

Der Adler



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Parachute Troops In Africa

German parachute units have been fighting also for some time past in Africa. Many of them have long since had their baptism of fire and have proved their mettle in the desert sands as on every other front in the European theatre of war

PK photo by Seeger (Sch), war correspondent



From K to the Ca

The Luftwaffe Is Successful On Every
Sector Of The Front In Russia



Timoshenko's offensive against the barrier position between the Don and the Volga broke down, although carried out regardless of losses in man-power and material. Soldiers of the Luftwaffe are here seen leading prisoners away

PK photographs by Gerbracht (Wb 2), Hebenstreit (1), Wanderer (PBZ 1), Rynas, Blume, Rothkopf (Atl 3) and Niermann (PBZ 1, war correspondents and Luftwaffe 1)



At a field airdrome in the far north, surrounded by ice-covered rocks, bombs of the heaviest type intended for Murmansk are being piled up. The huge rock and the mighty bomb—each is a giant in its own way

Left: "A night before Lenin-grad", wrote the war correspondent beneath this photograph. He was able to photograph at close quarters the lurid glare of a fire caused by an accurately aimed German bomb in an ammunition dump immediately behind the Soviet firing line

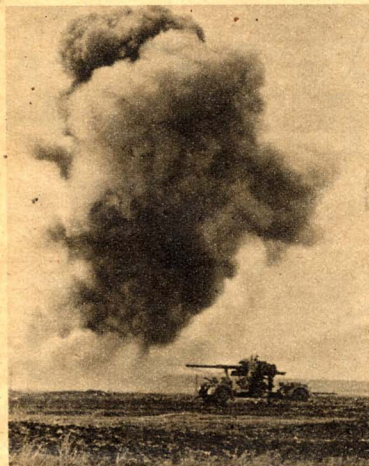
Right: The Russian troops surrounded south of Lake Ladoga, where several Soviet divisions were wiped out, were for weeks ceaselessly exposed to German bombs and shellfire. The wood where the wounded Bolsheviks are waiting to be removed shows traces of the desperate struggle



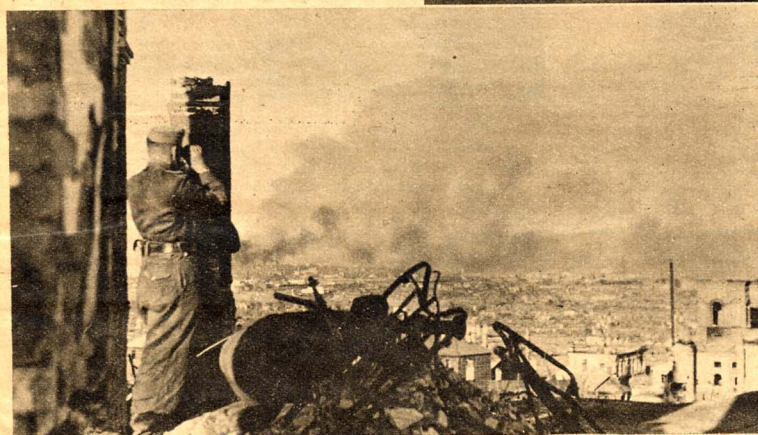
arelia ucasus



A German bomber over the peak of Mt. Elbrus. German aircraft are constantly flying over the icy masses of the Caucasus mountains, searching the roads in the deep valleys and the tracks over the passes for Soviet columns, in order to nip in the bud any movement of troops



Soviet bombers make a fruitless raid near Stalingrad. The German anti-aircraft gun, now ready to move off, was the objective, but the bombs fell far off



An officer of the tank spearhead, which has fought its way here together with the anti-aircraft artillery of the Luftwaffe, observes the bomb impacts in the northern part of Stalingrad from an elevated quarter of the town



Fighting in the eternal dust. The dive bombers just rising from the runway of the front landing field before Stalingrad have whirled up enormous clouds of dust, causing a dense haze. It is no easy matter for the following squadrons to take off into these clouds of dust, which completely obscure all visibility

Right: On elevated ground at the outskirts of the town the air-corps war correspondent meets fugitives who have succeeded in escaping in time from the inferno of Stalingrad and are now watching the doomed town with uneasy hearts from their place of refuge



Parachute Troops IN AFRICA



The sentinel in the firing line observes the enemy across the foreground; nothing escapes his watchful eye. In spite of his wound, the man does his duty conscientiously, well knowing that the fate of his comrades depends on his vigilance

Owing to the peculiar nature of the ground and the climatic conditions, war in the desert makes unusual demands on the German troops, but the parachutists, who have for some time past been employed in Africa also, have proved their worth, just as every unit of the German forces has up to now been able to cope with the most trying fighting conditions. Our illustration shows Field-Marshal Rommel with General Ramcke, commanding the parachutist troops in Africa, at his left. In the foreground General Federico Ferrari Orsi, commander of an Italian army corps, who was killed in action shortly after this photograph was taken



German parachute troops move up to the front, marching in the heat of the day under the heavy load of their kits. Sand, sand everywhere, as far as the eye can reach. But at the call of duty they march against the foe, just as they fling themselves upon the enemy from an airplane



Left: Water is brought to the firing line in canisters and a scanty ration is doled out. Water is the most precious substance in the desert, so that a pull at the canteen is always particularly enjoyable

HOOPS



The desert presents little possibility of cover, so that officer and ranker alike have to regard the confined space of the rifle pit as their living space; for parachutists are always close to the enemy

Cave dwellers in the desert. Firmly confiding in the steadfast vigilance of the sentinel and protected by a slight undulation in the ground, the parachutists have built cover for themselves out of stones and sand-filled ammunition baskets

