

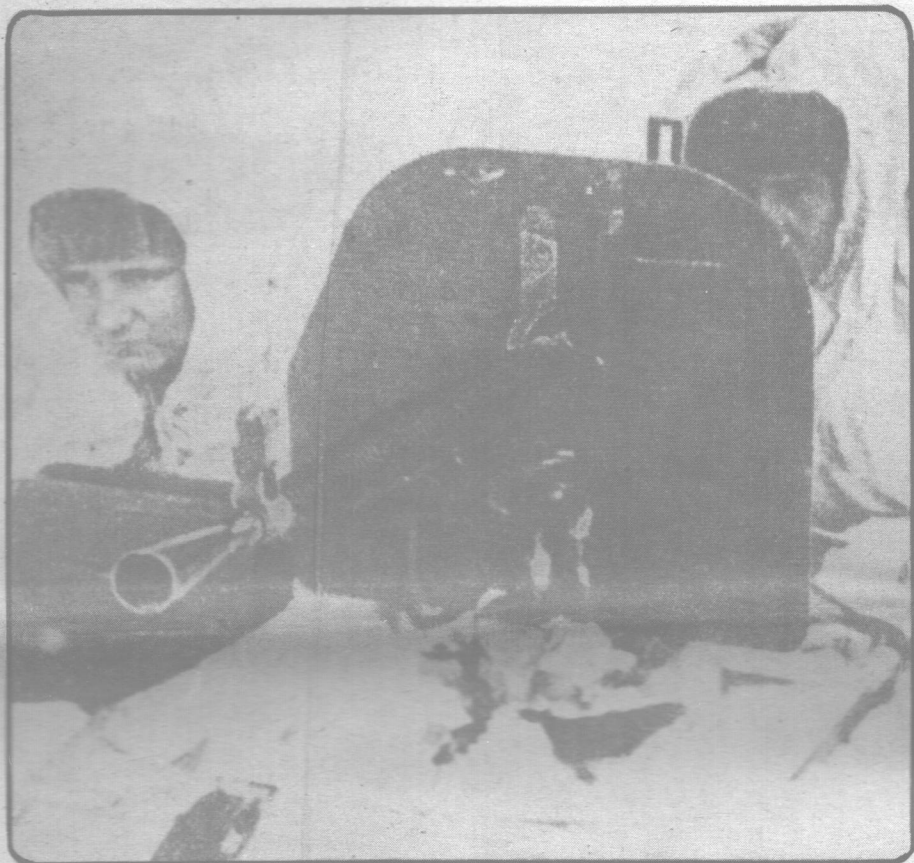
Soviet War News

weekly

No. 1. JANUARY 22, 1942.

THREEPENCE

THE FIRST SOVIET NEWSPAPER IN BRITAIN



UNSEEN AVENGERS

Before the Hitler attack on the Soviet Union, Soviet troops had learned the art of camouflage in all conditions. These Red Army men, who have transported their machine-gun on a sledge, cannot be distinguished against the snow-covered plains.

Soviet President in Liberated Kalinin

A PART of the Kalinin region north of Moscow is still a battlefield. The other part, which was recently liberated from the Germans, is gradually returning to normal life. A few days ago Mikhail Kalinin, President of the Supreme Soviet, arrived in the city which bears his name.

He inspected the town and conversed with the workers. His first visit was to the big May Plant in the city. Although this factory is not yet completely restored and the wind still howls through holes in the walls, the workers, dressed in heavy winter clothes, are already operating the machines and producing armaments.

Kalinin spoke to them: "You have just been liberated from the German terror, but now you must lose no time in helping the front," he said. "It is true that we have begun to beat the Germans. But we must go on beating them. And we must have the materials to beat them with. Every single machine must produce for the front."

Talks with Workers

He spoke with the individual workers and heard that the plant's director, Matrosov, and the worker Yegorov, who were present at the meeting, had fought in guerrilla detachments in the forests of the Kalinin region. During the day Kalinin talked with leaders of the local adminis-

tration. The conversation touched on spring sowing, livestock, plans for the restoration of the city and other matters. Kalinin studied in detail plans for the repair of the bridges and discussed means to accelerate it.

In the evening a meeting of Bolshevik Party members was held in the House of the Red Army, which had escaped.

"We Cried for Joy"

On the following day Kalinin arrived at the village of Gorodnya. The collective farmers gathered to meet him.

"When we saw you returning to us we cried for joy," said the woman farmer Byelova. "I would rather die than live under German rule again."

"But why die?" Kalinin asked. "No, you must live and fight. You must make every effort to make sure that you do not see the Nazis again. Give potatoes and other produce to the Red Army. Collect warm clothing for them, clear the roads to help their advance. Not only the Red Army but you, every one of you, are winning this war."

After visiting a collective farm, Kalinin inspected a factory manufacturing rubber soles, recently built but damaged during the invasion. He visited many other districts in the city and returned to Moscow.

'Anglo-Soviet Friendship, Born and Baptised in War, Must and Will be continued in Peace . . .'

A Letter from I. MAISKY Soviet Ambassador in London

To the Editor of "Soviet War News":—

THE interest of the British people in my country's fight on the eastern front is growing from month to month. This has impelled you to take another step in the task of satisfying the demand for information about this struggle so near to the heart of the British and Soviet peoples. To this end you are to issue a weekly newspaper which is to be on public sale.

For my part I give a most warm welcome to this enterprise. I am certain that not only the successful conclusion of the war against our common enemy, but the post-war reconstruction of Europe will depend very considerably upon the close co-operation between the Soviet Union and Great Britain.

The friendship which has been born and baptised in war must and will be continued in peace.

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ANYTHING that facilitates this collaboration, anything that deepens it, is most important and most welcome.

I am confident that SOVIET WAR NEWS WEEKLY will regularly keep the British public in touch with everything that happens in my country.

It should report not only on the daily march of events on the front, not only on the changes and movements on the battlefield, but also the great struggle of the people in the rear; on the daily war effort of the ordinary worker, farmer and intellectual; on the difficulties which are facing them and on the way in which they are overcoming the greatest obstacles.

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IT should give news about the progress of Soviet science, literature and art in wartime, about the problems of Soviet industry and technique, about the life of our towns and villages to-day and about the guerrillas, those brave men and women who fight our struggle behind the enemy lines.

In this way the SOVIET WAR NEWS WEEKLY, the first Soviet newspaper in Britain, will serve a purpose which is common to all of us—to foster the growing spirit of political understanding and human friendship between the great British people and my own.

I. MAISKY.



I. MAISKY

* "Soviet War News" (daily) is a bulletin issued by the Press Department of the Soviet Embassy in London.

★ Red Strategy ∴ a page written by Soviet Commanders

LANDING TROOPS IN the CRIMEA

by Colonel Nikolai Klimov

THE landing on the Kerch Peninsula was one of the most important military operations since the opening of the war. It was the first action undertaken by the troops commanded by Lieutenant-General Dmitri Kozlov on the Caucasian front. The geographical outline of the Kerch Peninsula permitted the carrying out of a bold plan consisting of three combined blows: a frontal attack through the Kerch Strait, a flanking attack at Feodosia, and a thrust which cut the peninsula at the narrowest point.

The sequence of the frontal and the flank attack is of particular interest. On December 26, the frontal attack was launched against Kerch. The flanking attack upon Feodosia did not follow until three days later. The calculation of the Soviet Command turned out to be entirely correct.

The troops under Lieutenant-General Vladimir Lvov, which crossed the Kerch Strait, were expected to draw against themselves and immobilise all available German forces.

Many Crossings at Once

The task of Major-General Pervushin's troops at Feodosia was to close the bottleneck and prevent the Germans from fleeing into Central Crimea.

Neither fierce storm nor bitter cold hindered our troops in their sudden crossing of Kerch Strait on a broad front. It was crossed simultaneously at many points along the coast. This had the effect of dissipating the attention of the German forces.

