ASKARI WARRIOR OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE, he patrols the Abyssinian border country. These native troops—100 per cent equatorial Africans—are under the command of 22-year-old Bimbashi (Captain) J. T. Wakens of Sumea, whose nearest white neighbour is 250 miles distant by road. S.D.F. units collaborated with General Plath's forces in the liberation of Abyssinia (see page 479, Vol. 7). At Debra Marcus, in 1941, a unit of only 100 successfully held at bay a force of 17,000 Italians.
SIX MIGHTY RUSSIAN ARMIES made stupendous advance on a 600-mile front in January 1945. The map shows the area covered from January 15 to 19 (in dark gray), and January 20 to 24 (in light gray). Marshal Zhukov was within 45 miles of Berlin, on the main route.

GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE RED ARMY in Czechoslovakia (1). In their headlong retreat the enemy destroyed whatever they could lay their hands on: they blew up this bridge (2) near Tilsit, and set Ploesti (3), near Warsaw, ablaze. A rooftop view of Tilsit (4) after its fall on January 29, 1945, smoke in the background is from a large petrol dump. Supplemetting the Soviet advance, over 1,000 Allied heavy bombers on February 1 gave the Reich capital its heaviest raid.

PAGE 610

THE BATTLE FRONTS


The success of the Russian offensive has involved brilliant strategic planning and wonderfully efficient administrative organization. The timing of the main blow has been as skillful as we have learnt to expect in Russian operations. It may have seemed to many of us that by launching the offensive so late there was a risk that the period of frozen ground might prove to be too short to allow of full exploitation of success. But the speed with which the offensive has developed goes far to prove that the date was well chosen.

I think we may safely assume that the date was deliberately fixed to provide the greatest opportunity of development speed, and the whole execution of the plan has shown how speed has been used to dislocate the German defensive arrangements. The timing of the main blow has also evidently been skillfully co-ordinated with the progress of operations in Hungary which had attracted important elements of the German reserve, and with those of Cherniakhovsky on the other flank which had already pinned down a strong German force in East Prussia or in the south, where the offensive has developed and the enemy has been caught unawares. Claims in earlier stages have given rise to a belief that the Germans were not holding the Vistula front in strength and that they carried out a deliberately planned withdrawal. No doubt this was a matter of Staff routine, would have prepared plans for retreat in case their front on the river line were broken; but if the enemy are shown to have voluntarily weakened the Vistula defences, it would be dangerous to fight the decisive battle, in less strong positions, in close proximity to a region as important as Silesia.

Refugees Streaming Westward: Hind the Regrouping of German Forces

Furthermore, it is obvious that, if the main defence position was close to the Silesian frontier, there would be no possibility of carrying out elastic defence without abandoning German territory, would become a dangerously exposed salient. The only way in which such a country would be, on the one hand, that German communications would be shortened and improved and that the network of Silesian railways would facilitate the movements of reserves to threatened points or for counter-attack; and, on the other, that the Russians by the time they reached the frontier might have exhausted some of their strength in overcoming delaying resistance and would be operating at the end of long and indifferent communications.

Whatever the German plans may have been, they have manifestly broken down under the speed and power of the Russian steamroller. The Vistula line, whether held well back or broken, has been broken and if the withdrawal from it was deliberate it is admitted by the Germans that many detachments have been left behind the good the Germans of their own. Moreover, it is clear that neither Koniev nor Zhukov has been organized and properly manned defences as they approached the German frontier. In places resistance has been determined, but apparently it has generally been offered by troops, sometimes of second class quality, hurriedly and rushed into position; and reserves do not appear to have been suitably located to intervene quickly and effectively. German commentators suggest that reserves are being regrouped for a major counterstroke, but even assuming that they exist in adequate numbers their regrouping before the front is stabilized will be a difficult matter, probably made more difficult by the streams of refugees flowing westward.

Up to the time of writing there are few signs of the front becoming stabilized, but all there is a strong suggestion that the Russians may outstrip their supplies and that the offensive will lose its momentum. The Germans evidently hoped that this would occur before the frontier was crossed, relying on the resistance of detachments which the Russians had overhastily to block the main avenues of communications. So far there are no indications that this has happened, and the Germans are complaining that with the ground frozen the Russians have been able to by-pass such centres of resistance as still exist (many of them have probably been mopped up, judging from the rise in Russian claims at the end of the first fortnight).

There remain, however, the question of the lengthening distance of the front from the Russian bases. That, undoubtedly, may compel the Russians to pause, especially if and when they encounter solid resistance. But I think that any pause that may occur will be of short duration. It is to assume that the Russian commanders have taken every possible step to enable them to sustain the impetus of their advance. They have the advantage of a wide base on the Vistula with each Army Group operating from its own sector; and, in hard weather, there must be numerous routes leading forward.

It is interesting to compare the situation with that on the Western Front after the break-out from Normandy. In that case the Allies, up to the reopening of Antwerp, were operating from a single restricted base and by few roads. Moreover, before they were brought to a halt by increasing German resistance and by supply difficulties, they had travelled at least twice the distance the Russians have had to go before reaching the German frontier in East Prussia and in the attack on the West the distance the Russians were actually much shorter.

I have seen it argued that the loss of East Prussia, once it is a non-negotiable matter, Province, would not materially weaken Germany; and that although Silesia contains vital war industries its loss would have no permanent rather than immediate effects. Both these contentions are, I think, unduly cautious. Admittedly, East Prussia as a territorial objective is not one of much importance except that it might provide a basis for a counter-offensive against the main thrust of the Russian offensive. But obviously the presence of the German Army, largely composed of first-line troops committed to the defence of the Province, and probably maintained at strength with a view to counter-offensive action although senti mental considerations may also have dictated the size of the force committed. Whether that army is ultimately annihilated or not is not quite clear as yet but it has now been securely bottled up.

Out-Manoeuvred: Wehrmacht's Expenditure of Slim Reserve

As regards Silesia, it may be true that the loss of its products will not immediately affect German power of resistance, but its loss must convince many Germans that the war cannot be indefensively prolonged, more especially as the output of the Ruhr and Saar has been greatly reduced by the air offensive. Furthermore, the losses of men and material suffered in defence of Silesia are bound to have a crippling effect.

On the whole I see no reason for underestimating the achievements of the Russian offensive or for believing that it will be brought to a halt before it can achieve even greater—possibly decisive—results. Undoubtedly the Germans still possess a strong and on the whole a well-equipped army which might still for a time offer stubborn resistance if it was considered that anything would be gained by the capture of the Ruhr and destruction involved. The dispositions of the army have, however, been so completely changed that there is no longer any fear that it could stage a counter-stroke that, at least, would make immense success seem the most unlikely.

The persistent counter-attacks delivered against Tolbukhin's Army in Hungary have at last been abandoned after a wasteful expenditure of reserves, which proves how completely the Wehrmacht has been out-maneuvered. The relief of Buda, their chief object, has not been achieved and their limited success can in no way affect the main issue. Von Rundstedt's counter-offensive has attracted particular attention on account of the fact that there is more than a waste of reserve power—possibly to disastrous effect. I can well believe the rumours that the German Army command, as far as they dare, are advising Hitler that it is time to throw up the sponge.
Flame-Throwers Support Our Advance in Belgium

HEAVILY ENGAGED IN THE SITTARD SECTOR. In Belgium, British infantry, in open order, crossed the snow-blanketed fields (1) near Heinsberg (captured January 24, 1945). A Crocodile flame-thrower is seen (2) supporting our troops approaching the village of St. Joost, which they entered on January 25 after the Crocodiles had done their red-hot and terrifying work (3). Hand-to-hand, half-frozen enemy troops surrendered (4) in the Sittard area. See pages 388-391 for full description of British flame-throwers.
Now Rundstedt’s Western Drive is Written Off

THROUGH ARDENNES SHOWS British infantry march cheerfully to the battle front. All that was left of Von Rundstedt’s “hedgehog”—against which British troops were flung to stem the tide—was eliminated on January 22-23, 1945, when Wittis, Nazi “anchor” town in Luxembourg, fell to Gen. Patton’s U.S. 3rd Army, and St. Vith, Belgian key bastion, was taken by Gen. Hodges’ U.S. 1st Army. Only the arduous conditions—deep snow and ice-bound roads—saved the enemy from annihilating pursuit; as it was, on the few days favourable to flying, his retreating transport was harassed and battered by Allied aircraft. See also illus. pages 61-62.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

Rushian progress along the shores of the Baltic threatens very soon to involve the ports of East Prussia, Poland and Pomerania. These, from east to west, include Königsberg, Pillau, Elbing, Danzig, Gdynia, Kolberg, Stettin and Stralsund. While the three first are already invested at the time of writing, and the next two are being approached by the advance guards of the Soviet armies, it is unlikely that the remaining three will be affected until Berlin has been occupied. In these circumstances the Germans are doubtless hastening to remove to harbours farther westward all shipping, including vessels of the Reichsmarine that may be capable of proceeding under their own power. Efforts may also be made to tow away ships incapable of propulsion; though this would be a hazardous proceeding in view of the tempting targets offered to aircraft, submarines and torpedo boats by a vessel moving slowly in tow.

