HOisting his Troop Flag at Venlo. The Ladder of No. 1 Commando Brigade climbed a street lamp after the town had been taken by Field Marshal Montgomery’s 13th Armoured Division on April 9, 1945. The German soldiers inside offered little resistance, but look of the Commandos was taking off after snipers in the heart of the city, while loudspeakers gave orders to the remaining civilians.
AT BUCHENWALD, overrun by Gen. Patton's U.S. 3rd Army on April 11, 1945, a thousand prisoners, their bellies bloated by the epidemic of typhus, were found in one long trench with statistics like corpses.

Headed by General Eisenhower, high-ranking Allied officers visited another N.S. concentration camp run by the S.S., the so-called Dora camp near Bad Nenndorf. The area was captured by the U.S. 3rd Army on April 12. A Dutch prisoner left the camp to drink poison in the death chamber. At the end of World War II, the prisoners were discovered on a floor among the bodies of other victims. Many of the survivors did not know that civilians from the towns were ordered to dig graves and remove the corpses for burial.
IN THE WAKE OF THE VICTORS

Another chapter from Our Own Correspondent's impressions of his visit to the British Front by Captain NORMAN MACMILLAN, M.C., A.F.C.

Many of the roads in Belgian and Holland are good macadam cut in the shape of cubes and laid close together, without mortar or cement, on top of the levelled soil. Such roads stand up remarkably well to normal traffic, but they were subjected to terrific strains by the enormous mechanized convoys that poured in unending succession towards the Front. The severe frost had frozen the water in the soil beneath them and the extending ice had blown the surface sets upward; when the thaw came the weight of traffic destroyed the surface. Wherever we went we found stretches of road under repair, causing the flow of traffic to slow down at one-way bottlenecks.

American and British white hoops and darkies worked on the roads. It was hard, unremitting toil, whether the surfaces were of paved or of clay and broken stone. The pvc had to be re-erected accurately; macadam and dirt roads were resurfaced with the debris of shattered buildings, where these were at hand. I cannot say that the men engaged on this work looked happy. Most were miserable expressions, especially the white Americans. Here was no glory, no fame, but disillusionment arising from realization of the choices of way. Yet there were exceptions, and I think, for without it the all-important convoys could not go through to their destination.

By day and night we passed lines of amphibious vehicles—buffaloes, 6-wheel mud ducks, 6-wheeled army ducks; followed and preceded by supply transport and armament of all kinds, wherever possible moving up in a double row, for the great assault was already on. By day, vehicles on urgent priority used blanking red lights and gave the right of way. At night, headlights blazing, dipped to ours, then blazed again as they passed. But one long convoy of armaments crawled, on urgent call, moved lightless through the night. Military traffic police stopped all traffic giving the other way and lights to avoid dazzling the drivers of the oncoming amphibians.

Tree-trunk Signs Warn Drivers

Traffic Control utilized almost every roadside sign-truck to display instructions and warnings to drivers. No more important signs were repeated every few miles. Roads were coded—named or numbered, and the words UP or DOWN distinguished direction to or from the Front. One road might be 301 DOWN: another MAPLE LEAF DIAMOND UP. Tasks or heavy trucks were scheduled to a speed limit over soft or worn roads. Sometimes all traffic had to be speed restricted, at approaches to temporary bridges where single line traffic was compulsory.

Many signs, painted in black letters on large white boards, were repeated every few miles. Among them were "IF YOU MUST STOP GET OFF THE ROAD... IF YOU CAN'T GET OFF THE ROAD DON'T STOP. THE CAREFUL DRIVER HAS NO REGRETS... NO DOUBLE BANKING... DON'T OVERTAKE IN FOG... OBEY THE SIGNS AND HELP TRAFFIC CONTROL... VEHICLES MUST KEEP THIRTY YARDS APART... NO OVERTAKING.

As one tree-trunk, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO PUT ON THIS ONE. In the front window the signs became less official white cardboard nailed to convenient tree-trunks, each of the Reichswald Forest, where at that time the 21st (Highland) Division was in action. They read:

Drive on the verge
And break up the forest.
We'd rather like to give you
A kick with our boots.
Wave at the girls
To help your nerves,
But remember the road
Has no shoulder.

In the towns, traffic signs point to indicate the location of units' headquarters looked like linden poles. They were covered from top to street-level with little plates of diverse colours, signs, queer letters, and abbreviated words. The face of the post was filled more plates were mounted on the sides until the building was brilliantly coloured, gay, tropical animal, everywhere prominent among the signs were the Maple Leaf and the Scottish Lion.

We stopped for a few minutes in 's-Hertogenbosch (it means 'Duke's Wood') to see the byzantine Gothic cathedral, much damaged than some of our English cathedrals; indeed, almost unhurt. The interior, which reminded me of Milan cathedral, felt damp and cold. There was no heating. But a number of worshippers were gathered in the church; they walked the chapels alongside the choir and altar, silent upon their devotions, while the dull boom of U.S. 'Long Tom' guns of heavy artillery broke the silence with the reminder that war waged over the land. When we returned to the car, Dutch children ran up to ask us if we were Canadians.

Gas Stoves Ready for Use—In the number of 3,000, each weighing 60 lbs. and stoves with particularly ingenious burners shown by Reid affords to their owners of the party, the story of the discovery in the tunnel, the scene of the railway infection.

Finally, a beautiful bridge—protected by light A.A.—laying bomb proof, and everything about at 500 feet. At dusk, standing above that of the traffic. Throughout Holland the Bailey bridge was the most conspicuous feature of the landscape.

Before we reached the Grave bridge—protected by light A.A.—laying bomb proof, and everything about at 500 feet. At dusk, standing above that of the traffic. Throughout Holland the Bailey bridge was the most conspicuous feature of the landscape.

TO BREMEN THROUGH SMOKE AND FLAMES, a British dispatch-riding speeds past a burning building near the famous River port. The April 14 fire at one of the British War-lost docks from Bremen had broken out from the after-bridge-land at Bremen; eight days later they had returned the Bremen suburbs.
This prefabricated bridge must have saved immense labour and much time during the advance over a countryside so cut by waterways. See page 564, Vol. 8.) We crossed the Maas-Waal canal by Bailey bridge, and entered Nijmegen, where a fair-haired, curly-cropped Dutch girl of about five stood on a chair in a window watching the traffic and singing at the top of her voice.

We push on towards the forward zone, and after traversing an appalling road of mud reached the main road to Kranenburg, a small town eight miles from Nijmegen and the railway frontier station within Germany. It had been captured the previous evening by the H.H.I. Medium bombers of 2nd T.A.F. had softened up for the attack, bombing both sides of the Nijmegen-Kranenburg road where defence points were sited. In a length of several miles I found only one bomb crater on the road itself, evidence of remarkable accuracy of aim despite poor visibility. This one crater was being filled in by Pioneers, to restore the roadway which was there reduced to two-way traffic.

The Jerican Cooking-Stove

Before reaching Kranenburg I saw two undamaged German frontier radio-relay towers—of an early pattern—apparently anti-aircraft radar posts. Kranenburg was badly smashed up by the guns, bombs and rockets of the Typhoon squadrons, I went into a doctor’s house. On one side of the lobby was his waiting-room, opposite was his dispensary. Between was a small sitting-room and lounge. A picture frame hung on the wall, but it seemed it had contained two out of the frame. Tables were overturned, windows smashed, plaster gone, books lay about the floor and sideboard. The house was in a state of utter desolation, the bombardment began a few hours before.