The Nazis had prepared Kerch as a springboard for their intended offensive against the Caucasus. All along the coast, trenches had been dug, machine-gun emplacements built and artillery positions prepared. The roads feeding these strategic points had been improved.

General Lvov's troops met fierce resistance and furious counter-attacks. There was a moment when the first group of the landing party found itself in a difficult position, for a storm delayed the landing of the rest of the troops.

German Attacks Fail

The Germans exerted all their efforts to push back into the sea those who had landed. But they did not succeed. There was fierce fighting during December 26 and 27. Then, on December 28, a somewhat calmer sea enabled reinforcements to come up, and the German resistance was broken. At that moment the ships of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet steamed towards Feodosia, and at daybreak on December 29 Red Troops landed in Feodosia harbour.

Thanks to the clever tactics of General Pervushin, the city was quickly captured. While fighting was still in progress in the streets, a section of the Red Army troops broke through beyond the city and captured the heights dominating it.

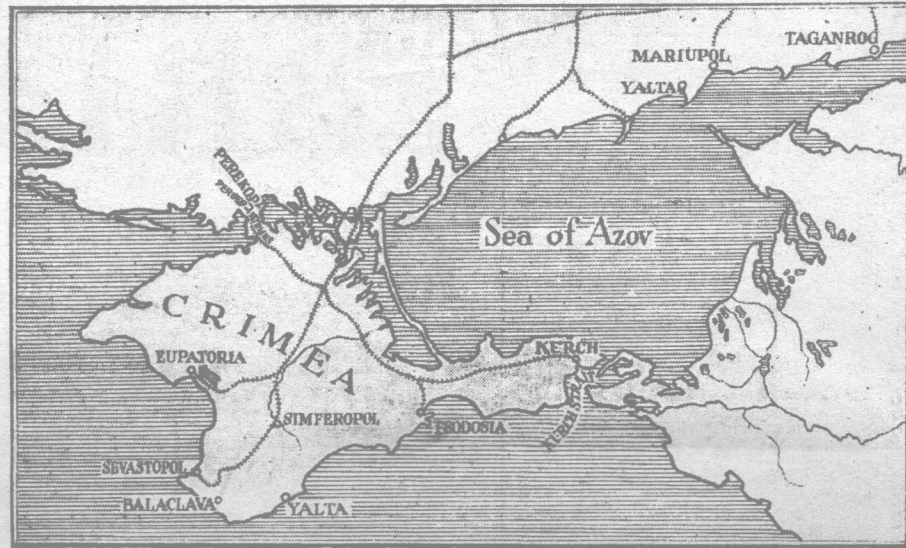
The Nazis fled in panic, trying to escape complete encirclement. That same day, attacked by all General Lvov's forces, they fled from Kerch.

Encirclers Encircled

The news of our capture of Feodosia created panic among the German troops. Fearing to be cut off, they rushed westwards along the roads leading to the interior of the Crimea.

But their retreat had already been barred, and the Germans, those masters of encirclement, found themselves trapped in a pocket.

The situation provided much work for the Soviet Air Force. It relentlessly pursued the fleeing Germans and at the same time kept a sharp look-out to see whether the German command was



bringing up reserves to the Kerch Peninsula.

At the first sign of any such movement, Soviet bombers and fighters exterminated the enemy. This was done in spite of the fact that snow and rain made flying conditions exceptionally difficult, and the planes had to fly over sea and mountains to reach their objectives.

By December 30 it became clear that the operation had been crowned with success. Kerch was again in Soviet hands. After trapping the Germans, our troops began to advance further into the Crimea,

How the Moscow Battle was Won

by Colonel A. Vasilyev

IT is six weeks since Soviet troops on the central front passed to the counter-offensive. The front covers the capital and faces the most powerful group of the German armies.

The Germans aimed at taking the city by a pincer movement and encirclement, and massed shock armies of tanks on the flanks of their offensive. In the south the 2nd Armoured Tank Army of General Guderian, consisting of four tank divisions, two motorised divisions, and one infantry division, advanced from the district of Tula on Ryazan and Kashira. In the north the armies of Generals Hoth and Huebner, composed of seven tank divisions, two motorised and three infantry divisions, moved on Klin, Dmitrov and Solnechnogorsk.

Between these shock troops there was a powerful infantry group numbering 29 infantry and two armoured tank divisions. This group failed to score a single major victory. The armoured tank armies, however, pierced deep into the Soviet positions. Moscow was threatened from north and south by the German tank troops. The Red Army continued its defensive operations, aiming at the exhaustion of the enemy.

On December 6, drawing up its reserves, the Red Army launched a counter-offensive. An initial blow was struck at the German armoured concentrations. Having checked the enemy in the centre, the Soviet troops continued to press back his shock and flank groups. The number of guns lost by the Germans would have been sufficient to arm more than 30 artillery regiments.

River Defences

The Germans were pushed back approximately to the starting point from which Hitler began his offensive on November 16.

The terrain favoured the enemy. The steep banks of the rivers Nara, Protva and Oka, which faced the Soviet assault troops, gave the Germans defences without the trouble of building fortifications. The Nazi generals considered their defences impregnable. Their command planned to check the Soviet troops by drawing up fresh reserves and withdrawing the battered "shock" armoured tank troops, which were to be reorganised.

How the Nazis were Trapped

The map below shows the centres of the fighting in the Crimea and, to the north-east, the Sea of Azov coast along which the Germans fled after having been flung out of Rostov.

The Nazi forces are faced with surrender or annihilation in many parts of the Crimea.

To escape they must pass through the narrow Perekop Isthmus.

Meanwhile the Soviet forces in the Taganrog and Mariupol areas are advancing westwards.

The Navy was There

by Captain Fedorov
(Red Navy)

THE German command could not undertake the invasion of the Caucasus without first controlling Sevastopol. The capture of this naval base became their paramount task.

Concentrating about seven divisions at the approaches to Sevastopol, the Germans began the offensive on December 16. Repeated frantic Nazi attacks were beaten back. Then, on December 27, the enemy succeeded in pressing back Soviet units in some places.

In one sector it seemed that German heavy tanks and infantry were about to break through. A brigade of Soviet marines were brought into action, and their counter-attacks and bayonet charges hurled the Nazis back to their starting point.

Sevastopol's Defence

While the defenders of Sevastopol were depleting the German troops at the approaches to the naval base, the Red Army, in collaboration with naval forces off the Caucasian coast, were preparing to recapture the Kerch Peninsula. Everything was ready for the attack on December 26. The Germans had on the Peninsula two infantry divisions, one infantry brigade, one Rumanian brigade and considerable artillery and mine-throwers.

The landing had to be carried through despite heavy storms. The Soviet troops had to jump into the icy water, reach the shore under enemy fire, and fight in their drenched uniforms at a temperature of 10 degrees Centigrade below zero. There was danger of the ships being cast ashore by the storm.

Aircraft were the main opponents of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet.

Attack in Storm

During the night of December 25 the ships took to sea. The weather was unfavourable, with heavy storm and snowfall. Despite this, at 8 a.m. on December 26, the first detachments landed at several points on the shore of the Kerch Peninsula.

The Germans were taken by surprise, for they never anticipated a landing in such unfavourable weather. Nevertheless the Soviet operations were conducted under heavy fire. The marines landed first, followed by infantry detachments.

On reaching the shore, our men immediately made a bayonet charge and hurled the Germans back, so enabling the remaining troops to land. Soviet naval guns played an important part in silencing the enemy artillery.

Feodosia Shelled

On December 27, when the sea grew calmer, the Soviet forces landed more troops. On December 29 Soviet reconnaissance planes reported that the enemy had concentrated all his reserves in the Kerch sector. This was the moment to begin landing operations at Feodosia.

At dawn on December 30 cruisers and destroyers of the Black Sea Red Fleet began to shell enemy objectives in Feodosia. The Germans fled from the town, leaving much booty.