PK photographs by Seeger (Sch 4), Schnitzer (HH 2, Atl 1), Haas (Atl 1), Rechenberg (1), war correspondents



Below: Tropical helmets and veils are intended to protect the men's faces chiefly against too powerful solar radiation and, in particular, the troublesome flies, the worst torment at the African theatre of war



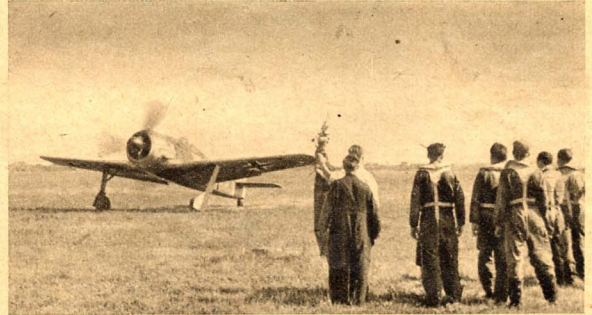
The Red Cross flag flutters in the wind, showing that an ambulance tent has been set up here, where wounded or sick can find first aid, before being removed to the base

Right: The parachutists have also engineers with them, who have a difficult task precisely in the desert in hunting for mines. One charge after another is dug out of the sand, the path through the minefield is marked with gasoline canisters and thin tape, while the first assault parties are already being piloted through the strip just cleared



His First Down

A newcomer in the squadron always seems to himself to be rather small compared with a community united by battle and victory. Such was the case with a corporal from Danzig, who arrived at the fighter squadron fresh from the training school. But he was patient. "Just let Tommy come, and we'll see!" Thinking so to himself, he looked up and sure enough there was a flight of English planes in the sky. Abandoning his ruminations, he acted immediately and just a little later . . .

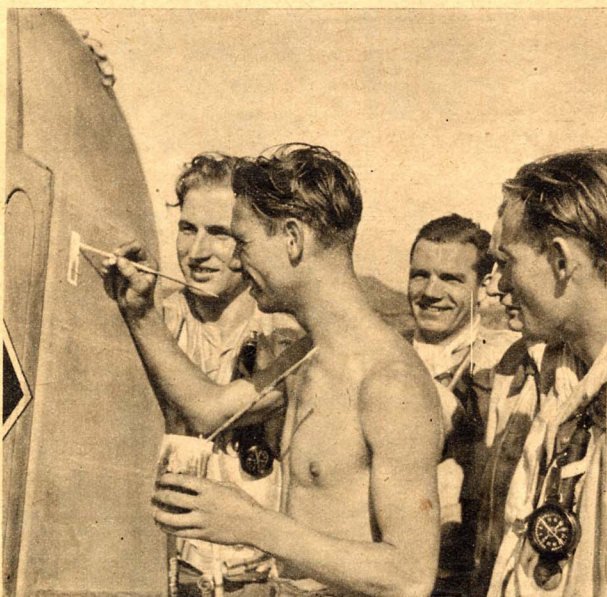


. . . he was flying with a wobble over the airdrome, where he landed. Left: Before the others could reach him, he had already jumped out of his Fw 190



His friends congratulate him with a hastily gathered bouquet of wild-flowers and no one is aware that the happy victor was a newcomer barely half an hour ago

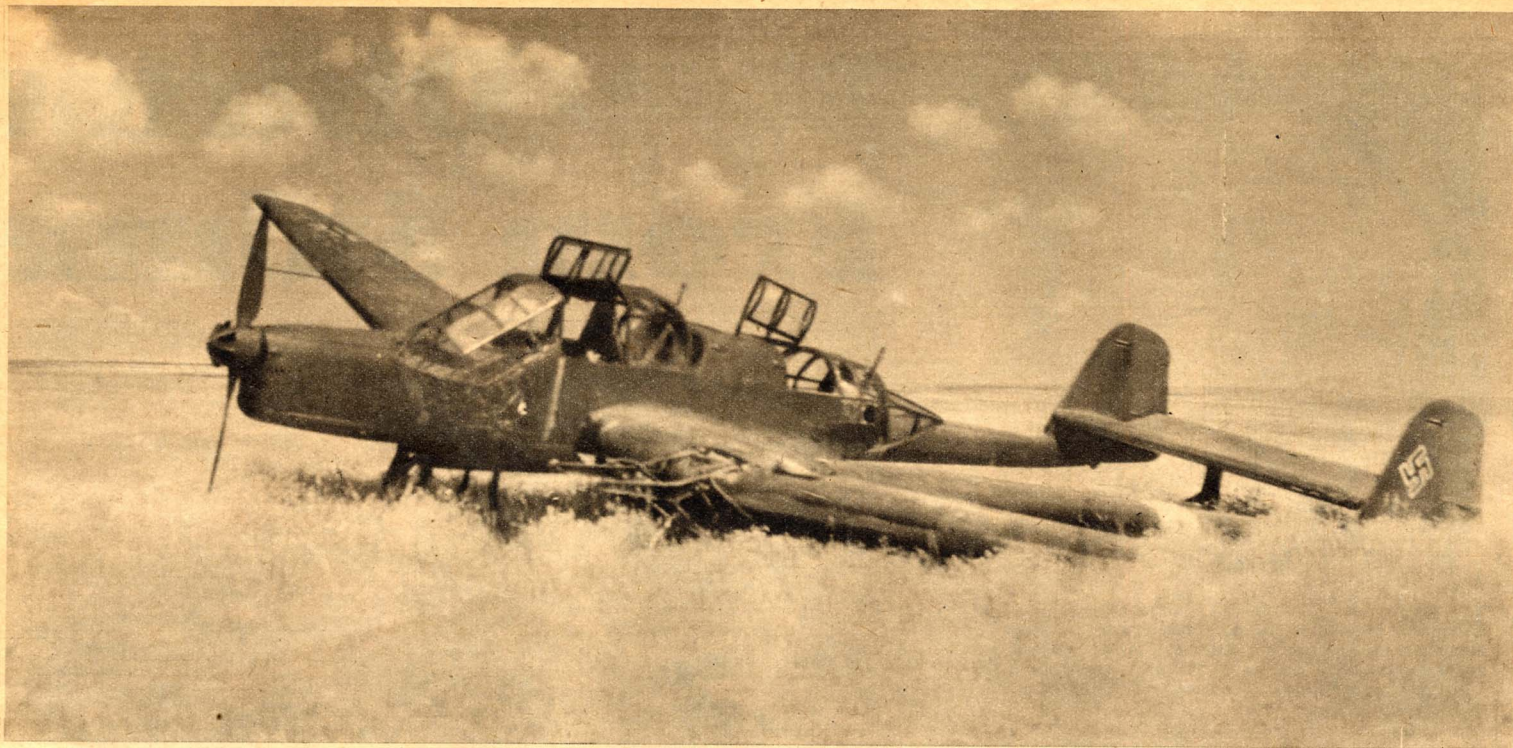
PK photographs by Seuffert (PBZ), war correspondent



