

Der

# Adler



NUMBER 4

BERLIN, FEBRUARY 23<sup>rd</sup> 1943

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PUBLISHED UNDER THE  
AUSPICES OF THE  
GERMAN AIR MINISTRY

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## Hard Work In A Hard Frost

A soldier belonging to the parachutist signals repairs a breakdown. The telephone lines must be constantly kept in working order; that is one of the fundamental essentials for the full striking force of the troops, but the Russian winter with its enormous snowfall and icy winds increases the risk of a breakdown and makes conditions particularly severe for the men of the signals corps.

PK photograph by Haas (Wb), war correspondent



# The Breakdown Squad To The Front

Men Of The Parachutist Signal Corps Search For Breakdowns



A telephone line has been interrupted and the point of breakdown must be quickly found. A breakdown squad of the parachutist signals service immediately sets out one chilly winter's day on its way over the interminable Russian plain. A breakdown squad knows no impediments, however, stormy the night may be, or, however, deep the snow-wreaths. The call of duty is inexorable

PK photographs by Haas (Wb), war correspondent



Left: The point of breakdown is finally located after plodding for hours through the snow. The line is repaired and tested by getting into communication with the command post by means of the field telephone (right) within a few minutes after the leader discovered the place



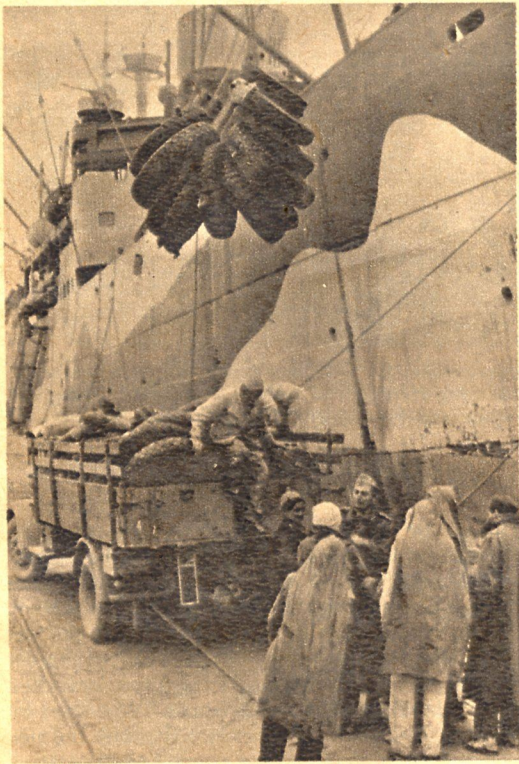
Below: Work completed, the equipment is carefully repacked. The daily work of the signal service in a piercing east wind calls for strenuous exertion, but the modern conduct of war would be impossible without telephonic communication



# SUPPLIES ARE ON THE WAY

**STRENGTH AND STRIKING POWER OF OUR TROOPS IN TUNIS INCREASE DAY BY DAY**

PK photographs by Grosse (PBZ 2, Wb 1), Ellenbrock, and Leo (Wb 2)

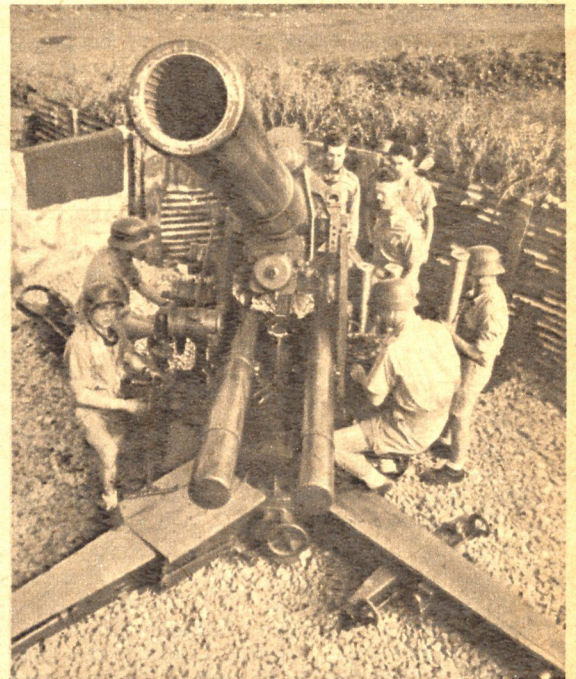
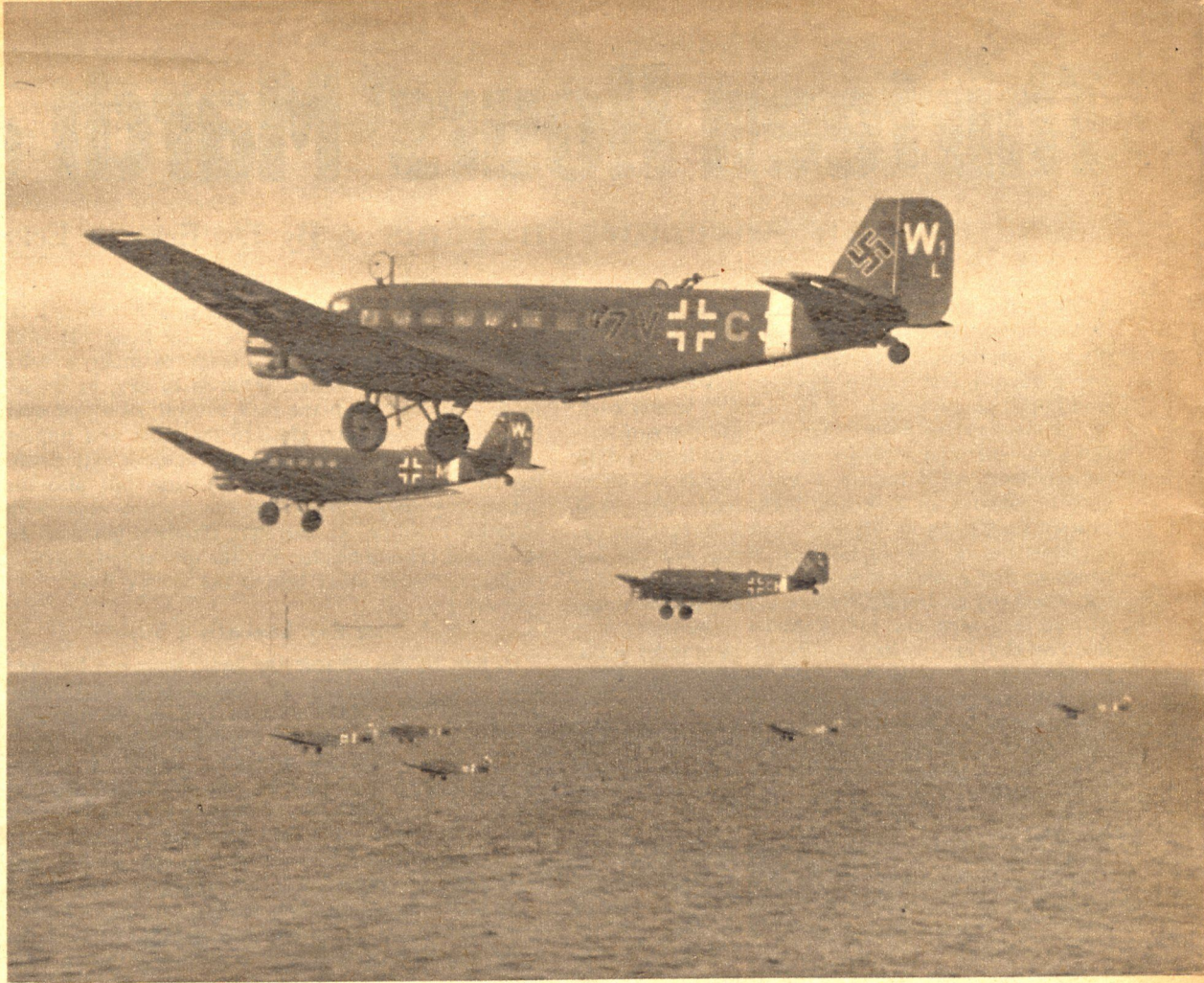


Another large freighter loaded to the deck with important war material for our troops engaged in Tunis has reached its destination. Spare tires are just being discharged by crane. Native stevedores help to discharge the cargo as speedily as possible

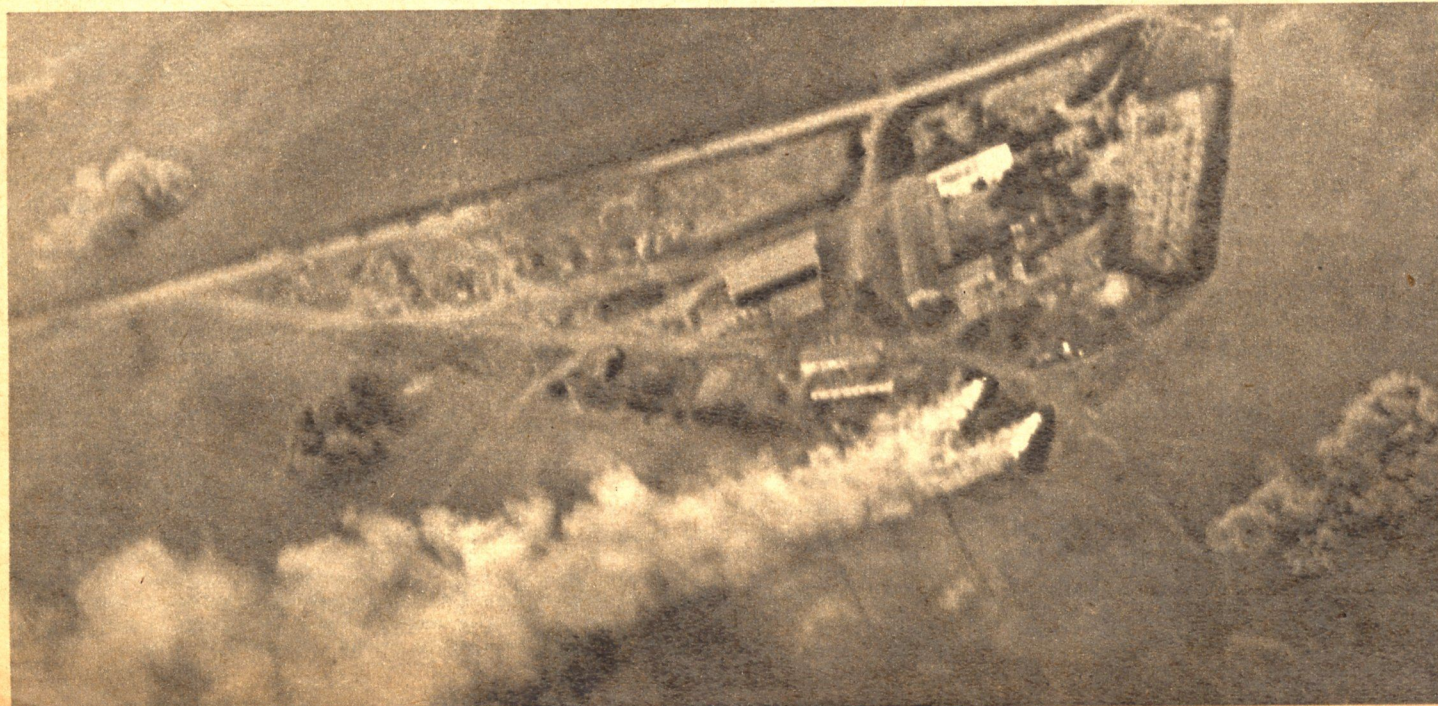
Right: These three British soldiers also dreamt of taking a stroll to Tunis, whither they actually wend their steps in advance of their comrades—although rather differently from the way they had imagined at first



Fresh troops and material are hurried across the Strait of Sicily, which is some 90 miles in width, towards the coast of Tunis by a group of transport planes flying at a low altitude. The strength and hitting power of our front in North Africa are thus steadily growing



The muzzle of a heavy anti-aircraft gun is directed threateningly against enemy raiders. All the important positions and sectors of the Tunisian front were provided with a complete system of anti-aircraft defence down to the most minute details within a very short time



Left: German bombers of the Ju 88 type have dived on the tank point of the Anglo-American army of invasion. Two American tanks at the edge of a native settlement tried to save themselves from the threatened destruction, but were too late. The bomb series landed right on the target and vivid jets of flame followed by clouds of smoke proclaimed the success of our airmen

# Thirteen Hours' March on Bare Feet

An Adventure in Tunis / By Dr. Erhardt Eckert, war correspondent

Winter in North Africa is quite a curious phenomenon. The sun will be shining in a cloudless sky and you think it is as mild as a May at home, until you gradually feel a chill down your back and are glad to put on your bluish grey airman's winter coat. Not a moment too soon either, because the sun suddenly vanishes and a pelting rain sets in from a dark thundercloud, while the tip of your nose is apt all at once to acquire an authentic blue tinge. You wrap yourself snugly in your blankets during the long nights, not omitting to pile on top everything you can lay hands on that is likely to keep you warm. Next morning, when you cautiously venture to take a look at the African landscape, the sun is shining beautifully in a cloudless sky, casting its radiance on the oranges in the garden over the way that gleam golden out of the luscious dark green foliage of the trees.

It was on such a bright blue winter's day that Oberleutnant O. fell from the sky in Tunis right into the midst of the hill country and right into the very midst of "Gaullists". But let us begin at the beginning.

## Flames twice the length of the plane

Oberleutnant O. and his squadron were that morning engaged in strafing the roads far in the enemy back area. The twin-engined planes flitted over the hill crests and dived into the valleys, always carefully following the roads. Every hostile vehicle that showed up was raked by machine-gun fire and cannon. While thus engaged, they discover an assembly of motor lorries on a village market place and drop fragmentation bombs among them, quickly converting the vehicles into a pile of debris. The road behind the village ascends to a pass which Oberleutnant O. is just about to cross in order to slip immediately into the next valley, when a burst of machine-gun fire whizzes about his ears. A rapid glance to the right reassures him that all is in order there, but tiny tongues of flame are lapping out of the engine at the left. His comrades behind him are horrified to see flames leaping out of the plane twice the length of the machine itself. O. cuts out the engine without producing much effect, the left wing continuing to blaze, so that he must obey harsh necessity and decide on a forced landing—twelve miles in front of his own lines.