The enemy began to retreat westward. Finally, when they learned that other Soviet forces had landed in the rear to cut them off, turned into a disorderly flight.

On the Azov Coast

On January 2 the Red forces reached the Azov coast north of Feodosia. In view of the capture of Kerch and Feodosia, the German command apparently decided to transfer part of their troops near Sevastopol to the Kerch sector. The retreating enemy was shelled by Soviet coastal batteries and naval guns and bombed from the air.

In the meantime Soviet units at Sevastopol, smashing the enemy obstacles and destroying fortifications, made headway in a number of sectors.

WHY THEY RESIST

Statement by German private captured near Staritsa:—

We have no way out. We are doomed. If I come out of a house into the fields I shall perish just the same. It only remains for us to die on the spot.

"COME OVER TO US"

Soviet radio stations, broadcasting news in German, have been set up along the whole front. Appeals to the German soldiers—"Come over to Us!"—have had the result that many Germans have gone over to the Soviet lines.

German Soldier —what Now?

*In July he was "invincible"
In September he was puzzled
In November he was desperate
This is what he is like in January*

The Young Recruit

A THIN, worn-out German came to one of the Soviet units operating on the Murmansk sector and, giving up his rifle to a Red Army man, shouted "I've had enough. I have no more strength to fight."

He was a machine-gunner of the 6th Company, 2nd Battalion of the 143rd Alpine Regiment, named Alois Mattersberg. He was only 20 years old, but was so haggard that he looked like an old man.

Mattersberg was dressed in a summer uniform with torn leather shoes on his frozen feet. His head was wrapped in a rug and covered with a summer cap, under which protruded his swollen, frozen ears. Here is Mattersberg's story:—

Out of 210 men of our company 120 have been killed since November 20, and 40 were frostbitten. Most of us are sick. Until recently the men who were frostbitten—and there were many of them—were not removed to hospital, but turned over to court-martial. They were tried for "self-injury."

All our units are greatly understaffed, and even sick men who can hardly move about are sent to the front line on penalty of death.

The attitude of the officers is terrible. Some two weeks ago I was on sentry duty. My feet were so cold that I had to sit down and warm them. The Streibmeyer noticed this and threatened me with court-martial.

Soldiers guilty of a breach of discipline frequently disappear in mysterious circumstances. All of us are certain that they are shot. Only recently a private of the 8th Company, Sozek, and a lance-corporal of the 9th Company, Seger, who refused to obey orders, were reported missing.

Before every attack the officers warn us that any man who refuses to go into battle will be shot on the spot.

We get alarming news from home. The people are beginning to understand that Hitler's adventure will cost them dear.

The Corpses

THEY are lying by their thousands under the snow along the routes of the German retreat—privates, officers, and men who were wounded and men who were frozen to death.

Until a few days ago they were the terror of the district. They occupied all the houses in the villages and drove their owners out into the cold.

They bundled the farmers indoors only when they wanted work done for themselves: in an hour that wood has got to be chopped, in so many hours this underwear must be laundered and mended; within such and such a time boots must be cleaned for the whole company—failing which you will be shot.

These were not empty threats. Every corporal and every German soldier was virtually master of life and death in the entire occupied place.

Now even their corpses remind one of their profession of robbery. Stiffened by frost, they are wrapped up in every variety of stolen goods: shawls, sweaters, fur collars. One even had a pair of woman's stockings tied around his neck. Rucksacks are stuffed with loot.

The Equipment

THE road leading from Moscow to Volokolamsk looks like a sort of gigantic exhibition of German war materials.

Although some time has elapsed since the German withdrawal on this sector, and squads of Red Army men have already collected a considerable part of the undamaged war material, there are piles of scrap lying about in the snow.

The numerous small black passenger cars are probably those "Volkswagen" (people's cars) which were at one time promised to every German worker.

Bulging from under the snow are a number of French cars.

Hitler Troops Follow Red Army Instructions

Order issued by the Headquarters of the 88th Regiment, 34th German Infantry Division, and captured by Soviet troops:—

"When the field post was examined Russian leaflets were discovered in letters. Persons dispatching leaflets in this manner are disseminators of propaganda and subject to severe punishment. Every measure should be taken to prevent the dispatch of Russian leaflets to Germany."

SOVIET planes continue to drop millions of leaflets behind the German lines. Like the Red Army men themselves, these leaflets now have a special winter "dress." They are printed on bright red, orange or green paper. These colours show up against the snowy background of the winter landscape.

"Do you want this?—or this?" are the captions under two photographs on one leaflet. The first shows a German soldier who has given himself up as a war prisoner. He is smiling. The picture opposite shows a German soldier frozen to death in the snow.

Another leaflet is entitled "Advice to the German Soldiers" suggests these ways in which a German may save his life:—

1. Stay away from your commanders, and try to lag behind the others in your group. The Russian population in the rear will help you and



DEATH CAME

Letter from Rifleman Gunther Kromhold to Inga Neuhaus, dated December 1:—

Shells were bursting right near our dug-out, where five of us huddled in a corner awaiting death. This alone is sufficient to drive one mad. One begins to wish for the end to come at last.

We no longer pay attention to lice, fleas and cold. Not a single word of encouragement from anyone. Sometimes our nerves are strained to the utmost and we shout at each other. . . .

hide you from your officers and Gestapo if you present the pass on the reverse side of this leaflet.

2. Expose the toe or finger to the cold for a while and try to get it frozen. It is better to lose a finger than your life.
3. Put your rifle out of commission: do the same with the motors of cars, tanks and planes.
4. Carry out orders as slowly as possible.
5. Slip away when sent on a scouting trip.
6. Stay in your dug-out during an attack.
7. Best of all, come over to the Red Army.

We receive every voluntary prisoner as a brother.

"They waited for him at home," is the title of another leaflet with the photograph of a German six-year-old boy at a desk in school. Under the picture, written in a childish hand, is a letter written by this boy to his father Anton Stronzynski on the Soviet front.

"Dear Papa," he writes, "Mamma and I are alone. It is very cold outside and I know you are cold too. We sent you something to eat. Hope you get it. You are so hungry and we are so sorry that we

cry very often. We are praying for you. When will you come home? Thanks for the money. You are so good, Papa. Your son Hati."

Underneath this letter is a note: "Anton Stronzynski did not and never will go home again. The Red Army men found him frozen to death in the snow, with Hati's picture clutched in his lifeless hand."

A number of leaflets are addressed to German women, calling on them to advise their sons, husbands and sweethearts to put an end to Hitler's work and to become prisoners of the Red Army.

The propaganda is not limited to leaflets. Red planes drop picture postcards bearing the German stamp, all ready for the soldiers to send home. The picture on one of them shows a field with wooden crosses, and vultures fluttering above them. In the foreground lies one lone helmet. The caption reads: "Living space in the East."

Prisoners—Grotesque Ghosts

A LARGE group of captured German soldiers is passing through the village of Novopetrovsk on their way to the rear. They look like grotesque ghosts. Their clothing and general appearance forcibly remind one of cartoons of Napoleon's retreating army in 1812.

One cannot see their uniform—it is concealed under stolen fur coats and shawls. One of the "invincibles" has contrived to cut openings for his head and arms in a blanket that he had filched. In this cloak he has been scurrying over the Russian plains.

Some have stuffed their trousers with feathers from stolen beds. Many wear women's skirts under their coats. In such costumes Hitler's soldiers are proceeding to Moscow as prisoners.

One cause of the panic-stricken flight of the German soldiers is their terror of being left behind. They dread the thought of falling into the hands of the inhabitants.

And now, passing as captives through towns and villages, they look around at the people with fear, but with a sort of gratitude at the escort of Red Army men—their last guarantee of safety.