The first victory is recorded on the tail unit in the presence of the whole "pack"



Right: "I finished him off here, and there's where he crashed"



The Engine Was Shot Away

But The Plane Could Still Fly

The crew of a Focke-Wulf reconnaissance plane of the Fw 189 type had what may be described as a unique experience when it was involved in a fierce fight with Soviet fighting planes of the latest type during a recent mission. The pilot, Leutnant H., has described the adventure in the succinct form of a report on the flight. We are of the opinion that the brevity of that report brings out more impressively than a detailed description could do the extent of the danger, the way it was mastered by flying skill, and the wonderful performance of the double-fuselage plane. It is at the same time a good example of the attitude of our airmen, in whose eyes the achievement itself is a matter of course, behind which the person of the pilot has to retire. Our photograph shows the airplane after the successful landing

Photograph PK Luftwaffe

The crew started on May 19, 1942, pilot Leutnant H., with a Fw 189 on an early reconnaissance flight over the sea and the coastal area of the Taman peninsula. After flying for about an hour, two enemy fighters (Mig-2) surprised us, suddenly appearing out of the sun. The propeller and gearing of our left engine were badly hit at the first onset. The engine, being out of balance, rocked violently

and badly shook the whole machine. Cutting out the engine and the attempt to place the propeller in feathering position did not improve matters much. About 15 to 20 seconds later the engine broke loose and dropped clean away. I was now astonished to find that the plane kept on flying, in spite of a peculiar, unusual control position. I therefore gave up my first idea of bailing out and tried to bring the plane back home. The gunner meanwhile steadily reported to me the further attacks by the Soviet fighters. Defensive movements were no longer possible, because I did not know how the plane would behave when making a turn. The gunner repeatedly reported that his gun had jammed. The Soviet pilots had soon recognized our plight and attacked undisturbed from the rear underneath the machine, where the observer was unable to direct his fire. By great good fortune the two fighters themselves were very poor marksmen and were probably hindered by their own weapons jamming. After about ten rushes, during which we received only a few hits that were not serious, we finally reached our own coast, where the Bolsheviks broke off their attacks, being afraid to venture into the fire of the German anti-aircraft defence.

We had therewith escaped the greatest danger and the object now was to bring the machine safely to earth. I now looked for a suitable spot for a forced landing in the direction of flight within reach of a glide. The observer informed the squadron by wireless of our approximate position. The landing passed off all right. I ran out the landing gear only as the plane was close above the ground, because I did not know what flying qualities the machine would thereby show. The landing gear at the left, however, stuck in the well at the firewall, which had been driven in, so that I had to land on the right undercarriage. Upon running out, the plane dipped towards the left wing, whereby the tip strip was bent in and the ailerons damaged. A new engine is being installed and the wing and ailerons repaired at the squadron, so that the machine will be ready for flight again in a few days.



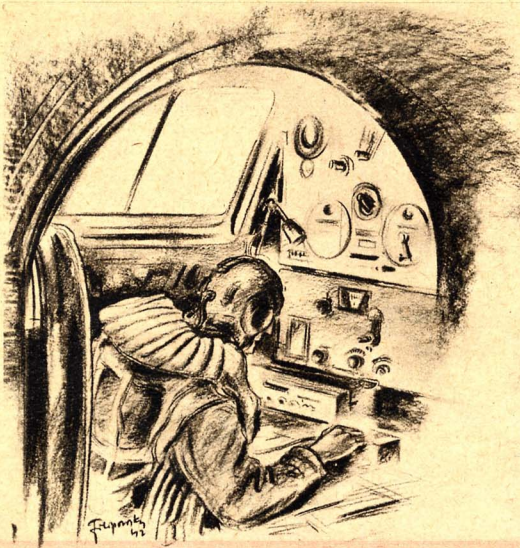
Major Graf Visits the Messerschmitt Works