Tunis is a confoundingly awkward country and even the oldest African campaigners who have spent two Christmases in Libya must start to learn afresh. Nothing of the desert is to be seen in Tunis, nothing of the accursed waste of sand and stone, now flat as a pancake, now gently undulating. On the contrary, there are mountains and hills and rocks, and knarled trees, and a perpetual up and down.

Now let anyone try to make a forced landing in a funny landscape like that. Oberleutnant O. cannot hold in his plane any longer, but just then notices a reservoir.

It does not figure in the map, it is true, but there it is, as large as life, and that is the main thing. It is at first perfectly flat and O. intends to make a belly landing in shallow water. That is to say, he meant to do that, but the plane took control, sweeping over the nice shallow water close to the bank and tipping into deep water. That has the advantage of extinguishing the flames with a violent hissing, but also the noteworthy disadvantage that the machine sinks with alarming rapidity. O. therefore clammers out with all speed and takes a header into the unmapped reservoir in Tunis, twelve miles behind the enemy front.

## A long day beneath a bush

O. now swims towards the bank, some one hundred yards off. Nothing but the extreme tip of the rail unit is to be seen of the machine, looking like the rump of some great duck, but there is no time for reflection, because the situation is decidedly critical. It is 9 in the morning, the sky is blue, the enemy are close at hand, and he himself is paddling in cold water. It is imperative to get out of the water and creep away into some hiding-place, because the forced landing has certainly been observed. The otherwise very useful fur-lined boots hamper him seriously in the end spurt of the hundred-yards swim, causing him to tug at the zippers, until he can get rid of the heavy things, after which progress becomes much speedier. Now shallow water is reached and he can wade, five or six steps bringing him to dry land, the cocked pistol dangling from his right hand. Liberty and life will be desperately defended, should anyone from the other side come near, but for the present no one turns up and Oberleutnant O. sprints up the gently sloping bank in his dripping socks, until he reaches the first bushes some one hundred and sixty yards off. Bushes spell cover and shelter, and shelter is life itself.

Suddenly a Frenchman is standing between him and the shelter of the bushes. A Frenchman with an olive-brown steel helmet. A long-eared mule is standing close by. The tense moment drives a wave of blood to O.'s head and he is just about to shoot down the Frenchman, who makes as if to put his hand in his pocket. But can one afterwards give a satisfactory explanation? Afterwards—hm! No! He decides not to shoot, but bolts with a magnanimous wave of his hand, slipping off to the left, while the Frenchman and his mule stand as if rooted to the ground. O. doubles like a hare, dodging now to the right and now to the left, finally flinging himself beneath the thickest bush he can see, afterwards noticing that a neighbouring bush afforded much better shelter, a wonderful bush—in fact, a prince of bushes, fully six feet in width and promising splendid cover. He accordingly decides to roll over under that bush, where he remains lying very still and quiet.—The place that O. has lighted upon

is anything but quiet and Frenchmen occasionally pass by. He cannot see them, but can catch fragments of their conversation.

"Was it a German or an Italian?"

"The plane crashed, the pilot is drowned."

That was happily by no means the case and Oberleutnant O. is still alive, but is pitifully cold, having had to make his header and do his one hundred yard's swim in most unsuitable garb—helmet, airman's field service jacket, tropical trousers, and fur boots. The boots have mean-



... Oberleutnant O. rolls over under the bush, where he remains lying very still and quiet. The place is anything but quiet and Frenchmen occasionally pass by ...

Drawings by H. v. Medvey

while joined the fish and the rest of the outfit is soaking wet. Besides which it is winter. As already mentioned, a North African, a Tunesian winter. Not the tiniest warm ray of sunshine reaches him underneath the bush, where it is in any case cursedly cold, besides the wet uniform. His teeth begin to chatter, but he hardly dares to stir, because he is lying on withered branches, which snap loudly at every movement. Whenever he is compelled to turn on the other side, because the side he is lying on is benumbed and seems to have lost all sensation, the process is carried out inch by inch and takes some ten minutes. Then a huge hunger makes its appearance. Chilled to the bone, famishing, he lies under the big bush until half past six that evening, whereby one's good humour is apt to become the worse of wear.

## Nocturnal wandering

By that time it is already pitch-dark, in particular when the stars are hidden, as is the case that winter evening in Tunis. That is an agreeable factor, but the increasing cold is distinctly disagreeable, and very soon becomes intolerable. O. accordingly crawls out of his bush, determined to put into execution the plan he had worked out during the day, which is simply to keep on marching westwards. Between half past nine in the morning and six in the evening even the most fatigued brain, when not allowed to rest, will work out the finest plans. O. had impressed his route on his brain, determined not to let himself be captured a second time; for the poilus had once already shot him down and captured him when acting as long-distance reconnaissance pilot on 9th May, 1940. He had spent eight weeks in captivity at that time and one such experience sufficed him for his whole life. His aim therefore was to work his way through to the German lines. He reconsidered the situation. He had been forced down some twelve miles behind the enemy lines, the whole district was unsafe and vigilance was sure to be redoubled, so that his aim must be to get away from that vigilance, to get away from the front, and proceed towards the west, where the enemy lay, and then to double to the north over the hills as far as the railway, afterwards travelling to the east towards Tunis.

... as he toils up his tenth declivity, he suddenly sees a man sitting in front of him who has wrapped himself in his blanket. Three other figures, completely enveloped in their blankets, are lying beside him. The man on the ground reaches for his rifle ...



Such is the plan that he proceeds to carry out. His socks, to be sure, are now dry, but have parted with their chilly moisture to the soles of his feet, which have therefore become very soft, so that the pressure of every little stone and of every twig causes acute pain—and the whole countryside consists of stones. His socks gradually vanish into thin air, as he proceeds, and he is compelled to abandon his plan too, after encountering Gaullistic pickets, the baggage mules of which begin to emit a sound like something between a bray and a neigh, as soon as they scent the stranger. He turns on his bare heels and returns to the reservoir through a ravine. Arrived there, he takes his bearings by the stars, which were shining brightly about half past nine, and shapes his steps towards the north-west, at first jumping and hopping from bush to bush. But just let anyone try to jump and hop from bush to brush in a crouching position, always landing with bare soles on sharp stones! In addition, the district offered a perpetual succession of ups and downs, like some switchback railway, with steep ascents followed by no less steep descents. O. gives up his jumping and hopping and is glad that he can make progress to a certain extent in normal posture. He never lets go of his cocked pistol, fully determined not to be captured again. But even the most cautious of men may become careless, when he is as tired as O. is. As he toils up his tenth declivity, he suddenly sees a man seated in front of him, no more than ten feet off.

The man had wrapped a blanket round him and three other figures, completely enveloped in their blankets, were lying beside him, looking for all the world like rolled-up carpets. O.'s first thought is that they might be a Bedouin family and he pities them lying out in the cold without a roof over their heads. His second, wiser thought is that they are Gaullists, as is confirmed by the fact that the man seated has four stars on his uniform; they can be seen glistening in the moonlight, as he looks up. O. barks at him, "Who's there?"

The man seated on the ground reaches for his rifle lying before him on the grass. "Leave the gun alone!"

The man hastily withdraws his hand and makes as if to waken his comrades, but is arrested by the words, "Let them sleep!"

Oberleutnant O. reflects feverishly whether to shoot or not. But the man on the ground points inquiringly to the stripes on the blouse that O. is wearing, who says, "I am a first lieutenant".

Upon which the man murmurs something in a low voice and O. gains the definite impression that he does not have to do with a white Frenchman, but with one of the coloured troops, perhaps a Moroccan. His French has a peculiar accent.

For the second time O. decides not to shoot. In order to bring the meeting to a conclusion, he says in an energetic tone of voice, "All right!", and moves slowly off, while the man still sitting on the ground watches him go without uttering a word. As soon as the figure disappears in the darkness, O. takes to his heels, running hither and thither, melting away in the landscape.

#### A tent full of fumes

However nicely that meeting with the Gaullists had passed off, still it has got on O.'s nerves and he decides to quit. He therefore makes for the nearest Arab settlement, but the dogs set up a frightful barking, whenever he approaches a house, alarming the neighbourhood far and wide. He thereupon continues to wander further and reaches a water-course that he follows towards the east. His feet are causing him terrible pain and he is so fatigued that he can only stumble along. Hills once more make their appearance, a perpetual succession of up and down, up and down. The piercing cold has a nip like pincers. Africa is a strange country. Seated beside the warm stove at home in Germany in winter, people dreamt of Africa under a perpetually warm sun, and here you are right in that selfsame Africa and stiff with cold.

The hills seem to be never-ending. Finally O. sets himself a definite goal, saying to himself, "Just one more hill, just one last hill, the very last. If the plain lying

... O. wanders further on, his feet causing him terrible pain. Hills appear again and going is rough, up hill and down dale. O. sets himself a definite goal; just this one hill more, the very last...

before the German front does not then come in sight, I'll simply crawl under the nearest bush and sleep the sleep of the just."

It proves actually to be the last hill.

Then comes the plain and the cultivated fields. After walking for another three quarters of an hour, O. meets a detachment of German anti-aircraft artillery. At the moment when he recognizes the German steel helmets, he has been marching for precisely thirteen hours. Thirteen hours of flight and marching on the bare soles of the feet, barefoot over stones and twigs, up hill and down dale, right across enemy country. O. recognizes the German soldiers, but the gunners fail to recognize the air officer in the figure that staggers towards them with bare feet.

They conduct him to a low tent and he stoops, in order to crawl into the narrow entrance, but is welcomed by an indescribable vapour. He shouts into the tent, "Is anyone in there at all?" In reply to the question as to who is out there, O. mentions his name and a lieutenant of anti-aircraft artillery hurriedly crawls out of the tent vapour or the vapour tent.

"Are you the squadron leader?", he asks. "We had a wireless message that you had been forced down and have been expecting you."

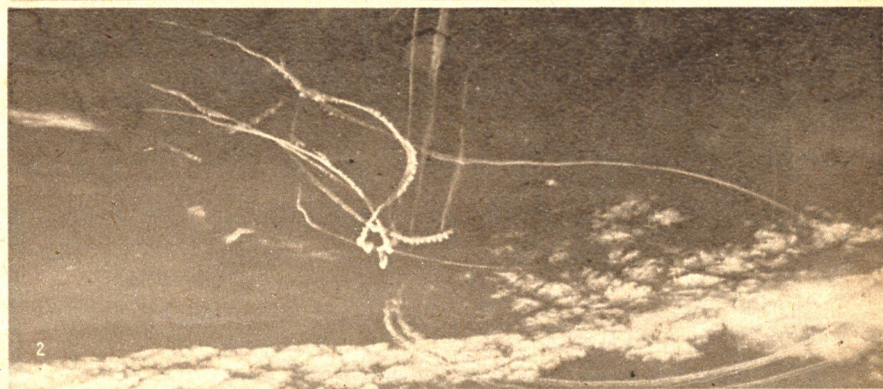
The two men shake hands. A deep draught out of the canteen, a nibble at a thick sandwich, and then Oberleutnant O. sinks into a deep sleep, slumbering so profoundly that his breathing is hardly noticeable.

The gunners bring him next morning to the rear in the direction of Tunis. Just as the car approaches, three strafe planes sweep over the anti-aircraft gun positions in the direction of the enemy lines. "They're from my squadron", says O. to himself, beaming contentedly.

# 23,000 Feet up

Streaks of Condensed  
Vapour Bear Witness to a  
Dramatic Air Combat

PK Written and  
photographed by Kratzsch (Sch),  
war correspondent

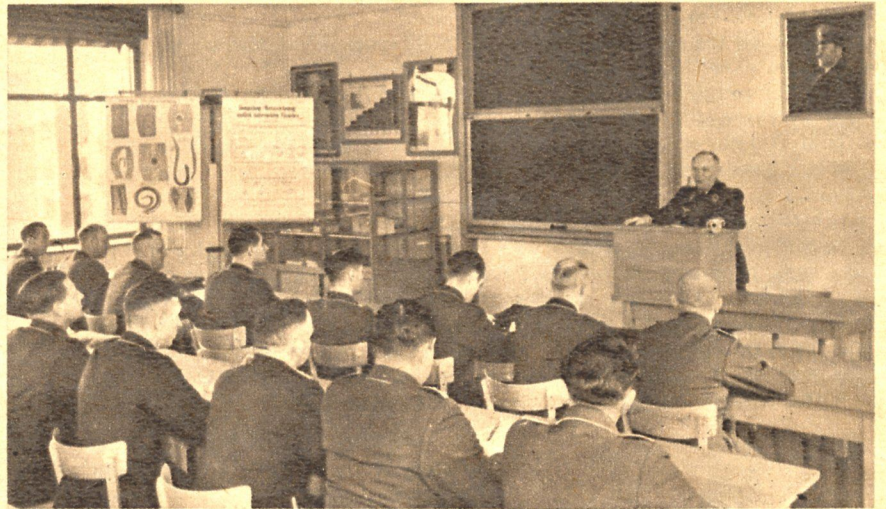


Three British fighter planes have crept over the French coast on the Channel, protected by the fleecy clouds, but have already been discovered by German interceptor planes which swoop down on the enemy out of a great altitude. A dramatic air combat begins in the realm of the cirrus clouds. 1) The five streaks of condensed vapour from above downwards mark the track of the attacking German planes, while the three British fighters try to get away to the right. The thin end of the streak indicates the direction of flight. 2) A regular dog-fight! The three British planes are able to increase their lead, as they fly to the left; prolongation of the streak to the left discloses the direction. Five other British planes have meanwhile thrown themselves into the fray and fly off to the right in a huge curve into the protection of the clouds, pursued by two of the five German planes (above the clouds) that had swooped down from above. 3) Another eight planes appear from the right above in the direction of the bigger cloud towards which the tracks of the two British planes and the two following German interceptors are also pointing. Compared with the previous photograph, the clouds and streaks can be clearly recognized, while the air combat appears to the observer on the ground to be blurred. Only the whine of the engines and the rattling of the machine-guns can be heard. 4) The combat is over. The streaks are dissolving, but can still be clearly made out. The communiqué issued next day by the German High Command reports laconically: "Four British fighter planes were shot down in air combat over the Channel; one German plane failed to return to its base"



## Take the following ingredients - Sketches from a Luftwaffe training and research kitchen

If the saying be true that the way to the heart lies through the stomach, it may be said that a passion for aviation in the final resort leads through that organ also. For the problem of providing suitable diet is one of no little importance precisely for the flying personnel, who are exposed to quite exceptional physical conditions. The aim of the Luftwaffe training and research kitchen is to make use of the experience gained at the front to find those recipes that can best meet the requirements of our airmen in accordance with the manner of their employment in the air. Thus, for example, special rations have been prepared in the course of years for consumption before starting, and while flying, for cases of distress at sea, and for a forced landing in the desert. These have amply fulfilled all expectations



View of the "classroom" of the training kitchen. In order to be able to prepare proper recipes oneself later on, theoretical instruction must also include the rather dry, but necessary theory of foodstuffs

"Well, Inspector, just jot down the meal before starting:—25 grams of rice or grit for each man, 25 grams of butter, one egg, half a litre of milk, and 200 grams of white bread. I'm sure you would prefer something like a pork chop with sauerkraut, but an airman's stomach would promptly rebel. Do you know that sixty different recipes can be prepared from these ingredients?" Below: There are the ingredients for one man? Who would imagine that the composition is based on a little branch of science of its own?