Kranenburg, with a pre-war population of just under 4,000, has considerable remains of ancient ramparts, and near it were the newer sections of the Siegfried Line. Its 13th-century church had an attractive tall spire, but the sky showed through a few war-made holes in it. On a plot of open ground facing the main street some troops sat on wooden chairs brought out from the houses, cooking their rations on a petrol stove that burned in a tortoise-jerican; the thought struck me that last time I warmed myself at such a fire was on the Transvaal frontier.

In the Wake of the Victors

Lieut.-Gen. B. G. Horrocks, C.B., D.S.O., Commanding the British Eighth Army, sent Lt. Col. B. R. G. Horrocks, C.B., D.S.O., to Berlin, to tell the German people the news. Shortly before the end of the war, he was sent to make a tour of the country to record events and report to the War Illustrated. He was unable to complete his tour, and we reproduce some of his illustrations for the reader here. The story of the war has been published in a series of articles in the War Illustrated, and the book has been published in the United States under the title "The War Illustrated: The British and American Forces in Europe."
THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

The battle fronts which is bound to be fought will be between the Elbe and the Oder when the task of the commander is not easy. Before the Allies can be compelled to begin the battle it will be practically certain, although it is impossible to predict how long this bitter fighting may be necessary if fanatical and desperate German soldiers maintain a suicidal struggle. Apart from the action of some groups it remains to be seen whether the German Army will go down fighting desperately or whether there will be a sudden unexpected collapse such as has occurred in the Ruhr pocket.

There can be no doubt that the Germans have deployed the bulk of their available forces on the Eastern Front, hoping that they would at least be able to limit the area to be overrun by the Red Army whose veterans they naturally feared. Now that the Allies have cleared up part of the country the Germans may decide that protracted resistance is useless and would entail only further devastation of the country. German historians will find it hard to explain away the ignominious surrenders in the Ruhr pocket. If the 300,000 prisoners taken there in the course of a few days had fought with the determination the situation demanded, a large part of the U.S. 9th and 1st Armies could probably have taken no share in the battle beyond the Elbe. Until a surrender had been ordered by the highest authorities could surrender on such a scale and under such circumstances be excused.

I do not often bark back to views I have previously expressed, but I think I may claim that a suggestion I made a few days ago was pending has to a considerable extent been fulfilled. I then said that the German Regular Army, though conscious that the war was lost, would fight desperately in the defence of the frontiers, and in order to maintain the prestige and traditions of the German military establishment, the decision to disband it, would meet finds its way to the heart of the country.

In the frontier fighting I thought probable that German commanders might attempt gambling operations, fully realizing that should they fail the end would come sooner. I feared quick but bloody in the defence of the frontiers, and I believed that the decision to disband the Army would find its way to the heart of the country.

In the frontier fighting I thought probable that German commanders might attempt gambling operations, fully realizing that should they fail the end would come sooner. I feared quick but bloody in the defence of the frontiers, and I believed that the decision to disband the Army would find its way to the heart of the country.

Western Front on April 25th, 1945, indicating the final Allied advance to cut the Reich in two. The British 2nd Army had entered Berlin on April 20th, and the Red 2nd Army was within 30 miles of Berlin, which they entered three days later.

Looking back on the course of the war since the winter offensive began and passed into the spring campaign, one is even more impressed by the perfection of the Allied plans and by the way the whole complex structure of the operations has been fitted together than by the performances of individual commanders. Combined arms have never been put together as well, and the decisions have never been better worked out. Amazingly little has appeared to go wrong, and the great movements seem to lead to the loss of opportunities. It is less surprising that the operation on the Western Front should have been admirably co-ordinated, for the Allied armies have fortunately a single directing hand, but few could have believed the Western and Eastern offensives should not only have been so well synchronized that their components should have fitted together so remarkably.

I was of course obvious that Berlin would be a lodestar-determining the direction the advance from each side, and it might have been foreseen that the left of the Russian invading armies and General Eisenhower's right would probably meet in the neighbourhood of Dresden. But it was by chance or by brilliant collaboration that the Russian drive to the south-east and the American drive to the north-west converged in a way that one could not, in the first instance, have anticipated. Berlin was fixed as an unequivoque goal by General Patch's 7th Army from Austria should arrive practically simultaneously at Vienna and Nuremberg respectively, with good prospects of meeting in the upper Danube valley and of separating between Hitler's main armies in the north and the mountains strongholds in the south.

Furthermore, there is every probability that, Malinovsky's Army advancing into Moravia has made with German resistance illusory. It is therefore likely, therefore, that Berlin's position can be strengthened in which part of the Army would offer prolonged resistance. As a further blow to Hitler's hopes of continuing Allied withdrawal in the mountains of the south, Field-Marshal Alexander has again found himself in a position to launch a major offensive which seems likely to prove annihilating and to make it impossible for the Germans to withdraw into the Alpine passes. Within a few days after the start of the attack on April 12, the 8th and 9th Armies had driven the enemy from his long-held positions, captured Bologna, Ferrara, and Modena, crossed the Po and reached the line of the Adige and Verona, gateway to the Brenner.

What we are watching is an outstanding example of the correct and imaginative planning that must be the strategy in the war. The German retreat from the Rhine and the North Sea, the withdrawal of the Russians from Prague, and the evacuation of the Rhine and Ruhr pocket, mark the end of the war. The battle fronts which were fought with such determination on the Eastern Front have been fought with equal determination on the Western Front. The end is near, and the world is waiting for the final battle.
Wondrous Rescue for Airmen in Peril on the Sea

Airborne lifeboat suspended from parachutes was dropped (1) by a 7,000-h.p. Wren-class transport aircraft of R.A.F. Coastal Command during the dynamic rescue of the U.S. crew of a Catalina flying-boat on April 7, 1945, on the Mediterranean (2), and the Catalina's crew clambered into it (3) from their drogues. The Catalina, returning for the pilot of a Mustang which had been forced down into the sea, had a bad time of it as it was buffeted in heavy seas. The lifeboat was brought alongside (4) and the Catalina's crew were picked up by a rescue launch of the Royal Navy. See also story on page 72. Vol. 8.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

B

y the time this is published, the German fleet, afloat from submarines and small craft, may no longer exist as a fighting force. Already several of its rear bases have been eliminated, and the fate of the remainder cannot long be delayed. From its appearance in the Baltic, with the heavy cruiser Seydlitz, of 10,000 tons. Though launched on long ago on January 1939, this ship, for some unknown reason had never been completed for service. Laid up in harbor at Königsberg, it is believed to have been blown up by the Germans before the Soviet forces entered the city.

Another incomplete ship, the aircraft carrier Graf Zeppelin, of 70,290 tons, was launched on land as if laid up in a dismantled state in the old yard of the Oder, below Bautzen. That port on the Oder, which was under British control at all times, had been occupied by the Red Army at all times, and the fate of Germany's only aircraft carrier, launched in this condition by the Chinese company at Kiel in December 1936, will doubtless be that of many another enemy ship—scuttling. A sister ship, the Peter Stolze, though laid down at Kiel in 1935 or 1937, seems never to have been launched.

As Gylden, former Polish naval base, which was the Soviet arms entered late in March, the only surviving German battle ship, the Gneisenau, was under full. She had been reduced to a hulk, the gun turners and entire superstructure having been removed in order that the ship might be refloated. Though nothing is known about the superstructure which she had sustained, it is not to be ruled out that when, on February 17, 1952, the ship was launched in a dock of Dover in company with the battlecruiser Schleswig and the heavy cruiser Prinz Eugen, on their way from Brest to Wilhelmshaven, a number of determined attacks was made upon the enemy by the Royal Navy.