So far as is known, the only important ship left in Königsberg is the 10,000 ton cruiser Siedlitz. This ship was launched at Bremen as long ago as January 1939, but for unknown reasons she has never been completed, and it is even doubtful whether her engines are fully installed. Presumably, the concentration of all available shipbuilding resources upon the construction of U-boats and of light surface craft, from destroyers down to motor torpedo boats, has prevented work proceeding on the Siedlitz. She may have suffered structural damage of a serious nature as the result of the bombing of each harbours as Bremen, Hamburg and Kiel.

At Elbing are the shipbuilding yards and engine works of the Schichau concern, which has specialized in the construction of destroyers, though merchant vessels have also been built there. It is estimated that there are probably half-a-dozen new destroyers in various stages of construction here.

In default of their being launched and able to escape, they will doubtless be destroyed by the enemy.

At Gdynia there were until recently quite a number of German warships, including the two, 10,000-ton cruisers Prinz Eugen and Admiral Hipper and the so-called "pocket battleships" Lützow and Admiral Scheer, as well as the smaller cruiser Leipzig, which has been disabled through collision with the Prinz Eugen. Also, in a complete state of dismantlement, there was the only remaining German battleship, the 26,000-ton Gneisenau. All these ships had been stationed at the former Polish naval base, a spot too remote to be frequently bombed.

SOVIET BALTIC FLEET WATCHING COASTAL WATERS OF N. GERMANY

Now it may be assumed that the harbours will be quickly emptied, except for the hulk of the Gneisenau and possibly the Leipzig, if she is still in dry dock. Where will all these ships go? It has been reported that preparations were being made for the reception of some of them in the Royal dockyard at Copenhagen, Danish vessels having been transferred elsewhere to free berths for this purpose. Possibly Stettin will be utilized as an intermediate harbour of refuge, but doubtless, in its situation at the head of a long and narrow channel, which could easily be blocked, the port is not altogether desirable for use as a haven in wartime.

In anticipation of such movements of warships and merchant vessels from east to west, submarines, motor torpedo boats and aircraft of the Soviet Baltic Fleet are reported to be keeping the coastal waters of North Germany under close observation. There has been no sign of any activity from the heavier ships of the Russian Navy, however; this is probably owing to the existence of German minefields.

A forgotten fleet of which the fate was in doubt has just come out of the mists again. In 1939 there was a substantial Russian naval force in the Far East under Admiral Decoux, consisting of the 7,249-ton cruiser Pobeda, the 6,640-ton cruiser Piquet, the large sloops Amir Charner and Baku, the patrol vessels Marij and Tahure, and six or seven gunboats, with various subsidiary craft. In January 1941 the first five of these ships were in action with the Siamese Navy in connexion with a boundary dispute, exacerbated by Japan. In this engagement the French ships appear to have suffered little or no damage, but two Siamese torpedo boats were sunk, and two coast defence ships, the Ayuthia and Del伪装, were put out of action. One if not both had to be beached, and afterwards refitted by the Japanese, who had originally built them.

JATTLE was heard of the French fleet for some time after this, but with the virtual occupation of Indochina by Japanese troops, the entire army in the summer of 1941 it was assumed to have passed under enemy control. Admiral Decoux, appointed Governor-General of Indo-China by Vichy, appears to have been ordered to comply with Japanese demands. Apparently the sloops Dumont d'Urville was detached from the station, or else her captain took the initiative and proceeded elsewhere, as is the case with the last-named ship, which is now operating with the Allied fleet. A gunboat, the Francis-Garnier of 639 tons, also contrived to escape the Japanese net by ascending the Yangtse into the heart of China, although it had been prepared for surrender to the Chinese Navy, who have renamed her Ta Ku. Of the remaining ships, the patrol vessel Tahure, of 644 tons, was bombed and sunk off the island of Hainan by United States Army aircraft operating from a Chinese base on April 29, 1944.

INTENSIVE Japanese Air Attacks on Lingayen Gulf

Now comes news that in January 1945, in the course of attacks by United States naval aircraft, on enemy shipping off the coast of Indo-China, the cruiser Lamotte-Picquet was set on fire and sunk. Apparently she was being employed by the Japanese to escort a convoy. One of the Japanese so-called training cruisers of the Katori type, of 5,800 tons, was also destroyed in the course of these operations.

It is disclosed that while covering the landing of American troops in Lingayen Gulf, early in January, a number of casualties were incurred in H.M.A.S. Australia, a 10,000-ton cruiser, and H.M.A.S. Arunta, a destroyer of 1,900 tons. Japanese aircraft appear to have made intensive attacks on these two ships and on H.S.S. Aotearoa, a New Zealand vessel, which escaped without injury. Three officers and 41 ratings of the Australia were reported killed or missing, and one officer and 68 ratings were wounded. In the Arunta seven ratings were wounded, two of whom died from their injuries.

COMMANDER H. B. FARRINGTON, R.A.N., was flying his broad pennant in the Australia. It will be recalled that he relieved Commodore J. A. Collins, R.A.N., when the latter was disabled during an enemy air attack on the ship off Leyte in October 1944. (See illus. p. 584). Neither the Australia nor the Arunta was put out of action, despite bomb damage.

Several fires broke out in the Australia, but damage control parties were successful in mastering the flames, while fresh guncrews took the places of those killed or wounded. It must not be imagined, therefore, that the Japanese pilot was not longer to be taken seriously in the air; even though they are outnumbered and outmatched in the quality of their pilots, their naval airmen are desperate opponents who may be expected to fight to the death whenever encountered.

"PUDDLE JUMPER," they call it in U.S. Army slang: its official title is "powerful landing ship, medium," and it is seen carrying its cargo somewhere in the Philippines. The U.S. 5th Army--in action for the first time--added to the Luzon landings on January 29, 1945, by a successful invasion last month of Batan. PAGE 64

Fligh, Associated Press
Grain Ships That Also Carry Aircraft

**DUAL PURPOSE SHIPS** in the service of the Allies kill two birds with one stone. With great ingenuity, merchantmen have been provided with flight-deck so that they act as escort carriers while continuing to function as grain-vessels. Here one is being loaded up at a Canadian port with 7,800 tons of grain, through orifices in the flight-deck. The latter is 380 feet long, but Swordfish torpedo-bombers of the Fleet Air Arm can take off and touch down on it with ease.
Home Fleet Action Destroys Nazi Norway Convoy

DAZZLING FLASH FROM H.M.S. NORFOLK'S 8in. GUNS stabbed the darkness (1) off the Norwegian coast, south of Stavanger, on January 17, 1943, when an enemy convoy was almost completely wiped out by ships of the Home Fleet, including the cruisers Norfolk and Bellona. After the action, in which our ships were engaged by shore batteries and aircraft, gunners of the Norfolk piped down among empty shell-cases on deck (2).

H.M.S. Balcony (3) homeward bound.

PAGE 610
How Master-Bombers Control the Aerial Fleets

DIRECTING our bombing by radio code, the fighting "master of ceremonies" has perhaps the toughest task of all. He stays over the target the longest, endures to the full the world of which the enemy is capable. To complete his mission, must remain undetected to the very end.

I HAVE just visited a R.A.F. school in England where are officers of Bomber Command—men of the stamp of Squadron-Leader Maurice Perrie, D.F.C., and Flight-Lieutenant John Hewitt, D.F.C.—are being trained in the new technique of master-bombing. Over lonely moors and wastelands I have seen complete raids held in rehearsal—raids that Germany will experience in reality—from the arrival of the pathfinders and the dropping of target indicators to the final run-in of the bombers.

Over the range in their Lancasters and Halifaxs go the master-bombers, learning their technique. They check whether the markers have fallen on the bull's-eye, they make dummy runs, weaving through imagined flak and other defences, and give repeated instructions over the radio-telephone, telling their main force how to attack.