Each of the inspectors taking part in the course of instruction dons an apron and takes his place with a ladle at the range, in order to try out the various multifarious recipes worked out by the research kitchen. Crisp biscuits are being tasted here

Right: It is not difficult to prepare tasty food in a model kitchen, but out at the front shift must be made with most primitive appliances. Those taking part in the course must therefore learn to cook and even to bake bread at an open fire



Left: Airman's food under the microscope. Composition, vitamin content, and nutritional value are regularly tested by a research laboratory for the science of dietetics

PK written and photographed by Vieth (PBZ), war correspondent



Right: The research kitchen grows numerous domestic seasoning herbs in its own kitchen-garden. These are used on principles that may be termed scientific

# Spaniards On Skis

A Visit To The Volunteer Division In The Northern Sector Of The Front In The East



Being very mobile, the ski unit is able to undertake rapid thrusts of an extensive nature at the enemy, penetrating the hostile lines. They are accompanied by anti-tank guns mounted on horse-drawn sleds, in order to give them the necessary fighting power in case of surprise by tanks

The Spanish volunteer division has also formed a ski unit, just as has been done everywhere among the German troops in Russia. Although most of the volunteers never before had a chance of taking part in winter sport in their land of sunshine, they have rapidly become proficient in the use of the unfamiliar equipment



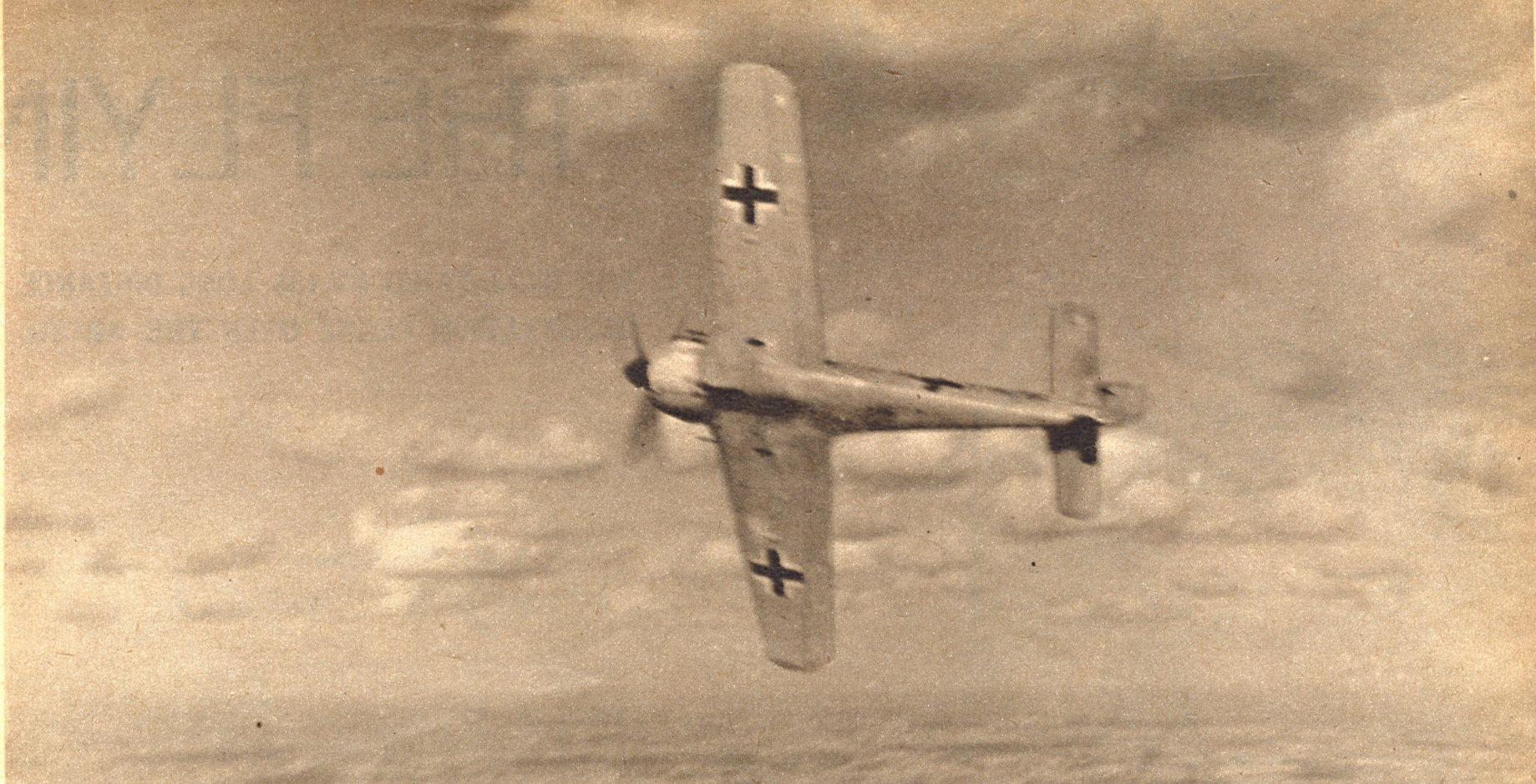
The best means of protecting the stiffened fingers against frostbite and of restoring circulation is to rub them with snow

PK photographs by Nagel (Atl.), war correspondent

Right: A ski patrol sets out. It is better to walk, while marching along the ice-covered road, and the skis are only buckled on after reaching deep snow on the fields





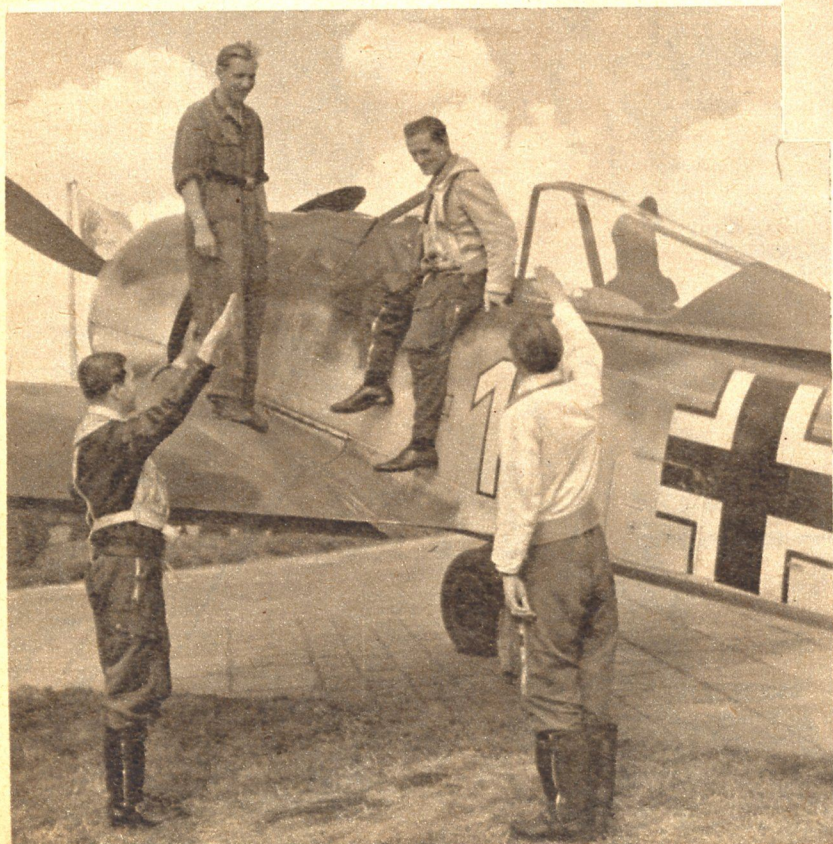
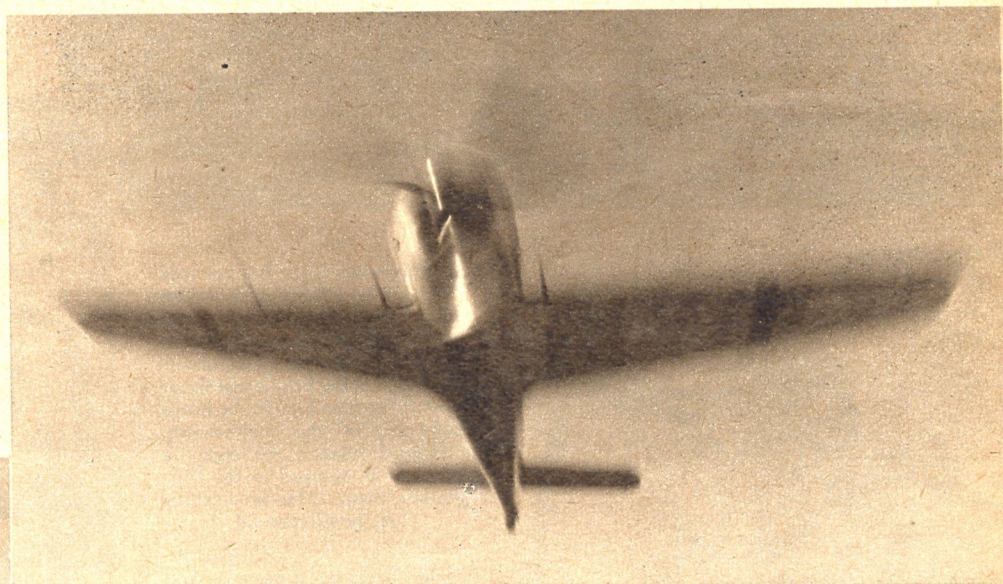


A German fighter wing on the Channel coast has taken off to intercept approaching English fighters. The squadron leader, Oberleutnant R., is just banking his Focke-Wulf FW 190 to assemble his formation. It was only by a lucky chance that the photographer was able to shoot the swiftest fighter plane in the world at the very moment it flew past his slower machine

# THREE DOWNS AND A STAR

A LUCKY DAY FOR AN ACE ON THE  
CHANNEL COAST . . . RECOGNITION  
PROMPTLY FOLLOWS SUCCESS

PK Written and photographed by Genzler (Wb),  
war correspondent



After the combat is over, the FW 190 thunders at a low level over the landing ground before pulling up once more to reduce its landing speed. It is impossible, even for the rapid shutter of the modern reporter's camera, to get a picture of the swift plane from the front without some blurring

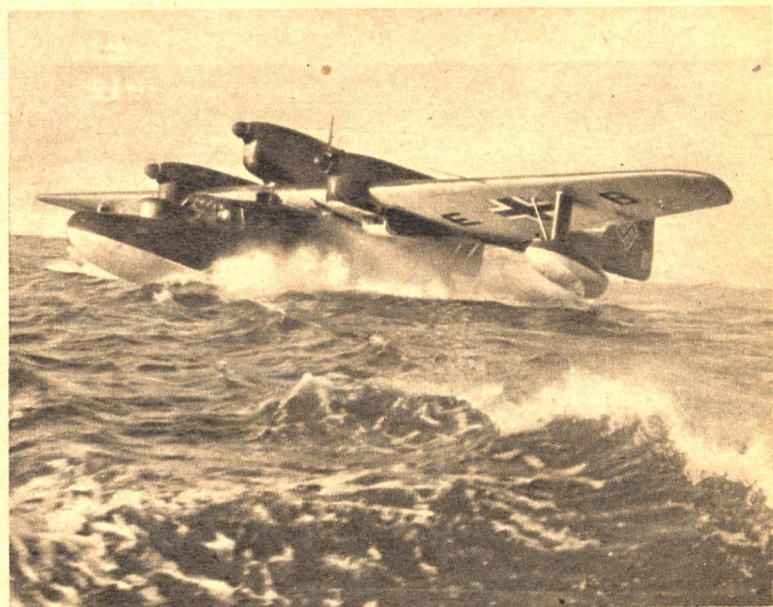
Left: Oberleutnant R. has landed. His friends know that he has brought down three Spitfire machines and receive him in state

Right: The news of the promotion of Oberleutnant R. to Hauptmann (Flight Lieutenant) arrived while he was still engaged in combat with the British fighters and the second star is attached to his shoulder strap immediately after landing



# THE FLYING

## THE WELL-TRIED BV 138 LONG-DISTANCE OBSERVATION PLANE OVER THE ARCTIC



The BV 138 taxis over the water to gather speed, flinging up a dense spume as the keel of the flying boat cleaves the waves

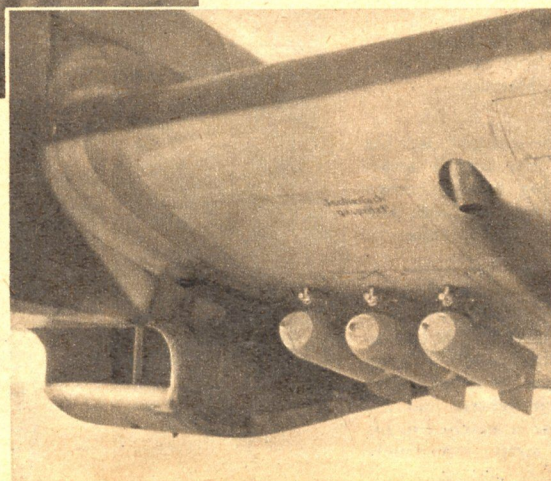


Flying boats of the BV 138 type built by Blohm & Voss are every day engaged on long-distance reconnaissance flights in keeping the Arctic under observation. A flying boat is just about to start from its base in the north and one of the maintenance personnel releases the rope by which it is moored to the supporting float. The BV 138 is ready to take off

Right: Great stress has been laid on spaciousness in designing the BV 138, thereby considerably facilitating the work of the flying personnel, which is in any case subjected to great strain during the prolonged flights. Pilot, radio operator, and navigator find sufficient space in their common room



The work of the long-distance observation planes makes heavy demands on the staying power of the crew, and the pilot is often seated at the joystick for from ten to twenty hours at a stretch or even longer



Right: The bombs almost look like toys compared with the huge wings of the BV 138



# Chinese Tragedy

Constructive Work Begins / By Robert Bauer

desired so much to be paid for? The Chinese would have accepted gold and silver, precious metals, and opium—therefore they received opium.

