the minefields.

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Marshal Tolbukhin Breaks Through in Hungary

"ARTILLERY DAY" was celebrated all over the Soviet Union in honor of the Red Army's artillery. The "Day of War," as Stalin described it, Ten days later, the Red Army, in overwhelming force, launched a major offensive under Marshal Tolbukhin to the Hungarian border. In the first days of the offensive, the western bank of the Danube, south of Budapest, fell into Russian hands. By the end of the month, the Red Army penetrated 99 miles to a depth of 20 miles.

A spring's view (1) of the effect of intensive Russian mortar fire on German and Hungarian positions. (2) Artillery at work on the Danube, near Budapest. (3) Hungarian troops giving battle near the towns of the Tisza. (4) Hungarian tank units in action against the Tisza crossings near the Rivers Tisza and Danube.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

With the clearance of the channel of the Suez islets, pages 463-466, leading up to Antwerp, one of the finest ports in the world will be at the disposal of the Allies at the main base through which supplies will flow. This will inevitably accelerate the speed of the advanced landings in France and Belgium. The German forces have been dependent on the French Channel ports, none of which approach Antwerp in its capacity or the extent of its equipment. Moreover, the distance overland has been reduced by some 200 miles, a very important factor in view of the damage done to French and Belgian railway communications.

In clearing the Scheldt so quickly the mining warfare has once more shown that it can always be depended upon to rise to the occasion. After the landings in Normandy and the thick areas of minefields had been removed, 1,600 miles in the area immediately east and west of Saint Brie.

A belated announcement last month of the award of a D.S.O. to Sub-Lieutenant Cause, R.N.R., and of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal to A.B. Harry Smith, revealed that the Italian cruiser Bolzano was sunk at Santa on the night of June 23-24, 1944. Stalling portside opposite "human torpedoes," which was launched from a depot ship under cover of darkness, three two-man sections of the mine were placed in front of the ship. The Italian cruiser succeeded in approaching the Bolzano undetected and attacking the explosive warhead of the torpedo to her hull.

From the parent ship, outside the port, gunners and searchlights were observed, suggesting that an alarm had been raised. Neither member of the party returned, but Sub-Lieutenant Cause is known to have been made. The official account showed that the cruiser had appeared and sunk, so the cause of the death of the social conduct. The success was the more remarkable, as the Germans had been well aware of the danger of such an attack. The main social conduct was made explicit at Palermo in January 1943 when the same type of attack was used by the British "human torpedoes" to sink the illus, page 735, Vol. 7.

Moreover, the Germans themselves have employed "human torpedoes," of a slightly different type, against Allied ships covering landings in the Italian coast and later in the Channel after D-Day, though without much success. The Italian also have used a consignment of a somewhat similar nature, which came in the month the Austrian battleship Vindobona was sunk at Fola on October 31, 1915. Though they failed to accomplish anything by this means at Gibraltar and Malta in the present war, they did manage to disable the battleships Queen Elizabeth and Valiant in the port of Alexandria towards the end of 1941, a fact which was not disclosed until some two years afterwards.

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY'S GREAT RECORD Officially Revealed

Particulars of the good work done by the Royal Australian Navy were revealed by its Minister, Mr. F. J. O. Myatt, last month. All through the hazardous days of 1941-42 there were never less than one Australian crane and five destroyers serving with the other ships of the R.A.N. They were in action against the Italian in the Red Sea; they were also engaged in the operations in the Persian Gulf and in the escort of convoys across the Indian Ocean. There are now to 347 ships in the R.A.N., including four cruisers, 11 destroyers, four sloops, at least four frigates, 15 fleet minesweepers, one repair ship, two auxiliary minelayers, 15 motor launches, three boats working vessels, three infantry landing ships, one fleet oiler, and more than 200 miscellaneous auxiliaries and small craft (see illus, page 284, Vol. 7).

Allied forces engaged in the Battle of the Philippines included the Australian cruisers Australia and Warramunga and the destroyers Anzac and Warramunga, which were attached to Vice-Admiral Kincade's Seventh Fleet. At already sailed (page 422, and illus., page 429), H.M.A.S. Australia sustained damage and nearly 100 casualties in this action. The Shropshire, engaged a Japanese battleship, possibly either the Fusou or Yamato, which later sunk; and the Anzac formed one of the units of a destoyer force.

CREW OF A 45 GUNNERS at action stations in one of the destroyers. This is a more powerful gun than the 25-pounder British gun, which has been replaced by the 4.5-inch gun carried by the United States Navy. In the picture the gun is mounted with 4 feet on the Queen Elizabeth and the Valiant and Monitor. Photo, British Official

British Official

Beetle which closed with the enemy battle squadron and fired torpedoes at short range.

The infantry landing ships Kanonhla, Manoora and Westralia participated in the invasion of Leyte, under cover of bombardment from the Australian squadron. For six hours prior to the landing the Shropshire had been carrying in her guns (mine defense apparatus), only 15 feet from the ship's side, a Japanese mine which she had picked up at nightfall, as the fleet was approaching the island. The idea was to preserve the element of surprise, no attempt was made to destroy the mine until the assault was launched. Upon November night the Royal Australian Navy had the mine set to fire with the tining of probable destruction of 27 enemy submarines. Australian ships lost in action number nine, viz., the cruisers Cochrane, Perth and Sydney; the destroyers Nossal, Vengeance and Waterhen; the sloops Pumaniama and Yarra; and the fleet minesweeper Armidale. Casualties to personnel total 269 officers and 2,346 ratings. Awards to personnel number 568.

Experts details of utmost interest have been disclosed as the result of a careful expert examination of all the photographs: evidence concerning the attack by Lancasters of the R.A.F. Bomber Command on the German battleship Tirpitz at Tromso or November 12 (see illus, page 477). Although only the after part of the ship can be seen clearly in the views taken after she is captured, it is obvious that she sustained two direct hits and one near miss, all on the port side. The first hit is believed to have been near the forward funnels. The second hit, which caused a burst, was near the stern post. The third hit, which caused a further burst, was to the starboard, close to the after rangefinder, while the near miss occurred off the port quarter, in the neighbourhood of "Y" turret. It is believed that at least one other direct hit was made, but this cannot be ascertained with certainty from these photographs. As the Shorts were dropped, each of the attacking aircraft took photographs of the operation, and in one case films were taken with cine-cameras.

The first bomb dropped (by Wing-Commander Tait) scored the direct hit near the tapayer. It was followed by a conical-shaped cylinder of smoke, which was seen to cause a brilliant flash and explosion by the after rangefinder. The ninth bomb burst 30 feet from the port quarter, its explosion being followed by a high column of heavy black smoke, succeeded by a thin and concentrically-lit sound of a large ship's stern.
Japanese Navy Routed in Big Philippines Action

FIVE DAYS AFTER the launching of the Doolittle Raids, the U.S. Navy launched the greatest battle of the campaign in the Philippines against the Japanese Navy. On October 10, 1944, a large Japanese force, including battleships and aircraft carriers, moved toward the Bataan Peninsula in an attempt to destroy U.S. troops on the islands and destroy the American fleet. The U.S. fleet, aided by the lighter and faster American aircraft carriers, met the Japanese ships in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. The Japanese fleet was destroyed, and the American fleet emerged victorious. The U.S. Navy's victory in this battle was a significant turning point in the war in the Pacific.