Who are these master-bombers? They are the men who now actually direct and control every air raid on enemy territory. They control the great attacking fleets of bombers while decentralization has made them, in much the same way as a naval flagship controls its warships during an engagement, the master-bomber's responsibility is much like that of a commander in the field.

In an attack on a German industrial city, he ensures that the incendiaries are evenly distributed over the whole area and thus cause maximum destruction. When bombs should destroy a factory, he makes sure that bombs are delivered a few seconds later so that the targets are available for the same raid. Over the battle lines, in attacks made in close support of the Army, it is the master-bomber's job to see that all missiles fall ahead of the bomb line.

The dense concentration of attack that obliterates targets such as the strongly fortified towns of Duren and Julich is directly due to the supervision of a master-bomber. Thanks to this fighting master of ceremonies, raising forces of two or three hundred planes are achieving as much as a thousand bombers were doing not long ago.

It was Group-Captain Jack Scarby, D.S.O., D.F.C., who decisively proved the value of master-bombing tactics in the first big raid on Turin in 1943. He was on the scene that night ahead of the pathfinders. As they arrived to drop their sky markers, he double-checked them. Some markers fell in the wrong place. Then in simple code words he told the following pathfinder crews to over-shoot or undershoot with the next marker. When the bombers arrived, dead on time, it was to hear Group-Captain Scarby's confident tones adding encouragement to their final instructions.

Scarcely a week later he was there again, directing the main force to distribute its bombs equally between three aiming points, almost counting the bombs. In all, he made eight runs over the target in the course of the fifty-minute attack. Results were so satisfactory that when three aiming points had to be attacked at Pomeren, Hitler's secret weapon centre, it was decided that the main force would again have to be controlled by one mind.

That is how Wing-Commander Geoffrey Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O. (two bars), came back into operations. He had already scored nearly a century of attacks over Germany, Italy and occupied Europe. He was already accustomed to "target hovering," for he had been picked for the first observer-reporter tactics over Marseilles, when the first bomber crews in dropped their loads and then circled the target for the remaining forty-five minutes of the raid. One of the few men to have the distinction of a second bar to his D.S.O., courageous and always cheerful, he became a natural master-bomber, and adapted this technique to the tactical bombing which speeded the way of the Pathfinders (see illustration, page 57).

The majority of master-bombers are drawn from the most experienced pilots in the Pathfinder Force, men who have proved to themselves by bringing back numerous photographs of the aiming point in dozens of German cities. But they have to face the sterner tests before they are allowed to control an attack over an enemy target.

A fleet of bombers set out, one rainy day not long ago to deliver their loads on an industrial target in western Holland. The weather rapidly deteriorated while they were crossing the North Sea and the master-bomber called off the attack and wheeled his boys for home rather than endanger civilian lives in a useless raid. Today, such decisions are entirely his to take. At one time, unless precise instructions were given at briefing, it was left to each individual pilot to determine the height of his bomb run. Now it is the master-bomber's duty to observe weather conditions and cloud conditions and decide from what level the main attack must be directed.

Sometimes the master-bomber has failed to return. Wing-Commander G. P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., was leading a main force in Sep., 1944, and flak began to rip the bombers, giving instructions to the massing Lancasters, when his plane was suddenly silenced. The deputy master-bomber immediately took over. There is even a deputy to a deputy, although, fortunately, his services are seldom needed (see page 508).

One night when Lancasters and Halifaxs were attacking a marshalling yard, every bomber heard a quiet voice over the radio saying, "Close bomb of this ship and come home." Nobody paid any attention, and the attack proceeded to its successful end. The slight foreign voice did not pass muster. It was an attempt by the enemy to interfere with our tactical method. Even if the master-bomber that night had not been a Canadian, other factors would have prevented the German fake "master" from getting away with it.

With practice, master-bombing has reached an amazing pitch of efficiency reflected in our diminishing bomber losses. Wing-Commander Tommy Tait, master-bomber on the Tirpitz attack (seeillus. page 477), has been presented with the mission that the man who never makes a take will never be a master-bomber. As a 14-year-old schoolboy, he made up his mind to be an airman—and 14 years later he was a master-bomber with a commission in the R.A.F., D.S.O. (three bars) and D.F.C. Veteran of attacks on the Dortmund-Ems Canal, he led a Fifth Force on October 17, 1944, against the Kiel barrage. It was a completely successful raid and despite the flak that was taken, he stuck to his job in the sky. Another flyer on the raid told me that with Tait so calm he didn't even notice the shells to the shell-bursts. When they reached base, the pilots found that the master-bomber's plane had been hit early in the action and had been wobbling all over the sky.

There is Wing-Commander George Dunn, D.S.O. D.F.C., the boy who was at his North-country enlistment station in 1939 and has come unscathed through scores of raids. He has had his plane shot up many times, never with any effect on his ice-cold face. There is Wing-Commander Tom Bingham-Hall, D.S.O., D.F.C., who a few weeks back had been one of the toughest attacks ever made on the Ruhr in broad daylight. As he zoomed again and again and checked to the target indicators his plane was hailed like the proverbial cockerel. A few days later he was flown to a second attack on another vital target in North-West Germany. In the latter, his plane was knocked right out, and the aircraft was cut almost in two. "Get ready to take over, Lieutenant," his squadron leader. "But only in case!" Wing-Commander Bingham- Hall told his deputy. He carried on with his task—and successfully completed it.
Strange Truce Outside Beleaguered St. Nazaire

Evacuating 13,000 civilians from the closely invested St. Nazaire area on January 17, 1944, Allied and German officers stand- ing side by side watched the empty railway tracks outside the great steel walls. Close above, a captured American prisoner of war was held near the guard post, cornered by a German; it was the first "mercy train."

A German soldier, waving a white flag, hailed the train for inspection. It was thoroughly searched before being permitted to steam into St. Nazaire, drawn by a locomotive named "Luba." The German delega- tion was received in the passenger cars of the train, which began the following day. It was headed by medical officer Captain D. Mueller (center), surrounded by American and French officers and an official of the International Red Cross. Before the train left, the French Red Cross secretary delivered two caskets to the train's guard, the men were two French Red Cross doctors, one of whom (right) received final instructions from a U.S. officer. German soldiers look off as the train leaves, St. Nazaire had been besieged since August 4, 1944; the German garrison was said to number over 25,000.

PAGE 618 Photo, Keystone
Business as Usual in Threatened Strasbourg

CAPITAL OF ALSACE was menaced when the enemy, forming forces across the Rhine, approached Gen. Patch's American divisions. Tassinay's French 1st Army (reported on January 7, 1940). Many of the city's 300,000 population were evacuated; otherwise life went on much as usual.

In the Place Kléber—named after Napoleon's Strasbourg-born general—news-thirsty citizens surrounded a newspaper kiosk (1). Favored by the women (2) were "shack" tucked in at the ankle. Outside the Bank of France (3), Paris (4) to Strasbourg ("We shall get 'em, Long live France!") pasted over anti-Soviet slogans scrawled on the walls by the Germans.

When the enemy forces occupied the city in 1940 they renamed the Place Broglie "Adolf Hitler Platz." Now it is as before (5)—called after the Marshal de Broglie, a famous 18th-century statesman— rising in 1912, the Mar- sal (6) today is a redoubtable opponent of Com- munist Russia (illus., pages 208 and 209, Vol. 1, and 400, Vol. 5).

PAGE 619
THE SOVIETS’ MAMMOTH TANK, named after the Premier of the U.S.S.R., made a dramatic debut on General Cherkassky’s Polish Front in mid-January 1945. The Nazis reported it as completely outclassing their own Royal Tiger (see illus. p. 54), meaning "the biggest tank gun in the world"—a 45cwt. weapon, as compared with the Royal Tiger’s 88mm, and the Sherman’s 76mm—one weighing nearly 500 tons. Five Stalin tanks in action (above) in Posen. Self-propelled guns (top) in East Prussia.
Polish Capital Resounds to the Victory March

AFTER THE RECOVERY OF WARSAW on January 17, 1945, Marshal Zhukov chose soldiers of the 1st Polish Army who, with troops of his 1st White Russian Front, had taken part in the city's liberation, to lead a procession through their capital: they are here seen passing the Church of the Holy Redeemer. Next day the Lublin Provisional Government took up residence. By January 29, Marshal Zhukov had left Warsaw over 200 miles behind and had crossed the frontier of Poland, 15 miles from Berlin. See story in page 621.
Channel Islanders Look Daily for Deliverance

To avoid slaughter and destruction, the British Government evacuated the armed forces and thousands of civilians from the Channel Islands in June 1940. Following months the Germans landed and commandeered their occupation at territory which has belonged to Great Britain since 1066. The battle that friend and foe alike are leading there is revealed by HAROLD A. ALBERT.