THEIR ORDERS WERE TO ENTER TULA. They entered it—as prisoners. Frozen, ragged, broken-hearted, the "proudest soldiers of the world" are escorted to prison-camps by the Red Army.



by Ilya
Ehrenburg
(famous Soviet author)

The Wolf Bleats

HITLER assures the German people that his soldiers are voluntarily retreating, preferring their winter quarters to the snowdrifts. He asserts that the Germans were driven not by the Russian army, but by the Arctic cold.

It is common knowledge that in the Crimea the winter is far milder than in Berlin. Why then have the Germans hastened to abandon Russia?

Hitler insists that the German armies are retreating with one aim in view—the shortening of the line of the front. But instead of becoming shorter, the front has grown longer. Russian wedges have been driven into it and Russian pincers are hemming it in.

There was a small horseshoe separating Klin and Kashira. There is a huge arc now between Staritsa and Kozelsk.

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Hitler heaves great sighs in his New Year's message. The old wolf bleats: "I wanted peace and not war." The incendiary of Warsaw, the murderer of Paris, the butcher of Kiev, is merely the most peace-loving of uncles.

He carries a candy in his pocket. He wanted peace, but the Norwegians threatened him. He wanted peace, but the Belgians were scheming against him. "I wanted to work in the field of culture and education." Yes, he wanted peacefully to burn books and execute scientists. But it was Luxemburg that prevented him. Luxemburg attacked him, and he was compelled to tear himself away from the text books and turn his attention to tanks.

"I wanted to devote myself to a civilising mission," says Hitler. He sterilised women. He substituted genealogy for science. He replaced the universities by concentration camps. He wanted to continue his endeavours, but the Greeks suddenly attacked him and poor Hitler was compelled to fight.

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Hitler's message concludes with the prattle of a Pharisee: "At the beginning of the New Year we can only implore the Almighty to give us the necessary strength. God will help us and the year 1942 will bring us salvation."

Behold this tormentor of French and Serbian priests feigning piety! Hitler began 1941 with a cheerful cry of "victory." He has finished it with a pitiful howl for "salvation."

He wants to justify himself before the Germans. He assures them that he is fighting for his people and his future. He should at least be concerned about his future. It will decide whether the killer is to rule the world or be hanged from a tree.

I go Raiding with the Guerrillas

by Konstantin Nepomnyashchy

I FIRST met Commander Yovlev in a tiny village in the Moscow region. He was already well known; three times the Nazis had announced that they had "annihilated" him. His detachment consisted of Red Army men. Most of them were only 19 or 20, but they had plenty of experience in battle.

Yovlev is an enthusiast at his work. "The best and most vivid pages of military history," he said to me, "deal with operations in enemy country. No other work of contemporary war produces such effective and surprising results as lightning raids behind the enemy lines. Everything hinges on determination and suddenness. . . . Anyway, you will see for yourself not later than to-morrow."

In the darkness of a moonless night our group left, strongly armed and warily clad. A column of trucks brought us to the front line. We alighted in a hamlet lost in the thickness of woods and were welcomed by a group of Red Army men. We spent two hours with this last Soviet outpost and made our way to the front line.

Matthew, Aged 16

The men walked in silence; Yovlev and Commissar Strigunov led the way. With them was a lad of 16, probably the youngest guerrilla in this section of the Central front. His name is Matthew; he is the son of a local forester and knows more about the Moscow woods than anyone I have met.

We passed a wide collective-farm field and crossed the woods. Over our head were flashes of exploding shells, and to the west we could see the signal rockets soaring skywards and hear occasional shots of

sub-machine guns. It was night when we came to a halt at the foot of a low hill with a stream flowing around three sides of it.

Matthew went ahead to reconnoitre and we had a long wait. Then the stillness of the night was broken by the screech of a bird. It was repeated and a similar sound came in reply.

Jacob, Our Guide

Only the Commander knew the significance of these signals. Very soon Matthew came running up, bubbling with news. "Yes, they are waiting for us," he whispered to Yovlev.

Descending a steep bank we crossed the ice-covered stream in darkness with only a faint glimmer of light on the eastern horizon. Soon we met the messengers.

His name was Jacob; he was sent out by local guerrillas to meet us according to previous arrangement. His broad face with its black beard looked haggard, but he smiled as he shook hands all round. He had a brief conference with the commander and we resumed our way down barely discernible forest paths.

We walked until the first grey of dawn appeared. Sudden noises in front brought us to a halt and our scouts reported that a German transport train was moving along the road ahead. The Nazi soldiers sitting on the loads of hay were talking loudly. "You might think they were in their own country," said Sergeant Ryabov.

Our commander decided to let the main body of the Germans pass for there was no point in engaging in a long battle here.

A Red Army Surgeon

by a Correspondent at the Front

IN a field hospital I saw four bits of wood, the detonator of a mortar shell, pieces of a rusty table knife and bits of cloth covered with blood. All this was extracted from the leg of Sergeant Mikhail Lukinich, wounded during a recent heavy German mortar attack.

It was a difficult and intricate operation. The wounded man was sure he would lose both his legs. When he was carried into the operating theatre he doubted whether even his life would be saved.

Then, after the operation, he found both legs intact. "What is it? Do you want a drink?" asked the nurse as she looked at his worried face.

"No; call the Professor."

"This is common in the hospital where Professor M. S. Lisitsin is head surgeon. Every patient wants to see him after the operation."

Professor Lisitsin has had experience in four wars in his 27 years as surgeon. He has written many books on his experiences, and since the war many more articles. His ambulance unit follows close on the heels of the fighting units at the front.

Lisitsin loses no time in operating, and this has saved many lives. During one particularly heavy battle, when he saw that the ordinary ambulance facilities were inadequate, he ordered

that additional space be prepared and cleaned within two hours. It looked impossible, but Lisitsin insisted and it was done. Within two hours all the wounded—and there were very many that day—were washed and ready for operation.

Then Lisitsin started to work. His unit consisted of 53 surgeons, all of them with wide experience at the front. That day Lisitsin and the surgeons under him spent 15 hours in the operating theatre. All the operations were successful.

On another occasion Lisitsin was told that a battalion commissar and a group of Red Army men were lying wounded in a small town in the midst of the fighting. He dashed off to the town and operated on the men. He was finishing the operations when the Germans broke into the town.

Shells were bursting everywhere and machine-gun bullets sweeping overhead. The last thing the Germans saw was Red Cross aircraft flying over the town. It was Lisitsin and his patients flying back.

On some rare days Lisitsin visits Leningrad. He spends most of his time in hospitals discussing war experiences with younger surgeons. Day by day he receives stacks of letters from his patients.

When I visited him last I saw a post card lying on his table. It was from Sergeant Mikhail Lukinich, and on it were the words: "Have begun to walk."

proper aim, but when he saw two tanks approaching the tracks he stopped the train and ordered point-blank fire. Two volleys were fired. Both tanks were hit. They reared up and rolled helplessly down the embankment. Shells hailed upon its armour. The binoculars were knocked out of Osetrov's hands, but he managed to give the command, "Full speed ahead."

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In flames, the White Devil—still firing volley after volley at the German tank column—sped over the rails and left the tanks behind. Before the German tank column had reached the next station Soviet tanks were there to meet them. The White Devil had frustrated a German break-through towards Moscow.

Captain Osetrov and his armoured train hail from the same Volga town. The White Devil had been built with funds in the town and neighbouring villages.

I met Osetrov there. A meeting was held in the railway shop in which the White Devil had been built. Osetrov, recuperating from his wound, was on leave. He was invited to report on the exploits of the train.

Now he is again in command of the White Devil.

We did, however, attack the tail end of the column, broke away several wagons, wiped out their drivers and let the horses loose in the woods. Only two Germans escaped.

A quarter of an hour later the woods through which we were passing thundered with shell explosions. Apparently the two escaped Nazis had reported our sudden attack. The German guns were too late, for our men were already beyond the danger zone. We sat down for a rest about three miles from the highway.