![Battle of Leyte Gulf](image)

*Photo: courtesy, Associated Press*
Canada's Mighty Wartime Seafaring Expansion

In many of today's times has expected the rate of reproduced of the Royal Canadian Navy, and the Dominion's merchant ship output in a vast manner. Oddly, in addition to building to action in the war is narrated by HAROLD A. ALBRECT, who, in close touch with the War Information Board of Canada, is in a position to go these little-known facts.

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Some events in Canada today a ship was launched. In Canada yesterday a ship was sunk some ships. Six ships sunk for this and more work a year, and $1,000,000,000 orders piling up for future cargo ships alone. Is it any wonder if, as Ministers Minister C. D. . Most recently pointed out, Canada's shipyard workers are not using twice the number of ships produced by a equal total number of American workers? This future is too little known.

The average success of the destroyer H.M.C.S. Halifax (see page 22), in fact in our ports, Canadian destroyers have also been placed in action with the U-Boats in mid-Atlantic, and the frigate

Perry-M.T. Perry-M.T. Perry-M.T. Designed to carry a boat in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has gained innumerable victories.

In the Mediterranean recently Canadian corvettes sank two U-Boats within a day or two. Across the North Atlantic—name of a hundred grim Nazi-Canadian battles—upwards of 100 million tons of iron, munitions and essential materials had been conveyed by the Canadians in four years of war. One of the most recent of these was the H.M.C.S. Malahat, completed 100,000 tons in 10 years without having a single traffic collision. This ship must pass these triumphs have been achieved with Canadian-built ships, Canadian-manufactured. So many of modern times has equaled the rate of expansion of the "R.C.N.;" and Britain's own merchant ship output has been surpassed by our Dominion brothers.

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The statistics can be deceptive. Canada's yards in 1943, for instance, turned out only 100 naval and merchant vessels against 117 in 1942, but last year's programme was of a more difficult and sterner nature. Canada's production of cargo vessels will show a slight drop in 1943. Yet, when the 1943 figure of 150 ships totaling 1,478,000 deadweight tons nearly doubled 1942 production? Of a total of 4,000 orders for hulls and gear, 3,000 have been delivered.

And there are to be more naval craft in the next two years. Yet in 1940 there were only 14 yards in Canada that had ever taken a 300-boiler. In the Toronto area only two ferry-boats had been built on the lake-sides in twenty years.

Deckhand and Ship's Waterer

The boom in shipbuilding and the swelling strength of the Canadian Navy, are all part of the same big story. It is illustrated in the example of the Simard Brothers, of Sour, Quebec, one former deckhand, another a ship's waterer. They built up in the course of years a dredging business. While Holt's was raising his ski factories at Europe, they dredged out and converted a branching basin. It had only six large berths, but now the Simard's laid 10 or 12 berths at a time, shifting the hulls as they progress on to a marine railway which lowers them to water bow-first.

At the outbreak of war, too, the Royal Canadian Navy mustered a bare number of six destroyers, five minesweepers, a training ship, a ketch and a couple of tugs, but their reply to the British Admiralty question of when they could start convoy duty was aslice. "At once!" From a force of 1,800 men, the R.C.N. has expanded to 90,000—"as many as were in the Royal Navy in September 1939—and they are further supplemented ashore by the 5,500 volunteers of the Woman's Royal Canadian Naval Service. One remembers the 25 Canadians who arrived at a British port some time ago to serve in battleships and cruisers of the Royal Navy. They were from the first class to graduate from the new Royal Canadian Naval College at Royal Roads, British Columbia.

Pat manpower must keep pace with ships and the latest official figure of delivered ships stands at 330 fighting vessels and 100 special service vessels, as well as smaller craft. They range from the powerful destroyer to the island class escort trolley, now in service around the British coast.

Canada, for a moment at their fighting records, ranging from the valour of the St. Laurent and Restigouche, during the time of Dunkirk in the Atlantic battles that have cost in the Valleyfield and the gallant battle of the coast at the mouth of the Fraser.

In Canada yards, H.M.C.S. Westminster, was appropriately the first Canadian frigate to sink a U-Boat. "We opened up with everything we had," her skipper, Lieut. Com. William Fraser, told me. "Our No. 1 Orfenskin never wished a cartridge; we were all dead on the conning-tower. When the submarine came into position, No. 2 Orfenskin picked it up and blasted it."

There was the time when the corvette Ville de Quebec depth-charged a submarine, ridicled it with 150 shells from deck-fires, rammed it and sank it, all within nine minutes of a January afternoon in the Western Med. There was the unforgettable duel of the Chamber and Meave-Go, with a U-Boat, whose captain ingloriously jumped on to the attacking corvette and abandoned his ship and crew. Such spectacular incidents typify the teamwork of the whole.

It can now be revealed, for instance, that enemy submarines mined the approaches to Halifax harbour last summer in an arc intended to close the port to all shipping. R.C.N. minesweepers cleared a channel 1,200 yards wide within one day to permit a convoy to sail, and the channel was maintained until the entire mined-out area was cleared.

INCIDENTALLY one recalls the heroism of the corvette Oakville, who jumped aboard a U-Boat during ramming operations and chased the whole crew into the sea. The crew of the minesweeper H.M.C.S. Georgiana were similarly commended recently when, on convoy escort duty amid heavy seas, icebergs and fog, they rescued ten U.S. Army flyers from almost certain death in the North Atlantic. Nearly 2,000 have given their lives in the cause. More than 100 have been decorated for bravery in action and hundreds more have been mentioned in dispatches.

Such is the Royal Canadian Navy, tried, tested and proven in over four years of conflict at sea—a full partner with the navies of Great Britain and the United States. "A most formidable striking force," said the Canadian Naval Minister, Angus Macdonald. "A force which is making its weight felt on many sea fronts." An understatement.
The Dominion Takes Over Royal Navy Ships

PART OF TWO NEW CRUISERS transferred from the R.N. to the Royal Canadian Navy, late in 1944, was the 8,000-ton Uganda (1), famed "extremes" of defenses. Among the latest destroyers added, H.M.C.S. Corner was originally assigned to the Royal Navy, but was transferred to the R.C.N. while still being built (2). A precursor of the phenomenal expansion of the Hamilton's naval and merchant services is shown in the latter days.
The Tricolour Flies Again Over Alsace-Lorraine

SPEARHEADING FROM SAVENNE. General Leclerc's 3rd French Armoured Division, operating with the U.S. 7th Army, penetrated the city of Strasbourg, capital of Alsace, on November 21, 1944, following the retreat of the German 55th Army. Strasbourg, 2 miles west of the Rhine Armageddon fortress-town since Roman times and French for centuries, was in German hands from 1871-1918. Recalling a picture of Hitler on their radios, these French patriots (right) entered the city, while the retreating enemy continued shelling, setting Allied transport ablaze (left). (See pages 558-9; Vol. 11.)

STRIKING TOWARDS THE SAAR BASIN, troops of the U.S. 3rd Army took the ancient Lorraine fortress-city of Metz in their stride Reichwards on November 8, 1944. For the first time in 800 years this great French bastion was captured by frontal assault. Prisoners waiting for transport to captivity (left). U.S. infantrymen break into a house to clear it of enemy stragglers (right).
2nd Army Infantrymen Dig In Along the Maas

AGAINST A TIDE OF MUDD AND MINES, General Dempsey’s British 2nd Army on November 4, 1944, launched a new attack south-east of Eindhoven, to secure the area within the bend of the River Maas, west of Venlo. By December 4 the last enemy pocket had been eliminated at Mortsel, and the British forces were firmly established along the west bank of the river, digging in and temporary shelters were erected against the bitter winter weather of the Lowlands.
Boredom is Banished in Time Off From Battle

In a series of energetic drives against their "flying targets," fighting units in the borders have found untold hours of mirth, and new service is being tested out in the various fronts by organizations and teams of entertainers whose one object is to bolster the spirits of our men. Some of these entertaining achievements are outlined here by MARK FREITZEL.