Evra was any ship more eagerly awaited than the U.S. Vega as, towards the close of 1944, she ploughed through wintry gales and fog with her first cargo of food and medical supplies for the German-occupied Channel Islands. A Swedish vessel chartered in Lisbon by the British Red Cross, she carried 1,000 tons of Canadian-Canadian food parcels, some 5,000 invalid diet supplement parcels, as well as salt, soap, drugs and medicines, and bags of mail from prisoners of war in Germany. And her sponsors can perhaps claim that her truly internationalized band of mercy was organized in record time.

On December 12, 1944, the Home Secretary announced in the House of Commons, "Mr. G. Memmott said that it would be right to supplement the rations of the civil population of the islands by sending sup- plies of medicines, soap and food, and to allow the berries of those supplied to prisoners of war. The German Government have now agreed to this procedure, and have granted a safe conduct to the ship "Vega," although held up by bad weather, barely a fortnight ago the Vega dropped anchor in the harbour of St. Peter Port, the capital of Guernsey, and Colonel Howard, the Swiss Red Cross delegate, stepped down the gangway.

It was the first link the Islanders had had with the outside world since the fall of France. Since July 1940 they have lived under the yoke of the swastika, enduring German rule, starving, suffering. And the arrival of a relief ship must have seemed the first ray of hope in their long ordeal.

Not long ago the General Hospital in St. Helier, the capital of Jersey, had torn up all its sheets and bandages, and was reported to have no remaining drugs or anaesthetic of any kind. Patients on the operating table had to suffer. Heating difficulties had been so great that doctors have sometimes been unable even to sterilize their instruments, and some patients when gravely ill have counted themselves fortunate in being allowed an extra blanket, or a handful of rice as extra food.

Children are still allowed supplies of watery milk, though this is diminishing. For the Germans are said to be killing off the cows. Rations have shrunk to almost microscopical proportions: 4 lb. of bread per week, 2 oz. of fat, a few potatoes, and less than 1 oz. of meat, if and when obtainable. Most is seldom seen, and bread has become largely bran, sawdust, and potato. There is no sugar ration, and tea and coffee are unknown. Horrors have vanished, unlaughed to make sausages. Cabbages form the staple diet, and seed potatoes, cut with syrup made from sugar-alcohol.

The shortage of soap—reduced to a tiny tablet of 3 oz. each and bone-meal, issued every three months—has led to an outbreak of skin diseases. Diphtheria and influenza have flourished, and for the lack of salt, filtered sea-water is poached along the streets in little carts and sold at 2d. a gallon, for cooking vegetables and making bread. There are, of course, no tinned foods, few matches or candles, no jam, and no cheese.

In both Jersey and Guernsey the electric current is cut off for six hours a day, there is no gas, and only the Germans have coal or coke. A weekly ration of 10 lb. of wood is allowed to householders, but the meagre twigs count as weight; and a boy who picks up a piece of wood can be heavily fined for stealing fuel. With paper and writing materials at a premium and bicycles laid up for lack of tires, with no new clothes and scarily at 20c filtered in, together with saccharin and coffee, from the French mainland.

The towns were placarded with posters showing German soldiers smiling at children. The local newspapers had immediately become Nazi-controlled and gave their own distorted views and news. Until the paper shortage grew too severe, William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) recorded with chilling calm in the Guernsey Star and Evening Press. When the Gestapo arrived, all non-native born British subjects were deported to Germany. Nearly all the Guernsey police force, in addition, was arrested for charge of stealing German supplies. Thus to the lovely gardens of the sea came the horrors of occupation. Thousands of extra troops were drafted in to suppress the attempt to comfort the war-worn and maintain order on civil. With them came regiments of labour slaves entitled to none of the facilities of the already slender island stocks. The remaining children were compelled to go to school to learn German and study the "glorious" German Radio sets were confiscated, save the concealed sets the Gestapo never found, but nightly showers of leaflets dropped from aeroplanes during the longed-for news from London.

Even in the worst days the Islanders never lost hope. They urged their friends to ensure that deportees to Germany were well treated. They organized classes and concerts to help pass the waiting years. German amateurs even produced Rio Rita and The Desert Song with the aid of a moth-eaten store of carnival costumes. But when Feldkommandant Stenhouse ordered a command performance, the performers forgot their words and the musicians played the wrong notes. "Our hands were cold," they said.

On the Islands, as I write, there remains a German garrison estimated to number about 35,000, cut off from the mainland when the Americans landed St. Malo last August. And, ironically, they share now with the civilians the hardships and misery which the Nazi occupation helped to bring about. The clothing of officers and men, like that of the civilians, is tattered and worn thin. But the Islands are not besieged. They are of no military importance; they have been by-passed in the war. In early Feb. 1941 it was Jersey's turn to welcome the Vega—with salt, medical supplies, boot-repairing materials, and oil for harbour engines.

There is a typical British "lobby" in St. Helier who used to be much perished by German newsreel men anxious to impress Berlin cinema audiences with the fact that the Germans were indeed on British soil. Now there are few left with Government permission. There is no more German traffic to direct. That same policeman patrols past empty shops and shuttered boarding houses, and into his belt he has tucked a pair of natty white gloves. And you and your Feldkommandant Knuckins know that it will not be long before he wears them. 1

Nazi TROOPS IN ONE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, as a lecture outside the school taken over as a billet. Life was easier for them when this photograph was taken. Much less equipment and in appearance are they now, for the garrison have been reduced since August 1944, and occupying troops and civilians are all in "the same boat."
Above the Bhamo Wreckage a Burmese Idol Looms

On the line of advance down Burma from the north the Japanese stronghold of Bhamo was stormed on Dec. 16, 1944, after a month's siege, by troops of Maj.-Gen. Li Hung's 38th Division, part of the 1st Chinese Army in Lieut.-Gen. Dian Sultan's northern combat area command. On its way to take part in this reopening of the Burma Road, a light tank manned by Chinese (top) rumbles past peasant ox-carts. Through the remnants of the conquered town the storm-troops file (bottom).
Holding the Line in Holland and Alsace

Conditions under which men of the British 2nd Army holding the Mass line in Holland were living are typical by this trench (1) in a pine wood, occupied by Cpl. Hall of Newcastle and Cpl. Hanlon of Ulster. Snow-camouflaged infantrymen (2) dive for cover as a mortar bomb bursts near. On the Strasbourg front (3) a port of the U.S. 30th Army, similarly camouflaged against the tell-tale snow, he cautiously through devastated Forest near Bitche, then demolished by German guns.

Nature's White Mantle a Tricky Foe to Outwit

Men, weapons and equipment all wrapped in concealing white, a British "Fresco" patrol creeps through the snow on German territory (4) from 100 yards away they are invisible. Past a blazing vehicle filled with exploding ammunition at Laxce, in England, a tank grinds its way, driven by Sgt. J. Brown, of Wigan (5), to clear a passage for an ambulance convoy of wounded. From a crude dugout (6) a member of the U.S. 10th Armoured Division emerges for a breath of fresh air.
Mars Men Beat the Jungle in Southward Drive

A new American battle-group known as the Mars Task Force includes former members of "Merrill's Marauders," famed for exploits in earlier campaigns. Men of this Force, reported on Jan. 24, 1945, to be engaging the Japanese 75 miles north of Lahire on the old Burma Road, are seen (top) crossing a footbridge on their way to Myitkyna, Allied base in Central Burma. Before advancing towards Mandalay, Chinese troops (see page 623) mopped-up in Bhamo (bottom).
A LONG time ago a king of Bohemia who had brought vines from Burgundy and hoped to produce from them vintages as rich and mellow as those he had drunk in France, was disappointed at first with his experiment. Later he was better pleased. He competed the wine to the soul of the Czechs. "It tastes somewhat bitter to us because we have not used to it. But in the end you rather like it."

The Czechs don't mind that story. Two of them who have written a book entitled Czechoslovakia, Land of Dream and Enterprise assert, for the Czechoslovak Ministry of Foreign Affairs Department of Information, the Czechs do not object to being described as having a rough road covering sound and rich fruit.

THEY certainly is true of the Czechs. Everyone who has been in their country for more than a passing tourist visit will admit it. "They take some knowing," will be the comment of the connoisseur. But when they do know you, and you have learned to know them, you have to agree that they are a suspicious lot of respect and liking, even if they do not inspire immediate affection. As for their energy, it compels admiration.