As Swedish aircraft, led by Lieutenants-Cdr. (A) H. C. S. and E. C. A. W. who had been shot down, the group of pilots being attacked by German fighters, were believed to have got at least one of them, all were destroyed. The bombers were possibly the Victoria Cross and Gallant action (see page 567, Vol. 3). Motor torpedo boats based on Dover were to attack the ship as it entered port, to stop and send it to sea, and finally, two boats of our destroyers in the North Sea pressed home attacks off the Dutch coast, managing to get within close range through troup of mines. Although it is estimated that half-a-dozen torpedoes may have found their marks, though the Germans asserted that a mine-sweeper, one of some 30 small craft which were endeavouring to screen the three big ships, was the only casualty.

A DHARLA Scher at Kiel Pressured Tank by a Magazine Explosion

Though both the Schleswig and Prinz Eugen were soon in service again, the Gneisenau has never been reported at sea since, and it seems reasonable to conclude that she suffered such severe structural injuries from torpedo hits that it was necessary to strip her completely to get at the damage. What has now become of her does not very much matter, but probably she was destroyed by the Germans before Gylden fell.

Next it was the turn of the 6,000-ton cruiser Köln, survivor of three sisters. Both the other two were lost during the German invasion of Norway five years ago, the Karlshuse being torpedoed off Kristianstad by H.M. submarine Traunt, and the Königsberg being dive-bombed in harbor at Bergen by the Fleet Air Arm. Towards the end of March last, bombers of the Royal Air Force scored two or three direct hits on the Köln as she lay at her moorings in Wilhelmshaven, Germany's principal naval base on the North Sea coast. When photographed a day or two later she was seen to be burning on the bottom, with her upper deck submerged. She may therefore be safely written off as an effective warship.

On the night of April 9-10 a heavy attack was made by Bomber Command on the dockyard at Kiel. Several bombers dropped a heavy load in the vicinity of a large ship lying in the dockyard basin, and a heavy explosion followed. Photographs which discloses that the ship was the Admiral Scheer, one of the so-called "pocket battlecruises." She was burning under water, completely wrecked, and is presumed to have been sunk by a magazine explosion.

Her only remaining sister ship, the Lützow (formerly named Deutschland), was spotted shortly afterward at the entrance to the port of Swinemünde, in the Baltic. Swinemünde bears much the same relationship to Stettin, at the mouth of the Oder, as Gourock does to Glasgow. On the afternoon of April 16 a determined attack was made on the ship by R.A.F. bombers, as the result of which the ship now lies on the mud with her stern under water, a helpless wreck.

Thus completes the glorious saga of the "pocket battlecruisers," an inaccurate and non-technical description of a type which has failed to live up to the Rambouillet advertisement which accompanied its production by the German 15 years ago. Designed to evade the restrictions placed on German naval construction by the Versailles Treaty, this type of ship combined an armament of six 11.1-in. and eight 2.9-in. guns with an armament belt of from five to five-and-a-half inches in thickness and a speed of 26 knots. It was the enemy's boast that these ships were too powerful to be tackled by the heaviest British cruisers, which carried no weapon more powerful than the 8-in.; while the speed of 26 knots was in excess of that of any British capital ship then existing, other than the trolloops cruiser Hood, Resolute and Renown. It was Commodore (now Vice-Admiral Sir Henry) Harwood who exposed the weakness of the "pocket battlecruiser" design. With three cruisers, one mounting 8-in. guns and the others 6-in. guns, he fought the Admiral Graf Spee with such fury and determination, templed with courage and resolution, that the German ship was glad to sink to the neutral port of Montevideo. She emerged again on December 17, 1939, only to surrender itself rather than face a renewal of the action.

Since then the other two ships of this discredited design discreetly refrained action on every occasion when it was offered, except on November 5, 1940, when the Admiral Scheer depended on a convoy in the Atlantic. At that date the Royal Navy was so short of escorts that the convoy's only protection was the armed merchant cruiser Aris Bay. Though hopelessly out-numbered, she resolutely attacked the Admiral Scheer, and before she sank had the satisfaction of knowing that she had given the enemy time to escape. Captain E. S. F. Macdonald, in Aris Bay, received the V.C., posthumously (see page 567, Vol. 3). On Christmas Day, another convoy, this time escorted by the cruiser Berwick, armed with 5-in. guns, was attacked by an enemy ship, believed to have been the Admiral Scheer. After an exchange of gunfire with the Berwick, the German ship prudently withdrew.
Australian Pathfinders in New Guinea Waters

As the war in New Guinea is a major theatre in the South-East Asian campaign, the role of the Australian pathfinders becomes increasingly significant. The Australian Hydrographic Service has been instrumental in mapping the New Guinea coast and providing essential navigational information to Allied forces. The pathfinders have played a crucial role in ensuring the safe passage of ships and aircraft, facilitating the movement of troops and supplies. Their work has been vital in the prosecution of the war against Japan in the Pacific Theatre. The pathfinders have been awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) and the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) for their contributions. The pathfinders have also been recognized for their bravery and dedication in the face of hostile Japanese forces. The work of the Australian Hydrographic Service has been acknowledged by various awards and honours, including the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) and the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC). The pathfinders have been praised for their courage and dedication in the face of enemy fire, and their efforts have been instrumental in the success of military operations in the South-East Asian campaign.
New Soviet Tactics Saved Austrian Capital

VIENNA WAS CAPTURED BY THE RED ARMY, little damaged, in less than a week (finally cleared on April 13, 1945), thanks to new tactics by Marshalev Malinovsky and Zhukovsky. Instead of advancing along the coasts and then engaging in fighting, the Red Army moved through enemy territory, squeezing down walls to neutralize enemy formations. The Parliament House, seen here with Soviet artillery raking its, was unscathed. Red Army troops laid a wreath on the memorial to Johann Strauss at "Blue Danube."
Restored to the Freedom They Had Fought For—

Over 5,000 Russians were released at Elshinde, between Münster and Hannover, on April 2, 1945. With joy they broke through the gates of Wöbbelin following the swift advance of the British 2nd Army's Tank Brigade and the U.S. 7th Armored Division. The Russian soldiers cheered as they hauled upuce to the British liberated "Muslim" "slave" (1) from the crosses and trenches of the 20,000 Soviet victims of privation (2)....
-Allied Ex-Prisoners Hit the Homeward Trail

Awaiting the eight-bound planes, British ex-prisoners rested on a wrecked Nazi airfield (top) after their rescue from Ober 118 p. Valley, near Chateau, while groups of the U.S. 5th Army met them on March 18. 1945. At Saumy, 15 miles northwest of Marseilles, Maj. Gen. Henry Twelfth, commanding the 5th Infantry Division of the U.S. 5th Army, on April 1 took the salute from 4,000 liberated French officers (bottom), many of them prisoners for five years.

PAGE 11
ROOSEVELT

January 30, 1882
April 12, 1945

A TRIBUTE

by JAMES LANDSLADE HODSON

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, first husband of Eleanor Roosevelt, 32nd President of the United States, late in life, like his great-great-grandfather, Washington, also used his political platform to make the world a better place. For many years, he fought against the Great Depression and championed the cause of the working class, working tirelessly to improve the lives of the average American. His leadership during World War II was unmatched, and his legacy continues to inspire generations.

NOT in modern history has the loss of a great leader of men been so immediately felt by all right-thinking humanity as the sudden death of Frank- lin Delano Roosevelt, when within a week of the final triumph of that heroism to which he had so completely dedicated his life. We have invited a brilliant English journalist, but recently returned from the U.S.A., author of "I Like America," to write this special tribute to the memory of the "Greatest President since Lincoln."