Major Graf, the famous ace recently decorated by the Führer with the diamonds to the swords and oakleaves of the Knighthood Cross of the Iron Cross, paid a visit to the Messerschmitt works, when Professor Messerschmitt, the designer of the fighting plane Me 109, and his colleagues were able to welcome the airman, who flew a machine of that type in running up the greatest number of air victories ever scored by one man and therewith piloted the inspired design of the plane to the highest success. Our illustration at the left shows Major Graf and Professor Messerschmitt on a tour of inspection, and in the center the ace is seen in conversation with the designer and the flight captain Fritz Wendel, who set up the world speed record with the Me 109. Right: Major Graf in the cabin of the plane exchanges notes with the experts of the Messerschmitt works

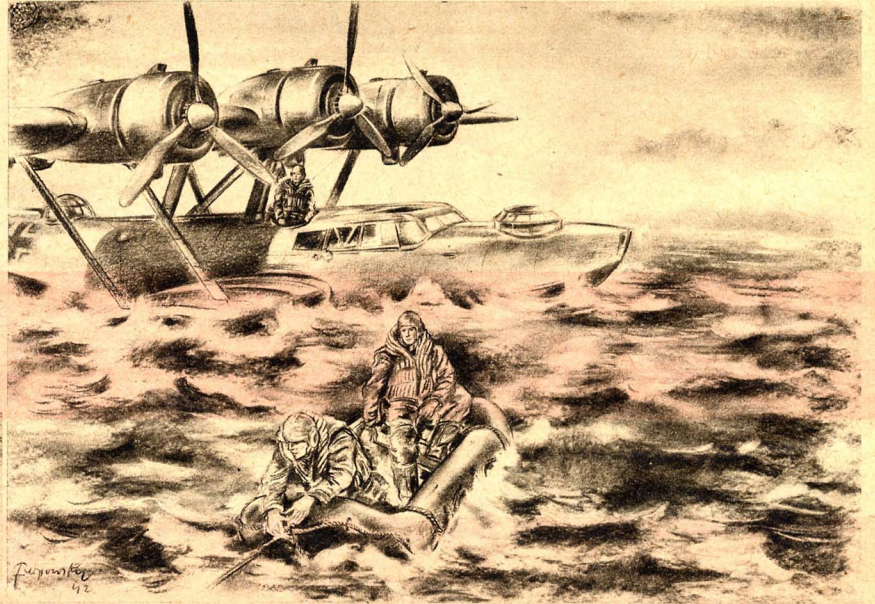
Photographs by Margarete Thiel



Distress From Subma



The radio operator of a life-saving plane of the Do 24 type picks up the following message while the seaplane is engaged on a search mission over the Atlantic. "From the life-saving central station. Fly to map square XZ and take over badly injured member of submarine crew"



"Airplane starboard astern!" The watch on the bridge of the submarine are glad to recognize the expected life-saving seaplane Do 24

Right: The watch wave their caps to the crew of the seaplane, as it thunders over the submarine