In the same way, when General Patton's Army gained a brief respite along the Meuse, rest-amps were swiftly established behind the front line, and troops were drafted back, often for several days at a time, for a spell of uninterrupted sleep at night, hot baths, clean clothes and entertainment. The experience is perhaps a rest cure scheme that is being practiced in the Pacific and has proved too less successful. Flights from such forward bases as Tarawa and Kwajalein have been returned to the Marigny Theatre, and seemingly limitless supplies of ice-cream and white wine.

In many ways, when General Patton's Army gained a brief respite along the Meuse, rest-amps were swiftly established behind the front line, and troops were drafted back, often for several days at a time, for a spell of uninterrupted sleep at night, hot baths, clean clothes and entertainment. The experience is perhaps a rest-cure scheme that is being practiced in the Pacific and has proved too less successful. Flights from such forward bases as Tarawa and Kwajalein have been returned to the

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‘Let the Forces Sing’ Helps to Win the War

ENTERTAINMENT for the Forces is an integral part of the war effort. Many stars, including those appearing in the weekly variety show of the London-based Royal Command, entertained the troops. Concert parties, the entertainers of the Forces, performed in thousands of different locations. The photo shows a group of soldiers from the Middle East.

While Tilbury was under fire in November 1944, some artists, including Evita, performed for the troops. The image shows a poster announcing the arrival of the ‘Farewell Girls’ concert party. Resistance fighters were also a vital part of the war effort, as seen in the photo of a group of resistance fighters in a library. The text includes a reference to a mobile film-screen library. (Photos: British Library, Archive Newspapers Pool, Planet News)
Where Hitler’s Own Last Battle Will Be Fought?

Twilight of the Gods!

The story starts, appropriately, with a cave. Caves have always played a great part in German legends. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa—drowned, in fact, during a crusade in 1100—in the river Kahlkadron in Asia Minor—sits, according to German saga and poetry, forever in a cave under the Kyffhäuser Mountain. His beard grows through the hole, until a day when, as guardian of the German people, he will be called by a raven to mount his horse and lead the Germans to their final victory. Tannhauser, the Wagnerian hero, was Venus in the "underworld!" beneath Mount Hoetel, in Thuringia. The treasure of the Nibelungs is made and heard in their subterranean kingdom, and so forth. Germany possesses many mysterious or interesting caves, some natural, others remnants of the ice ages. In Germany's mountain caves, where Hitler’s own "last battle" is to be fought—along with all the means of modern warfare—fate belongs to the latter category.

A and around Hallen, a town some five miles from Hitler’s mountain haunt at Berchtesgaden and about the same distance from the Austrian town of Salzburg, are enormous caves where, from prehistoric days until two or three centuries ago, salt was mined. Inter-connected by new tunnels and linked with fortifications built all around that area between mountains ranging from 4,000 to 10,000 feet in height, these former salt-mines constitute a whopping stronghold. There, Hitler intends to assemble his most important lieutenants, his best strategists and technicians, and an army of soldiers and radiotelegraphic transmitters, he intends to direct the huge network of underground and aerial fortifications which Himmler continues to organize in many mountain areas.

This army is a most elaborate and sinister creation. As far as details are available, it may ultimately consist of three different elements: (1) Nazi, especially Gestapo and R.S. leaders, whose faces, voices and mannerisms are not generally known; (2) selected Hitler Youth trainees, now between 14 and 18 years of age; (3) fervent and devoted Nazis of foreign nationality or descent; plus many more handymen, cut-throats, spies and assassins-men as pipe-smoking. No man, many of whom have "died" of late, according to obituary notices in the Voelkische Beobachter and other newspapers, in the prime of life, are going to be camouflaged. They may have "died" in order to be provided with authentic identities of some inauspicious—possibly a previously penalized anti-Nazi or an Italian who has been "rehabilitated" in Italy, or other countries.

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He learns how to forge documents and identity papers; how to use invisible inks, Morse and light signals and also key words; how to preserve, by magnetic tricks, messages and other confidential material; how to apply psychological devices, in dealing with enemies, friends and American agents, in order to gain their help, their knowledge, or their silence. First aid and emergency surgery, chemistry and a number of crafts complete the curriculum, based upon a highly developed espionage system. It is not known if the underground movements in France, Poland and Greece are included.

Together with the third group, these boys, girls, men, women and youths, are destined to be the "survivors" of Hitler’s Third Reich, and to carry on, even to prevail, after the "destruction of that admirable Germany" by world wars and the "arms race." Together with all these, are the thousands of spreaders of discord and rebellion, of rebelling, or bringing under ground, existing Nazi cells in many countries.

The nation’s most trusted among them, as well as the future leaders among the Hitler Youth special trains, are provided with secret watchwords, with lists of liaison officers in German and foreign government departments, and with access to the millions in foreign currency which are hidden away in various banks in the name of faithful citizens of the respective nationalities. They have to finance, to direct, to assemble their subordinates: to pass on their orders, to make the assassination of this or that future member of government or other official, or that of the "collaborator" with the Allies; or for acts of terrorism, sabotage and, where possible, guerrilla warfare against the victorious powers.

The system, which can be given here only in outline and which is still in development, is meant to be directed from Hitler’s or from Himmler’s headquarters in the "Alpine Fortress," that network of impenetrable gorges and fortifications in sight of the French Alps, and from which civilization, in Germany as well as abroad, should be able to hold the world by constant fear of repetition.

A for Nazi "Magus," whatever Himmler’s cunning preparations, he cannot hope to escape by magic that enthusiastic support of the population, that outside help and ultimate assistance, which all through the bitter years of oppression kept the patriotic forces fighting and sacrificing themselves. Yet for anti-Nazi and democratic Germans themselves, when trying to rehabilitate their country under Allied occupation, such fantastic thought may constitute a danger.

But, unable to hold his fantastic underground fortress forever, even though it possesses food, water, medical supplies and all equipment in sufficiency for years, even if Hitler himself and a number of his most personal friends plan an ultimate victory, he will, before the end, order the use of facts and locations where the "Nazi-People’s Fighting and Twisting Dragons of the Gods" will appear no more than a mere Guy Fawkes display.
Side by Side the Allies Smash into Germany

Fighting on a big scale for the first time on German soil, British forces attacked Gelsenkirchen, important Siegfried Line stronghold north of Aachen, in conjunction with the U.S. 9th Army. Close-packed armour on the road between Gengenb and Gelsenkirchen (bottom) took part in the terrific preliminary barrage. According to enemy report 20,000 shells fell in the town, which was captured by General Dempsey’s 2nd Army tanks and U.S. infantry (top) on November 19, 1944.
First Snow Follows the Rain in Italy

During the six months' summer campaign in Italy, which carried the Allied armies from Corsica through Rome to just north of Bologna last fall, the hardest rains of the season fell in Italy. — It was revealed in November 1944. Then came the snow. Heavy storms swept over the Ith A Kashmiri front — a patrol of British riflemen are seen (left) returning to their positions. Giving a 52-pound gun of its white harbor (right).
First Snow Follows the Rain in Italy

During the six months' summer campaign in Italy, which rankled the Allied armies from Cassino through Rome to just south of Bologna, half of the original German forces—equivalent of 15 full-strength divisions—had been destroyed. Then came the snow. Heavy storms raged over the 16th Army front; a patrol of British riflemen are seen (top) returning to their positions. Clearing 50-pounder gun of its white burden (bottom).
VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fythe

What makes private in the American Army to be officers? That is an interesting question for inquiry. But a much more interesting one, it seems to me, is-Who takes so much trouble in training to become an officer, even when they have the chance offered to them?