It could be easily and cheaply produced in India, it was easy to transport, and could easily be stored, apart from which it commanded a high price. During the 1830's the British shipped about 30,000 chests of opium annually to China, down to 1839, when Lin Tse-hsü, high commissioner of the Emperor, took energetic action at least, in order to overcome the national vice of opium smoking. He seized 20,000 chests of opium without further ado and burnt them. That was the reason for the presence of the British naval formation at anchor off Canton in 1840, the ostensible object being to secure recognition of the principle of "freedom of trade", that great goal of liberal economic imperialism, but which meant neither more nor less than that the British forces should open the way for the opium business of British merchants into the towns and villages of China. And they opened it too.

## A military walk-over

Quite a number of British politicians later on protested against the atrocities that were provoked by

with the comparatively small British expeditionary force. Up to that time they had always had to fight only against enemies who came from the steppes of Inner Asia, but now their new adversaries came from the west. The Chinese had nothing with which to oppose naval forces, nothing to set against the superior weapons of the English.

The British occupied the island of Hong-Kong, thereby dominating access to Canton by sea, and demanded the opening of the port, to which the Chinese declined to accede. The English thereupon occupied a number of forts and entered the town. In 1842 they completely overcame the resistance of the Chinese troops and carried the war to the north, pushing into the Yang-tze valley, occupying Shanghai, blocking the Imperial Canal, the most important means of communication in the interior of China, and finally compelling the Peking government by Treaty of Nanking to cede Hong-Kong to England and to open Canton, Shanghai, and three other ports to British trade, besides making other concessions.

But the British once more took the field against China, this time in conjunction with France, Russia, and the United States. A casus belli was created for the Great

Powers when a French missionary was murdered and the Chinese arrested the crew of a ship sailing with questionable right under the British flag. And when the Chinese even went so far as to try to get rid of the foreigners in Hong-Kong by poisoning the bread with arsenic, the British had at last a moral justification for the buccaneering raid. In 1857 they occupied Canton once more, and the French, Americans, and Russians, unwilling to be left behind in the distribution of the huge Chinese market for industrial products, joined forces with them. Three years later the allies occupied Tientsin, advanced on Peking and captured it, the English troops destroying the Summer Palace of the Chinese emperors, one of the most exquisite works of Chinese architecture.

## A world collapses

England had conquered. The profits that British trade derived from the decaying political organism assumed gigantic proportions, while China's traditional order crumbled, insurrections shook the country, and opium smoking became a characteristic vice of the country that effected the destruction of the national vigour of the empire. At the cost of but little expenditure of force the British had opened up

a country for their trade that had for centuries been self-sufficing, a country that gave foreigners nothing, but asked for nothing in return. A strongly developed national consciousness, justified, it is true, by efficiency, although exaggerated, led the Chinese to view all foreigners as "barbarians" with whom they only had to do when they came as vassals to pay tribute; in fact, they never looked on the usual presents of the Europeans to their emperors as being anything else. They had been subjugated by the Mongols and the Manchus, they had had to obey the behests of overlords of foreign race during the course of their long history, but their national characteristics remained untouched

Right: Shanghai, the commercial metropolis of the east. Skyscrapers and huge business houses in the international settlements give the business quarter the appearance of an American town. The warships of the foreign Powers were accustomed to anchor on the Whangpoo off the Bund, the famous street along the water edge



A British sentry on the Garden Bridge, the boundary of the international concession at Shanghai. The authority of the Chinese state ended at this point

Photographs: Tschira-Bilderdienst (2), Scherl-Bilderdienst (1). Sketch map by Trester



the "military walk-over" of the British forces into the Middle Kingdom and were perpetrated during its course. But not one of these critics of the opium war made the least effort, once he had succeeded to power, to make reparation for the wrong that England had done to China. As a clergyman, the Rev. Wells Wells, said, all that occurred might have been avoided, had the Chinese not preferred "to remain slaves of a degrading superstition, to dispense with general education, and to reject everything that is not of their own benevolence, philanthropy, and knowledge available and willing to share with them." The Chinese, however, were superstitious enough to imagine that opium was a horrible expression of Christian benevolence and English philanthropy, and remained true to their own gods and their own civilization, the oldest and one of the most highly developed on earth. The Chinese tried to defend themselves against the demands made by the foreigners, but had to make the tragic experience that they were not equal to deal

thereby. Although the Chinese may occasionally have succumbed to the enemies pressing them, they finally got the better of their new masters by the power of their higher civilization. The Chinese people survived through thousands of years, while other peoples arose and disappeared, victoriously triumphing over all the hazards of their national existence.

The assimilating power of Chinese civilization was bound to break down as against the brutal foreigners, who with their superior weapons conquered the gigantic empire in the course of two brief campaigns. They were of another race and did not remain in the country. They created their own communities under their own administration and their own laws. Wherever one of the foreign intruders into the vast country might violate its laws, he did not need to answer for his misdeed before Chinese judges, but was extraterritorial and had to be tried according to his own laws, laid down in a foreign country and administered by his consular officials in China. The Chinese saw the collapse of the world of their traditional order. Foreigners were further exempted by their extraterritorial rights from payment of the taxes that the Chinese had to pay. Chinese merchants in the international settlements were excluded from the public corporations, although they paid the greater part of the taxes. The foreign settlements hung along the coast like leeches on the body of the Chinese empire. In those settlements accumulated the wealth of an international financial and mercantile oligarchy that reduced the state to bankruptcy in the course of a century.

According to the proclamations issued by the Japanese, who in the rôle of Great Power have assumed the task of creating order in East Asia and are attempting to exclude foreign imperialistic influences in China also, a new era of constructive work is intended to be inaugurated throughout the vast domain of China. By getting rid of the concessions and the degrading extraterritorial rights, they have put an end to a state of affairs out of which grew the misery and decay of China.



# "Bill the Bomber"

## Landed a Staggering Blow

Sketches from the operations of our light bombers

By Eugen Press, war Correspondent

PK Captain H. and his light bomber had been engaged in bombing operations since the very start and was known to be as courageous as they make 'em in the way he carried out his missions, besides being always mobile and inventive in developing new methods. His successful work and his whole character, redolent of the Palatinate, speedily made him a well-known figure along the Channel coast, where he soon acquired the sobriquet of "Bill the Bomber", which became a generic term for light bombers.

### Bill and His Bomb

According to the calendar in the command post, it is the November 2nd, 1940. Five German planes are approaching London over the Thames and the southern outskirts of the town are soon reached, the barrage balloons swaying beneath the machines like inflated bladders. Bill the Bomber is just about to approach his target and drop his bombs, when his ears are assailed by the admonition in chorus, "Bill, chuck the bombs away, we're being attacked". Bill the Bomber takes careful aim, shoves the stick forward a little, and down goes the egg; immediately afterwards he pulls out. A glance at the mirror shows that twenty or thirty Spitfires have suddenly appeared behind him and things begin to become lively. The handful of German planes puts up a spirited defence, but are separated in a moment by superior numbers. Bill has wheeled about, his only aim being to shake off the Tommies, but a few of those crows with the cockades are on the watch and cling to his heels. A Spitfire is in firing position and Bomber Bill at once shoves the stick forward, so that the tracer ammunition whizzes harmlessly over the tail unit—thank goodness for that! But his machine is hit now and again, and the wireless equipment is also put out of action. Another enemy plane appears close by and the bomber swings away, but something is evidently wrong with the machine, which has become quite difficult to handle, seemingly having been badly mauled, although it is remarkable that the dials on the instrument panel are functioning quite normally. At last the Channel can be seen glittering beneath and the British machines decide to call it a day.

There is great excitement at the field aerodrome, when the last plane is seen to be still carrying its bombs. It is to be hoped that no awkward incident occurs! Bill the Bomber circles into the landing ground and runs out the undercarriage, which is still intact. Then the landing flaps are cautiously extended, as the pilot pulls lightly on the joy-stick. The bus settles on the ground, taxis off, the brakes are applied, and the bomber comes to a stop. As Bill opens the cabin, the sergeant-major is standing outside and remarks with the utmost nonchalance, "Well, suppose we unship that bomb first!" At which Bill the Bomber experienced a nasty creepy feeling along his spine; for the egg was still hanging there and the Tommy had been aiming at it! It had been hit three times and there were other seven of the same sort still in the box. It is an incredible marvel that the heavy bomb did not explode. The fuse is quickly removed and the bomb lifted down.

### The Germans Came on the Tommies as They Were Landing

Manston aerodrome lies near Ramsgate Point and the Tommies have protected the ground, which lies in an exposed position, by every means at disposal. A squadron of Hurricanes and Spitfires is still hovering around in the air. The ground personnel is busy in the hangars and berths removing or repairing the scratches and scars that the machines had got on the other side of the Channel. The lookout



The shrieking comes closer. There is a huge upheaval of water right in the middle of the Dniepr and the air pressure of a terrific explosion whirls about heavy motor vehicles, fragments of wood and iron hurtling through the air



The 2-cm. gun up in the window of the church tower keeps up a furious fire when a German plane hurtles over the landing ground through the whirling clouds of smoke. The Tommies have got it in their sight, but it is aiming for them too and flies straight for the opening in the church tower

Drawings by H. v. Medvey

sentry is lounging in the church spire over there, where the light anti-aircraft gun is peering out of an opening, and a company of infantry is marching along the road to the landing ground.

A leading aircraftman is just standing in front of a Blenheim machine, the right engine of which burdens the conscience of a German destroyer plane, and is giving instructions for mounting the power unit, which is hanging from the tripod. Suddenly the alarm is raised, as if that were needed to complete their other worries! The fray has already started and tracer ammunition is streaking over the trees at the edge of the ground, groping of the fighter planes just landing. One is already in flames and tilts over on one wing. Then the raiders can be seen whirring over the tree tops, flying very low down. An inferno breaks out. The balloon barrage net whit the wire cables is hurriedly run out with a tremendous racket, but fails to catch any of the light German bombers. The shower of tracers is becoming denser and denser, traversing the landing ground in every direction. A flash of flame in the hangar shows that a bomb has scored a full hit. The mechanic has flung himself flat on the ground, tearing convulsively at the earth. There is an impact immediately in front of him and the tripod with the power unit sways a moment, as if in uncertainty, and then decides to topple over to the other side, where it lands with a crash, ripping off half a wing from the Blenheim machine, in its descent. The leading aircraftman squints anxiously around; for the projectiles of the light anti-aircraft gun from the anti-aircraft scaffolding are whizzing over him in dangerously close proximity. He can see the gunners feverishly at work. All of a sudden the whole erection collapses, its place being taken by a geyser of smoke and fumes flung up by a bomb. The 2-cm. gun is blazing away fast and furiously from its emplacement in the church tower, when a German plane hurtles over the landing ground through the whirling clouds of smoke. The Tommies have got it in their sight, but it is aiming for them too and flies straight for the opening in the church tower. Two lines of tracer past one another. There is a crashing and splintering of wood up in the tower barrel is hit by a shell from a cannon and the gun demolished. The room is filled with smoke and fumes. The gunners are *hors de combat* and their gun is silenced.