Roosevelt began that series of messages known as the New Deal—so many of which have already been described, such as the "Green Plan," the "Grey Plan," and the "Brown Plan." These messages were the first of 38,000 machine-guns, the first of 300,000 air-machines, and the first of 30,000,000 millionaires and multimillionaires and great publishers and great bankers. Roosevelt was the Liberal. What he managed to do was to write the world into the sea of poverty, to shut it out from the sea of poverty, and to keep the ship of state afloat with the aid of his old friends, the "spirits of the individual," the "spirits of the particular." He himself, so far as one could see, was as white from the first to the last. White America was still neutral; he said, "in a neutral country, he asked to close his mind or his conscience."

Before war began he had been one of the ugliest truces of authority, and of those who were, he was one of the few. When war came, his ships were back in the sea, and his ships were back in the sea, and his ships were back in the sea.

H and it is said that the world is a place of illusion and madness. It is a place where illusion and madness are made a reality. But in the face of this, it is hard to believe that the world is as real as it is. It is hard to believe that the world is as real as it is.

But in the face of this, it is hard to believe that the world is as real as it is. It is hard to believe that the world is as real as it is.

But in the face of this, it is hard to believe that the world is as real as it is. It is hard to believe that the world is as real as it is.
Heart of the Empire Mourns America’s President

IN ST. PAUL’S CATHEDRAL BRITAIN PAID TRIBUTE to the memory of President Roosevelt at a solemn memorial service on April 16, 1919. Among those who did mournful duty over the body of the great American statesman were Their Graces the King and Queen, Prince Edward, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of the British and United States, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, King Haakon of Norway, King George of Greece, and King Peter of Yugoslavia.
Scandinavia's Post-War Position and Policy

It may be said, without any reflection on his good sense, that the average reader is not too well informed concerning the present or the future of the three Baltic countries which lie between the west and the east. Since the outbreak of the war in 1939, the interest of the outside world in the Baltic States has decreased remarkably. The policy and position of these countries have been of little concern to the leaders of the United Nations, and the decision of the foreign policy of these nations has not been much influenced by the policies of the United States or the United Kingdom.

Tunstall used to be the idea that a Scandinavian federation would be very desirable from every point of view, since the three Scandinavian nations would all strengthen their international positions. This has been the statement of those countries, and there is no reason why it should not be true. But Tunstall has no intention of quarrelling with Russia and no desire to antagonize her. This might not be a valid point in such a framework, but it would be a better understanding if the people of the Baltic States were to have a better understanding of the problems awaiting solution in Scandinavia and the Baltic generally.

With regard to the attitude of the countries to the post-war Germany, it seems doubtful as to whether Norway or Denmark will ever want to be war enemies of that country. Sweden, as a non-belligerent, will not be able to take any part in the war, and it seems that she may be kept to the police of the Baltic States, as she did in the war after the 1914-18 war. But problems will arise owing to the non-existence of an active and productive German government. Fortunately the Polish coal mines have not been damaged, and if transport can be maintained, the following plans can be carried out. Those plans will be the establishment of a new port in Poland's new port of Danzig.

Kiel Canal Internationalized

An answer to the question for the future security of these regions in 1918, after the defeat of Germany, the Baltic remained a German inland sea. Versailles reduced the German navy, so that it could not compete with the navies of the Western Powers on the open seas, but it left it strong enough to make the Danish straits inaccessible and to rule the Baltic. The annexation of Slesvig-Holstein in 1866 had eliminated the chance of that possibility, being used by an enemy for an attack on Germany, while the Kiel Canal doubled the strength of the German fleet by permitting it, unseen and unannounced, to pass into the North Sea or the Baltic. By her control of the Baltic, Germany was able to separate Western Europe from the East, the industrialised regions that would be an arsenal for any anti-German coalition from Eastern Europe, the reservoir of timber and raw materials. (Of course, the effects of these measures have become rather too late, owing to the Russian influence in the Urals and beyond, and because of the man-power of the United States, which could makeoff with other than which the Nazi protest against as unfairly.)

The Kiel Canal will have to be internationalized after the war. Russia, Poland and Finland are greatly concerned in maintaining this direct communication with Western Europe, while Britain will need to have this route to Central Europe. Both commercial and political considerations will therefore call for a mixed defense of the Baltic route. Neither will Germany have to surrender Biawar's line of Slesvig-Holstein, but islands in the Baltic and the North Sea, where military bases must be created to control German ports and protect Denmark and the rest of Scandinavia from another invasion. Airfields will have to be at the disposal of the occupying Powers.

In conclusion, it must be said that the geopolitical position of the countries between the Atlantic and the Pacific, which were in the past the focal point of the world's power struggle, has been changed. The Scandinavian countries are now in a position to influence the future of the world, and their policies will have an important role in determining the course of events in the Baltic region. The Danes, Finns, and Swedes must work together to ensure their survival and to prevent their countries from becoming pawns in the game of international politics. The Baltic States must strive to maintain their independence and to ensure their own future, rather than to become dependent on the policies of the great powers.
No More are Our Bombers Interested in Hamm

Heavy bomber raids on Munster's railway yards and sidings caused vast damage: a locomotive and tender reacted to our bombs in this grotesque fashion (1). The town's administrative centre of Westphalia, was entered by Allied troops on April 3, 1945. After many visits the R.A.F. used 10-ton bombs on the famous marshalling yards at Hamm, railway nerve-centre in the Ruhr, where civilians took refuge to this massive concrete shelter (2); the town (3) was finally cleared on April 6.
The R.A.F. Went Many Times to Essen and—

Remains of the great Krupp plant, a prime target in the Ruhr, were taken over by the U.S. 9th Army on April 8, 1945. Ruhr Gau w w w  had already been there—with saturation raids. A 1,000-lb. bomb hurled the bronze statue of Frank-modified Herr Alfred Krupp (1813-1857) from its granite pedestal to the bottom of a crater (1). No complete gun of any kind left the works after the raid of July 16, 1944— one of the many unfinished pieces (2).

—Left Krupps Armament Works Like This

Covering an area of 3 miles by 1,500 yards, the factory, with its 50,000 workers, turned out high-grade steel—at one time 42,000 tons a day—and guns, locomotives, crankshafts for war engines, and other armaments. After the last R.A.F. raid, in daylight on March 11, 1945, production ceased entirely. This view of the tangled devastation that was Krupp shows no sign of life: the power, if not the will, to give birth to more death is crushed.
Both Sides of the Picture in Beaten Germany

The Nazi military machine lost its legs in very large numbers and with great rapidity: above are a few of the 3,000,000 prisoners taken by the Allies between the Normandy landings and April 1945. At a ceremonial parade (top) the same American flag which flew over Fort Echternachstein during the Occupation after the last war, was hoisted there again on April 6, in the presence of Gen. Omar Bradley; in the background is Coblenz, and the Moselle where it joins the Rhine.
by Hamilton Fyne

War is hell!" said Sherman, one of the generals of last century, and in a broad way he was right. For the soldier, at least, war is hell. But if war is hell, then, as Alan Moorehead once put it in a line, "there is a taste for gung-ho and adventure." It was one of his opportunities which he could not hope for in peacetime.

Moorehead was writing about a force that operated in North Africa, where, although it was its own, engaged on duties that had to be kept secret, comprising valiantly all the time to the defeat of the Nazis and Italians which was completed in Tunisia. At the time, Moorehead's name was not known, very little could be told about this force, but now the commander of the Force (LIEUTENANT COLONEL Group (Collins, 126. 64). Major W. B. Ken- nedy Shaw, who was its Intelligence Officer, tells almost the whole story of its doings between 1940 and 1943.