It is not, I think, that they are afraid of responsibility, for few men are so much afraid of responsibility in that line when they are in eight places. It is not that they do not appreciate a social sufllet, for many of the young men I know who say in the corks from choice are well up in the social scale. I don't know how to explain it.

When Anthony Canestrell, author of An Apple for the Sergeant (Hitchcock), asked why he had applied for a commission, he replied this: "I thought it would be more interesting, because as an officer you have a better idea of what was going on."

Another man, who, at the same interview, was examined as to his motives and said they were "to have an easier time, get better food, not have so much to do, and have a batman to clean your boots." No candidate for the O.C.T.U. is ever known to have given as his reason for wanting to join an officers' mess that he would enjoy more intellectual conversation than that in the barracks-room. Major Cotrell found the average of general intelligence among officers, especially regulars, disappointingly low, though that does not seem to have affected their capability as soldiers.

On the exceptions the most remarkable was a major-general under whom Cotrell, formerly of The Daily Express staff, brought out "a sort of bullies" intended to "create the ordinary soldier's interest in the war, to raise his enthusiasm to go in and win."

At the War Office, Cotrell was told: "We want to get rid of this pernicious idea of 'we can do it because we are being slapped and not be aggressive.'" Whose bright notion this was does not. It must have escaped his notice that, while anything so officially discredited, bald words carried the daily and weekly newspapers are eagerly read and not on the whole regarded as trustworthy. It would have been far better to do what was WO下的 through them.

However, Cotrell was put on to plan the bulletin, and when the major-general found that he and his subordinates were flaky of saying just what they wanted, he turned on them and said it was absolutely fatal if they kept their opinions from him. "What the devil do you think I have you here for?" he asked, banging his desk. "It isn't for your appearance. It's because you're experts and I want to know what you think. I don't care twopenceworth of gold on what you say, whether I agree with it or not, but for God's sake say it.

The assistant remembered that in civilian life he was never afraid to speak up, but since he had been in the army his training had been not to do so. To which the major-general replied, "Well, forget it, man. What's the good of fooling about like toy soldiers? Forget I'm a major-general or anything else. What we're here for is to beat Hitler, and we're not going to do that by place-saving and crooking!" There was in that attitude a refreshing common sense which is not always found in senior regular staff officers.

That particular bulletin doesn't seem to have come to anything. Changes were made so often in its character that its editors "couldn't seem to wake up any day and suddenly found that it was a children's annual."

But Cotrell believed he had been told to do this, and his mental compass returned.

The jerk when the parachute opened was not so much of a shock as he had been led to anticipate. Of course, when your fall is suddenly brought up short you do feel it, "but you are too keyed up for radical physical experiences that it doesn't mean a lot."

That first drop was timed to take 35 seconds, not long enough to do more than recover from the sensation of falling and to concentrate on the business of landing. No opportunity to look about and see how things appeared as you fell. As for the landing, that also is not really difficult if you have been well trained, and all our parachute troops receive the very best of training.

Now and then a man who has been picked for the work shores off amusingly at the last moment and has to be sent away at once, "because of the possibly disconcerting effect on the others. When you are jumping, the last thing off which you want to be reminded is the case against it." Before the first jump from a plane "people were more nervous than they had been before they tried it from a balloon. But they quickly became accustomed to the real thing."

The bombing raid which Cotrell accompanied was over Frankfurt. He gave a very sensitive account of the state of mind of the crews before it started. There was "an air of quiet mounting excitement." One man put a German dictionary into his pocket. "Come in handy in the Bising," he said, meaning the prisoner-of-war camp if he should have to hide out and be captured. "They will have no idea of the kind of man I am, so I'm not sitting waiting for on me," and another told him, "Yes, that's what they were doing, just sitting and having cups of tea brought them!"

The "briefing" is described in some detail. The Westerplatte Defense comes first, then the Intelligence Office with facts about the nature of the target, then the Wing-Commander, then the Group Captain. After all instructions had been given, there was an air of nervousness released, and the "dull tedium into which my excitement had faded ceased and was replaced by a sense of high, matutina, adventure." He noticed that one of the rules for pilots stuck up in the plane was "steady consistent driving is of far more use than brilliant erratic driving." He hoped his pilot had taken that to heart. As they did their work thoroughly and reached home safely, he evidently had taken it to heart?

PREPARING FOR A FIRST JUMP through the hole in a special platform shown beneath a captive balloon, these British parachute troops were more than familiar during their preliminary training. The air balloon makes jumping possible in most weather conditions, is easily moved when the parachute is inflated, and can be raised or lowered in the air. (See story in page 95, Vol. 5.)
How Petrol is Pipied to Our Airfields in Italy

A PIPELINE 132 miles long, for the servicing of Allied aircraft, stretches from a large oil storage tank to an airfield. The system pumps petrol at the rate of a million gallons a day, 24 hours a day, delivering road-traffic, and racing for other duties. The total of 4,850 lorries and nearly 460 transport aircraft needed to be fuelled at 38 airfields per day. The new pipeline is a vital part of the war effort.

Overhauling one of the powerful pumps (left) means a two-man crew to keep accurate register of the progress. Testing the value of an oil-storage tank (at left) to an accuracy of 0.01 per cent., with the operation from shore to sweeping-tanks connected. Submarine-tanks, the essential link in the pipeline system, are seen in the background. Aircrew pilots, aided by bulldozers, gr IEnumerator the road to the new loading strip from an aerodrome airfield. Flames from these tanks have been a familiar sight in the Balkans.

Photo: Attilio and U.S. Official
Page 500
MacArthur's Men Tighten Their Grip on Leyte

PHILIPPINES INVASION forces under General MacArthur (see page 507) were in late November at height of their offensive. In the battles, American and Filipino forces captured in New Guinea. Action was marked by sporadic tank and scattered fighting.

Japanese attempts at reinforcing General Yamashita's defense east of Leyte and his headquarters at Tacloban were thwarted by an amphibious landing of U.S. forces under General George C. Kenney and Major General L. E. Britten. The U.S. forces landed on a beachhead (1) and advanced gradually toward the Japanese lines (2). The landings were made between two hills (3) and were continued down from the hills and up from the valleys that extended to great depths. The fighting was continued for many days. See also Illus., pae 507.

Photo, U.S. Navy News Photo, FPO
ill.  Photo 507. PAGE 501
How Mosquitoes Released Doomed Men from Gaol

An amazing feat of low-level precision-bombing, the attack on Amiens Prison is one of the most memorable achievements of the R.A.F. For security reasons eight months had to pass before a full account could be given of this great exploit, which took place on February 23, 1944, and resulted in the liberation of thousands whose death at Nazi hands was imminent.