While the men were building shelters out of fir branches, our scouts and local guerrillas were arguing with each other as to who should go to the nearby village and find out the strength of the German garrison there. Everyone was eager to go; finally our commander appointed Yevdokia, a woman guerrilla.

Jacob gave her detailed instructions. "I was born in that village and my wife is still there," he said. "I want you to go into the third house on the left side of the main road and tell them you come from me." Then Jacob explained how to find the road to the village.

Yevdokia's Story

Yevdokia left and we continued with our work. Soon a number of well-camouflaged shelters were erected in the heart of a snow-covered thicket.

That evening, since it was rather foggy, the commander allowed us to make small fires. We were glad to dry our clothes and cook a meal. Soon everyone was asleep, except the sentinels and the commander who was awaiting the return of our scout.

Yevdokia returned late at night. We gathered in our commander's shelter. She told us a long story:

"I reached the village about noon, and the first thing I saw was a heap of corpses, thirteen of them, at the village boundary. An inscription on a piece of cardboard read 'Killed for Spying.'"

Jacob's Wife

"I wasn't long in finding the third hut on the left side of the road. I knocked, and a woman opened the door. I told her I was a school-teacher, from the neighbouring village, looking for my children, and she invited me in."

"The hut was full of officers. A woman was sitting in the far corner as if hiding. I sat down near her and we began our conversation in undertones. She turned out to be Jacob's sister. You cannot imagine what suffering and torture she had been through, but she was firm and determined as ever."

"After a while we went out on the porch. Jacob's wife joined us, and I gave her his message. I told her all I knew about him. She said that the Germans were continually after her, wanting to know where her husband was."

"The other day a German officer told her: 'Tell your husband that if he returns and makes a clean breast of everything we will appoint him village mayor, and if he does not, we will just burn your house down.'"

"Well, they can burn it," she told me, "and, if you see Jacob tell him not to come back in any circumstances. I don't want him to come because of me. Tell him not to worry. We will see it through somehow."

Night Attack Ordered

Yevdokia paused. Jacob was following every word. Then Yevdokia gave a detailed account of the Germans, their arms and positions. As soon as she was finished, the commander ordered a night attack on several villages near "F."

At night Yovlev ordered a new attack and assigned us to our points. The group under Junior Lieutenant Rozozhin and Political Instructor Kalnitsky were despatched to the village "F," with instructions to drive the Germans out of the warm houses, and raise as much noise as it could.

(To be continued)

White Devil: the story of an armoured train

THEY call it "White Devil." There is a good reason for this name. The Germans gave it to an elusive and invulnerable Soviet armoured train that operates on a line near Moscow. It is as white as the snow which forms its background.

The Germans had long been after the train, which constantly harassed them at the distant approaches to the capital. Prisoners of war said that legends were already circulating among the Germans about the White Devil.

At one time it seemed as good as captured. The train was caught between two stations which were both in German hands. It had taken cover in a forest but it could not possibly get off the tracks and escape.

The commander of the White Devil, young Captain Osetrov, prepared to give battle. The Nazis, however, thought the train was in their hands and did not hurry.

Osetrov sent to investigate. They report that from the station ahead German tanks were moving further on along the railway towards Moscow. Osetrov issued his orders, the guns were made ready and the White Devil left the forest like a hurricane and dashed towards the German-occupied station.

The train appeared so suddenly that the Germans had no time to bar its way; as the train sped past its crew opened fire from all its guns.

★ ★ ★

Along the highway parallel to the rails the German tank column was moving towards Moscow. Two or three tanks turned towards the railway embankment to bar the train's way. If a single tank had succeeded in reaching the track the armoured train would have been cut off. Everything now depended on the commander's resourcefulness.

Some tanks opened fire on the White Devil while others were trying to climb up the embankment. Osetrov kept the train moving backwards and forwards to prevent the Germans from taking



The Soviet Home Front

CIVILIANS MUST NOT BE NEGLECTED

How the Soviet People Treat Bureaucrats

"Pravda," the leading Soviet newspaper, writes:—

IN war time we must work harder and better than at ordinary times. We must live more modestly than usual. We must economise in everything. By giving up everything superfluous, not only in industry but also in private life, we shall be able to send more supplies to the front.

But it would be ridiculous to think that war conditions justify a refusal to attend to the daily requirements of the population. Only bureaucrats and shirkers, and not Bolsheviks, could entertain such ideas.

On the contrary, war conditions and restrictions demand that all organisations caring for the everyday needs of the population shall work with exceptional precision, scrupulously and accurately.

Yet some people use the difficulties of the war to conceal their own bad work, their shiftlessness, their mismanagement and their guilt.

Supposing a restaurant is dirty, yet the cleaner sits with folded arms. What has the war got to do with it? Supposing the paths are buried deep in snow, yet the house caretakers are idle—what has the war to do with that?

Supposing there is sufficient fuel in the warehouses, yet the district Soviet neglects to have it delivered to the people's houses. What has the war to do with it?

There are some instances where amenities for the population deteriorate not because, for example, there is a shortage of fuel, or

because there are transport difficulties, but because the local Soviet and Party organisations forget their indispensable Bolshevik duty—daily care for the requirements of the people.

Two Soviet Families

In the very first days of the war Soviet citizens everywhere volunteered for service—at the front, in the factories, in the Volunteer Guard.

Leontina Tupalov, and her mother, pictured above, both volunteered for service at the front with a Red Army first-aid squad.

Below, V. Tailosani, a worker in a Leningrad plant, and his son Igor, a student, have joined the People's Volunteer Guard.

Slackness Condemned

It is no accident that the Moscow Committee of the Bolshevik Party sharply criticised a number of officials who, on the pretext of the nearness of the front, pushed into the background such vital questions as the quality of work in the shops, restaurants and laundries. Any slackness in maintaining the normal operation of transport systems, or in organising public catering and other municipal amenities, must be categorically condemned everywhere.

Recently the executive committee of the Sverdlovsk City Soviet found that the workshops of the local industries and industrial co-operative had deteriorated during the past few months.

There were fewer shops for the repair of clothing, footwear and household goods, fewer hairdressers. The committee directed the attention of leaders of the industrial co-operatives and local industries to their disgusting work in this field.

Tramway Director Forgot

Yet it is permissible to ask the leaders of the Sverdlovsk City Soviet and of the Sverdlovsk City Party organisation where they were when the morally bankrupt officials of the local industries closed down their workshops, causing the amenities of the population to deteriorate and grossly infringing the policy of our Party and Government.

Not long ago the paper "Krasnaya Tataria" (Red Tartary) wrote about the completely unsatisfactory work of the urban transport system. Polyakov, director of the town's tramways, and Levin, chairman of the public services committee of the town Soviet, appeared not to observe the onset of winter.

Preparations were not made, and as soon as the first snowstorms came, the trams stopped.

Care for Human Beings

The transport system caters for millions of passengers—troops and civilians. It is difficult when there are big troop movements to maintain all the services at every station, but boiling water for the passengers must at least be provided. Yet there is no boiling water to be found at some stations. Only a slapdash attitude to the welfare of passengers can explain the existence of this problem of boiling water.

Stalin teaches us that care for human beings is the indispensable duty of the Bolshevik. The work of the Party and Soviet organisations must be imbued with a sense of this duty. To care for the everyday requirements of the population is to ensure high productivity of the workers in the rear who are catering for the front.

Red Caravan

A Soviet collective farm was recently evacuated from a district in the region of the Black Sea. Caravans of carts moved along the roads of the Ukrainian steppes followed by droves of horses and herds of cattle and sheep.

On one wagon was the sign: "Office of the Collective Farm Administration." There the book-keeper continued his usual work.

The herdsmen drove the horses to water. The produce of the farm was turned in at the nearest villages, to be handed over to the authorities on account of deliveries due.

A few days later the farm arrived at its new site and resumed work. Latest reports say that the farm has been one of the first to complete deliveries to the State.