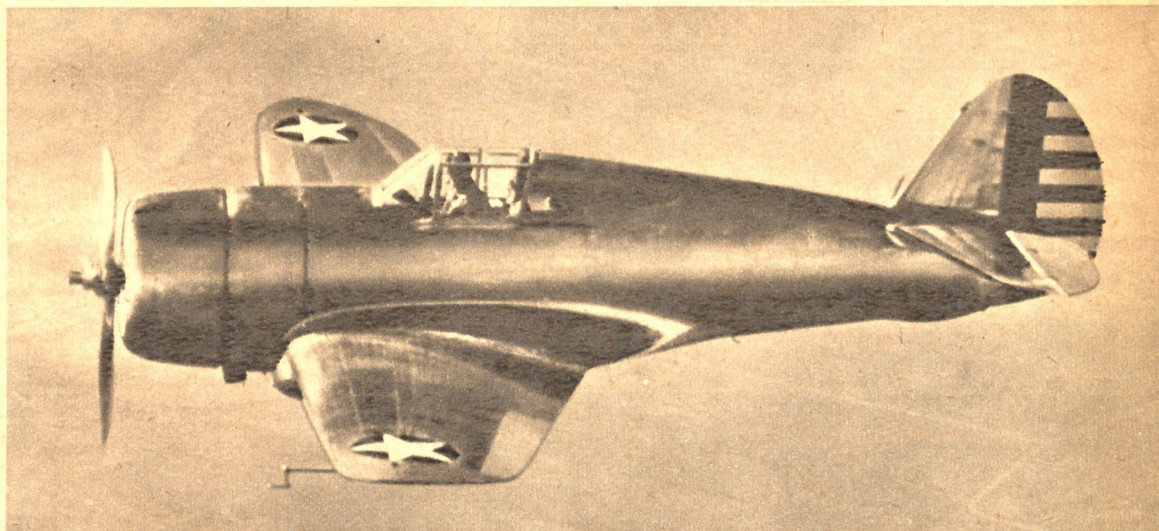
Just as the German planes are about to leave, one of them notices the marching columns on the road and rakes them with machine-gun fire, before the men can take cover. In a moment the roadway is littered by a number of dark figures, some lying very still, while others are writhing. Manston aerodrome looks rather the worse for wear now and the blaze and glow of flames are to be seen everywhere. Wreckage is lying all around and the whole scene presents a picture of destruction. Bill the Bomber has been in luck once more; for the wire cable that struck his plane merely scratched a clean scar on the wing. The grooves of the cable are plainly engraved on it

Continued on page 120

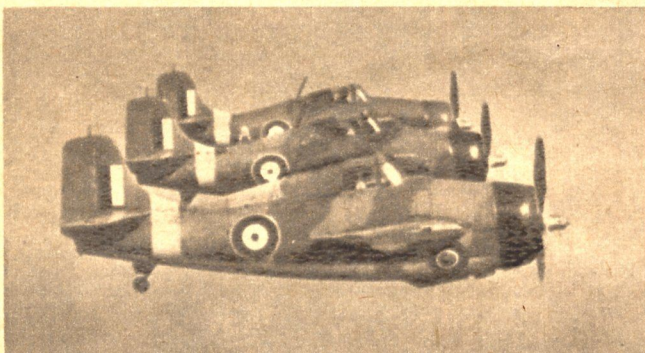
# American military aircraft

## I

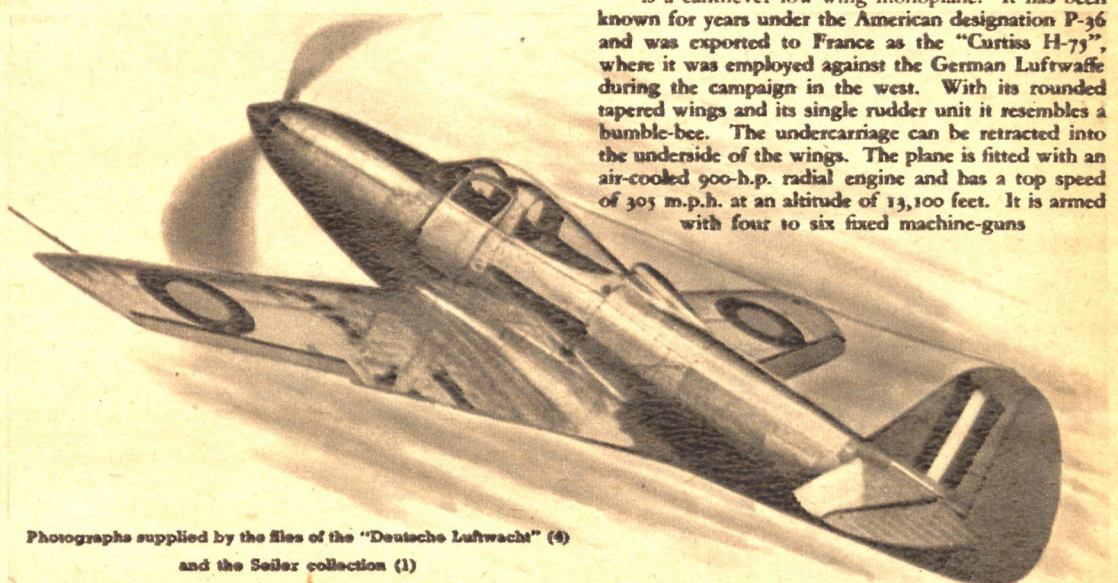
It is our intention to give here a summary account of the characteristics of the American aircraft types supplied, or intended to be supplied, to the Royal Air Force, which already disposes of a variety of types of military aircraft. The consequent drawbacks of having to stock spares of the most diverse description, the difficulties of providing supplies, and other disadvantages, besides which the possibilities of effecting repairs are made more difficult, will certainly be intensified by the advent of a large diversity of aircraft types from the United States. Such a multifarious equipment of the R.A.F. with a large number of types may appear at first sight to be surprising and is certainly no advantage, but rather the reverse. Our Luftwaffe, on the contrary, under the leadership of the Reich Marshal, in wise foresight has since its inception restricted the number of types in an intelligent way, a factor which cannot but have a favourable influence on maintenance, supplies, and so forth, and thus finally on its efficiency



The Curtiss "Mohawk" single-seater fighter plane is a cantilever low-wing monoplane. It has been known for years under the American designation P-36 and was exported to France as the "Curtiss H-75", where it was employed against the German Luftwaffe during the campaign in the west. With its rounded tapered wings and its single rudder unit it resembles a bumble-bee. The undercarriage can be retracted into the underside of the wings. The plane is fitted with an air-cooled 900-h.p. radial engine and has a top speed of 305 m.p.h. at an altitude of 13,100 feet. It is armed with four to six fixed machine-guns



The Grumman "Martlet" single-seater fighter plane (American designation F4F-3) can easily be recognized chiefly by its angular double-tapered wings and its compact projectile-shaped fuselage into the upper side of which the fin merges, while the undercarriage is retracted into the walls of the fuselage. The plane is mainly flown from aircraft carriers. The power plant consists of an air-cooled 900-h.p. radial engine. It has a ceiling of 16,400 feet with a top speed of 328 m.p.h. It is armed with four fixed machine-guns

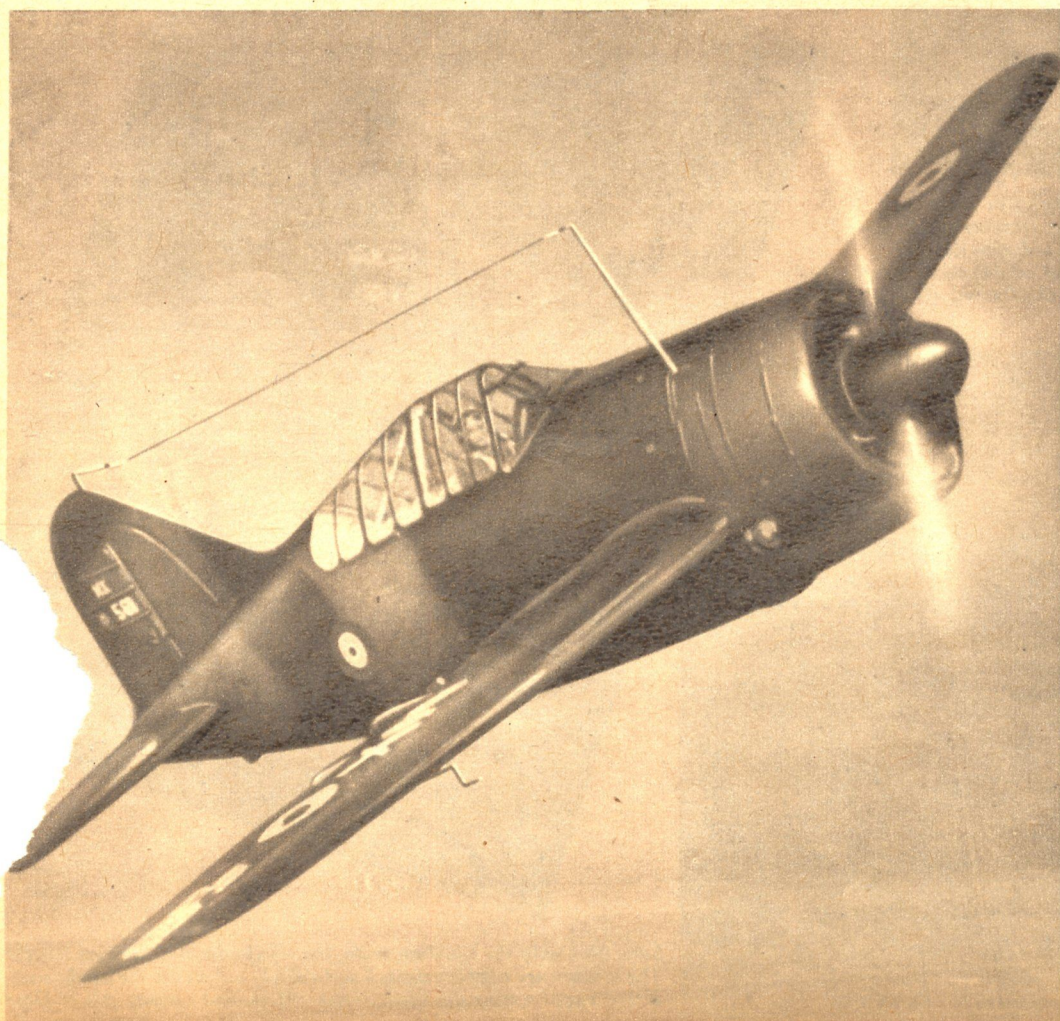


Photographs supplied by the files of the "Deutsche Luftwacht" (4) and the Seiler collection (1)

The Bell "Airacobra" single-seater fighter plane (American designation Bell P-39) is one of the most modern types of American aviation engineering. It is an all-metal cantilever low-wing monoplane and the retractable undercarriage is of the tricycle type. The engine is installed behind the pilot's seat and the airscrew is driven by a shaft and gearing. It is fitted with an Allison 1150-h.p. engine and is said to have a top speed of 348 m.p.h. The armament consists of a cannon firing through the aircrew hub, two movable machine-guns in the fuselage, and four fixed machine-guns in the wings. It was for some time known in the R.A.F. as the "Caribou"



The Curtiss "Tomahawk" fighter plane (American designation P-40) represents a further development of the Curtiss "Mohawk" (shown at the right above), from which it differs by being designed on improved aerodynamical lines and in being fitted with a liquid-cooled 12-cylinder in-line engine with a rating of 1,050 h.p. Its triangular wings are rounded off. It has a ceiling of 16,400 feet and is said to reach a top speed of 348 m.p.h. It is armed with six fixed machine-guns. This type has chiefly been used in North Africa



Left: The Brewster "Buffalo" single-seater fighter plane (American designation F2A-2) was designed in 1938 and is intended for employment as aircraft-carrier plane, but the R.A.F. uses it as an ordinary land fighter plane. The undercarriage can be retracted into the side walls of the fuselage. It is fitted with an air-cooled 1000-h.p. radial engine and has a top speed of 305 m.p.h. at 13,100 feet. It is armed with four to six fixed machine-guns

# New Force



Right: Large quarries supply the material needed for carrying out the road building programme, the stone being brought to the site by horsedrawn vehicles

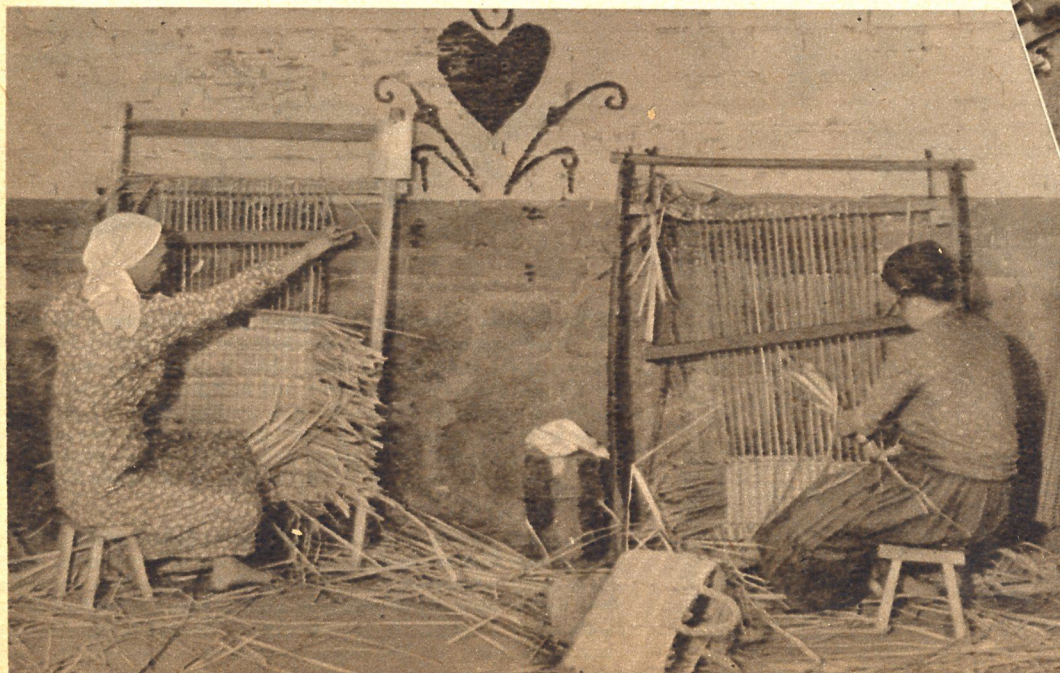


Photographs by Hartmann (Mauritius)

Below: Every beginning is difficult, but practice makes perfect. Under the guidance of the experienced craftsman the young apprentice will soon learn how to handle the file



Fresh creative vigour is pulsing through economic life in the territories in the east freed from Bolshevist yoke. A particularly prominent place in the reconstruction programme is taken by the rebuilding of the houses that went to rack and ruin during Soviet domination, or were destroyed during the war. The demolition of dilapidated buildings, in order to gain fresh building material (as shown in our illustration) also falls within the scope of these measures



Left: Not only the building trade, but also home industries are flourishing. The women are nimble-fingered and skilful, and weave the handy reed marketing bags on their primitive looms. These find a ready sale in Germany



Dr. Mile Budak, ambassador of the independent state of Croatia, opened the Croatian Exhibition in the Prussian Academy of Arts, in the presence of a large gathering of guests of honour, among whom were to be seen representatives of the allied and friendly nations. The exhibition provides a survey of the artistic work of Croatia, of which little has hitherto been known in Germany, apart from the works of the sculptor Ivan Mestrovic. Musical selections were rendered during the formal opening ceremony