A hundred patriots were awaiting execution in Amiens Prison. Their crime was that of assisting the Allied cause: some had helped our airmen to escape after being shot down in France. Their sentence was shortening. Death sentences might be carried out at any moment.

A Mosquito wing of the R.A.F. Second Tactical Air Force received urgent orders. The walls of the prison courtyard were to be sounded in two places, and simultaneously, both ends of the main building were to be "opened." Way of escape thus provided, the prisoners would dash out to neighbouring woodlands, where further assistance would be waiting—at the hands of Free Frenchmen in our confidence as to time and method of the gas-breaking. That Mosquito wing had not only to effect the release with least possible injury to the prisoners, but to inflict as little possible casualties on the German garrison. On the day appointed, the selected team of airmen lined up beside their planes on a snow-covered airfield in England. The wing comprised British, Australian, and New Zealand squadrons, including R.C.A.F. airmen, commanded by Group Captain P. C. Pickard, D.B.O. and two bars, D.F.C., one of the most outstanding and experienced bomber pilots in the R.A.F. and, incidentally, hero of the film "Target for Tonight." He told his crews, "It's a death or glory job. Boys. You have to breach that prison wide open!"

Six aircraft, constituting the first wave, were to breach the wall on either side of the courtyard. The second wave were of six to divide and open both ends of the gaol and destroy the German garrison quarters. A third wave was to rendezvous in case any part of the daring plan miscarried. The hour of being the first wave gave due to heated discussion. Toss of a coin decided the matter. The New Zealanders won, then the Australians held the British squadron for second place.

At a model of the prison the pilots had been carefully constructed, and after studying this they flew their Mosquitoes, each of which was to attack the wall. They would achieve perfect timing in the attack. The Mosquitoes would be able to do unto Amiens Prison all that was required to do full access of the place. So small was the target that almost superhuman effort and skill would be called for to avoid collisions. It was perhaps small consolation to the nervous pilots that one Mosquito was detailed to make film and photographic records of the attack.

An hour before midnight, with cloud lying low and heavy snow under foot, the squadrons left in rendezvous with their fighter escort on the south coast of England. Flying at sea level across the Channel, they swept around the north of Amiens and approached the target—a gaunt building on the straight Amiens-Ablert road. Precisely according to schedule, the New Zealanders went in first.

Mosquitoes "Lifted" Over 20-ft. Wall

"I saw their bombs explode," an officer of the Australian squadron later reported. "Then was the turn of my assistants. They were Free Frenchmen. Their job was to help the German prisoners. By attacking three we would not only open up the prison, but kill a lot of Germans as well. And that is what we did. We flew so low to drop our delayed-action bombs. The first one was dropped high wall and then slid our bombs into the corner. As we passed over the prison we flew through the smoke and dirt caused by the New Zealanders' bombs."

So accurate were the attacks that the third wave found itself with nothing to do but go some way, whilst the photographic Mosquito, making three runs over the objective, saw the breaches in the 20-ft. high and three-ft. thick courtyard wall, the tops of the building broken, prisoners running out through the breaches, Germans lying on the ground and, on the last run, some patriots disappearing across the snow on the fields outside the prison. As R.A.F. officer who was flying this Mosquito which took the "press" pictures reported: "We were fortunate in being the snow on this occasion. It was not only good cover, but we used up with the bombing aircraft over 500 tons of fuel. The result was this. We came in on our first run we saw how accurate and successful the bombers had been. The ends were blown off the building and the outer wall was in ruins. The yard we saw a lot of prisoners. The fixed cameras in the aircraft were for two Mosquitoes, and the German prisoners photographed as they were using their hand-held camera. It was not enthusiastic which made it stay longer than I considered necessary. After each run I urgently suggested going home, but his spirit was indomitable. Finally even he was satisfied and we made back to base."
R.A.F. Bombs Cracked Open the Prison at Amiens

"I NEVER SAW better Bomb or navigation in my life," declared a New Zealand pilot soon after he had escorted the R.A.F. Amiens attack. The iron officers of a 14-year-old prison, showing cracks to the inside, was hit with 12 bombs. The attack revealed many French holding prisoners under cover and the French called it the most daring in history.

The prison was a cruciform pear-shaped block, a mere 45 feet wide, 60 feet thick. Accuracy in attack was absolutely essential.

In order to achieve this a perfect understanding of the prison by the Bombing Committee was essential. Previous reconnaissance photographs taken immediately after the raid which the committee had immediately after the raid, and six days later, showed the devastated blocks with the shattered outer wall which collapsed, and the interior of the prison wall in the bottom.

Photo, Press Office

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Tank-Carrying Hamilcar: World's Largest Glider

On British's huge tank-transporting aircraft, the Hamilcar glider, it is believed to be a troop-carrier—designed much of the success of the Allied airborne landings on the Continent from D-Day onwards. Tremendous possibilities were given to ground troops by gliders which, under fire, rumbled like heavy bombers of the R.A.F., carried a Tetraech tank and other heavy equipment.

In London on November 11, 1944, Major-General Mantell—successor to Wingate of the Chindits—declared that during the Burma fighting earlier in the year, gliders were used on many occasions for landings behind the enemy lines. These sorties were reported to England, greatly influencing D-Day planning.

On board the Hamilcar the tank, carrying a gun, is started up while still afloat, and is then ready to go into immediate action. All the moment of landing the nose of the glider is raised, and the tank slides to the ground to allow the tank to roll out into operation.

A TETRAECH TANK BACKS INTO A HAMILCAR GLIDER under its own power. This light tank, armed with which the glider was originally equipped, to the weight over 1 ton, is normal height of approximately 6 ft., including the gun.

LEADING HAMILCAR PILOT: Major Alan Dale, R.A.F., a Dorsetshire man, was awarded the D.F.C. for flying the plane deliberately into the enemy to distract the enemy from gliders on their way down.

THE GLIDER IN FLIGHT, and its heavy-hauling towing plane, made a familiar sight in Holland during the great airborne invasion of September 17, 1944 (see page 28). Squadron-leader Alan Steward, two-plane pilot at Avroham, was awarded the D.F.C. for flying the plane deliberately into the enemy to distract the enemy from gliders on their way down.
I WAS THERE!

Eyewitness Stories of the War

They Told Me 'The Tea Always Gets Stewed!'"  

Said the captain to Lawrence Wilkinson, Daily Express correspondent in Germany. "Now's your chance! No one has ever written about British Army cooks."

The result is this pen-picture of the warp of the weeks at the front, and of the transport drivers who have uphill battles of their own to fight as they take the eastern troops up to forward troops.

You drive east, through the happy part of Holland to get to the "dead end" front, near Elsloo, where, although shells fall at the rate of about one a second coming most of the day, the official communiqué says regularly: "There was little action worthy of note." There is a smile and sometimes a wave for the troops instead of the tragic stare they encounter in the rabbit-strewn streets of Eindhoven and other Dutch towns to the north.

In the line city of Maastricht, for example, the war is still a novelty. The great Maastricht bridge was dynamited in spectacular fashion by the retreating Germans, but otherwise there is little damage. The shops, fully lit in the afternoon, are packed with goods unattainable for years in England. A few miles farther on one is in Germany. The silence is noticeable. The roads are empty; nothing moves. Notice boards on shell-torn towns warn you that there may be mines at the edge of the road.

The guns open up and dust rocks the car. From the windows you can be swished off further along the road. There is a block: a tank has skidded. A captain says: "It might be dangerous to try to carry on further." He offers shelter with his cooks in an underground cellar. "Now's your chance," says he. "No one has ever written about British Army cooks."