Upholsterer Becomes Tank-Destroyer

New Profession in the Soviet Union

by E. Mindlin

WHAT can there be in common between an upholsterer and a tank-destroyer? Stepan Seryozhkin has mastered both these different occupations to perfection. His preference in furniture is for the antique—he likes the delicacy of the work. As for tanks, he has no choice.

"After the war," he says, "I shall return to my main trade, of course. There will be plenty of furniture in need of upholstering then."

He steps back and shakes the last crumbs of earth from his uniform. He has been covered with it from head to foot. Half an hour ago I saw an immense tank pass over this man's head. That may be surprising—a Soviet tank driven over a Soviet soldier! Moreover, this was on Soviet territory, and in the presence of a Soviet commander who looked on quite unperturbed.

This happened a long way from the front, to the east of Moscow, at one of the many places where the reserve armies of the Soviet Union are being formed.

★ ★ ★

First we watched Seryozhkin, with extraordinary speed, digging a small deep trench of ingenious pattern. With every turn of the spade he sank deeper into the ground, until at last he had disappeared altogether.

Then a huge tank, thundering and rattling, dashed at full tilt over the freshly-dug trench. Its edges were torn up by the tank-tracks, and the whole trench caved in. It was hard to believe the man could

still be alive. The tank had passed right over the trench and flattened it out.

We ran towards the trench. Everything was buried in earth, but suddenly the earth began to heave and Seryozhkin's head poked out. He was snorting like a swimmer after a dive. He brushed the dirt from his face and smiled. His whole face expressed satisfaction. No wonder.

If he had not dug the trench according to a definite pattern, of course, the tank would never have been allowed to pass over him. The whole secret was to make the right kind of trench. The upholsterer had proved his ability to dig a trench of the right pattern.

★ ★ ★

But he was not allowed to stay in that trench and have a heavy tank pass over his head just in order to test his nerves. He was to remain unscathed under the tank, but the tank was not to remain unscathed over him.

Examination of the tank made it clear that it had remained unscathed only because the bottle Seryozhkin had flung at it contained nothing but coloured water. If it had contained liquid fuel it would have been a different matter.

This duel between man and tank is rather reminiscent of the battle between David and Goliath. Imagine a man of medium height and ordinary build, and with the most peaceful occupation in ordinary life. He enters into single-handed combat with a huge land dreadnought. First he crawls rapidly towards the oncoming monster. He is armed only with a bundle of hand-grenades.

He creeps quite close to the tank and hurls the grenade under the tank's tracks. That is all. All he has to do now is to get out of the way as fast as he can. The tank is halted. A well-aimed bottle of fuel is enough to envelop the whole tank in flames.

The first requisite of a tank-destroyer is daring. But besides daring, he needs skill and training. The first tank-destroyers got their training in battle in 1919, during the height of the civil war in Russia. They were isolated heroes.

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To-day, tank-destruction has become a regular branch of war. The art is being taught in the Soviet reserve armies, which are growing from day to day east of Moscow. There are special tank-destroying units in all reserve regiments.

The German General Guderian wrote a book about tanks, but it does not contain a single word about tank-destroyers. When he wrote the book he knew nothing about Soviet tank-destroyers. Guderian's book is called "Look out! Tanks!" The Soviet Union has another motto: "Look out! Tank-destroyers!"

Actors Perform Every Day at the Front

THE Committee on Art of the Council of People's Commissars recently formed more than 30 groups of actors in Moscow alone to entertain the Red Army men at the front.

On the Moscow front there are 15 groups which give 30 to 40 performances every day. In Moscow proper there are about 40 performances a day for the local garrison, air defence units and workers.

Soviet composers, artists and writers, are producing new works. The Stalin prize winner Shostakovich is completing his seventh symphony. The composer Glier has written an overture for the symphony orchestra, using the Slav

peoples as a theme. He has recently completed another overture.

Many battle songs have become folk songs. Among them are "The Sacred War"; "To Battle"; "Good-bye Cities and Village Huts," by Blanter; "The Song of Vengeance"; "Near the City of Kronstadt"; "Red-Navy Song"; and "Hawk," by Milyutin; and "There March the People's Regiments"; and "Tankmen's Song," by Tulikov.

Among the playwrights Solovyev, Mdivani, Ivanov, Perventsev, Selvinsky and the late Alexander Afinogenov, author of "Distant Point," have produced new works on the war.

The best Soviet theatres—evacuated from Moscow—are successfully performing in other places.



COSSACKS

The unexpected attacks of Red Cavalry units have caused Hitler's soldiers to flee in panic. The Cossacks, in particular, played an important part in the fighting on the Moscow front. Pictured above, a Cossack unit, concealed in a wood near Moscow, receives orders to advance upon a German position.

Cavalry Raids the Retreating Germans

by Major-General Gusev

DURING the past two months our cavalry units have been continuously engaged in disorganising the enemy's rear. Our blows are usually sudden attacks made at night.

Almost every operation of this kind is made with the further purpose of supporting Red Army troops who are pressing the enemy on the front.

Our cavalry cut the roads in the German rear to compel the enemy to escort all his transports with large infantry units and even tanks and tankettes. Lately, the enemy's reserves have been greatly depleted, and he is forced to withdraw troops and weapons from the front to protect their communications against our raids.

Supplies Wiped Out

Recently, Red Army troops, fighting for possession of certain enemy centres, met with stubborn resistance from the Germans, who called up reserves. Cavalry detachments commanded by Captain Mukhin and Lieutenants Pershanbailo and Savchenko got behind these centres of enemy resistance and for ten days wiped out troops and supply trains.

The Germans, employing companies of automatic-riflemen, tried to surround the Red cavalymen. The Nazi attacks were repulsed with heavy losses. Our cavalry counter-attacked, and the enemy was dislodged from his centres of resistance.

One mounted unit commanded by Trofimov, crossing a tract of marshland and dense shrub, penetrated stealthily behind the enemy's line. The Germans did not expect a blow from the rear, and were so bewildered when the Red cavalry attacked that they fled in panic and abandoned their military supplies.

Nazis Afraid of the Dark

In areas where our cavalry are operating, the Germans do not as a rule dare to move at night. Recently we learned that the headquarters of a Nazi regiment was stationed in the village of Alexandrovskoye. At night cavalry detachments commanded by Captain Fedorov and Lieutenant Savchenko crossed the front line, attacked the village and destroyed the enemy headquarters.

On another occasion, Political Instructor Mukhanov was operating with a Red cavalry group behind the enemy's rear at night. They came across a column of enemy lorries on the road. Mukhanov went up to one vehicle and knocked at its side door. The door was opened, and he threw in grenades which killed all the officers inside.



Red Army Press Dept

Soldiers as War Correspondents

by Regimental Commissar A. Ryumin

"DEFENCE of the Fatherland," the newspaper of the N. Division of the Red Army, has appeared regularly from the first days of the German invasion.

The editorial staff spends most of its time in the front line. On each shift only one journalist is at the office, the others are among the soldiers in the most advanced positions gathering material.

The staff have gathered a hard-working circle of "war correspondents." To-day more than 200 Red Army men, commanders and political workers are connected with the paper.

One of the most eager contributors is Red Army man Kalandia. His articles appear in almost every number. He writes about the work of the Bolsheviks in his unit, about economic use of supplies, about heroic deeds of Red Army men, and so on.

Kalandia did not become a newspaper correspondent overnight. It began when the editor, Savenko, heard that in one unit there was a particularly capable and bold soldier. Savenko met him and suggested he might write for "Defence of the Fatherland."

Kalandia refused. "I can't write; I don't know how," Savenko insisted, and helped Kalandia to write a short article about the life of his sub-unit.

The note appeared in the next issue. Kalandia was very pleased. He wrote again. His new article was corrected by the editor, who explained why he had made the alterations. In this way a series of articles was written. Now Kalandia is a regular contributor.