# CROATIAN ART IN BERLIN

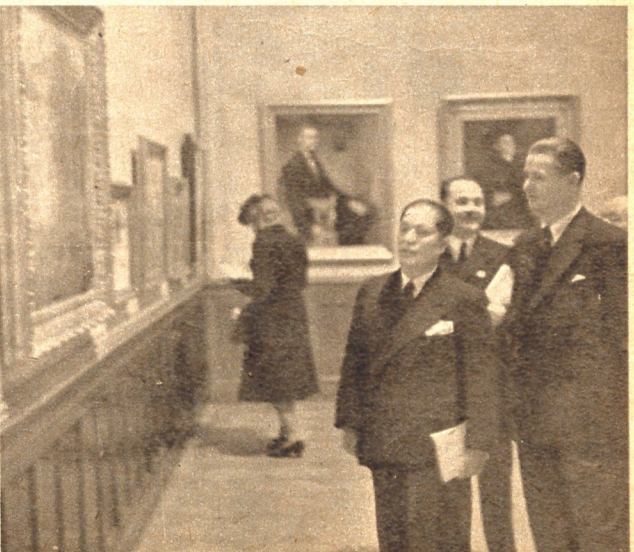
An exhibition of Croatian pictures and sculpture was opened in the Prussian Academy of Arts in Berlin under the patronage of the government of the independent state of Croatia



In his opening address the Croatian ambassador explained the difficulties attending artistic development in Croatia, which had been engaged in a perpetual struggle for its national independence

Specially photographed for the Adler by Dr. H. Franz

Guests of honour view the Exhibition. At the left in front will be seen His Excellency, General Oshima, Imperial Japanese Ambassador, and Dr. Budak, the Croatian ambassador behind



# Manuela del Rio

That name has long been familiar to admirers of Spanish dancing. The great dancer, who appeared with her troupe in the Theater am Nollendorfsplatz in aid of the War Winter Aid Fund, showed individual and group dancing to the seductive strains of the guitar, conjuring up before the eyes of the spectators the whole magical atmosphere of the South



Left: Spanish dancing without the national costume would be inconceivable. The dancer brought with her marvellous, brightly coloured costumes from her native country

Right: Spanish dancing has a long tradition behind it and is governed by very stringent rules and discipline. Manuela del Rio has full command of the ceremoniousness of the traditional figures, movements, and steps



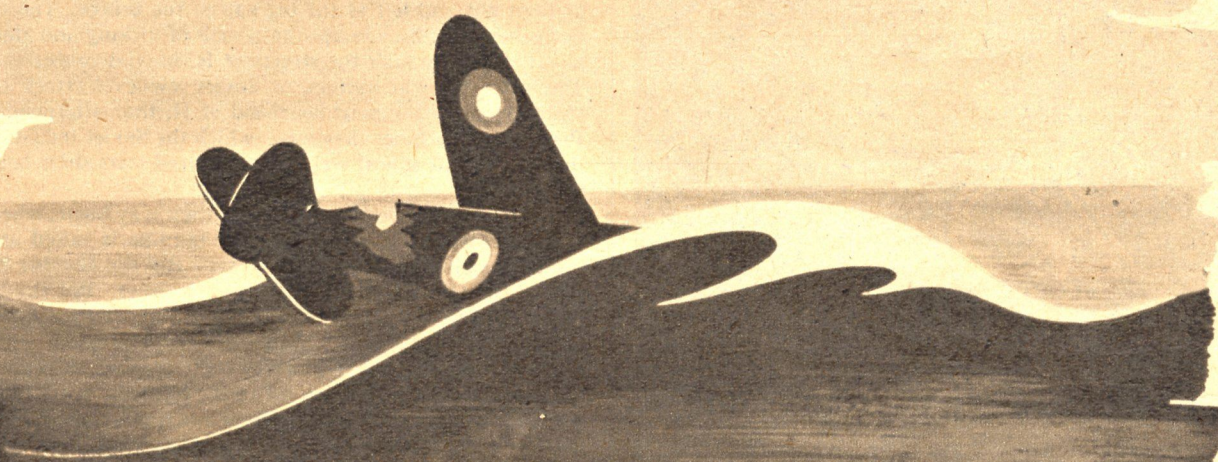
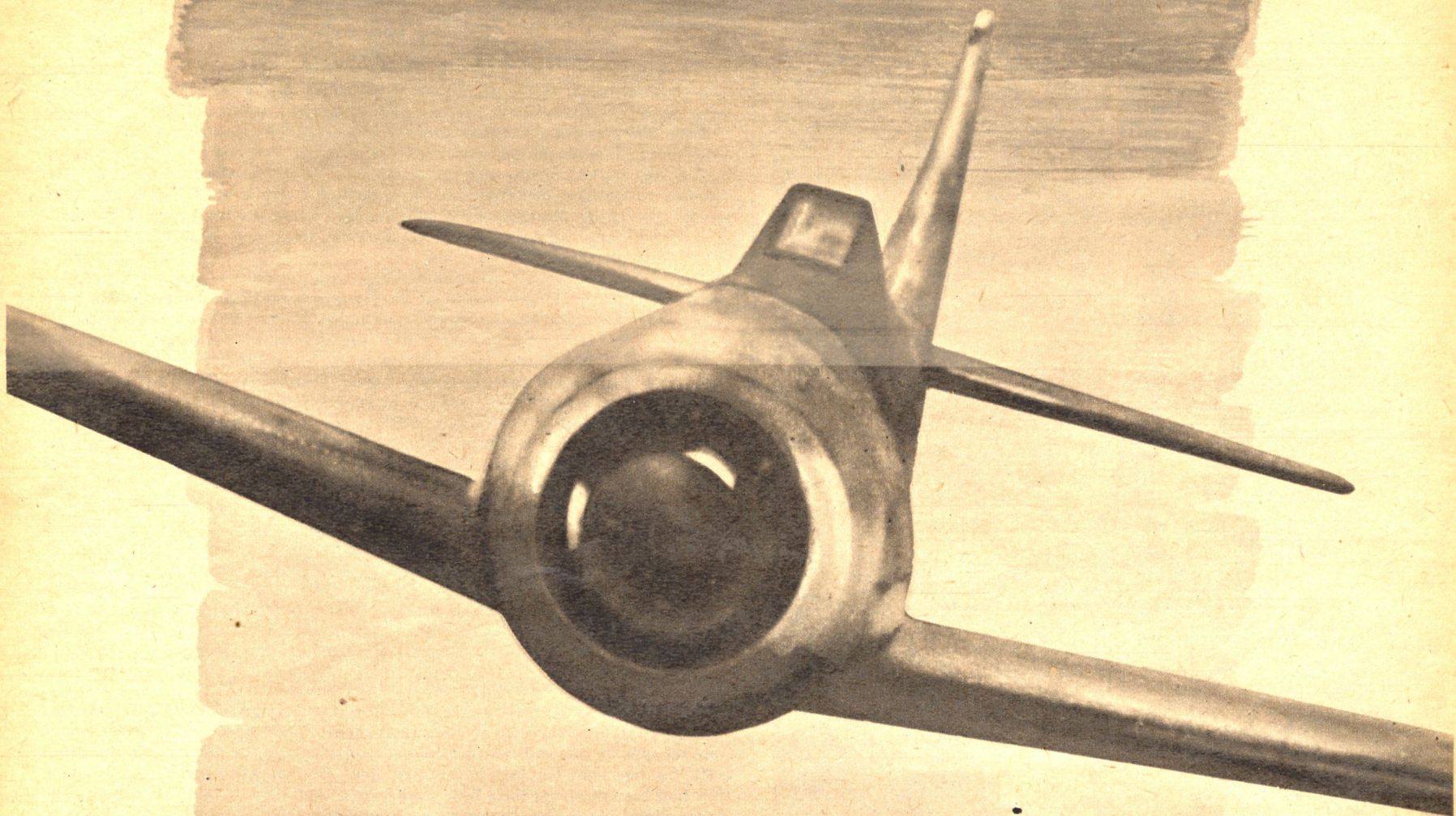
Spanish women are not unjustly termed the world's dancers; for dancing lies in their blood and there is a dancing tension to be noticed, even when they are at rest

Photographs  
by Dr. H. Franz

Right: "The castanets are singing." Their rousing sound emphasizes the seductive rhythm of the popular Spanish airs







# **FOCKE-WULF FW 190**

WITH DUPLEX RADIAL ENGINE BMW 801

# "Bill the Bomber"

Continued from page 110

## Mopping up at Height 158

The youthful leader of the assault party lowers his field-glass again. His men are lying before the Narev River, clutching firmly at the clayey soil. All hell seems to be loose. The crossing of the river seems to be well-nigh impossible; for Soviet troops have taken a firm hold and converted the little village of S. and the ridiculous hump over there, marked on the map as height 168, into a fire-spewing fortress. The German troops have now been lying here for half a day long, as if presented on a salver. The infantry lieutenant has informed his commander by means of his knapsack wireless apparatus of the precise situation here at S. Nothing can be done with the means at his disposal.

Suddenly there is a whistling sound overhead and the whirr of engines fills the air. Well, thinks the lieutenant to himself, they can at least keep off the "cement bombers", as his men term the Soviet low-level attack planes. But his expectations are surpassed. The German planes circle over the Russian positions and now make a sudden thrust; the infantry lieutenant, watching them through his field-glass, can plainly see them swoop down in gliding flight. Then a fountain of dirt and stones rises abruptly over height 168, followed by another and another in rapid succession, showing the impacts of the bombs. Bombs are dropped simultaneously into the village of S., shattering fortifications and barricades. In between can be heard the rattle of the guns of the planes, as they whack brief bursts of fire into the crowds of Bolsheviks. Then begins a stampede and the bombs drop into the fleeing masses of the Soviet troops, spreading death and destruction. Houses go up in flames, gun parts and ammunition are whirled through the air, and the limbers in the wood simultaneously fall victim to the German bombers. The horrified Soviet troops try to gain the eastern exit of the village at the double. The leader of the assault party gives the signal to advance. Inflated boats are quickly loaded and driven over the river with rapid strokes. Heavy machine-guns, hand grenades, and flame throwers break down the last resistance. The crossing has succeeded and the bridgehead is formed. Bill the Bomber and his men have mopped up well.

## God Helps Him Who Helps Himself

How critical the situation was that July, when the German bombers were encircled by enemy forces at the field aerodrome at St. for three weeks! The Soviet troops were relentlessly driven forward to recover possession of the important point at all costs, but the light bombers had rather spoiled their appetite for it. All day long they had been dropping their little packets and then turning their attention to the places where the Soviet troops were assembling. Long columns of motor lorries with material and troop reserves are winding their way on the roads along which the Russians are marching, crowding close together over the bridge across the Dniepr. All at once there is a rumbling sound in the white banks of cloud above and dull eyes wearily try to make out whether it may not be German bombers that are flying around in the cumulus clouds.

The shriek of the engines is now close at hand. The horses of the cavalry detachments standing near the bridge plunge and rear in terror with their riders. The vehicles on the bridge collide with one another in their frantic haste, when suddenly a black monstrous object drops in among the crowd on the bridge and flits through the planks into the water. There follows an enormous upheaval in the middle of the Dniepr and the air pressure of a frightful explosion hurls heavy motor lorries over the railing of the bridge into the muddy water, while fragments of wood and splintered metal hurtle through the air.

Every one, as far as possible, takes cover, as the light German bombers swoop down over and over again, while columns of water are flung up at every fresh impact at the right and left of the big gap in the bridge. The cavalry detachment at the bridgehead has broken up into a mob of kicking and stampeding horses, galloping about singly through the streets of R. in wild confusion.

The seven or eight vultures, or Soviet low-level attack planes, that wanted to fly to the front in the neighbourhood of R. that afternoon had decidedly hard luck. Brand-new machines they were, which the Soviet industry had flung into the front, their paint still almost wet. The fresh red stars shine brightly against the green of their wings.

The light bombers leaving R. are on their way home, when they espy the formation of Bolshevik low-level planes. The tally-ho is raised at once, as the juicy morsel comes in sight. Well, up and at 'em! Bill the Bomber has given gas and appears behind the tail unit of one of the green crows. But the "cement bomber" declines to drop at the first burst of fire. Careful aim is taken once more. The tail unit looms large in the reflex sight. Then a button is pressed. The tail unit of the Russian plane is rubbed clean off and down the bomber must go. But there is blue hell in the cabin beside Bill too. A hit in the oil tank, worse luck, and the airscrew distributes the viscous brown stuff nicely and uniformly. Everything is swimming in oil, the whole air seems full of a dark brown liquid. But still, things might be worse, and anyway there is the landing ground down below. Bill lands neatly on the undercarriage. But his mechanic stares agape as he sees a dark figure clambering out, instead of his squadron leader. Bill the Bomber is plastered with oil from head to foot. But that little bit of damage is soon repaired. And what about it anyway—Bill has scored his third down!

## Four Batteries in the Bushes

The dismantled motor cyclists and their comrades press their bodies closely on the moist ground in the wood. There is a momentary whistling over the tree tops, which gives place to the deep note of an organ, and then there is suddenly a terrific crash. That is Soviet artillery, which is ceaselessly keeping up a heavy fire on the row of hills along the Dniepr, over the crests of which runs the important road to R. The troops of the red army are holding their positions in this sector more stubbornly and longer than usual under the protection of the ceaseless fire.