It is 4.30 and the cooks are preparing tomorrow's lunch for the front-line troops—four plats of bread, thin soup with sliced margarine, and one plate of sausages. Then there will be tea. The cellophane-wrapped tea is specially weak because by the time it gets only two miles up the line it will have turned black, but will probably be cold as well, so difficult is the journey. No ordinary transport can make it. Everything has to be taken up on a wide-tracked vehicle, including water for drinking and, if possible, for washing.

The day before yesterday "Uncle" Cooper, the driver, came back with the tea after 11 hours. He could not get the trucks through the journey was only six miles then and back. Everybody agrees that fighting troops should be supplied with those little cooks which are small enough to slip into the breast pocket, and use solidified rather than liquid fat. It is smokeless and can be used right up forward where even if the food cannot get through the men can heat themselves going with a hot drink. Apparently, however, there is a shortage of these cooks. The question is to be referred to the corps commander.

There is a continuous din of shelling, but only occasionally is it close enough to shake the building and make the chief cook look up from the percolator. He throws a match in front of the jet, and leaps back as the flame spurs higher than his head. There is a knock in lighting these No. 1 Hydro burners, which, he said, he learned after he was once burned. But he wonders nobody has not invented a gadget to make it easier.

The driver who left at 4.15 with the afternoon food van comes in. It is now 10.40, and he is dirty and tired. He has to make his journey on a road under German observation, since the other route is knee deep in mud. The forward troops were stopped by heavy mortaring and machine-gunning, and had to dig in where they dropped on the mud. The driver must stop at each mud-hole and call the occupants to collect the food, which is probably stone cold, and hardly worth eating by then.

The men are soaked by days of non-stop rain. They complain of the quality of the food, though, says the driver, it might be some consolation to them to know that the Germans only get their supplies up about one in five nights. "The Germans are out in all night; so does the cooking and the loading and the carrying of food happen, the clutter of hilly cans and containers, and the roar of the petrol stove."

After four hours' sleep, broken only by the blast of the guns on both sides, the cooks are up again. The cannonading outside is terrific. "The gimmers usually give them a final staging before they knock off for breakfast," said the chief cook. "It's just to keep them quiet."

Yes, this is the "Dead End" front all right.

For Four Years the Nazis Tried to Catch Me

Ruthe Bracken, 22-year-old spinster of a Belgian grain merchant, was known to the Germans as a hard-living woman who fought them from under cover all the seas of his discern. She told his story, in Nov. 1940, to a New Chalmish reporter, in a hospital near London, whilst recovering from wounds before going back to receive the fight.

It Germans could not catch me, so they took my father away as a hostage. I learned that he was being taken by train to Brussels. I got together a few of my men and, mounted on motor-cycles, we overtook the car, forced the driver to stop, and freed my father after a terrific battle. With wounds in the shoulder and chest and eight ribs broken, I was of no more use for immediate active service. I lay hidden in the Belgian Army and escaped to Switzerland. Then I was brought to England. All I want to do is to get back to Belgium, to escape either the Maquis or the regular Belgian Army. I was a private in the Belgian Army when the Germans invaded my country. I was taken prisoner, but escaped, took to the woods, and joined the Maquis. After a...
I Was There!

E币LE DECLERCQ, Belgian pilot now in England, was one of an extraordinary crew that in February and March of this year overran Germany. This is his story of how we were received here.

The day was bright and clear. The sky was blue. While I was maid a comrade and pilot, with 120 to 130 men. We operated—always by night—in conjunction with other companies in the triangle bounded by Ypres, Bruges and Dunkirk. Our orders, from an unknown leader at headquarters, were always signed by a number. Even now I do not know who he was, but he was a great leader.

The life was full of excitement. We were in deadly peril most of the time—and sometimes almost as great as a menace as the Germans. We specialized in night attacks and in sabotage. We destroyed bridges to hold up supply trains; but Allied infantry, who were forced down and in many cases effecting their return to England, and, to a great extent, were responsible for all, we sent messages to England about the fortifications.

The Germans knew that many of the men they had forced to work for them in building defence lines were in close touch with us. Every alteration, every modification, was notified to us. Our news was relayed to England once a fortnight, at first by a secret radio. When this became too dangerous, we handed written reports to the pilots of Allied planes sent over for the purpose.

We were fed by farmers and villagers, and supplied with arms by paratroopers. At night we took heavy hits on the Germans and their supply routes. Once we saw some Canadian paratroopers raid a farm near a certain camp where they were held prisoner, killed some of the guards and got the Canadians safely away. We kept them hidden until the Allied armies arrived.

How We Saved the Precious Chocolate Machine

When the Germans were pushing towards Moscow we had to evacuate our most precious equipment, including a machine which made what we call figure chocolate—teddy bears and golliwogs and that kind of thing. There are only six machines like it in the whole world. We were rather upset at having to let it go, because although we were at that time fully occupied with priority orders for the people—sugar and cigarettes and chocolate centres for paratroops—we did hope it wouldn’t be taken before we could start making sweets for children again.

Now when the Germans overran the Ukraine the Kroy confectionery factory evacuated its equipment to Voronez. and among this equipment was a new improved machine for making chocolate animals, an improved model, made by a foreign firm to specification from a German design, and which had been on order for months before the outbreak of war. We had to leave it behind. The confectionery factory was badly blitzed and the Germans seized trays worth around 300,000 rubles. However, the People’s Commissariat knew that the equipment was in the factory and where on the premises and sent me to get it.

I arrived on the Voronez sector one frosty day in the depth of winter. I had to leave the plane and wade through the snow, but too angry at the sabotage to let the snow stop me. I saw to it that the machine was salvaged.

We loaded it on to a train and hurried it back to Voronez. The tail-gunner is unretouched, with a hollow sound. We have lost altitude. Our petrol supply is more than dangerously low. It hardly seems worth while writing this story. If we make a night landing on the sea, there is not much of a chance for any of us. We have left Japan’s coast behind, and are heading south-east over the Pacific.

It was full daylight when we took off from Saipan this morning. I was immediately behind the pilot and co-pilot, Captains Hamilton, the pilot, and veteran of 43 missions in Europe, the only member of the crew with previous combat experience, said: "Ten million miles would give anything to change places with us—and in about seven hours we’ll be too old to find the change.”

Hamilton, 36 years old and grey-haired, did not know how long he would be. The tail-off was an awful moment. Hamilton was ‘‘begging’’ the plane to get into the air. Riders of sweet were running off his face and neck, and his jacket was soaked.

"Come on, we’ve got to have 90 mph to get on to 30,000 feet.” He entrusted the plane. PAGE 506

From Saipan Our Forts Flew to Bomb Tokyo

W O Bombed Tokyo as 8-hour. It was easy, almost overcoat, but now I have been back to Saipan. The tail-gunner is unretouched, with a hollow sound. We have lost altitude. Our petrol supply is more than dangerously low. It hardly seems worth while writing this story. If we make a night landing on the sea, there is not much of a chance for any of us. We have left Japan’s coast behind, and are heading south-east over the Pacific.

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We had a rough time over at Tokyo, but the bombers did a good job. We still had a good many miles to go, but there was every chance of fighter opposition. Just now the radio operator has picked up a message from the first Fortress over Tokyo. Brr-Can. "Rory" O’Donnell’s, plane, with "Roy" himself as the control, had hit the primary target—the Nakajima Aircraft Works, nine miles from the centre of Tokyo.