It is not altogether creditable to our military chiefs. Neither at the War Office nor at British headquarters in Cairo was the need for a force of this rapidly moving daredevil kind foreseen. "Had the Germans understood this," said Moorehead, "they would not have seen war with Italy, at least in 1940, as a definite possi- bility" and have gathered together men who knew the desert well already, so that they might be ready when the moment came. One of these men who had done an great deal of exploration in Libya was Major (now Brigadier) Bagot. Three times Bagot had to suggest that such a force should be formed. Only after Italy had come into the war was his scheme accepted. He set to work to form the most famous American military task. One of the first he roped in was the author of this book.

He also secured the loans of number of men who had the secret knowledge, and showed them nothing whatever that the early and con- tact with the desert was due to the speed and thoroughness with which the New Zealanders learned desert life and work.

There was a great deal to be learned even by this hardy group, with a majority of independence not found in British officers, but rather in desert officers to which he attributes the superiority which in most of a man's qualities the countryman will always have over the townman. They had no master not only the techniques of desert warfare but the art of keeping alive, of overcoming the ‘uplifting difficulties of Nature—heat, thirst, cold, rain, fatigue.'

Heat was probably most trying of all. When a certain wind blows over the sand . . .

You never feel hot, you don't merely feel it, you feel it as if every bit of moisture has left you, as if your brains was thrusting its way through the top of your head and you want to cool. It's a major that the sanctity has gone down.

Scarcity of water, dust storms, a glare that "throws you to a cinder in summer and puts but little warmth into the winter winds," were worse enemies than the Nazis, worse even than the Nazis. In some places there were "beloved" beds, through which camp- ers could "outlive the sun's rays and the stones added to the hazards of exist- ence."

The attack was the one real danger from man. To take cover in the desert is impossible unless one can get under a sand dune or a rock, under which it is the only place to be sheltered.

Instead, the soldier would stop. A medium-sized vehicle is very hard to spot from the air. Unfortunately, some cars were seen by R.A.F. planes and mistakes for an enemy patrol.

The first task of the L.R.D.G. undertook was to watch what the Italians were doing on the interior of Libya. They were, as a rule, doing nothing. The Italians had no means of their own territory—any rise, none which were of any use to them, or to us when we captured them. They were purely im- aginary. "The mountains were all high, as became the dignity of Fascist Italy. Making our way anxiously through an obviously impassable range of hills, we would find we had driven over it without feeling the bump."

One outstanding example of this was a map supposed to represent a place called Jalo. The map-maker, an officer of the Survey Department, was, says the author sarcasti- cally, "a mulet I am sure. Jalo, he felt, was a one-eyed hole, of which no map was really needed. The sand was soft and the day was hot, so why worry? He put his feet upon the mess table, shouted for another drink, and drew his map. Its inaccuracies were no absurdity that its might have been thought to be so, so as to mislead the forces, but, "it seems hardly likely the Italians were thinking of that as long ago as 1931."

The author shows nothing but contempt for Mussolini's troops. They tried to war by using camouflage, slogans, hot-air phrases. Everywhere on form, barracks, heaum they would watch such as "Believe, obey, fight!" . . . "The Duke is always right!" . . . "With the Duke we shall conquer."

But few of them put up much of a fight even when there were 500,000 of them against about 10,000 of us. Their officers simply did not know what to do with them.

Very different were the French—"these tough lads, officers of similar age to Senegalese Fusillier Regiment from Lake Chel; reckoned, gay in spite of their mutineries, and with one object in life—to get their teeth into the Boche."

Yet for all their dash and courage one could not but notice some of the traits which must have helped to bring France to the Annexe in 1940, a spirit of joie d'intelligence about the dull things like discipline, good work, and the maintenance of vehicles, aircraft and equip- ment, which go so far to win modern battles.

The Q problem—that is, the problem of supplies for the L.R.D.G.—was handled by a New Zealander named Barnett, a forty- year-old ex-army officer, in peacetime, with magi- cism activity. He had a very difficult task, instead of sending twenty or thirty miles for what he needed, which was the usual distance for ordinary units, he had to send in a team of three hundred. While other Quartermasters thought in days, he had to think in weeks or months. Yet he never failed the Desert Group. They got pretty nearly all they asked for, including sheepskin coats and sandals as worn on the Italian North-West Frontier. Wearing these on their feet, with month-old beards thick with sand and a month's dirt, since the water ration allowed none for washing; with skis burned to the colour of coffee, and clad only in a pair of torn shorts, they looked like creatures from some other world.

Keeping the Group supplied with petrol was one hard headache in itself. The loss by leakage was very high. Enough petrol must have been wasted in the Western Desert to run all the buses in London for months or years. Why was this? Because "the Army had unfortunately equipped itself in peacetime only for a war in England where petrol pumps abound." The Germans used a strong, unliking tin container with a good four-outlet tap, which was soon copied, but in the end it was replaced by a smaller one and the tin had essentially been the same.

That the Group did most useful work administratively of no doubt. Commander-in-Chief there had little to do. Commanders had to do on the spot. They also met more fun out of life than men belonging to more ordinary units. Scrounging up, Major Kennedy Shaw puts on the credit side that they had the best food in the Middle East, their work was always interesting and often exciting. They were always completely free from the presence of the enemy, the minimum of being "roughed about." Against that was the strain of operating almost continually behind the enemy's lines, never knowing what to do with their men and suffering as a result from weariness, and, I think, out of boredom.

It is clear that in spite of these heavy debit items a favourable balance was struck.

NEW ZEALAND PATROL, of the Prince Henry Product Group, the story of whose capture in the Western Desert between 1940 and 1941, is discussed in the book, entitled in full, and not magpie's feet. From a drawing by Captain Peter McLean (New Zealand official artist) reproduced by courtesy of the New Zealand Government. WARE 18.
All Reichsbank's Bullion Seized in Salt Mine

GERMANY'S ENTIRE GOLD RESERVE, millions of pounds in bullion and currency, and priceless art treasures, were seized by Gen. Patton's U.S. 3rd Army, in a salt mine 300 yards deep at Merkers, 10 miles south of Hassfurt. It was disclosed April 2, 1945. An Illinois steel company owned it. 'Hull history' (1). A U.S. officer inspected valuable paintings (2) which had not even been crated, while a Reichsbank official, left in charge, helped treasure to count the sacks of gold (3) which had been so carefully and carelessly hidden away.
How the Airborne Men of Arnhem Were Avenged

The famous bridge at Arnhem (1), which the British 1st Airborne Division fought so hard to capture during Operation Market Garden in September 1944, fell to our 3rd Army when the Netherlands army was thrown back over the Rhine. When the bridge had been taken, it was the order of Field Marshal Montgomery that Arnhem was defended with the utmost tenacity. The city center it had been set ablaze by the Nazis in retreat.

Armed with Been guns, and against the background of a war memorial and the ruins of a Bridge house that had a room, two, and a street near the river, the British paratroopers, killed in the September fighting, whose names appear here, and the survivors of our comrades who were taken as prisoners of war in Arnhem, are shown in recognition of the efforts of the men who fought so bravely for the Allied cause. (See also page 33, 34, 35.)
EAST AFRICA—Its Warriors Aid the Empire

MOBILE PROPAGANDA UNIT of East Africa Command became bogged in a rain-swollen river and had to be landed ashore by canoe and seven (2). This unit travelled nearly 45,000 miles in 25 years, reaching more than 150,000 people to help the war effort. It consisted of a jeeps, including a mobile radio, a jeep with a loudspeaker, a jeep with a canvas canopy and a jeep with a canvas canopy and a jeep with a canvas canopy and a jeep with a canvas canopy and a jeep with a canvas canopy and a jeep with a canvas canopy. (2) The ears for war purposes of the water buffalo:ATTERN between old and new. East African warriors are individualized by the striking figure of a Secretary新品 in tribal dress (4); and a native operating a 3/h, near the city. Rabate of the buffalo. See also page 40, "WAR."
8th Army Men and Mules in Mountain Warfare

Fighting in the Heights of Northern Italy, troops of the 8th Army were specially trained in mountain warfare. While each mule—seen above being loaded with supplies for forward positions—carried food and ammunition, each man of this battalion bore a pack of 100 lb. In addition to a Bren gun weighing 20 lb., half the load carried by a mule. Bocges, opening the way to the central plains, fell on April 30, 1945, to the 5th and 6th Armies, who three days later forced a crossing of the River Po. See also story on p. 493, Vol. 5.
From Arakan to Arnhem Their Valour Won V.C.s

Capt. J. H. C. BRUNT, M.C.
During a counter-attack against the enemy on the Eastern Front in Italy on December 4, 1944, Capt. Brunt was doing a spotter, and from one post to another, encouraging the men, until he fell. He was killed instantly.