I have called them a nation. That is not accurate. The Republic of Czechoslovakia includes the Czech and Slovak areas and parts of Austria as well. But in the twenty years of its existence the Czech State has been the center of the movement for Czech and Slovak self-governments. In the twenties, they took the lead in everything, and in consequence were not too well liked by the rest. Enrgetic and competent people are inclined to disregard the protests and prejudices of those who are easy-going and disillusioned.

The Slovaks are far apart from the Czechs in temperament. They are very largely a shepherded people. They cling to the old ways. They were long under Hungarian domination, and their reaction deliberately kept them ignorant and poor. The only way by which a clever boy who wanted to be something other than a small farmer, a tender of sheep, a craftsman or a small scribe to pursue his ambition was to become Hungarianized.

The discontent of the Slovaks after they had been freed was due mainly to their dislike of anything new—education, for example, though they soon began to understand its value. But they had certain genuine grievances, as had the German part of the population. The latter lived in that Sudetenland we heard so much about during the year or so before this present war broke out. Strange enough, there is no mention of the Sudeten inhabitants in the book; they do not figure in the index. The authors, Jan Cech and J. E. Mellon, evidently believed that it would be better to ignore them. It is pretty safe to foretell that there will not be any Germans in Czechoslovakia when the war is over.

Some people who know both are thinking that trouble might have been avoided if the Czechs had not been so masterful and had allowed their fellow-citizens of German origin more participation in the work of government. Hitler would not then have had a pretext for interfering and stirring up the Sudetenland folk to revolt. But, on the other hand, the Czechs knew that the Germans were not to be trusted. Bohemia was under Austrian rule, resisted the liberation of the country and was not particularly loyal to the new State. It would have been prudent to hold out the hand of friend-ship to them, but such generosity is rare and not quite in the character of the general run of Czechs.

If they had a less "rough road," they would not be so vigorous and so successful in their undertakings. They were by far the most go-ahead and enterprising of all the populations in the Austrian Empire, which they helped so much to bring down in 1918. "Czechoslovakia's industrial importance can be seen from the fact that no less than 75 percent of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire's industries was concentrated on her territory." Coal and iron are abroad, so the heavy industries flourished. Among lighter products most of us remember Bohemian glass and Pilsner beer, and more recently ladies' shoes. Paper, cherries, leather goods, gloves, furniture, chemicals, and textiles on a vast scale were other products of Bohemia, while in late years the Moravian capital Brno (formerly Brünn) became known as "the Manchester of Czechoslovakia," because of its manufactures, especially woolens cloth.

But you must not think of the Czechs allowing their industry to turn towns and countrysides into hideous factory areas and wastelands. They will not tolerate any ugliness that is avoidable. There is an illustration in this book of a cement works in Bohemia. In a clear atmosphere the buildings stand out white and gracious; they might pass almost for Greek temples. No more daunting contrast between them and the huddle of dirty sheds and iron-roofed erections which mark so many British cement factories, could be imagined.

In this and in most other ways the Czechs are among the most "modern" nations. They went ahead of the Russians in proving that the Slav nature is anything but backward and lethargic once it is aroused. They were set a hard task when they came into possession of their country after the First Great War and had to reorganize almost everything. President Masaryk and Beneš receive a great deal of the credit for this, and they deserve a great deal; but they had the benefit of the best kind of counsel in all fields of the national life was due in the main to the qualities of leadership displayed by large numbers of Czechs and to the steady work and communal effort of the mass of the population.

One of the earliest changes concerned the ownership of land. The large estates in the possession of German, Austrian or Hungarian landlords were broken up and divided among small farmers. Nobody was permitted to own more than 625 acres. All who had land above that amount were obliged to sell it at a 1914 valuation. The State bought it, sometimes paying more than the owners could have obtained in the open market, and then sold or leased it to cultivators who formed in a modest way. Thus one-eighth of the soil of the Republic changed hands in a very short time and agriculture was greatly improved.

In Slovakia especially there was relooking over the freeing of the soil from the Hungarian overlords. They had so long tyrannized over those who worked it with small advantage to themselves. Magyar rule had been particularly oppressive and corrupt. There was no attempt to govern for the benefit of the people. The "imaginaries" were aimed only at the foreigner. Though exceptions did exist here and there. In Ruthenia there were under Hungarian rule only eighteen elementary schools. Within two years the Republic had more than 1,000 going, and these were not enough. By the end of fifteen years the Ruthenians had over 1,000 schools of various kinds. They are taking full advantage of them.

I hope education and the opening-up of larger territory will not produce new habits and the ebbtide of the Ruthenian, Slovak and Moravian, which has found travelling among them made a continuous delight, not only by the varied and frequently magnificent mountain scenery, but by the kindness of the people.

I hope, too, the picturesque and sometimes really beautiful costumes the people wear on Sundays and holidays will not give place, as they so often do, elsewhere—in Serbia, for instance—to trousers and felt hats and the year-by-year Paris or Vienna fashions. Efficiency coupled with a preference for having things done decently and in order, and not letting Nature be spoilt, has been the aim of the Republic so far, and will no doubt remain so.
Little-Known Regions to be Wrested from Japan

For lasting peace to be secured in the Pacific, three remote regions—Formosa, the Pescadores and Korea—must be removed from Japanese control. Even after the defeat of their Nippon 24 "protectors" the problems will not easily be surmounted. Moreover, as DOTTY McDOWELL points out, their strategic importance in the impending campaigns of the South-East Asia and South-West Pacific Commands is paramount. See also pages 332, Vol. 8, and 596, Vol. 7.

OFF FORMOSA 2

A Japanese military high command post overlooking the harbor where, on October 11, 1944, over 500 enemy vessels were sunk. Formosa was hard pressed by the destructor and carrier-based U.S. naval forces during Super-Formosa, both before and after General MacArthur's landings on Leyte (Jan. 9) when the enemy's Flotilla Formosa was scattered.
Speaking for one hour and fifty minutes in the House of Commons on Jan. 18, 1945, Mr. Churchill called attention to matters, in common with the securing and maintaining of the liberated countries, indicated the trend of the war and gave the world a sober reckoning of the sacrifices the United Nations have made. Excerpts from Mr. Churchill's speeches are given here.

Omar Bradley. Many other consequential movements were made, and rightly made, judging from the results, both these highly skilled commanders handled the very large forces at their disposal in a manner which, I think I may say without exaggeration, may become a model for military student in the future. Field-Marshal Montgomery at the earliest moment, acting with extraordinary promptitude, concentrated powerful British reserves on the decisive strategic points, and, having been placed in command, as he was, by General Eisenhower, has now secured the 21st Army Group, he fell unceasingly on the north and has fought the battle all the time from that part of the assaulted front.

Superb and Titanic Events

Reminder of the part being played by the British Commonwealth and Empire in battles on the Continent and in the general war was given in terse facts and figures.

We are maintaining at the present time in the field, and in our garrisons the equivalent of 16 complete divisions, apart from the vast Navy and the Air Forces, and the rest. We are maintaining, I happen to know, on the Eastern Front in North-West Europe, in Italy, and in Burma. Of all the troops landed in France the losses sustained in the fighting by the British Empire and United States troops have been very low in proportion to the numbers engaged. Of course, there are over twice as many American troops on the Western Front as there are troops of the British Commonwealth, and we have in fact last half as many as our American Allies. If you take killed only, the British and Commonwealth casualties, and you have lost a larger proportion lost, more than the United States, heavy though the United States losses are.

More likely to be shared in the near future to lengthen it was Mr. Churchill's opinion of the Rundstedt attack—apparently designed to throw the Anglo-American forces out of gear before the onslaught of the Russian Armed Forces from the east.

Marshal Stalin was very punctual. He would rather he be before than later than late in the combinations of the Allies. I can't attempt to set limits to the superb and Titanic events we are now witnessing on on their reactions in every theatre.

in mind and conscience. It was with the approval of the U.S. and Russia and with the invitation of the Greek Government that we had gone there to allay the confusion left by the departure of the Germans.

We came with a small force of troops and look up our positions from no military point of view. We scattered our troops at a number of places—on the coast and at a number of points inland—where we hoped to be able to bring in a large number of supplies to a very hungry people. We made Greece safe for U.N.R.R.A. before the outbreak took place. Meanwhile, over a period of six weeks or so the Greek Government, representative of all parties, was distracted by internal divisions and street demonstrations, and all the time the Communist-directed forces were drawing down the north and infiltrating into the city of Athens, in which they had also a strong local organization. We had furnished these men over several years with arms in considerable quantities in the hope that they would fight against the Germans. They accepted the arms and turned them and other arms which they had captured or bought from the Germans in their retreat or else


FOOTNOTE TO THE PREMIER'S SPEECH

is the map showing how the Allies, meeting from both sides, pushed into Germany between D-Day (June 6, 1944) and January 31, 1945. When British, American and Russian forces had closed in on Germany between D-Day (June 6, 1944) and January 31, 1945. When the British and the Russian armies had crossed Poland to isolate East Prussia and threatened the very heart of the Reich. Map by courtesy of the Daily Beast.