Bomber Bill has the map and the photograph brought back by the reconnaissance plane spread out in front of him, while his pilots stand round the table. "The batteries are concealed here in those bushes", he tells them, "just in the angle of



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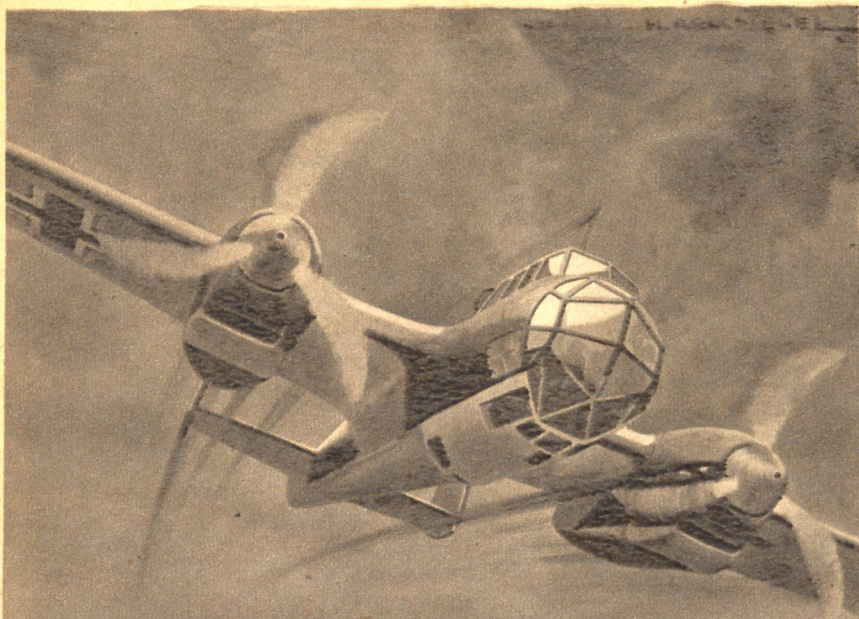
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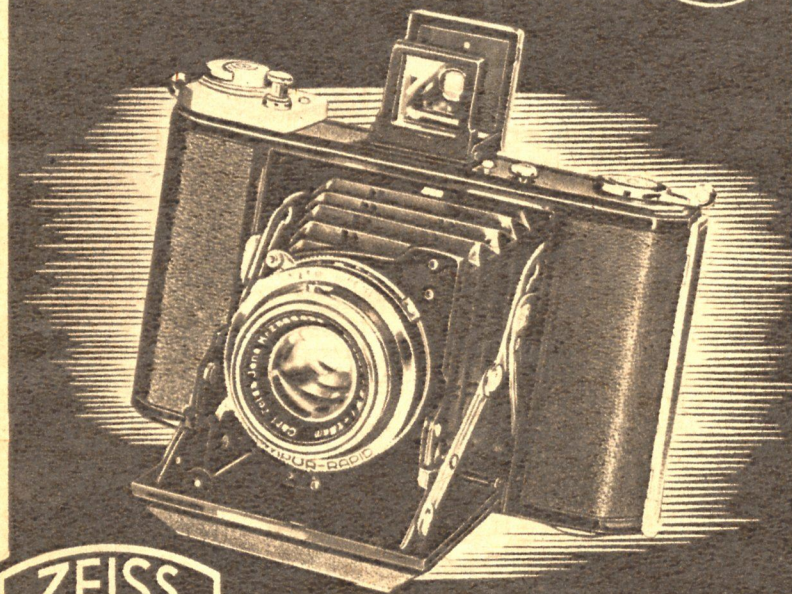


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that forked road. There are three or four of them, according to reports. We'll divide the complex nicely among us, so as to overlook nothing."

The weather is excellent. The landscape unrolls itself like a carpet beneath the swift planes with their heavy loads of bombs, a carpet into which are woven the course of the river, the roads, the woods, and the village settlements.

Over there is the big forked road at Sw. and in the rear the bush complex with the artillery positions, looking as if rather drawn apart, when viewed from the air. Everything appears to be quite harmless; for the Russian gunners have camouflaged their guns wonderfully well and have besides ceased fire on the approach of the German planes, in order not to give themselves away.

But that doesn't matter. The targets having been carefully distributed, the hail of bombs will comb out everything. One light bomber after the other depresses its nose, pressure on the button sets the armament in action, and the tracers disappear between the bushes and the trees. The planes drop their deadly missiles. The

fragmentation bombs lurch heavily into the brushwood, starting a work of destruction without its like in the little sector. The bombs land just where the last tracers disappeared in the gun positions. Pillars of smoke ascend and the roar of the explosions drowns the shrieking of the engines; the planes are now climbing again. Artillery ammunition has exploded, providing a grand pyrotechnic display, as it crackles over the whole scene.



In place of a squadron leader, a dark figure emerges—Bomber Bill is spashed with oil from head to foot

The blow has been well placed and the batteries have been silenced. The German infantry has flung the enemy further back on R. by a swift thrust.

#### "It is Just as Well That Some Ammunition Is Left over"

On the return flight a few specks are noticed in the sky, but it is not yet possible to make out clearly whether they are our own planes or—can it really be, after all? But the bursting German anti-aircraft shells expanding between the dots leave no room for doubt that they are Russian machines. The light bombers are quickly on the spot and it is as well that there is still a little ammunition in the belts; for here is a second worth-while target in the form of a handful of Martin bombers escorted by Ratas. Like gigantic bumble-bees, the Ratas accept the challenge and scurry up. They get all the fighting they want! Part of the light bombers engage with the Soviet fighter planes, while the others tackle the Martin bombers, which are polished off in a few minutes and crash in flames, while simultaneously a couple of Ratas are wiped out, the light bombers having sent them after their more corpulent colleagues now lying scattered about the countryside and smoking nicely.

That was a double smashing blow. Arrived home, Bomber Billy finds the grateful acknowledgements of the army corps waiting on him and the mechanics with broad grins paint the marks for five downs on four tail units.

The light Messerschmidt bombers with their bombs and armament have dealt staggering blows everywhere and made room for our troops all over the eastern front in Russia, whether in the heat of summer or the cold of winter. Bomber Bill and his pilots were on the spot everywhere.

Such are our successful light bombers.

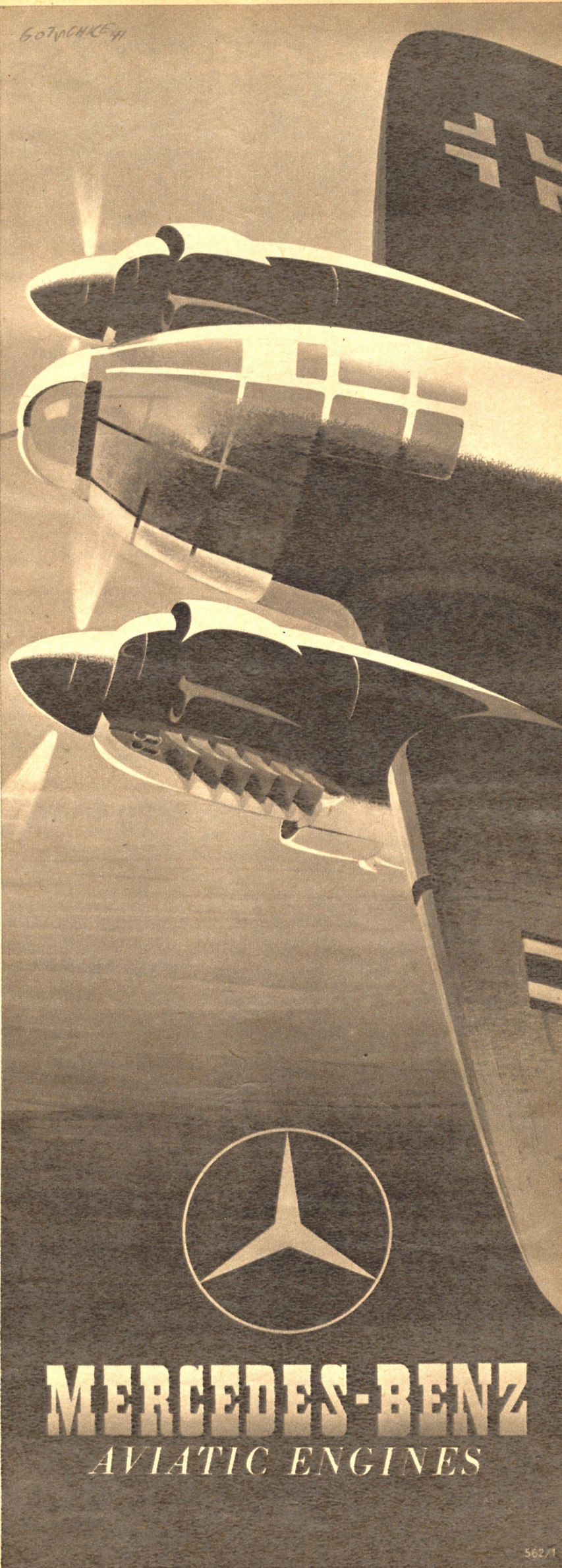
## With Carbines and Automatic Pistol

### Five Men of the Air Intelligence Service Shoot down a Spitfire Fighter Plane

By Georg Liebe, war correspondent

**P**K The aircraft reporting sentinel counts them as they emerge from the haze over the sea—four, six, eight, ten fighter planes. They are flying very low over the water and now turn towards the little patrol boat sailing not far off the coast it has to protect. British planes; there can be no doubt about it.

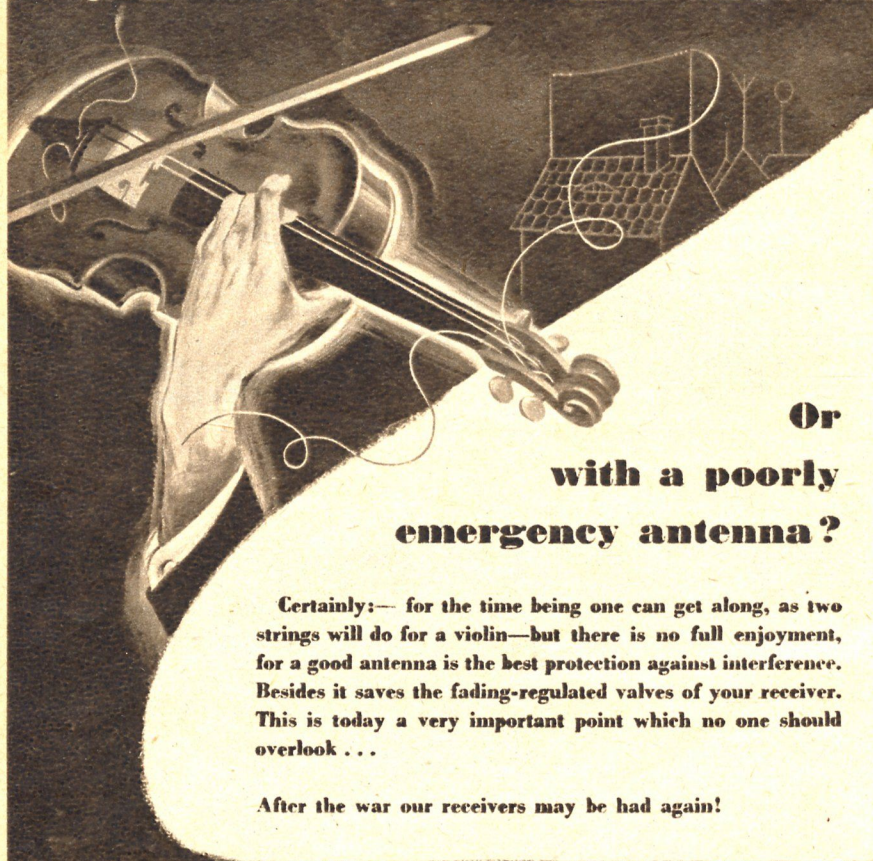
The alarm bell clangs down below in the guardroom. The men know what is to be done; they are out in a moment and jump into their shelter pits, weapon in hand. But where can the others be? Oh, of course, they are fetching water. A confounded nuisance, precisely at such a moment. The non-commissioned officer in charge of the party gives a rapid glance round. Five all told. But a Spitfire is no stage-coach, however rapid the fire kept up, and the swarm of British fighters has whizzed over their position in a second and there is no use in keeping up the fire. The corporal curses heartily and the men of the air intelligence service also grumble a bit about their vile luck. Here they are on the look-out for enemy aircraft day by day and



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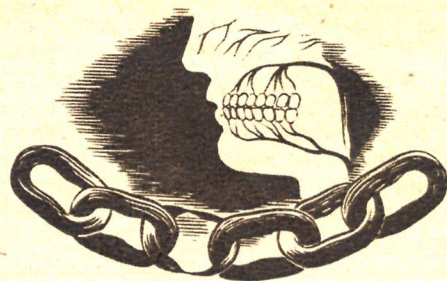
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That part of our body the health of which is more endangered than that of the other organs, are the teeth. This fact is proved by the enormous spreading of the caries, a phenomenon which is truly called a common epidemy, for more than 90 per cent. of our population are suffering from caries. Apply for free posting of our explanatory bulletin "Gesundheit ist kein Zufall" (Health is not a matter of accident) to Chlorodont - Fabrik, Dresden-N. 6.

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points the way to the proper care of the teeth.

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Drawings by H. v. Medvey

firing range. The signaller's expert eye recognizes them at once as Spitfire fighter planes. What followed was over in a few seconds. The corporal uncocks the machine-gun and gives the command "Fire free!" And just at that precise moment occurs the worst contretemps that could possibly happen—his gun jams. Everything seems to be conspiring against them today. Setting his teeth, the corporal seizes his automatic pistol and the five blaze volley after volley at the machines thundering past.

No effect is to be observed, but Tommy must have noticed something after all, because the last machine suddenly turns in their direction and makes as if to attack them directly. Now is the time to keep one's head. Four carbines and an automatic pistol against a Spitfire bristling with machine-guns is surely an unequal combat. "Sight for 500!" cries the non-comm. The sights are swung back and firing proceeds, quietly, rapidly, and efficiently, because Tommy will be directing his massed fire on them

at any moment now. The next few moments are filled with a weird tension and the handful of soldiers bend their whole energies to their task. But suddenly—what was that? Five pairs of eyes notice a bright spurt of flame beside the engine. But now they must all the more keep their heads cool and aim calmly and accurately. One salvo and then another. And then—a hot wave of emotion thrills them all—a shudder seems to run through the machine,

which abruptly tilts over forwards and strikes the water with a thunderous splashing and hissing. Only a few seconds have passed since the Spitfire started the attack and now the enemy has disappeared.

The tension of the five is relieved and they clamber with a loud hurrah out of their pits. That was a bit of luck sure enough! The machine must be lying in the water a little way off the beach. The men swim out, but no trace of it is to be found. The plane had been



night by night, reporting their passage as they fly in and out. They see or hear a British plane often enough, but rarely get within firing range. Today they had had Tommy at last quite close up, but their luck was out. Suddenly the signaller sings out, "Another swarm flying in from Sector I!" All heads are turned to look; sure enough, they might have another chance after all. Six or eight machines are along the coast at quite a low level and well within flying

travelling at a very high speed and must have buried its nose deep into the ooze, leaving nothing behind. The wreckage was only salvaged much later and formed the trophy of a fight on unequal conditions rarely met with, in which five German soldiers showed that rapid decision, cool consideration, and iron nerves can get the better even of a very critical situation. Their finest reward arrived a few days afterwards in the shape of an honourable mention by the Field-Marshal General.