A Special section of the paper is devoted to "Heroes of the War," where issue by issue the more heroic deeds of the division are recounted. There is no lack of such material. In the latest issue an article, "One Man Against a Heavy Machine-gun," tells how Red Army man Kudinov destroyed an enemy firing position. A large section of the newspaper is devoted to explaining the meaning of Fascism and the aims of the Nazi armies.

RED COMMANDOS

A New Guerrilla Terror

A NEW TYPE of guerrilla unit is now active all along the routes of the Red Army offensive. They are called "extermination detachments." In some respects their work resembles that of the British Commandos.

Poglaceyev, the commander of one of these detachments, says: "We always operate in strict co-ordination with regular units of the Red Army. In a recent 13 days' raid in the German rear, K.'s extermination squad alone killed 18 officers and 300 men."

A report from the central front says one of these new guerrilla detachments, operating on the Mojaisk highway, drove the Germans out of a village. Captured machine-guns and automatic rifles were turned against the surprised Nazis.

Half a Division Wiped Out

Alexander Arassov, commander of a guerrilla detachment on the Moscow front, says that his unit recently destroyed a large repair base and disrupted communications on 14 railway lines connecting German regimental headquarters with divisional headquarters.

Twenty-eight guerrilla detachments, fighting behind the Nazi lines on the Leningrad front, have wiped out half a German division.

They report that from July 15 to December 30, they killed 7,152 Germans and took 50 prisoners. They destroyed 14 tanks and 677 lorries, derailed 49 trains, and blew up 21 depots, 15 railway bridges, and 16 dug-outs and blockhouses.

Four guerrilla detachments fighting on this front are named The Terrible, The Warrior, The Courageous, and For the Fatherland. They have won widespread fame in two German-occupied districts.

In the Ukraine, a detachment of Kharkov guerrillas raided the Gestapo headquarters in the village S. Twenty-five Nazis, including the Chief of Police, were killed.

The People Join In

Three Red Army ski-runners, who covered more than 1,200 miles in the German rear and have returned to Moscow, report that not one shopkeeper in German-occupied territory would accept German money. The peasants and workers exchange goods and help each other to the best of their ability.

Everywhere along the routes of the German retreat on the central front inhabitants continue to attack the fleeing Nazis with axes, clubs, and pitchforks. Near the village of Pozdnyakovo collective-farmers drove the Germans towards the advancing Red Army units. Boys hurled captured hand-grenades at the enemy.

Guerrillas Become Leaders of Bolshevik Party

Mikheyev, commander of a guerrilla detachment, who was recently awarded the Order of the Red Banner for his exploits in the German rear, has now been appointed first secretary of the district committee of the Bolshevik Party in the region where he operates.

Burdatova, a nurse in a guerrilla detachment fighting on the Moscow front, has been appointed first secretary of the Bolshevik Party in another German-occupied district.

Army and People Are One

When the Germans captured Yefremov, 90 miles west of Orel, they threw 52 wounded Red Army men into a damp, unheated cellar and left them without food or medical assistance. The population of the town was forbidden, under pain of shooting, to render aid to the prisoners.

A family named Gorskoy decided to save the soldiers' lives. The wife, Lyubov Vassilyevna, stealthily dressed their wounds. Her husband, Fedor Ivanovich, slaughtered his cow and cooked food for them. The two sons of the family, Vladimir and Vladislav, carried it to the wounded men.

The soldiers were tended in this way until Yefremov was liberated by Soviet troops. The lives of all 52 Red Army men were saved.

★ Front Line News

Soviet war correspondents are attached to Red Army Units, and go into the front line with them.

Red Army men, too, contribute news and articles to their newspapers.

Left, a correspondent of an Army newspaper talks to Red Army men going to the front.

★

Rostov Back to Life

When the workers of the communication services were leaving Rostov they sent a telegram back to the city saying, "Dear comrades, we are departing but we shall soon return and restore everything. Our Rostov will revive again."

They kept their promise. The water supply, telephone and telegraph and tramway services in Rostov have been restored. About 25,000 schoolchildren have resumed their studies. The telegraph service handles nearly 20,000 telegrams daily.

Fourteen thousand radio receiving sets and 1,200 telephones are in operation. Hospitals, creches, public dining-rooms, restaurants, cinemas and theatres are all functioning again.

Armament production has restarted. Convoys of food come to the town daily from the collective-farms of the Don and Egorlyk valleys. Prices on the markets have gone down to one-tenth of what they were.

Norwegian Robin Hood Helps Red Army

A guerrilla detachment, led by H. Larsen, the Norwegian "Robin Hood," operating behind the German and Finnish lines in the Arctic Soviet regions around Murmansk, has wiped out more than 300 officers and men.

Recently, the detachment raided a German battalion which had encamped for the night near the River L. Larsen's men came quietly up to the camp on skis. Silently overpowering the sentry, they set up their machine-guns and opened fire.

Panic broke out among the Germans. A group that tried to break out of the camp and

reach the river was destroyed by hand-grenades. In this encounter the guerrillas killed 121 Germans.

Soviet war prisoners in Norwegian camps established by the Germans in Erlandet, Trondheim and in the Narvik area are systematically starved. Peasants from neighbouring villages share their scanty food with the prisoners. Seven Norwegians were arrested near Narvik for feeding Red Army prisoners. The German police arrested and beat for 14 days a 16-year-old boy because he gave two pieces of bread to a Soviet war prisoner.

What the Germans DO NOT Understand

by Major-General A. A. Ignatiev

General Ignatiev is one of the oldest officers in the Red Army. He is the son of Count Ignatiev, a Minister of Public Enlightenment in pre-Revolution days, and was a member of the Russian General Staff before the first world war. In this capacity he took part in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 and served as Military Attache in Paris. A book by General Ignatiev, "Fifty Years in the Service," will shortly appear in the series of SOVIET WAR NEWS Books published by Hutchinson.

NONE of us on the eve of the year 1941 could have anticipated that the reputation of Hitler's armies for invincibility would first be shattered on the battlefields of Rostov, Moscow and Leningrad. It was least anticipated by Hitler himself, when he decided on his attack on the Soviet Union.

"The road to Moscow is open," he proclaimed three months ago. Yet to-day, in the first days of 1942, it must be admitted that the offensive of our armies along the whole length of the vast front was a surprise not only for Hitler, but also many of our friends and allies.

"It is impossible," they argued, "for peoples and armies retreating not of their own accord but under pressure of superior enemy forces and in continuous defensive fighting, to halt their retreat—let alone swiftly pass to the offensive. They have not the forces for it, and they cannot expect help from outside. They will be lucky if they can prevent their capital from falling."

Although the victory won by the Red Army is unparalleled, some explanation of the feats of our men and commanders may be found in the history of the Russian people and even in facts which I myself witnessed and in which I took a share.

In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904 and 1905 the Russian army, caught by surprise, unprepared, and separated from Moscow by 6,000 miles, retreated for five months under the blows of the Mikado's armies. And yet, with complete confidence in victory, it accepted battle at Lachang.

At the time the order to retreat, coming after all the Japanese attacks had been successfully repulsed, was a bitter blow to the Russian armies, and the retreat itself closely resembled defeat. But scarcely a month passed before Colonel Lauenstein, German military agent, said to me:—

"Your troops are amazing. Only the Russians are capable of restoring their ranks so rapidly." And the Russian army, with complete faith in victory, passed to a new offensive.

Hitler apparently was unfamiliar with this page of history.

Russians Always Recover

He had forgotten, too, the heroic assumption of an offensive by Brusilov's army in the war of 1914-1917 after the tragic Russian retreat, caused by the lack not only of shells but even of rifles. Ways through barbed-wire entanglements which had never been shattered by artillery were laid by the dead bodies of our men, while unarmed soldiers of the reserve snatched up the rifles of their killed and wounded comrades.