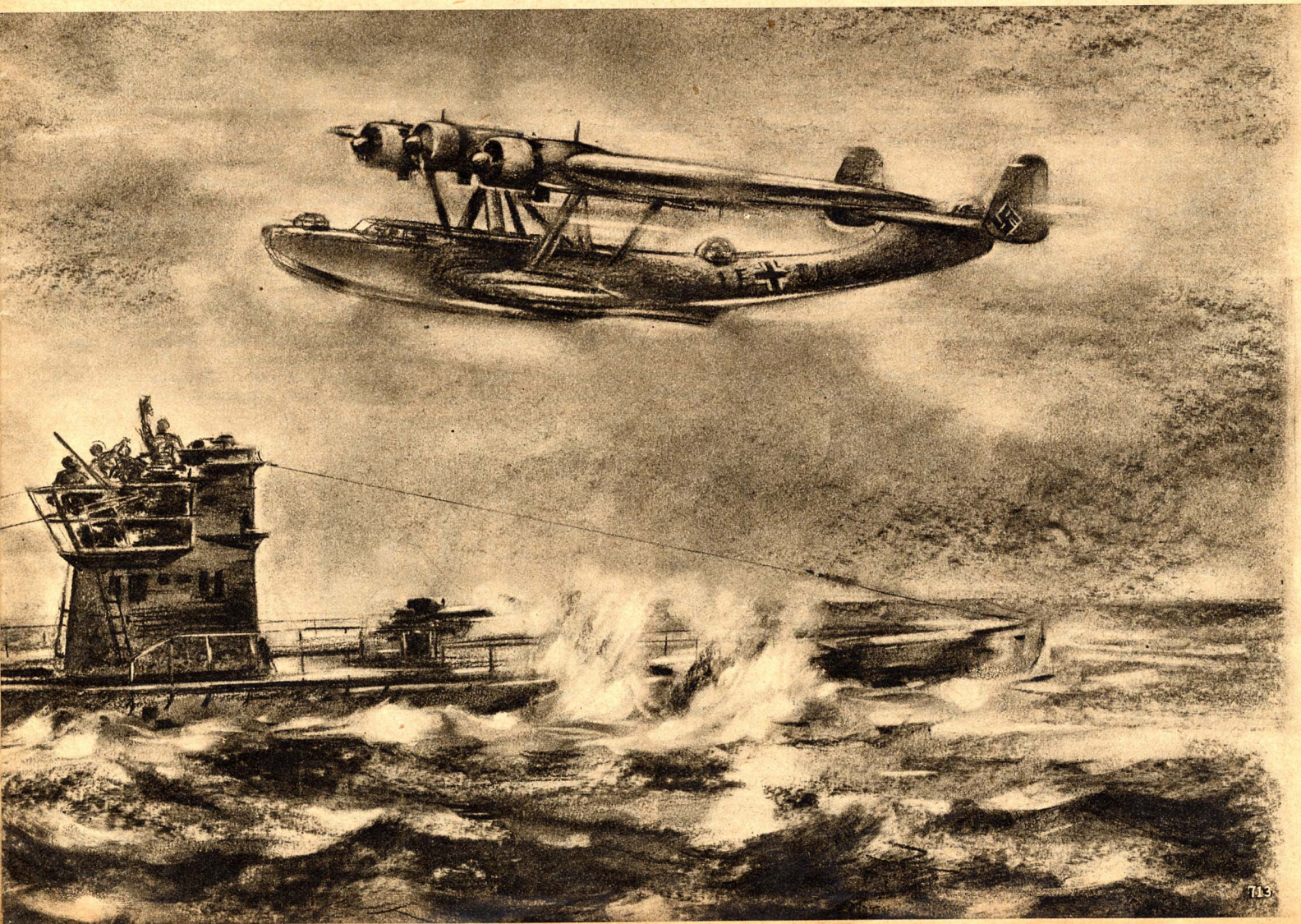
Call rine X

Left: The seaplane has alighted near the submarine and shot over a life-line to which an inflatable dinghy for the injured man is attached. It contains a doctor and hospital orderly and is hauled over by the crew of the submarine through the heavy swell

PK drawings by Filipowsky,
war correspondent



Right: The injured man is brought to the seaplane in a transport hammock. The two rescuers lift him on the float, in order to get him through the hatch into the seaplane, which then immediately takes off to complete its mission of rescue



The Story Of The *Zanonia macrocarpa*

Plants As Models For Aircraft Construction

By Heinrich Kluth, VDI

Owing to the shape of the seed of the *Zanonia macrocarpa*, a species of palm, and the distribution of its center of gravity, it is unique among all flying seeds in that it possesses the best flying qualities. Careful examination of the seed led to the construction of the *Zanonia* wing and finally to the design of the Taube type of airplane, once so successful

30 milligrams. Almost the whole weight of the flying seed was thus concentrated practically in a single point. Such was the appearance of the plant seed with the best flying qualities; for bodies of that type can fly for long distances in a perfectly stable condition.

Dingler's investigations settled that point. But he was a scientist, a biologist who was interested only in botany. It was only years afterwards that Professor Ahlhorn of Hamburg in a pamphlet on "The Stability of the Kite Flyer" applied to aircraft the published information that had been collected with so much trouble and made the suggestion to utilize the natural prototype of the best flyer for constructional design. Nothing resulted from that proposal until 1904, when Igo Etrich took up Ahlhorn's idea with the cooperation of his colleague Wels in Vienna and built a glider on the lines of the *Zanonia* seed. The framework was of bamboo and the wing had the shape of a crescent with rounded-off horns, just like its prototype. In the same year flights were carried out with that glider, loaded with sandbags, but it was not until 1906 that sufficient progress had been made to enable a man to entrust himself to the model derived from nature. Its stability in flight surpassed all expectations. Etrich ceaselessly tested and improved his model. With the advent of the engine-driven plane, he altered the design of the wings, while retaining the stabilizing parts, and added a broad rear surface of the approximate shape of a pigeon's tail.

Etrich's systematic labor had developed the "Taube" (pigeon) from the *Zanonia* seed. It proved to be one

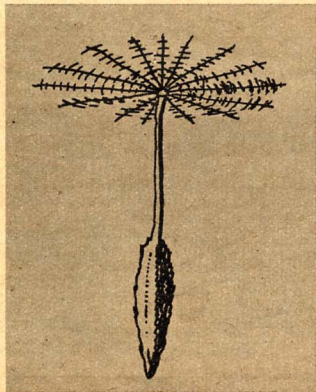
of the most successful airplanes before 1914 and during the first period of the World War.

That connection between the botanical model and the resulting form designed by engineering is a matter of record and every stage can be exactly traced in the literature. The *Zanonia* seed deserves its place in the German Museum and is a convincing proof of the fact that a skilled designer is able to utilize scientifically worked out information and remodel it for practical purposes. For there can be no doubt that Nature is unsurpassed in the selection and arrangement of her means of attaining maximum performance with minimum expenditure of energy, although, on the other hand, she often draws from her superabundant stocks and is prodigal of material and energy with cosmic lavishness. The works of nature at all events are marvellous, surpassing, and extremely skilful. Research workers are well aware of that fact and therefore constantly direct their attention to the models provided by nature, in order to learn from them. Only a few years ago no less an authority than Professor Ludwig Prandtl, past master of modern aeronautical research, read a paper at an aviation meeting on "The Dynamic Gliding Flight of Certain Sea-Birds together with Conclusions for Human Gliding Flight". Recent research on the wonderful flying qualities of humming birds carried out with the aid of time-retarded photography, as already described in these pages, have proved to be no less instructive. In spite of that, the most important and most valuable advances of aviation engineering have been achieved without natural models, a fact of which mankind may well be proud, thanks solely to the gifted labors of pioneers striving forward into realms unknown, scientists engaged in creative work, and designers with a wealth of ideas. For neither in the animal kingdom nor in the vegetable world is there anything to compare with the modern power-driven plane. There is no difficulty, however, in proving that plants or animals have stood model for certain parts of the work as a whole.