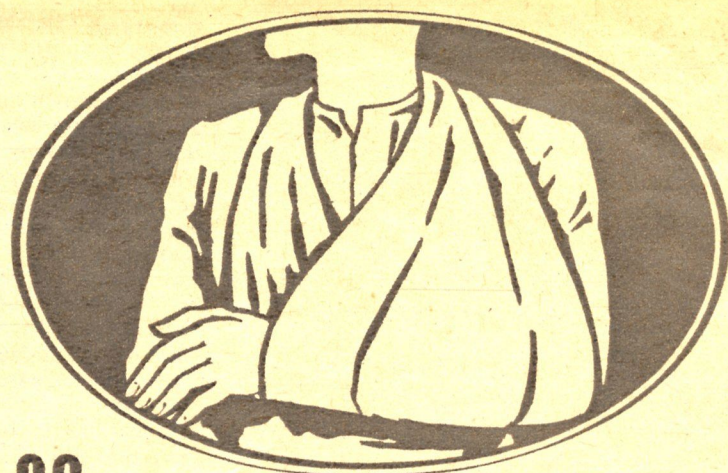
NOSE-DIVE BOMBER  
**DORNIER**  
**DO 217**  
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Hensoldt-DIALYLT  
Prism Field Glass

EXTRA leicht

ask for free posting of list T. 62

M. HENSOLDT & SÖHNE  
Optische Werke A.G. WETZLAR



**30** seconds or 3 working days?  
 Yesterday it was but a slight fissure in the skin, today it is already a "nasty" wound, and tomorrow the doctor has to be consulted. Why not spend 30 seconds for immediate application of a Traumaplast woundplaster?

**Traumaplast**  
 Carl Blank, Bonn a. Rhein

Even with modest application

**Pigmentan**

for light-biological nursing of the skin

A full success when put on in time and supported by massaging

Gr. 1 Kleinpackung Inhalt 30 Stk.

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Allbewährtes Haus- und Einzelbrennittel.

against  
 rheumatism  
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fatigue, hardship in sporting

**Perutz**

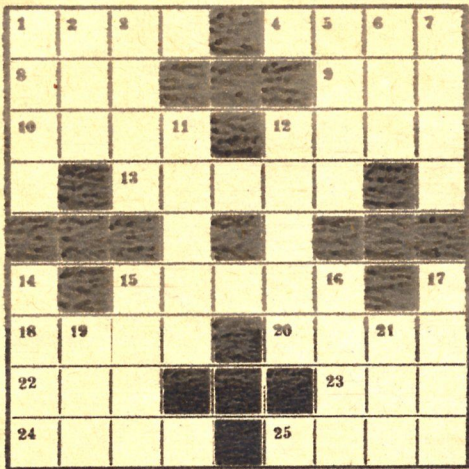
**PERUTZ FILME**

For beautiful photos



# PASTIME

## Crossword Puzzle



Across: 1 A minute or indivisible portion, 4 Vessel for domestic use, 8 Heavenly body, 9 Latin pronoun, 10 Preposition, 12 Kind of pig, 13 Aquatic mammal, 15 Stinking, 18 Unite, 20 Former capital of Lycia, 22 Short name of a South American town, 23 Vessel for liquid, 24 Necessity, 25 Give up.

Down: 1 Continent, 2 Cask, 3 Preposition, 5 Cupid, 6 Ocean, 7 British nobleman, 11 Town in Yorkshire, 12 Obscure, 14 To get as a reward, 15 Floating ice, 16 Proper noun, 17 Narrow path, 19 Untruth, 21 Vulgar expression for liberal.

I 442

## Equation

$$(a-ne) + (b-oo) + c = x$$

a = explosive charge used to destroy buildings or bridges.

b = a card game.

c = a space of 40 cubic feet in a ship.

x = English poet.

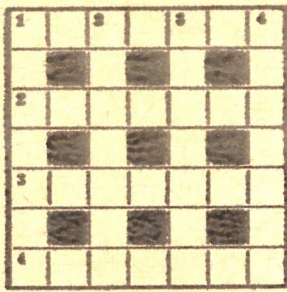
097 I 460

## Magic Square

a a a a a, c c c c,  
d d, h, h, i i, n n, o  
o o, p p, r r r r, s s, t  
t t t t, u u, y y

Put the above letters in the squares so that from left to right and from top to bottom you may read the same words of the following meaning:

1 Fruit-garden, 2 French mountains forming a frontier, 3 Roman gastronomist, 4 Sovereign family. I 461



## Honeycomb Puzzle

a a a, c c, d d, e e e  
e, g, i, l, n n n n, o o  
o, p, r r r r r r, u, v

Insert the above letters in blank cells in such a way that seven words, of six letters each, are formed around figures 1-7. Each word should start at the arrow and should be read according to a clock's hand.

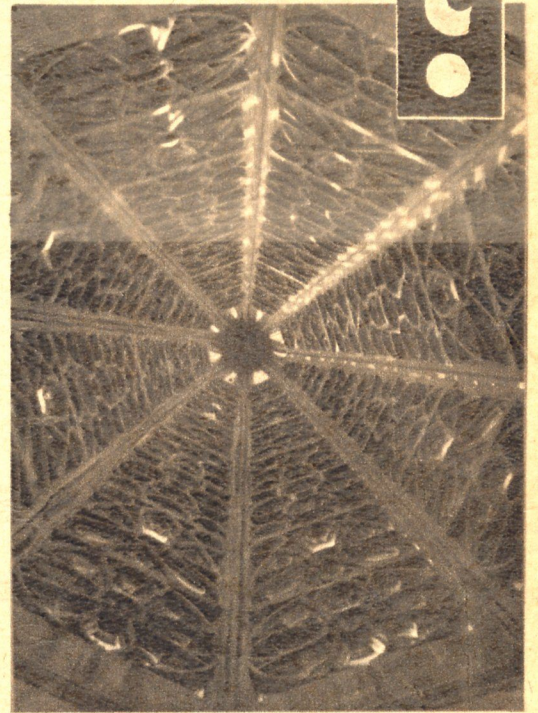
Meaning of the words: 1 Muse of

Astronomy, 2 Eager desire, 3 What criminals are afraid of, 4 Pen for live-stock, 5 Many a man's hobby, 6 Angle, 7 The seller. I 440

## Solutions

Crossword Puzzle: Across: 1 Atom, 4 Vase, 8 Sun, 9 Mea, 10 Into, 12 Boat, 13 Otter, 15 Field, 18 Ally, 20 Myra, 22 Rio, 23 Can, 24 Need, 25 Code. Down: 1 Asia, 2 Tun, 3 Otto, 5 Amor, 6 Sea, 7 Earl, 11 Otley, 12 Bedim, 14 Karn, 15 Rice, 16 Dye, 17 Lane, 19 Lie, 21 Red.  
Equation: x = Milton, a = (Mine), b = (Loo), c = Ton.  
Magic Square: 1 Orchard, 2 Cottian, 3 Apiclus, 4 Dynasty.  
Honeycomb Puzzle: 1 Urania, 2 Ardour, 3 Pollex, 4 Corral, 5 Garden, 6 Corner, 7 Vendor.

## What is that

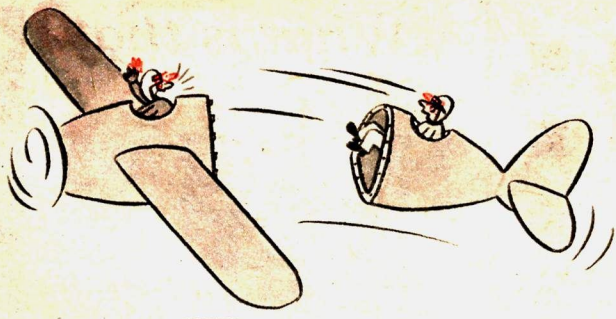


Photograph by Willy Knops

Who would not be inclined at the first glance to hazard a guess at the hull of an airship? It is merely a clever exposure by an amateur photographer stationed inside a tower who pointed his camera directly at the top of the tower with its Gothic ornaments

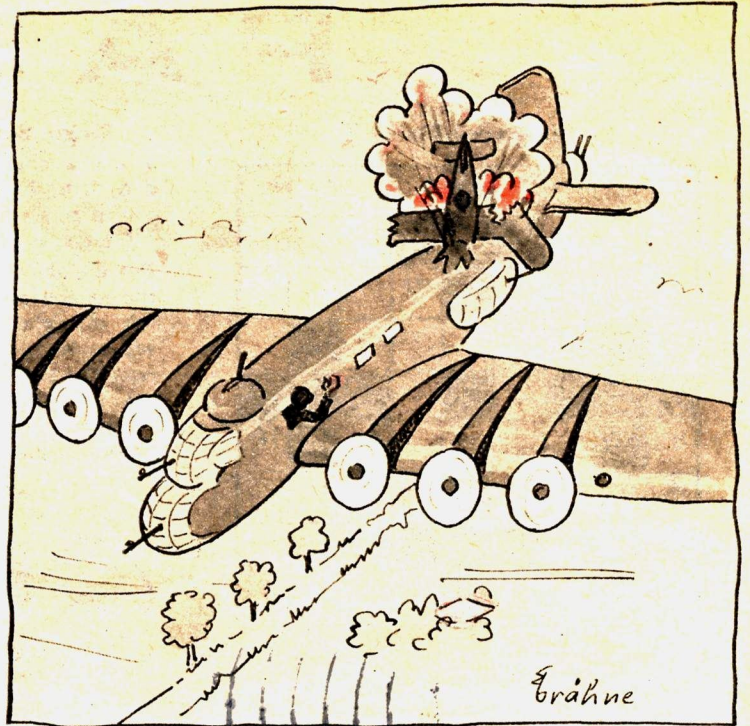
**Togal**  
tablet  
in case of:  
**Rheumatism**  
**Gout**  
**neuralgias**  
**affections**  
**caused by cold**  
**Togal-Werk**  
München 8

**Togal all over the globe**



SCHWARZ

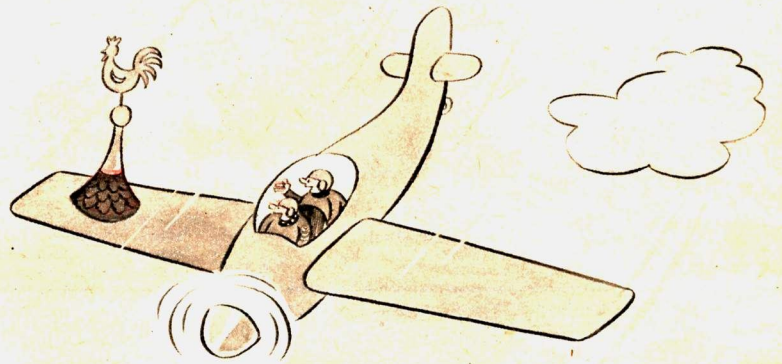
"Now you've done it!... Haven't I told you not to fool with those screws?"



The Bomber pilot: "Hello, did someone knock?"

# Odds and Ends

Drawings by Brähne (2), Schwarz (2), Jeannin-Ribettes, Schröder-Padek



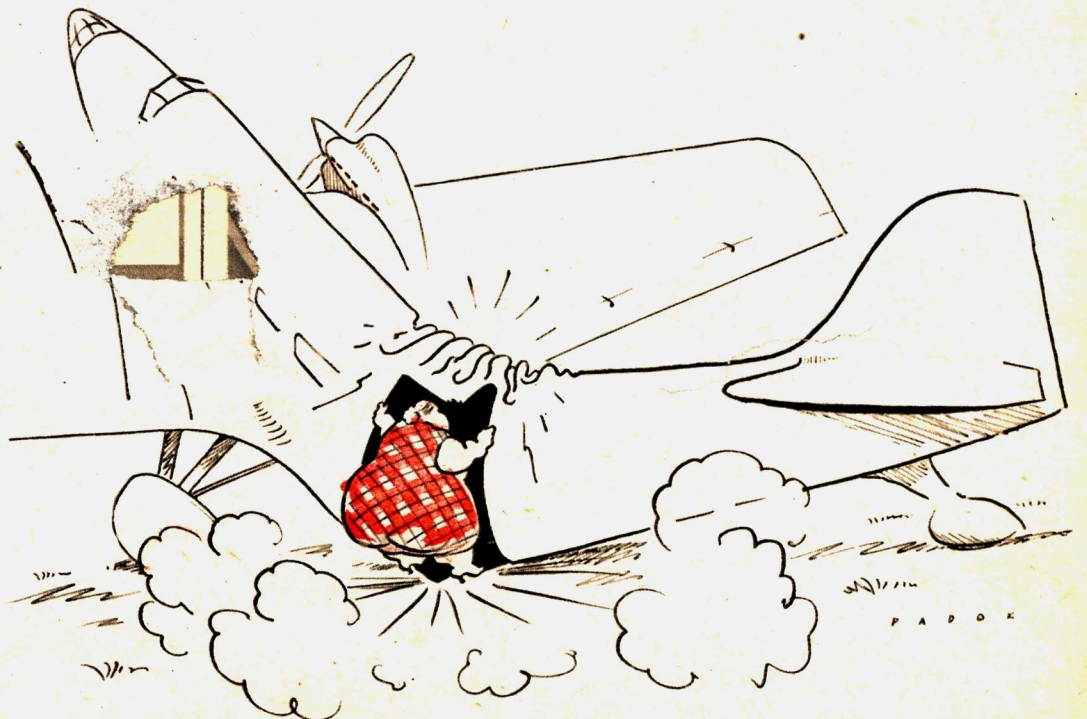
"I guess we must've dived a little too low over that last town!"



"Well, I hope you're satisfied—at last you've got that autogiro you've always wanted!"



"Where was I? ... Oh, yes—woll, guess how the film ended! The hero jumped an his horse and ..."



Civilians' Day at the Aerodrome: Aunt Emma just wanted to have a look inside