Sgt. J. W. HABER
In Holland on September 19, 1944, leading the assault on the village of the Hellers. He was killed instantly when a shot hit him in the back of his head, and during heavy sniping and mortar fire, Corporal Haber was severely wounded, but the position was taken.

1 Capt. M. E. HARDEN
Aged 24, of Upper Wharfedale, N.C.O. He was killed instantly when hit in the neck by a bullet fired by a sniping German. He was the first to be killed in action in southeastern Europe on January 6, 1944, and brought home. He was nearly wounded.

Sgt. L. E. GUERINEL
On the road to Arnhem, Capt. Guerinel was hit in the head by a bullet from a sniper's rifle. He was taken to a hospital in Arnhem, where he died of his wounds. Although severely wounded, he insisted on remaining on his feet, when only he could carry a few grenades.

Capt. RSHARAHAM
In the Arnhem on November 13, 1944, this young hero of the 8th Balochi Regt., though severely wounded by a mine, rescued a British patrol who were within five yards of a Japanese position, killing the magazine with a grenade and securing the enemy outpost.

Flt. Lt. M. D. DONAN
This 35-year-old pilot of the Royal Air Force, who was shot down and captured in the skies over the Eastern Front on January 19, 1944, with superb self-control, drew the enemy fire from his comrades to himself. He died from wounds.

Capt. L. H. GRAYBURN
Ordered to mine and hold the Bridge at Arnhem on September 19, 1944, Capt. Grayburn was killed instantly when hit by a bullet in the head. He was severely wounded, for three days of his 15-man unit were killed or killed in action. He was killed directing a withdrawal.

Photo: Daily Mirror, Daily Mirror, L.D.C., Fabian Press
I WAS THERE! 
Eye Witness
Stories of the War

The Germans Cringed to Us in Captured Hanover

This great provincial city of 325,000 Germans, 60,000 slaves and 50,000 prisoners of war fell on April 16, 1917, to a small company of U.S. infantrymen, and the Americans lost fewer than the men in taking it.

James Wilson's story is given by arrangement with The Daily Star.

W e drove into Hanover along the 60 ft. wide Reichsmahnsch, which swerves across the rolling countryside in two double lane traffic highways separated by a wide strip of grass. The Germans had only blown one bridge on the road. but strikers were still in the woods on either side. This was the same resistance we met going into this great city.

We traveled at 15 miles an hour until we came to the city limits. Here vast multitudes of slave workers were pouring out of the factories to welcome us. They had already acquired hundreds of bicycles and were starting down the road westward. Some were riding in German cars until they ran out of petrol. Hundreds were swimming over the smashed marshaling yards looting the railway trucks of leather and canned foods.

They had raised the flags of Russia, Belgium and France on their concentration camps. In the heart of the city along the miles of streets I saw not one underground house, except for the great Rathaus (Town Hall). There are 60 deep shelters in the city and most of the remaining 350,000 civilians were still in them, not yet daring to come out. The American military governor, a young Jewish captain, Herbert Fried, of Chicago, told me that there is a minor epidemic of diptheria and smallpox in the city.

Driving down one of Hanover's wide, rubble-lined streets I saw a company of 60 Germans marching west without a guard. In a public square 15 high-ranking officers lay dead. Captain, guarding the American soldier. Other U.S. infantrymen were looking at Leosnitz Leiberg, who was reported to be hiding in a cellar.

Sniping, except for stray shots outside the city, was negligible. We drove all over Hanover without difficulty, welcomed with cheers and gifts from slave workers, who had practically taken over the city. Outside the Rathaus, where the Allied Military Government had just moved in, I met two British Tommies standing guard, on the orders of Captain Fried. The Tommies escaped yesterday from a British prisoners' camp along the road. One said: "My greatest moment was when Captain Fried told me to guard a German major who had just been brought in from a cellar!"

Inside the palatial town hall, where Oberbürgermeister Boecker worked, I saw a number of cringing Germans waiting outside Captain Fried's door. Most of them were in the smart green uniform of the German security police. They said they had come for orders and wished to work with the Americans. Captain Fried sent them out with their arms full of proclamations to stick up on walls.

The chief of the Nazi police still wore a Wehrmacht field cap, which, together with his Nazified uniform, looked to me like the wrong kind of garb to be wandering round Hanover in, as infantrymen with rifles locked.

I Saw World's Biggest Armament Plant in Ruins

W e walked, in the glorious sunshine of a clear spring day, through the Hanoverian fields, in which this vast factory had been reduced by bombing. Driving into the Ruhr, where the houses are stripped of all chimneys, one longed to sing: "What a world!" yet feared the wide, open spaces of the open air, the loose stones and burnt-out buildings and dead things. But on the green strips of earth amid the many German graves, a few Americans were already making their homes of the earth. The best place to find the Americans was the Hanover section of Germany, which had been destroyed by bombing.

All of us agreed this was an under-estimate.

The food situation was said to be very bad—only enough for three days. Electricity was still off, so was water. There was one large military hospital with thousands of wounded, including Americans and British. Hanover's entire police force of 800 had been told by the Nazis to stay behind. They were almost crawling on their stomachs before Captain Fried and his three assistants.

It appears that the Nazis are now abandoning their high officials in their eagerness to get away, and in Hanover we have captured the entire administration and practically every piece of civilian and military machinery. So the city is full of Nazis.

The 300 British prisoners of war we found were in the notorious death march from Poland. They were all safe, though two days ago four men died of dysentery, and were left by the Germans unburied. Two privates told me their treatment during the last months had been "terrible and inhuman." Men were dying from dysentery and were given no adequate food or medical attention. These two were like skeletons.

At Hanover the Nazis camouflaged a large lake, the Nuusen, by covering it with floating wooden slats strongly attached to the shore. This prevented the tanks from crossing. The infantry, if stationed in front of the lake, could not fire on it. AnADOW. 23.

F.G., British News.
I Was There

I had the fortune to be present at the last British attack on the Ruhr, and I was struck by the fact that the enemy was almost as badly hit as the British.

The German army was thoroughly demoralized, and their retreat was a disgrace to the country.

The German people were happy to see their enemy defeated, and the news spread like wildfire throughout the country.

The German government was defeated, and the peace negotiations began.

The German army was demobilized, and the peace treaty was signed.

I think the German people were well served by the British army, and I hope that the Allies will continue to support them in their efforts to rebuild their country.

How I Helped to Clear Messina's Depth Charges

I was a young officer in the Royal Navy at the time of the invasion of Sicily.

I was given the task of clearing the depth charges from the port of Messina.

I was very pleased to be able to help in this important task.

The depth charges were stored in a large warehouse near the port.

I was given a team of men and a large amount of equipment.

We worked hard to clear the depth charges, and we were successful in our task.

The depth charges were cleared in a short time, and the port was ready for use again.

I was very pleased with the way in which the men worked, and I think that our success was due to the hard work and dedication of the team.