A word of warning, issued by a hearty profession of supreme confidence, reminded us that.

We must keep our eye on the jet-propelled fighter aircraft, on the "V" rockets, and, above all, on the "V" bomber. Under no conditions, however, are there other dangers, too. But taking the position as a whole, I have, I hope, every reason to be able to present a more confident statement to the House of the prospects of success. The United States of America, France, Britain, and other powers, hand in hand, will move the United Nations toward the goal.
From Athens at Last Fades Grievous Turmoil

AFTER FIVE WEEKS of fighting (see page 531, 537), the signing of a truce [1] between General Scobie, British High Commissioner in Greece, and delegates of ELAS [2], in Athens, while General Scobie announced an armistice, for the issue of 24,000 rations a day. A British military policeman [3] shepherds children to one of the kitchens.

Archbishop Damaskinos, appointed Regent on Dec. 30, 1944, walked to the gates of the Foreign Office to acknowledge the cheers of the crowds after his proclamation of a guard of honor preceding arms [4]. Men of the newly arrived British forces marched in single file through the streets. On Jan. 19 it was announced that ELAS had agreed to free all civilian hostages, numbering several thousand. Eight days later 1,023 British prisoners, including 135 R.A.F. personnel, and 700 Greek hostages, after weeks of bitter hardships in the comebound Greek mountains, were freed.

Photo, British Official
Triumphant Return to the Arakan Port of Akyab

Bitter Loss to the Japs was the recapture, on January 3, 1945, of the important Arakan coastal town of Akyab, which only a year ago figured so prominently in the Arakan campaign, when it was first successfully attacked and then recaptured in November 1944. Its re-conquest by Wing-Commander Bradley R.N.Z.A.F., the town's pre-war Civil Administrator, was greeted and welcomed back by the inhabitants (1). With its great all-weather airfield, and port capable of handling large 10,000-ton cruisers, Akyab was Borneo's unsinkable target. From British forces in the island, the British and their allies, for two months after the Japanese occupation, the airfield, serviceable for all types of aircraft, has become "the Ceylon of the Arakans."

The ill-supplied Japanese had been withdrawing for some time by sampans, launches and rafts, and the island fell to troops of the 1st Indian Corps, assisted by British Commandos, the Royal Navy and the R.A.F. The invasion in progress (2); landing craft are moving inshore, while troops wade to the beach. The town and port (3) seen from a R.A.F. plane of Eastern Air Command during the operation. Photo: British Official.
I WAS THERE!
Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Talked to the People of Stricken Warsaw

When our soldiers entered Warsaw they found not a single civilian. The wind roared through the empty streets. Then a few hungry families, with nowhere to go, struggled from the debris. Since then thousands of people have returned. Today the city echoes to the westward tramping of Soviet and Polish soldiers, avenging innings. Tanks, guns, lorries and troops are pouring through Warsaw.

And from the west the civilians keep coming back. Their hearts are heavy with anger. Most of their city is gone. They stand dumb with sorrow in the streets. Those who have lost their homes drag oddments from cellars—tattered mattresses, pillows, blankets. They finger them in a dolorous kind of way, then go wandering on.

I began talking to a Polish worker, Stanislaw Wyczowsky. He showed me round the part where he had lived. "There used to be a school here," he said, pointing to an anonymous chaos of stone. "And this was the museum." A marble memorial tablet still hung precariously to a ruined wall. Wyczowsky read out the inscription, "Here lived and worked Frederic Chopin." The Germans pulled down the Chopin monument as long ago as 1942. The people of Warsaw commented, "They are afraid in case Chopin plays them a funeral march!"

We walked through Nowy Swiat, Warcha Street, Napoleon Square—everywhere the same gruesome spectacle. The sixteen-storey general post office, the tall building in Warsaw, was in ruins. The main railway station, the Serm building, the Polish Theatre, were wrecked, the university was burned, the cathedral blasted, everything that was dear to the people of Poland, everything they had taken pride in and preserved through the centuries—everything defiled and ruined.

Tragic Note in a Bottle

I have seen heartbreaking things in the city of Warsaw. A girl standing in front of what had been a house in Sejdelna Street. Her name was Eva Guitowska. On the eve of the uprising, they told me, she had been forced to stay with relatives in a village outside Warsaw, leaving behind her father, mother, two sisters and a brother. When she wanted to return home, the Germans would not allow her. Now she had returned to her home. What did she find?

She found a heap of rubble, and in the midst of it a rough cross made from a packing case, with the inscription, "Five people are buried here." She began to tear at the rubble with her hands, until some Polish soldiers gently stopped her. They found a bottle hidden near the cross with this note inside, "The Guitowska family died here in a bomb explosion." Then followed their names.

On the wall of a burned house someone had chalcot in Polish: "We will restore you, our native Warsaw." Under this is the inscription, "Stalin will help us."

On this Tiny Island of Peleliu, 17,000 Died

The weird story of Peleliu got lost in the excitement of eye landing in the Philippines, but the island saw the toughest fighting of the Pacific war.

The Americans, who landed on Sept. 15, 1944, on the farthest island 16,000 Japanese there lost 1,600 dead themselves. Henry Keyes, The Sunday Express was reporter in the Pacific, tells what he saw there.

I have just visited an island of death—Peleliu, in the Palaus. Its age hangs over it like the brooding evil of sentience corruption. It is a little island only five miles long by two miles wide. From the air it looks as if it had been hung on the blue sea like a discarded jockey's cap, the ledge on which the Marines landed representing the visor and the remainder the crumpled crown.

The landing was savage enough, made over a narrow reef ringing the shoreline like a cage of kelped, a verdant landscape of some eight square miles of airstrips. But it is back in the crumpled crown of the jockey's cap that the grim fighting took place.

This section is a mass of jagged ridges and escarpments 200 or 300 feet high. It took the Americans a month to inch their way far enough into them to be reasonably sure they would not be flung back into the sea, and another six weeks to break all organized resistance. The fighting is not over yet.

Twelve miles away is Babelthup, with 23,000 Japanese: Every night some 300 walk across the reefs connecting it, except for two narrow channels which they swim. Each man is a walking arsenal. His object—a swim to an anchored Allied ship or a dump, and destruction by high explosive. Every night some 300 Japanese who ventured to take that walk died.

The island's commander, Marine Brigadier-General Harold Campbell, who was for a year the American adviser to Lord Louis Mountbatten in England, droved me over Peleliu. He headed for Bloody Nose Ridge,
which sticks out towards the airfields. Our beachhead and the enemy's inadequate coral reef which the ant-like Japanese had made by hand.

We climbed almost vertically up to the hogsback of the ridge. Then we plunged down the sides. The coral kept crumbling and breaking, and the jeep slid crazily down. I shivered as we fell from sunlight to gloom and the silence of the gulch.

We were at the mouth of a big cave, one of Peleliu's thousands, in which the Japanese fought to the death. We went in. There was the dank, heavy smell of a dead Japanese. We were soon able to see the outline of his broken body. Then other things became clearer; this was an old enemy dump. A broken caisson leaned drunkenly, one axle amid the filth of the floor of the vast cave. There were broken casings, canteens, shell-cases and a small field piece.

The Silence Was Tomb-like

Everything was wet and rottmg. Water dripped from the roof of the cavern, echoing like the tapping of a hammer. Don't go too far,' warned General Holland. 'we haven't a chance to clean this out yet. There are plenty of hooby traps.' We drove on into the heart of the ridges. Everywhere now there were the faces high in the ridges. The entrances to most were jiggered little orifices, big enough only for a man to crawl through on his belly. Many were hidden behind rubble and the blackish brown rounds of coral. Whenever the jeep stopped the silence was tomb-like.

"We killed and buried 12,000 Japs in these few valleys," said Campbell. "It was a terrible job. There was nothing in books to help us, in a country like this. Look at that cave up there." He pointed to a hole 100 feet above us. "We put a 155-mm. rifle back 500 yards and just blasted at that for six days and nights. At the end of that time two Japs came out and crawled round the face of the cliff. But we had men round the shoulder of the ridge who picked them off.