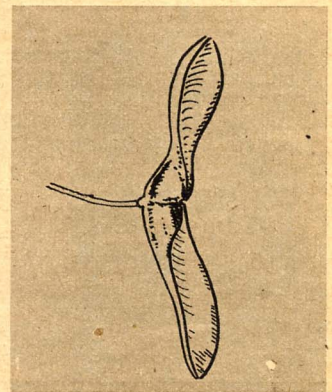
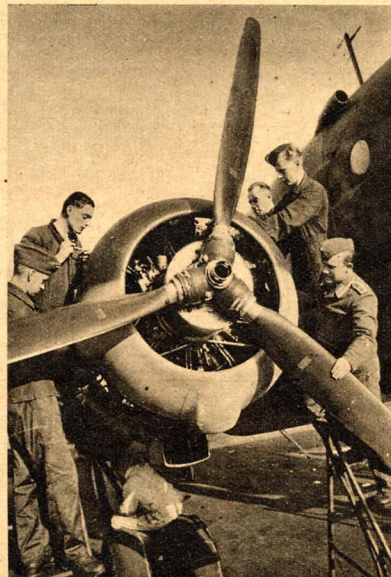
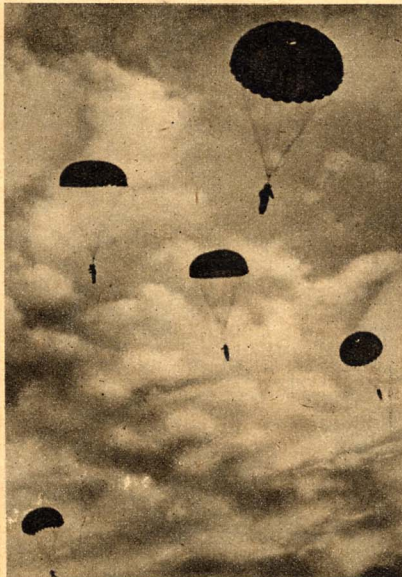
"Creative engineering is the art of the formation of the material world in a harmonious, practical way in



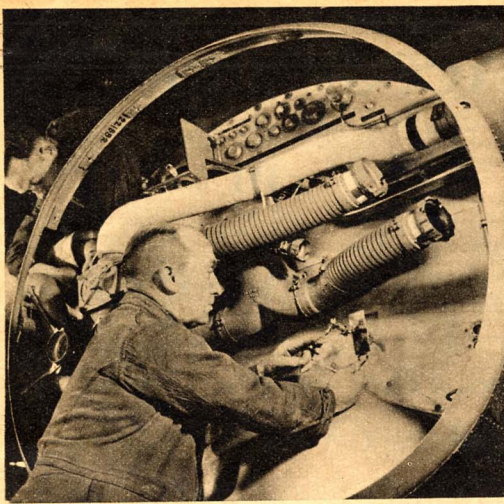
In the exhibition of the German Museum in Munich devoted to aircraft will be found somewhere or other a few unimpressive-looking seeds of the *Zanonia macrocarpa* which Oskar von Miller, the gifted founder of the Museum, placed there with his own hands. The eye of the visitor wanders carelessly over them; for what can these structures have to do with aircraft? Few of the many visitors to the exhibition will be aware that seeds of that kind once greatly assisted the construction of aircraft and that the design of the "Taube" type of airplane, which was so successful particularly during the first period of the World War, was based on the study of the *Zanonia* seeds. The botanist Dingler was evidently the first to point out the conspicuous flying qualities of *Zanonia* seed in an article on "The Movement of Vegetable Organs of Flight", which appeared in 1889. It was based on careful study of a few intact specimens of the seed of that species of palm which he had obtained from the botanical gardens at Buitenzorg near Batavia in Java, famous among botanists. To his no little surprise measurements revealed that the seedgrain, which accounted for no less than 147 milligrams of the total weight of the winged seed amounting to 177 milligrams, was set exactly in the center of the wing, located a little to the front, while the two wings weighed together only



This seed-grain has a fan-shaped bearing structure and on its flight through the air obeys the same laws as the parachute. It can be driven long distances by a lateral wind, because the ratio between the supporting surface and the grain suspended beneath it is particularly favorable for the purpose

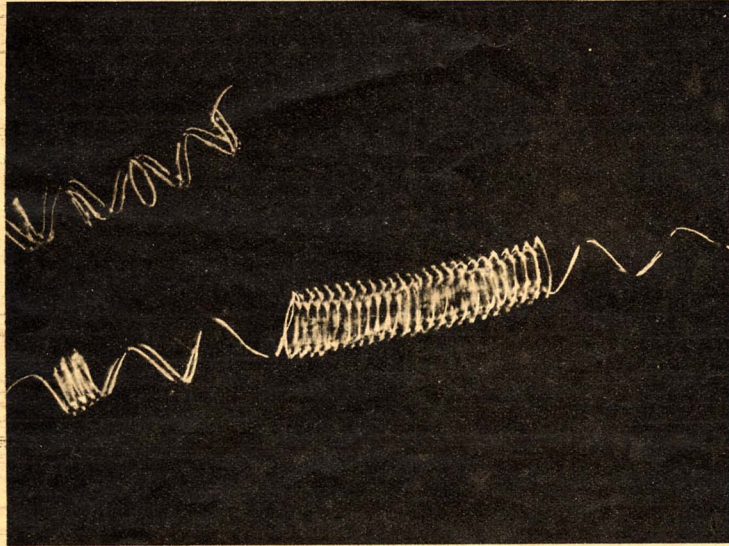


The wings of the fruit of the maple might have stood model for the propeller. Nature has in this case created a particularly favorable form for movement in the air. The fruit of the maple, when in the horizontal position, begins to rotate, as it falls, and therewith executes a movement resembling that of an airplane propeller