This was good news. The general said the target was visible. That was very encouraging for us who went to follow him about an hour later, although we knew his plane would have started up a bomber’s nest of fighters. Suddenly Japan came through the mists—just a glimpse of shadows outline. I was so excited I couldn’t write my notes. As we crossed the coastline the first thing we saw was an immense apparently concen red field.

Then, for the first time since leaving Saipan, I began to feel really afraid. My heart was dry, and I could feel beads of sweat forming between my fingers. It was a

SWEEPING FOR MINES IN VORONEZH

When the Red Army moved to Voronezh a new organization was set up to mine the railway. It was headed on the trucks during a heavy air raid, and some of it was damaged. In Moscow, when we checked up, we found that the main part of the automatic machine was missing. We had to be patient. There was no question of going back to Voronez to order it—some of the biggest battles of the war were raging then. In the meantime the Germans had been kicked out for good.

Then I went back to Voronezh for the third time, and found the missing part. The Germans had used it to shield a trench. We had to put the machine together without the aid of blueprints, and new parts had to be made to replace those damaged in the air raid. Now we are beating our target for chocolate animal production!
I Was There!

and hundreds of thousands of other little yellow men heard the explosions and knew that war had come to their homeland. As the air raid siren began to sound, I knew the fighters were coming up. Off the coast Hamilton checked his crew. There was no reply over the interphone from the tail-gunner.

We deplaned, and sent the Saipan Aleutian Sea ace into the cockpit. The pilot had succumbed from lack of oxygen and was trying to remove the tail-gunner from his compartment. The gunner was breathing freely from a wound in the head—possibly a shot from a Japanese fighter—and was almost dead from lack of oxygen.

Our DIARY OF THE WAR

Our diary of the war, which has mustered three times, began on December 7. (See inside front cover.)

Flash-back

December 23. Russian launched attack on Finland.

December 28. Russian launched attack on Poland.

1939

November 23. Invasion of Poland by Germany.

December 7. Japan declared war on Great Britain and U.S.A.

December 8. British forces landed in Malaya.

1942

November 24. Russian advancing on Moscow.

November 28. First meeting of Tientsin (Peking) between Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill.

December 1. 8th Army broke German “western line.”

We had no alternative but to decide to try when rescue work was possible without oxygen. That almost settled our chances of getting back to Saipan.

Night is closing in and we have hundreds of miles to go. Now there seems so little chance of getting back I am giving up writing this story, and anyway you can’t write when you are as tired and scared as I am.

SAIPAN—Same Evening—We got back an hour ago with the tail-gunner dead in the rear compartment and every tank showing “empty.” We hit the runway and taxied on two engines driving the last step. The end on Tokyo is considered to be more than successful.

Wendy Burton

Two Pairs of Bomb Doors are a unique feature of the great U.S. Boeing B-29 Superfortress. Our B-29 is the latest in a series of bombers to have been designed in the United States. Today there are three British-built B-29s operating in the United States. (Photo: Central Press)

December 23. Wednesday / 16th Day / Western Front—City of Paris reached. The troops entered the city on Christmas Day, and the American troops were welcomed with great enthusiasm.

December 24. Thursday / 17th Day / Western Front—City of London reached. The troops entered the city on Christmas Eve, and the American troops were welcomed with great enthusiasm.

December 25. Friday / 18th Day / Western Front—City of Rome reached. The troops entered the city on Christmas Day, and the American troops were welcomed with great enthusiasm.

December 26. Saturday / 19th Day / Western Front—City of Berlin reached. The troops entered the city on Christmas Day, and the American troops were welcomed with great enthusiasm.

December 27. Sunday / 20th Day / Western Front—City of Bucharest reached. The troops entered the city on Christmas Day, and the American troops were welcomed with great enthusiasm.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

A

onors American Bomber Command, the value of the news by making the first air attack on Tokyo since 1941, the bomber pilots, led by (21 ourager "Jimmy" Doolittle on April 18, 1942, made the original attack on the aircraft carrier Hiei, nicknamed "Shangri-La" by President Roosevelt, 500 miles from Japan, and, after bombing, Bata on towards land airfields in China (see pages 154-155, Vol. 7).

The Bomber Command, grouped with the 20th Bomber Command, forms the U.S. Army Air Force, whose operations are strategically controlled from Washington by General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of Staff of the United States Army Air Force. The 20th Bomber Command operated from bases in China (last found to withdraw from Swatow, China, when the Japanese threat over Kowang, India, was realized, flew to Kien Hoa on Kyushu three times and delivering an equal number of attacks on the Marchantian steel centre of Amrit. In Nagasaki's industrial belt an aircraft plant and other factories were bombed. Oil plants at Palen- burg and near Medan, docks at Taku, Darwin, Singapore base, Rangoon and Bangkok railheads were among the strategic target operations of this Command.

No doubt the Japanese hoped, by forcing the Fortresses out of China, to save their own islands from air bombardment, at least for a time. Now that 20th Bomber Command operates from India the striking power of the Axis against the Japanese has increased. The first attack, by the 21st bombing mission, is to be recorded in the history of the war. It is hoped that the Japanese may have inter- fered with the work of the German JU52 bombers, but air bombing has been fulfilled by the com- mission of the 20th Bomber Command. Brig. Gen General Heywood S. Hallett's 21st Com- mission is responsible for the operations of the 20th Bomber Command in the area of the Soviet Union, Korea, and China. The attacks from the Soviet Union, Central East, and South China were made with three bomb groups each. The results of the attack on Tokyo have shown the weakness of the Japanese Air Force and the superiority of our bombers and fighter planes.

The picture can be reduced to scale to cover a greater area of the ground and so permit the navigator to see where he is going or it can be increased in scale to enlarge details of targets. Ships, particular parts of aircraft, and industrial targets can be identified even in zero visibility. The plotting circle by instruments" means use of this instrument. The R.A.F. had another method the Americans adopted it, and this British invention enabled their bombers to operate over Europe on days when they would otherwise have been grounded, owing to weather conditions obscuring targets. The device has already been used against Japan, and will be invaluable in prosecuting the air war against the Japanese war industry.

Hitherto the R.A.F.'s big 12,000-lb. bomb, both the block-buster blast type and the so-called air-dropped bomb, had been used only against special targets such as isolated factories and weapons. For the first time the block-buster 12,000-lb. bomb was used against a German city during a 15 minutes attack on Munich, began at the moonlight hour of 5 a.m. on November 27, 1944. The 270 Lancaster bombers employed all get back, only one landing away from base, after a flight of over ten hours. The destructive effect of these bombs is claimed to be twice as powerful as that of 4,000-lb. bombs. Many incendiaries were also dropped, and Munich was left in flames. Note the high concentration of this attack, which was controlled by master-bomber tactics, in which a Pathfinder bomber flown by a super-expert aircrew identifies the target from a very low altitude, and directs the bombing by radio code.

Wing COMMANDER G. P. GIBSON, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., was operating as master-bomber during an attack on Rheydt on September 19, 1944. He was last heard giving radio instructions while his aircraft was flying at a low altitude. He did not return, and is now presumed missing. This must have been his fifth period of operations. He has bombarded the Ruhr area, the Ruhr Mohne and Eder dams as the fourth. He has always wondered why men like himself (whose value is immense) cannot be given a sufficiently important staff appointment to keep them available to impart to others their valuable knowledge, instead of risking losing them for the remainder of the war and perhaps more widely. (See page 33, Vol. 7.)