I would like to thank everyone who helped in the clearing of the depth charges.

I feel that the Allied forces were successful in their invasion of Sicily, and I am very pleased to have been a part of it.
We were all a little nervous as to how the craft were going to behave in actual battle. With thousands of our invasion troops already approaching the beaches as we went in on motor launches, and with a high explosive enemy territory only a few hundred yards ahead of us, we knew there was not the slightest margin for error. We were the happiest men in the Navy after the success of the Sicilian operations, and we went on with a new-found confidence to repeat the success at Reggio, Salerno, Anzio and the South of France.

Not only the enemy were surprised by the new weapon. One naval captain taking part in the Sicilian invasion was overheard to remark: "Thank goodness they're here, but what are they?" After their first performance the rocket craft were a source of inspiration to the troops in subsequent landings. It became a much safer proposition for them to put down on enemy soil after they had seen enemy defenses blown to pieces by the rocket salvos.

A battery of six-hundred-millimeter cannon, concealed in a wall, was giving our troops a great deal of trouble. We brought the rocket craft into position and poured our salvos into the gaps. The effect was immediate. All opposition ceased and what few of the enemy survivors could be seen scurrying like scared rabbits out of the wood. When a rocket craft goes into action all the ship's company, with the exception of the commanding officer, W.R., and Captain C. L. P. Moore, R.R., both associated with the Navy's rocket craft from the first experimental stage. Captain Moore, who took part in the invasion of Sicily, when these crafts first went into action, was on hand, following Lord Louis.

Our battery of rockets, having scored a smashing success on the bridge, go below decks. As the salvos are fired there is a deafening roar that is of an express train, and it seems to echo through the steel deck. Sometimes it is not possible to see the rockets much after leaving the overhanging cloud of smoke and the churning conflagrations. The decks would get red-hot from the back-fuse but for the automatic water spray. After a succession of salvos the decks are steamng—with boiling water!

Interesting episodes in the early development of rocket craft were related by Louis Moore, R.R., Captain J.W. McArthur, W.R., and Dr. S. G. F. Hoare, who directed development of the rocket craft during its experimental and actual battles.

We had no known gunnery rules to guide us in the behaviour of the new weapon. During the tests everybody was clad in seaweed suits. Now only one man remains above deck controlling the fire from the protection of something which looks like a telephone kiosk. We had a few casualties in those early days—one of them an Army colonel collaborating with the Royal Navy. Although he was shielding behind the flash screen, the back-fuse had found him and whirled off his handsome mustache. All he suffered was a loss of dignity!

The first six rocket craft to go into battle made their own way for 3,000 miles from England to the shores of Sicily. One of the most amazing times for the ship's company was not in battle.

They had to load up with rockets at a North African base. The heat was terrific and the rockets became so hot that the men had to handle them wearing gloves. The rockets were already fused ready for firing, but they were safe to handle so long as the temperature kept below 120 degrees. When the thermometer rose to 127 degrees a strange silence fell over the loading party, but they went on working on through the 'dangler' threatened. Fortunately, the thermometer did not rise further and the job was done in time.

For the practice shoot preceding the Sicilian invasion a small island in the Mediterranean was chosen as the target. The only difficulty was presented by the lute occupants, an aged man and his wife who had never left the island and refused to do so when requested by the Navy! Compromise was reached when the couples transferred themselves and their possessions to the other side of the island—and stayed there until the completion of the operation.

As to the rocket craft's part in the D-Day assault on the Normandy beaches, in the space of three or four minutes one Nebbia fired such an immense number of rockets that practically all enemy resistance was wiped out on that particular sector. And we ran in so close to the shore during the assault on Wolfheze that the six-inch-guns of an enemy battery, although at maximum depression, were unable to hit us. But after firing our rockets we had to run the gauntlet.

We cramped as much speed in making our getaway that the exhaust heat in some of the craft burned holes in the funnels. The stench was terrific, but some of the others were so perplexed with something they looked more like colonels.

Our battery of rockets captured by the British Royal Navy was not without its drawbacks. The ship's company were the butt of many a joke in the Peace craft. But as the War progressed, and the enemy tasted our power, they looked more like colonels.


General—Twenty-two guns of Allied hands are reported at Cherbourg, Normandy, and the Allied Forces are now in control. Germany—All Allied forces landed in Russia. The Allies are now in control. The Red Army is in control.

The battle against the enemy was begun in the Northern front and continued in the Southern front. The battle for the sea are now in progress.

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The War in the Air

by Capt. Norbert Morinelli, M.C., A.F.C.

The dramatic war in occaisioned by the Allied advance deep into Germany from the West has brought new revelations and confirmed past theories. Knowledge denied to the German people is now known to the Allies from indisputable evidence of materials accumulated in overrun dumps and factories.

Immense in value is this portrayal of German war secrets, for through it the Allied gain information, while their own secrets remain undiscovered by the enemy. In the post-war years the Allies will have available to them the pool of world knowledge of armaments, whereas the Germans will know only what they themselves learned, and that was not good enough to win the war.

At the German towns of Loos, troops of the U.S. 1st Army found a depot containing more than 50,000 filled 550-lb. gas bombs, with a large number of bomb cases waiting to be filled. (See illustration.) Some of these bombs were reported to be filled with cyanogen chloride, reputed to be a nerve-destroying gas. Others contained long gas bottles of 1,000 to 2,000 gas bombs, with the complete air superiority of the Allies, the Germans were unable to carry out their plans against the United Kingdom or Russia, for had they succeeded in doing so they would have been able to cause the most terrible retaliations. It will be remembered that they failed to do so more than one occasion has been stated that if Germany used gas the R.A.F. was ready to make swift repudiant. At Loos there was proof that the Allied air power saved the world from the terror of aerial gas warfare.

FUSELAGES Constructed in a Salt Mine 900 Feet Underground

In importance is the proof of German underground factories. I remember before the war how skeptical many people were that Germany had then constructed factories underground. But at Tarbutz, in the U.S. 9th Army area, I discovered a factory equipped to construct 37-mm. field guns to the rate of 500 to 700 a month. The factory was guarded by the direction of the factory to have a speed of about 600 m.p.h., and a flight duration of about an hour. The factory was 900 feet underground in a salt mine. Here were built complete fortresses. Lifts brought them to the surface at night, and railways took them 13 miles to another secret factory at Berzben, for the installation of wings and engines. Above the Tarbutz factories were power-saving things; the 7,000 factory workers were dispensed, and transport movement by road was kept to a minimum to escape detection by air reconnaissance.

The capture of flying bombs and rocket bombs and launching ramps and sites; the seizure of multiple rocket-throwing batteries on the French coast that were intended to bombard London with V1 123-lb. shells carrying a 48-lb. explosive charge at the rate of ten a minute; the capture almost intact of Me 262 jet-plane fighters (see illustration); and the seizure of archives of immense value must continue to devalue the secrecy of the German war effort.

There is now no doubt that the enormous effort expended by Germany to protect herself within the "Fortress of Europe" was denied opportunity of achieving success by the the grounding of the enemy factories from the air during the tremendously stepped Allied air offensive from the spring of 1943 onwards. This delayed the German programme, and so gave the Allies time to build up for the invasion of Europe before the German defensive plans were completed. The great German powers now have ground by a further test of their fighting ability to the Germans' defense schemes.

The last year of war in the air have been significant for the victory of Allied orthodox air war over the German new-wagnerian air war. It is probable that such a victory came just in time; in a few more years it might have been too late for the orthodox to challenge and defeat so decisively the new methods which have been evolved and which will affect future warfare. In the city of Essen the airport has been destroyed by Allied air power. Essen and Duesseldorf are destroyed.