We kept shooting for another four days and nights, and six more came out cocky as the devil. We got them the same way. The main entrance of that cave was down at the bottom of the ridge, and we shot it up with a howitzer.

The general drove on. "I am going to show you the cave where we finished them off." We slid down the other side into ugliness and desolation. The general was cryptic. "Death Valley," he said. Death Valley was not 50 yards wide. The ridges went up sheer on either side, blackened and brown with the dead trunks of trees, amputated by shells and burned by flame-throwers, pointed upright into the sky.

Skulls Showed How They Died

In the middle of the valley's floor was a muddy hole. The rest of the floor was a forest of galloping coral needles closer grouped like a vast cluster of pine trees. You could look down between them, as we did, and peer into inky nothingness. There were big bomb craters among them, for the Japs beared themselves against these columns for cover and fought from there. The skulls and skyclaws were in the crevices showed how they had died.

"The Japs were without water," said Campbell. "We split them in our side, 15 or 30 a night. We killed most with our 75s. There was a pool a few Japs hiding in the caves. We killed some now and then.

We took a last look at the ridges. "You wouldn't believe that the whole island and all the enemy's except the green water when we came," the general said. "Every foot has been scorched and seared by battle.

I Kicked My Capto Crashing Down a Hillside

Leaving the rest of his troop just as dusk was falling, to look at a tank which had been in difficulties during a battle the previous day, Capt. Law, a Tank Officer from Canada serving with a famous British cavalry regiment on the Burma front, relates how presence of mind and a ready boot transformed him from a prisoner to a free man.

As I made my way back darkness came on quickly, and before long I realized that the short-cut track I was following was taking me too far from the road. Suddenly, as I crossed a ridge on the way back to the road, I felt something pressed into my back and was aware of a small, aggressive figure behind me. Knowing that some Indian patrols were active in the area that night, I thought the man might be an Indian Sepoy, so I shouted in Urdu: 'It's all right, Johnny. I'm a tank man!'

I was certainly surprised when I heard the guy behind me baffle in some unknown tongue, and found his weapon—which turned out to be a knife—pressed into my back. Then, of course, I knew he was a Japanese. My capto was then joined by another Japanese—a huge fellow who had a rifle and an altogether unpleasant manner. As the pair marched me up the road I realized that they might shoot me as soon as they were clear of our patrolling area. Just as I was formulating some plans for escape, the big man suddenly hissed in a startled way to draw attention to some slight noises coming from the jungle. From that moment both the Japanese were definitely scared, for they seemed to know that our patrols were on our strength.

Reaching some cover, my captors indicated that I must lie low with them on the side of the hill. As one of them left the track, he slipped. I gave him a cracking kick and he went toppling down the hill, but not before he had stabbed me in the hand with his knife. With one Japanese doing involuntary ja'juju down the hillside and the other out of view for the moment, I ran for some undergrowth and, avoiding the road where our own patrol might have shot me at sight, made my way through the jungle to a safe hiding-place where I tried to plan how to get back. Taking a bearing on the sound of the British guns shelling a village, and guided by the North Star, I marched through the jungle all night until I met a British patrol making their morning brew of tea.

When the Earth Was Burning at Mandalay

The most concentrated air attack of the Burma war, in which the load of bombs dropped in ten minutes was as heavy as the biggest London blitz, was made, on Jan. 14, 1945, on Japanese troop concentrations in Mandalay and Sagaing. The bombers were R.A.F. and American Liberators, and with them went Niru Chronicle special correspondent Stuart Geiger, whose narrative, dispatched from Bengal, is given here.

We were without fighter cover, but derived some comfort from the fact that American Thunderbolts were going in five minutes before our arrival to shoot up flak positions. We took off from bases in Bengal in brilliant mid-morning weather and flew straight to the Irrawaddy. From 50 miles away thick columns of smoke were rising where the American heavies are attacking Sagan and R.A.F. Mosquitoes are going in to finish the job. By the time we pass we have ample evidence that there is not much of the town which is not burning.
I Was There!

That night the clouds had been thicker and the wind stronger, and I felt my feet sink into the damp earth. The voices of the other soldiers were muffled and indistinct. I shivered as I heard the distant sounds of gunshots and explosions. It was a cold winter night, and the cold made me feel even more isolated.

I was posted at the front, and as I stood there, I couldn't help but think about my family back home. I wondered if they were safe and if they knew that I was doing this. I imagined them, sitting around the fire, talking about the war, and feeling proud of me.

I tried to push these thoughts out of my mind and focus on my duty. I had a job to do, and I was going to do it to the best of my ability.

I looked around me, taking in the sights and sounds of the battle. The ground was wet with blood, and the air was thick with the smell of gunpowder. I held my gun tightly, ready to fire at any moment.

I was a soldier, and I was ready to fight.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

All the news is dominated by the Russian offensive which began in Poland on January 12 and spread all along the Eastern front from the Lithuanian Baltic coast to Budapest, swiftly engulfing within the battle area East Prussia, Poland, parts of German Silesia, and the Carpatho-Ukraine area of Czechoslovakia. The initial assault by the Red Army was made in weather so bad that the Red Air Force was grounded, and the advance preparation for the surface forces was made by artillery without aircraft support. From this it is possible to draw several inferences; but they are no more than inferences at the moment, and must remain so until the full facts are historically and without any doubt established.

First, in the importance of artillery in the modern surface land action. (The part played by artillery in the opening stages of the battle of El Alamein under Montgomery will be remembered.) Artillery did not have this significance during the German assault in 1940; then tanks and aircraft were in the spearhead of the attack. Why has the situation changed? Probably the explanation is that after five years’ experience of modern war, defensive preparations are much more developed than they were when the first B.E.F. was in Belgium in May 1940. Indeed, the B.E.F. can have had the scintillant of cover on the Dyle. Belgium relied on a series of fixed forts, France on a fixed Maginot Line. Today, defences of earthworks, concrete, metal, wire, bunkers and mines are arranged in depth, often to considerable extent, with the object of slowing up an advance.

It has been demonstrated that there are two ways of smashing these obstructions. One is by massed artillery. The other is by the use of massed heavy bombers. Army-co-operation air attacks in which fragmentation bombs are dropped, rocket-projectiles, cannon-gun shells, and machine-gun bullets fired, is ideal when the front is on the move; but it does not provide the sheer weight and penetrating power required to effect the first break-through.

... and deformed by the infantry. Man-power favours the Red Army. Faced with this mobile form of assault it is probable that the German commanders could have countered the continuous weight of the surface attack only if they had had means to attack and disrupt the Soviet rear area communications and organization. This they could do by one means only—air power, and that means they did not possess. The continuous air offensive waged against the Luftwaffe by the air forces of British and American heavy bombers, the unceasing attacks upon German aircraft factories by British and American bombers, and their attacks against German aircraft grounded on their own aerodromes had so reduced the Luftwaffe that it was a depleted air force that Guderman and Manstein had to deploy against the Russian rear. It has been reported that there were but some 1,000 German aircraft of all types in action upon the Eastern front.

Germany could not withdraw her air force from the West without facing catastrophic attack by air because of the overwhelming air superiority of the Allies there. Meanwhile, heavy bombers from the West were devastating the heart of the Reich. On January 19 the German radio stated that Munich, Freiburg and Nuremberg had been attacked; Munich was destroyed. Munich was the first city to receive R.A.F.'s 12,000-lb. bombs. Air plants in Silesia and Pomerania were bombed, prior to the opening of the Soviet offensive, by British and American bombers operating from bases in the U.K. and Italy in strategic preparation for the Soviet attack. (The advance air strafing of Rommel's oil was an integral part of the Alexander-Montgomery-Tedder plan of attack in Egypt.)

No part of Europe now in German occupation lies outside the range of heavy bombers based in Britain and Italy. It would not be possible to drop the concentrations of bombs that fell in Normandy or on the railway system behind Rundstedt's salient, but it is possible for the Western-based Allied heavy bombers to attack whatever German defended urban stronghold the Red Armyeman. The German forces in and around the air bases and strategic heavy bomber force being comparatively small.

It is not surprising that there are reports (emanating from enemy and neutral sources) that both Germany and other nations are running aeroplanes. The Japanese rammer is to be used against Super-Fortress bombers attacking Japan. The Germans are said to be a jet-plane with an armoured nose.

SORELY Depleted Luftwaffe in Action on the Eastern Front

When the weather cleared on the Eastern Front the Red Air Force tactical aircraft swarmed over the battlefront. The R.A.F. reported them to be operating in several thousand. Two thousand were reported operating in aid of the Red Army in one sector alone. The Soviet capture of East Prussian airfields and abandoned German aircraft is important for the continued air offensive.