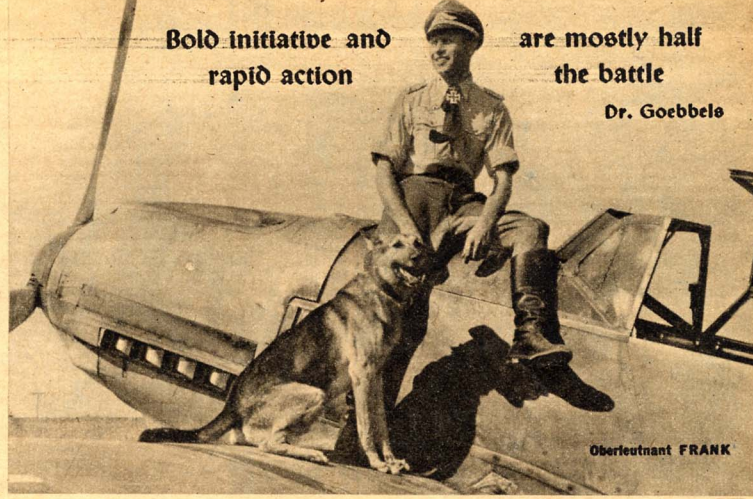
These peculiar cells resembling helical springs, such as are used at many points in aircraft construction, are to be found in rhubarb stalks. Structures of that nature offer unusual resistance to destruction even by severe mechanical stresses. Metal pressure tubing is also built up on the same principle. The photomicrograph shown below was taken under dark ground illumination and represents a magnification of 210 times

Photographs by Kluth, IFM, BMW, Scherl Archiv (2). Drawings by Kluth



connection with the striving towards the best shaping of the relations between energy and matter." With these words Professor Giessler, director of the recently founded research laboratory for biotechnics in Halle a. d. Saale, began his fundamental remarks on the connections between Nature and engineering. That is the reason why it is so easy to find natural models for engineering constructions and why they must be found. No one who examines a cross-section of the leaf of a snowdrop under the microscope will have any difficulty in discovering the fundamental customary structural arrangement of many of the flanges of modern aircraft. The upper and under surfaces of the leaf are connected by pillars that give the necessary support to the whole. Models for single parts, such as have been developed and are continually being used in aircraft construction, can be discerned everywhere in the vegetable world.

A few diatoms are fished up out of marine sediment, carefully washed, and prepared for the microscope. What does the astonished eye observe? The external forms of these structures often resemble the sections customarily used in aircraft construction that were discovered and introduced only after tedious research work, because they meet in the best way possible the demand for minimum weight combined with maximum strength. Another microscope preparation showing a section of a stalk of rhubarb reveals in a surprisingly impressive way the form of a helical spring well-known to engineers, such as is used at many points in the construction of aircraft. Many other similar examples might be adduced and have already been described by the biologist R. H. Francé in his books "Die technischen Leistungen der Pflanzen" (The Engineering Achievements of Plants) and "Die Pflanzen als Erfinder" (Plants as Inventors), published several years ago. It is an absorbing and stimulating pastime for biologists and engineers alike to discover further connections of that kind, to observe Nature, and to measure and calculate one's own skill by her achievements. It is not surprising that the flying seeds of plants and the movements of birds in flight should have been specially intensively studied and have in many ways fructified our knowledge of the secrets of flight. Professor Giessler has collected the chief forms of the types of flight among plants which be classified as follows:—parachute, gliding surfaces, propeller, and gas balloon. It may be taken as certain that fresh examination of these wonderful biotechnical works in the light of the latest stage of our knowledge of the principles of aerodynamics would permit of recognizing their application there, while human ingenuity had to pursue manifold roundabout methods to discover them. Nature has her own laws according to which she reveals her knowledge. She does not squander it. Only he who takes the pains to investigate the treasure that she still has to bestow will share in it.



Bold initiative and rapid action are mostly half the battle

Dr. Goebbels

Oberleutnant FRANK

HOW THEY WON THE KNIGHTHOOD CROSS

Major Keppler, wing commander in a bomber group, on his own initiative last spring engaged a powerful flank attack by the Russians south-east of Cholm with his wing until the German ground troops had been hurried up and averted all danger by a counterthrust. — Hauptmann Schwärzel, wing commander in a dive-bomber group, succeeded in interrupting the connections between Yugoslavia and Greece by a full hit on the railroad at Kumarovo and Gradsko. He was severely wounded on a mission in Russia and succumbed two days later in a field hospital. Hauptmann Eggers, battery commander in an anti-aircraft artillery regiment. While engaged with an advance unit on Kerch peninsula, his battery decided the further course of the fighting and opened the way to Kerch for the advance unit. Hauptmann Heise, wing commander in a bomber group, sank a Soviet destroyer in the harbor of Novorossiysk. Oberleutnant Frank, squadron leader in a ground strafing group, has proved his mettle as pilot in 300 missions and led his squadron in the fighting for the Kerch peninsula and at Charkov, where it helped to decide the issue. Leutnant Weissmann, pilot in a fighter group, displayed cool discretion and bold daring in his fifty air victories over Soviet airmen. Leutnant Fuss, pilot in a fighter group, has carried out over 300 missions and has hitherto gained sixty air victories. Feldwebel Grislawski, pilot in a fighter group, has shown himself to be an ace of unusual merit in more than 340 flights over the enemy and has won forty-three air victories. Feldwebel Steffen, pilot in a fighter group, has shot down forty-four opponents in fighting against England and the Soviet Union. Corporal Gratz, pilot in a fighter group, has brought down forty-six planes in fiercely contested air combats, often against considerable odds