By April 12 more than half the aerodromes used by the Luftwaffe were in Allied hands; enemy aircraft had been destroyed during April, according to figures from west of Bremen to Swinemunde and Hannovers. At this date it was considered that Germany could put 1,000 aircraft into the air on the Western Front in a series of 1,200-200 daily, if fuel were available. But already a great number of daylight attacks on enemy aerodromes were in hand. On April 10, 5,000 Allied aircraft were used, 504 enemy aircraft were destroyed, 342 on the ground. By April 17, the Luftwaffe had lost 5,300 aircraft in 17 days; 1,214 on the ground (1,016 on the previous day); and 485 in the air; Allied air losses were the same as the German losses in combat-485. It was then estimated that the Luftwaffe had only 3,000 aircraft of all types left.

In addition to this strategic assault on airfields, the aircraft continued to give full tactical support to all the service forces, in Germany, in Italy, and in France, where the U.S.A. 8th A.F. supported the French forces attacking the Germans in the Cote d'Azur area. On April 14, 1,100 bombers dropped 3,500 tons of bombs there, and next day over 1,800 Fortresses and Liberators deluged the German positions with 400,000 gallons of a new inflammable liquid contained in tanks each of which relays its contents over 60 square yards, plus 1,000 H.E. bombs and 6,000 large incendiaries. These fire tanks were the air equivalent of flame-throwers on the ground.

Night Attack Plays Havoc with Iron and Steel Shipping in the Kiel Canal

On April 9, Bomber Command made a night attack on Kiel, using some ten-hour bombers. The Admiral Scheer, pocket battleship, had been found there two days before by reconnaissance. Bomber Command sank her in her first attack. In addition, Bomber Command may have damaged the Hipper and Emden cruisers, and did damage the liner Osnov, which was listing heavily when later photographed. In the afternoon of April 16, a small force of Lancasters with 2,200-lb. bombs, sank the pocket battleship Lützow at Swinemunde. A new rocket-equipped, jet aircraft, the Arado 234, came into being with the German Adolfo. This aircraft has a range of 500 miles and can carry 2,200-lb. bombs.
Rockets that Will Never be Fired at Britain

EN ROUTE FOR HOLLAND

The rockets were taken to Holland where they were captured by U.S. forces on April 7, 1945. It was the first time any of these rockets (48 feet long and 2,000-lb. explosive warheads) were used. Part of the train with its condensers covered, removed.

British forces of the 2nd Army captured this rocket train containing the German V-2 rockets after they took Nordhorn on April 17.

PAGE 29
Our Roving Camera Bids Raid Shelters Farewell

NAVY WEEK CELEBRATION in London, April 16-21, 1940, in aid of the Lord Mayor's National Fund for Seamen, included in its many features a roving camera show. The Metropolitan Boroughs took part, the display of their gear and equipment providing a background for the picture showing a long line of vehicles, each carrying a mobile kitchen and a tent for drivers and passengers en route to Norway. (Above, right.)

DISPLACED PERSONS, mainly French and Belgians rescued from draft her Majesty's ships and vessels now lying off the coast of France. They were all flown to London, from there to Paris, and then to Brussels, and from there dispatched to their homes. A pilot (below) looks after the troops and passengers aboard the aircraft. (Left.)

DRIVERS FOR OVERSEAS lined up for their first military meal. Handsed by volunteers at the headquarters of London the officers and men were among the first to join in the operation. The vehicles are being sent to liberated areas in north-west Europe.

DEMOULISHING AIR RAID SHELTERS in London, this 3-ton bridge (right) swung from a crane at the end of the road, dropped in the tracks, rose again, swung, and finally fell. (Below.)
When I read of historic German towns being badly battered by our regot, I see daily in the once lovely old courts of the Temple and the splendid buildings of Roman origin, though I do not subscribe to the old Jewish idea 'rally, which created such a row on us during the war. I can truly say that I have witnessed the shock of the last battle as the towns and buildings that we had accidentally been dropped on Heidelberg in the case of a quiet and a stay a long time ago. Thus I thought more about the Temple round the corner from my office than I did of Vienna when I read the other day that the historic buildings of the Austrian capital had suffered more damage than was at first announced. Vienna was never an outstandingly beautiful city, like Paris or Rome, but the small inner city within the circle of that handsome boulevard, the Ringstrasse, has much more to it than the square mile as most cases could hope for, even though some of the minor palaces of the imperial regime were dropped in the air raids of the war. The opera house on the Ringstrasse has been reported gutted. It was one of the secrets of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had it secret entrance into the royal box. After the last war it was run as a state enterprise at moderate prices. They took over the entire estate of the famous Imperial Toscan, the wine of which could make such a song in bitter sweet; and every night during the intervals of the palace's performances, Herr Schmidt and his wife, used to roll in that golden wine of the Hapsburgs round their tongues in the lounge bar—also at moderate prices. But I expect Hitler's thugs claimed all that was left.

If I knew the Viennese, they will not brook such a comment about the reputed damage to the Schottenstirn and St. Stephen's cathedral. That only they are not unlike Londoners. They have the same sense of fame and of the love to laugh at it, but it is different. They were never able to do it. Between the end of the last war and the last summer's exhibition of the Ringstrasse, shady old Vienna, was capital for too big for its country, like an enormous head on a small body of a girl. She did not enjoy the familiarity with political and economic troubles, had constraining put up a show, which so much of her former sparkle. She danced and sang and made the whole world welcome. Presumably that was the trouble then.

The other day I was looking at a reproduction of Sir William Orpen's famous picture of the signing of the Versailles Treaty. It seemed a topical thing to do. Orpen painted a number of peace conference pictures. One that I recall with particular delight is a less formal bit of portraiture showing Clemenceau in vigorous argument with Lloyd George, while Woodrow Wilson sits between the two and talks. These arguments were frequent occurrences. Before the Paris conference the generals at Versailles used to put on a great show on the conference table. They were, they said when Lloyd George pointed out to a foreigner that he was about to make a speech: "This speech, you know, is about an agreement. I have been told that the story was altered for American visiters so that they would not be damaged for all. I knew then that the story was altered for American visiters.

But the picture of which I now write is the official one commissioned by the Government of the United States in 1920. It provoked criticism at the time, but the President and others did not seem to be impressed by the beauty of the Hall of Mirrors than by the little frock-coated history-maker, whom he relegated to the bottom of his canvas. What impressed me most in studying the picture was the fact that Lloyd George, who sits in the very center of the group, was by several years the last survivor of the twelve semi-heroic figures who sat at the historic table. One by one through the years they have all added their

M. HARRY E. TRUMAN, former Vice-President of the United States Press Association, died on Sunday, April 15, 1945.

Mr. Harry E. Truman, former President of the National Press Association, died on Sunday, April 15, 1945.

Mr. Truman, who was 61, had been an active member of the Press Association for many years, and was well known in Washington, D.C., where he made his home. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Association, and was one of the most respected men in the journalism profession. Mr. Truman was born in Independence, Mo., and was educated in the public schools of that city.

The funeral services will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Truman, 7015 32nd Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be inを行い.

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DARKENING THE REICH SKIES, THE ALLIED AIR ARMADA, washed brushingly by British troops, swept across the Rhine during all-out operations on March 22, 1945. Overhead, in this striking air-raid photograph, is the sight net, a network of white strings along the German city. This view of the Rhine shows nineteen flights of Allied planes. It was taken by the Allied Air Force over the city of Koblenz on March 22, 1945. The Allied Air Force photo shows a German town on the Rhine with a network of white strings along the German city. This view of the Rhine shows nineteen flights of Allied planes. It was taken by the Allied Air Force over the city of Koblenz on March 22, 1945.