Meanwhile, British and American air attacks against Germany’s oil were made on plants and storage depots in the Ruhr, Meseberg, Munster, Heide, Magdeburg, Derben, Brunswick, Bochum, Recklinghausen, Dresden, Harburg, Kassel, Wanne, Eike, Vienna, Duisburg, and elsewhere. Where not engaged against oil targets, the heavy bombers, and at all times the tactical aircraft on the Eastern Front, have been engaged in exacting enemy communications behind the most active parts of the Western Front. R.A.F. and U.S. Air forces are now consistently knocking-out marshalling yards and railway junctions have function attacked. Berlin itself has been repeatedly bombed by Mosquitos at night.

Far to the north, Norwegian parachute troops have been dropped to sabotage railway bridges carrying the lines running through the valleys between Trondheim and Oslo, thus obstructing reinforcements withdrawing from Norway to the main fighting fronts. One troop train crashed into a huge waterfall, killing 800. The German’s have been surprised by the attack, and German and injuring about 300. Another part the railway has been sealed by troops of African flying-boat Beaufighters at a hotel in (at Cigale Cove, Lusitan Island, northern 40th parallel, January 23), while the taking quarters of the crews of German torpedo boats. It was destroyed.

In Lurin the advancing American forces have captured the important Clark Field aircraft railway. Surette of this airfield the will give them full tactical air control over Manila, the Philippines capital, Tokyo and other nearby targets and the isolated bases in Indo-China have been strategically bombed by Super-Fortresses and carrier-aircraft.
NORTHWARD BOUND: A convoy, continual sweeping of snow from H.M.S. Fencer's flight-deck (1), is needed to keep it serviceable. At a Russian port Soviet naval officers (2), watch H.M.S. Fencer's tropicalising, aircraft carrier (3). For the hungry, sailors of the Red Navy (3) entertain their hours with a vigorous display of dancing.

The convoy sails at sundown—a striking study in silhouettes (1) as seen from H.M.S. Fencer, which has added to her Gurkha glory by brushing an ice cap off the Norwegian coast and on the fringe of the Arctic Circle.

For three years British convoys have been running supplies to Russia, and more than 60 per cent of America's ships have gone through. As long ago as May 1941, Mr. Churchill told Parliament that, besides more than £222,500,000 worth of raw materials, foodstuffs, machinery, medical supplies and comforts, well over 5,000 tanks and 6,000 aircraft had reached the U.S.S.R.

Photos, British Official
By Sea, Land and Air with Our Roving Camera

DR. JAMES HALL, of Deal, sailors' emergency surgeon famed far and wide, has turned out many responses to SOS signals from ships carrying someone in urgent need of medical attention. His log of time spent at sea exceeds 400 hours, his journeys totalling 1,200 miles. The lifeboat (left) in which on Jan. 10, 1945, he spent four hours in a raging gale.

CROSS-CHANNEL SERVICE TO FRANCE reopened on Jan. 10, 1945, after 4 years. Passengers on the first day—here seen arriving numbered 90, all on urgent business. Note British and French soldiers either side of the gangway.

COALMAN IN KHAKI is fox, C. Eggleston, of Bristol, one of hundreds of soldiers who helped London merchants to "deliver the goods" to flood-swept houses during Jan. 1945. PAGE 933

THE LANCASTRIAN, civil version of the Lancaster bomber, is a fast long-range luxury air-liner to be used when the England-Australia service, via India, is resumed. It carries nine passengers besides freight or mail; range, 4,150 miles, cruising speed, 255 m.p.h. The passengers' cabin (centre right). Photo, Daily Sketch, Fox, British Newspaper Pool. News Chronicle, Baratt's
HAVE you ever noticed that people who are loud in their professions of patriotism, genuine professors too, refuse to alter their habits and methods of business to meet a national need? Here is a case that has come under my notice. A brewery sends out to customers who order beer, first, an invoice to acknowledge the order and say it will be carried out. With the beer is sent a large sheet in duplicate to record the delivery. Then arrives a bill which, like the other documents, is far larger than it need be. Sneeze waste of large quantities of paper that are urgently required for munitions! The head of the brewery is a man who loves his country and would make sacrifices for it; but he cannot bring himself to alter the ways of his office in order to save paper. The same shrinking from change even in such small matters makes some people continue to write their letters on double sheets of note-paper when they can buy it by the barrow. And I know at least one man who will not use envelopes that have been through the post dead, owing to their size. He mutters: "Not going to begin now."

Another matter in which change is disliked and even bitterly resented is that of dress. Men who have stuck to the bowler hat are famous because it is a sign of headgear that has almost disappeared from the hatter's shops. They look at the soft felt, which are offered to them, with disgust and almost as great as that which used to be felt for their dress—by modern-day member wearing one in the early nineties, when they were a novelty, and being chaffed or abused by all my friends for having taken to what they called a "photographer's hat."

But there are men who, when wearing one during his trips to Marienbad and even to the country at home, although not, of course, in London. Soon they became the usual wear for the majority, in Town as well as out of it. By the rights of the top-hat, essential at one time as a mark of respectability, was disappearing. Nearly so, not the bowler could compare in comfort with the Honiburg or Tribury, and in my opinion that has lost its better appearance as well.

Will the Riviera ever be again what it was in its most prosperous days, when all its huge luxury hotels were built and vast sums of money were taken and left there by visitors from all lands, especially Britain? I am prompted to ask the question because I see it announced that the Promenade des Anglais at Nice is to be rebuilt after being destroyed by the Germans. That was one of the most famous streets in the new world, four miles long and planted with palms and other semi-tropical trees and shrubs. I have many pleasant recollections of walking along it in hot sunshine at a time of year when London was miserably cold and foggy. But for some years the attractions of the Riviera had been diminishing. It cultivated a summer season for a time, which helped it along. But it is doubtful whether it can again become the playground of the rich—for there may not be any but.

While I was having my hair cut, I had a chance conversation with a naval officer a few chairs away who had a bushy black beard. The barber shook his head disapprovingly. "He cannot alter his own appearance," he said. "He is a man in uniform, and he is compelled to alter his appearance; but in the case of men who have hearts and chin covered by hair. "Makes 'em look older, too, the barber said. I'm not so sure about that; Bernard Shaw with a beard in his twenties was the youngest-looking thing ever, I have heard. But it is a natural view for hairdressers to take. Why should they encourage what is a wind of my acquaintance, named Frank Richardson, a generation ago used to call "the face fungus." He gained quite a reputation by making up a suit of beards and whiskers and there was, some said, a movement among barbers to put up a sign of him in Aie Street. He certainly did them a good turn.

When the scholarly young man in the club library asked me "How many ounces in an hour?" I must confess I thought he was condescending and felt tempted to reply with the old teaser: "Why is a mouse when it spins?"

There was something in the question after all, however, for he pointed to a footnote in a new edition of the anonymous 14th-century English classic, The Cloud of Unknowing, which he was studying. Here it is—an unadulterated example of the tortuous and fantastical methods of calculation employed (though not often, I hope) by our medieval forebears:

A peart is the fourth part of an hour; a quarter the tenth part of a point; an ounce is the twelfth part of a moment; and an acut is the forty-eight part of an ounce. So that in one hour there are four points, forty moments, 480 acuts, and 25,760 aures.

As the Scot might put it—Whaur's your Albert Einstein now?

Few men who had various important positions, he told me, had been told that they were about to leave when they died, so frankly and plain as it was told about Gerald Balfour the other day. Brother to the more famous Arthur, who finished up as an earl, he was put at the head of several departments of State and failed in all of them. He belonged to the clique known as the Hostel Cell.

Mr. HAKOLD C. EMEMSON appointed Director-General of Plan-Power to the Ministry of Labour to implement the Government's college of 250,000 more men for the Services announced on December 23, 1944. He succeeded Sir Godfrey Phillips. (Photo: Refer)

Hicrack. PAGE 639

I am not so sure about that: Bernard

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I'm not so sure about that: Bernard报废
Rocket-Shower Shatter Mindoro Defences

INTENSE BOMBARDMENT BY ROCKET-FIRING CRAFT preceded the successful storming by U.S. troops under Gen. Walter Krueger of Japanese-held Mindoro, one of the larger Philippine islands (see map, page 329), on December 13, 1944. Of this operation General MacArthur said: "It will enable us to dominate sea and air routes which reach to the China coast." Mindoro is 75 miles south of Manila, capital of Luzon, on which landings were made three weeks later. See also illus. in page 328.