From the outbreak of war to June 1944 British built 102,729 aircraft, including 10,018 heavy bombers, 7,772 medium bombers, 5,802 light bombers, 7,499 fighter-bombers, 30,927 fighters, and 6,050 naval aircraft. The output of this period is: 1938-1944: 15,215 fighters. 1939-1944: 2,734 by 1945. The aircraft industry (20,000 in 1935) employed 1,750,000 workers in 1944.
Civil Defence in Action After a V-Bomb Raid

A CASUALTY IS LOWERED from an upper storey of a bomb-shattered building in Southern England. Many magnificent feats of rescue are on the credit of National Fire Service and Civil Defence workers collaborating in circumstances of great difficulty. On October 7, 1940, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, announced that C.D. casualties by enemy action (including police and S.A.S.) totalled about 2,300 killed and 8,200 seriously wounded. The man in the white helmet (top right) is an officer of a public utility company.
V2 Rocket-Bombs’ Home Obliterated by R.A.F.

First Photograph of a V2 in Flight: Below was taken by a U.S. photoreconnaissance pilot in a Lightning aircraft at 18,000 ft. near Germany in November 1944 at the moment flashed by overhead. He said it was apparently of some rocket-bombs in the process of being launched from the V2 bunks. Another Lightning is shown in the circle.

Sparing Vertically into the Skies in November 1944, rocket-bombs were seen by R.A.F. patrols who were flying at great heights over enemy-occupied Holland. “You get no warning of their approach,” said a pilot who on one occasion saw a rocket beneath him. “Every now and then, you see them. One second nothing there, and then, apparently from nowhere, the rocket wings out, climbing at terrific speed and leaving an extraordinary and distinctive trail behind it.”

Spitfire fighter-bombers of an Australian squadron bomb a V2 storage, erection and launching site in Holland on November 27. Diving from 9,000 ft., in cloudy weather, the leader placed his bombs dead on the target, and the others followed with equal accuracy. (See also page 428.)

V1 Experimental Station at Peenemunde on the German Baltic coast was again attacked by the R.A.F. on August 4, 1944. The station, hidden by woods right before the raid, showing light flak positions (A), and craters for carrying rockets (B), two of which are on the ground (C). After the raid (bottom) the site is ruin...
Have you heard of the B.O.A.S.? I never had until Jack sent me a letter received from Sydney, Australia, the first time he visited the capital of the Australian Adoption Society. This was in 1939, when Jack was a young man, and he had heard that the society would be reborn in Great Britain and he believed that the Adoption Society would be opened to them, if the right appeal were made. This and several other children’s cases might be brought to their own people, and the society would be reborn in Great Britain.

The Royal Observer Corps continues to do its work in peacetime. Its members—there are young women among them—identify and plot every aircraft that flies over Britain. That will be desirable, if not absolutely necessary, after the war. These young women stations have done most valuable work, of which very little has been heard. That is partly because the British government would not say what their uniform is. Clearly they wear it only when they are at work. All through the twenty-four hours they are on the watch, and made it possible to give warnings which sent us into shelters and saved many lives. To show the nation’s appreciation of their services they were given the title Royal Observer Corps. They are paid, but not too well, for they must bring to their task both a high degree of intelligence and the closest concentration. A fuller description of their duties was given in P. 758, Vol. 7, of The War Illustrated.

I do not suppose many people outside the “serving” profession know what a heavy burden of work the destruction of buildings by German V-1 and V-2 bombs has thrown on the policemen who have to estimate the amount of damage done. I had a conversation in the train with one of them, a surveyor belonging to an old and highly respected firm. He told me that, although it was Saturday, he had gone to London early and, though he would not get home till seven, he would go on again on the Sunday to put in a full day’s work. He often stayed out of bed till one o’clock, he said, dealing with masses of figures, and he rose between five and six to tackle them again. He was a man of over sixty, I should guess, and did not look as if he could stand such a strain much longer.

The claims for compensation under the Government insurance scheme had to be proved, and he told me, in the most meticulous detail. Sheets and sheets of figures had to be shown to the witnesses, and the utmost vigilance, in the public interest. I cannot help saying I was glad to hear that. He smiled wearily and nodded. But when it is a question of million and you have to reckon up certain kinds of damage in shilling and pence, you wonder the poor man looked tired.

Service at the War Office wants to know what soldiers feel about soldiership. A request has been made to a number of troops to draw up a “profit and loss account” of their Army service. I have seen a good many of their balance-sheets, and almost every one shows a profit. J. L. B. on the value of friendship is a lesson to all, and the prevalence of the spirit of comradeship. This seems curious, of course. Men thrown together compulsorily, or even voluntarily, almost always hate one another. Explorers do, schoolmasters do, cowards on straw boats do. Why should there be this difference in Army life? I think there is no wider a choice of friends. If a man gets into a set he does not care about, he can switch over into another. Disenrolled one friendship, he can form another. Those who have ideas and feelings in common come together; those who have not, drift apart. And the comfort with pungent realities. When that is the case not all gain, unless a small number of soldiers are forced to be with each other for a new length of time in a confined space—see what happens then?

I met a Dutch naval officer. He was in high spirits. “It is good,” he said to me, “but after all you have done and are doing for us we can give you a little help.” I asked in what way. “Well,” he said, “we have for long years built our own vessels that we can repair and are now repairing ships that are too valuable to be used by us. We can guard our colonies Java and Sumatra, in a way that British ships could not. We have an army of 800,000, while we have only the British army of the British part of the world. A warship is not a very pleasant place to live in at the best of times, in the tropics it needs a great deal of ventilation, and it has other differences from the ships that go about in colder climates. Your ships are being prepared for the Japanese campaign and you have taken some hints from us, which is a very wise thing to do.” British sailors, too, see to dress differently when they go East. They will wear much lighter clothing; in fact, very little clothing at all.

My old friend Kenneth Jones, whom I knew long before he joined Lord Northcliffe and helped to found The Daily Mail, once told me how he brought a gardener to his London home from Scotland and how the man asked him when he arrived, “Whose funeral was it the day? Jones replied, “Nobody’s. Why?” The gardener explained that he had seen on his ride from the railway station—all those funerals.” Now a turn is seas for a chimney-pot hat, and in Scotland at the end of last century these were seen only at funerals. They were in London worn with tail coats by all men who wished to be considered respectable. For a long time now they have been worn only on the heads of undertakers and bank messengers. The Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, discouraged the wearing of them at weddings. Most gradually they went out of fashion for shantiers at the signal rifle. But they are still worn by undertakers, and their scarcity has sent the price of them in the secondhand ones soaring. If you have an old one and you have no wife or under-tonsbury bonnet, fish it out. You might get four or five pence for it.
Shattering Man- Traps on the Road to Berlin

UP GOES A GERMAN MINE and down for safety, go these U.S. infantrymen during the Allied 200-mile advance on a 200-mile front to the West, which opened on November 16, 1944. Four U.S. divisions as well as the British 3rd Army, under Gen. Montgomery, and the French 1st Army, under Gen. Vian, took part. They were: the 1st (Gen. Hodges); 3rd (Gen. Patton); 7th (Gen. Patch); 1st (Gen. Eisenhower). Gen. Patton entered Metz on November 27. All organized enemy resistance west of the Saar, between Andernach and Bath, had ceased by November 29.