This is not the first time the Red Army has prevented the fall of Moscow. During the Civil War the enemy had captured the whole of the south and had almost reached Tula. But on that occasion, too, Soviet troops—ill-clothed, starving and poorly-armed—passed to audacious offensive.

The Germans are excellent strategists, and their plans are bold and daring. But they will never get rid of one radical fault—their vainglory, their tendency to overestimate their own powers and underestimate the resources of their adversary.

Germans Overestimate

I recall that my German colleague, the military attache in Paris, boasted to me several months before the outbreak of the first World War of the results of the Kaiser's recent manoeuvres, and particularly stressed the ability of the German infantry to make marches of 25 to 30 miles a day.

"But how many days in succession can your infantry make such marches?" I asked, trying to moderate his enthusiasm. "And don't you think calculations for an offensive based on such long marches for an army of millions of men are dangerous? The armament and supplies may not be able to keep up with them."



Shock Tanks Go Into Action

Hitler's divisions have not been able to withstand the advance of these Red Army shock troops. Armed with hand-grenades and automatic rifles they ride on the tanks. They give the enemy no time to recover from the first thrust of the tanks.

This picture was taken by a front line photographer serving with a Red Army unit in the southern sector of the Moscow front.

It was here that the German retreat began and the Red Army counter-attacks developed into the sweeping offensive which goes on.

WE CONTROL THE AIR

by Maj.-Gen. Shcherbakov, Red Air Force

WITH the advent of winter the Luftwaffe noticeably decreased its activities. But the Russian frosts are not to blame for this. Even the bitterest cold cannot hamper the operations of an air force which is properly equipped for its tasks. This is proved by the continued successful operations of the Soviet pilots.

The German command was so confident that the war would be over before the winter that no preparations were made for winter fighting. It is true that in Norway German pilots have been undergoing training in winter flying. But only when the cold set in was any serious attempt made to adapt the Luftwaffe for winter operations.

The German planes are still fitted with wheels, while the Soviet planes are fitted with skis. Planes with wheels demand well-kept aerodromes, constantly cleared of snow. The Germans cannot land their planes near to their land troops.

Winter refuelling demands aerodromes with special buildings for heating water and oil. Such aerodromes are not available everywhere, and the German Air Force lacks experience in carrying out these measures in the open. The Red Air Force, on the contrary, has a rich experience acquired both in peace-time training and during the war against the White Finns.

The Soviet pilots have proved their skill both in air battles and in their attacks on land forces. German troops no longer move in big columns stretching over long distances. They move in small groups.

The well-prepared air-raids on Moscow were invariably beaten back by our pilots and A.A. gunners. The Luftwaffe failed to damage industrial and military objectives.

Every day the number of planes sent by the Germans to raid Moscow grew smaller, and lately has dwindled almost to nothing.

In recent months the Red Air Force has been strengthened by the addition of fighters superior to former types both in armament and flying qualities.

GERMAN DISCIPLINE

The Generals Command . . .

Instruction issued by the command of the 253rd German Division, and dated December 16, 1941:—

Soldiers should not write home regarding the unpleasant effect of the Russian winter on the spirits of the German soldiers. Letters from home which tell of sacrifices and privations of the population, and all kinds of worries caused by the effects of the war must be destroyed.

Each soldier must be warned that any wavering in the face of danger will have serious consequences.

Order on the intensification of military censorship, issued by General Schwedler, commander of German troops in the Donets Basin, and dated January 1:—

Only letters marked by the cheerful spirit which is inherent in the German soldier will be mailed.

Order issued by the German High Command censuring those soldiers who describe "horrible details of fighting" in their letters home:—

Letters from the front must contain only positive facts. Every letter must contain news which will encourage those who follow with apprehension developments on the eastern front.

"No, no," he retorted, "we have plenty of motor vehicles."

The German soldiers reached the battlefield of the Marne almost starving, and their artillery could not be brought into action owing to shortage of shells.

In the present war, German strategists failed to foresee that in a prolonged offensive their armies would be harassed and decimated in daily battles with our troops who would defend every inch of their soil. Now they attribute the "delay" of their advance to the "fanatical stubbornness" of the Red Army.

They underestimated the might of our artillery and our air force, and simply failed to understand what a war in defence of the Fatherland means to the Soviet people.

The Soldiers Obey . . .

Letter from Lance-Corporal Fritz Guenther:

I am very well. Everything is in order. My hair has turned grey and I have rheumatism.

Letter from Private Hans Nowak:

Dear Wife,—We were promised rest. Everything goes on as well as possible. We are already tired of being here, and everybody wants to go on leave. Long live Germany.

Letter from Private Neumann:

We had a very troublesome Christmas here. In the last fighting many of my comrades were killed. My feet have been frostbitten. Generally, for the time being, all is well.—Your Ludwig.

Letter from Private Enike:

Lice are devouring us. Many people have been killed. It is cold. However, we do not care about anything. Heil Hitler.

Architect Builds Tank Traps

"ALL my life I have built homes. Now I am helping to make arms to protect these homes from Hitler."

This is how Boris Iofan, designer of such architectural masterpieces as the Soviet pavilion at the Paris exhibition and at the New York World's Fair describes his present activities.

He is designing war plants in a city in the Urals to where he went with assistants who have been engaged on the construction of the Palace. When war broke out he was working on the Palace of the Soviets in Moscow. The steel framework of the Palace was already soaring to the sky. Iofan offered his services to the military command. He was given the task of designing Moscow's air-raid camouflage.

When the enemy drew closer to Moscow, Iofan and his assistants helped to build anti-tank traps, barriers, escarpments, and other obstacles on a sector of the distant approaches to the capital. Many of Iofan's younger assistants stayed behind, rifle in hand, to man these strongholds.

It was after this work had been completed that he moved to the Urals.

"The building of the Palace has been suspended only for the time being," Boris Iofan says. "Work on the designing is being continued here in the Urals in our free time."

Among Iofan's colleagues is Mukhina, sculptress of the sculptured figures of Worker and Collective Farm Woman which crowned the Soviet Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition. Others are Andreyev, the sculptor, whose Worker adorned the Soviet Pavilion in New York, and Merkurow, the doyen of Soviet sculptors, who has been working on a 300 ft. figure of Lenin that is to tower above the Palace of Soviets.

Dozens of Soviet architects are designing living quarters for people who have left the war zones. Still others are drawing up designs for new industrial and municipal buildings.

BACK TO GERMANY ON HORSEBACK

Heinz Krau told Red Army men that he had stolen a horse and civilian clothing and tried to get back to Germany.

His journey ended when he was caught by the German military police and brought before the court martial.

Soviet War News weekly

JANUARY 22ND, 1942



SKI RAIDERS

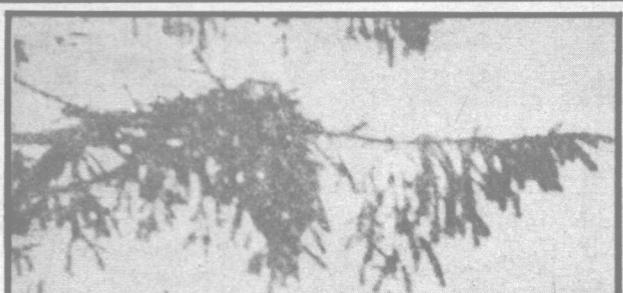
Red Army ski troops, dressed in white hoods and cloaks to blend with the wintry surroundings, move swiftly across country to make sudden attacks on German troops.



ALLIES OF THE SEA

Soviet ships—their crews made up of both women and men—have recently docked at British ports. After unloading timber these ships return to the U. S. S. R. with cargoes of arms.

Above, right, a British sailor is seen with members of the crew of one of the ships and, above, Soviet seamen and a British marine inspect a Lewis-gun.



THEY BRING FREEDOM TO A VILLAGE

Red Army troops in the northern sector of the front, under the command of Captain Maslov, pass through a settlement recently freed from German occupation.