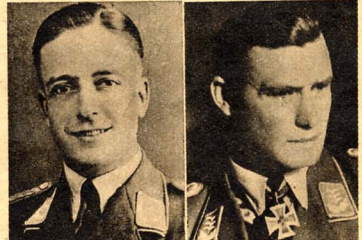


Feldwebel CRINIUS

The Führer awarded Feldwebel Wilhelm Crinius, pilot in a fighter group, the OAK LEAVES TO THE KNIGHTHOOD CROSS OF THE IRON CROSS

in grateful recognition of his heroic services in the struggle for the future of our nation, being the 127th soldier of the German forces to receive that distinction

FK photographs by Brieke (PBZ), Hempte (Sch), Scherl-OKW (8), war correspondents, and private photograph by Thermann (1)



Major KEPPLER Hauptmann SCHWÄRZEL



Hauptmann EGGER Leutnant WEISSMANN Leutnant FUSS Feldwebel GRISLAWSKI



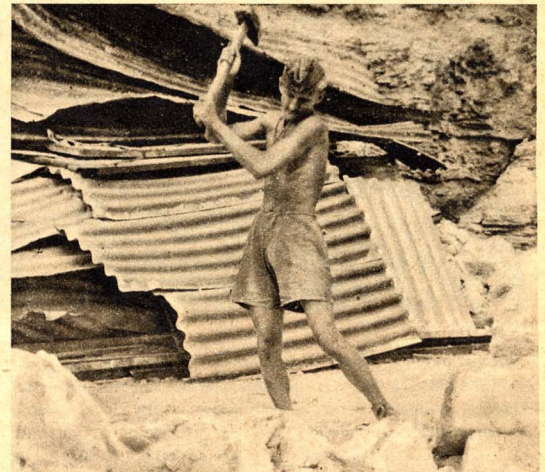
Feldwebel STEFFEN Unteroffizier GRATZ

Right: Hauptmann HEISE receives the congratulations of Generaloberst KELLER upon receiving the high distinction for bravery

Reconstruction in Sevastopol

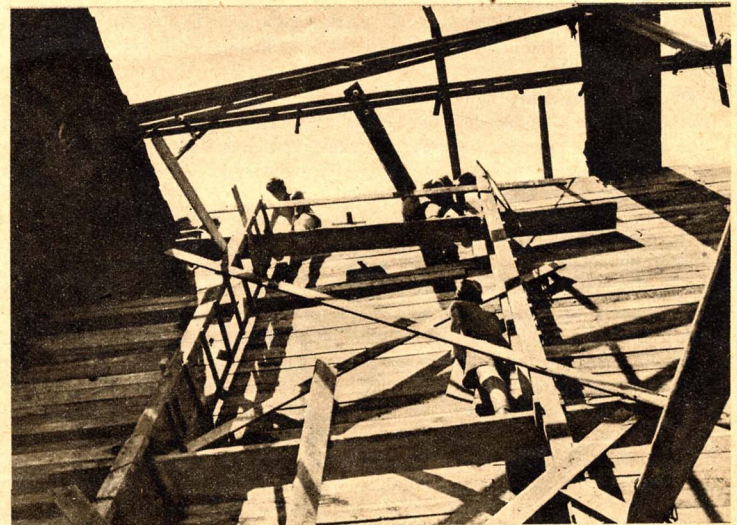
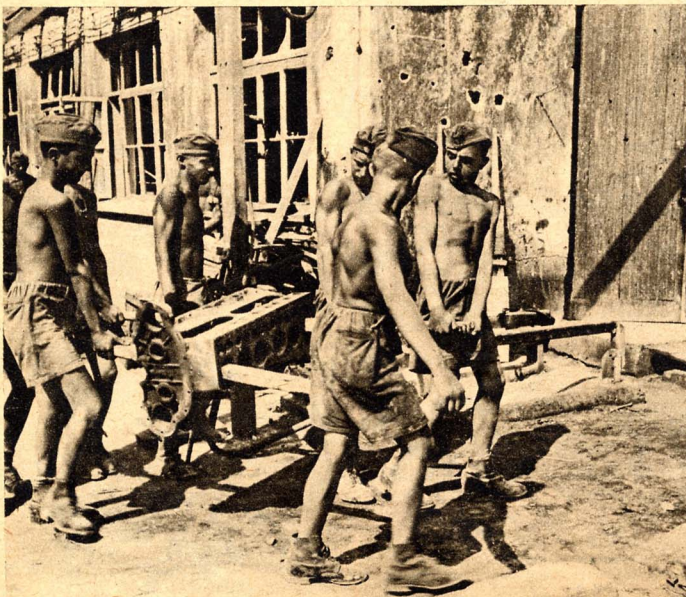
Reich Labor Service Corps Creates Order Among The Ruins

After the stubborn struggle for Sevastopol had been decided by the victory of German arms, the victors entered through a stony desert of ruins and debris. The Luftwaffe alone had dropped some 24,000 tons of bombs on the land and naval fortress and shells of every size from the lightest to the very heaviest had ploughed up the ground during months of an unceasing struggle. But order is being created with German thoroughness, now that Sevastopol has become a German base. The Reich Labor Service Corps stood the test again, as it does wherever it takes a hand. Our photographs show the sturdy figures of the young men of the Corps at work



The shattered masonry of the quays is crushed and provides useful material for reconstruction work

The men found an indescribable confusion of wrecked masonry and crushed machinery and equipment all over the harbor district, wherever they were employed to clear up. Systematic work soon led to the appearance of a semblance of order in this chaos also



New wooden walls rapidly replace the destroyed stone walls of a warehouse and a strong building that affords protection against the inclemency of the weather is run up with the aid of the old beams and timber

PK photographs by Kaluweit (4) and Stamberger (4), war correspondent of the RAD

Left: Many hands are required to shift a block of iron like this and you can become quite warm at the job, in spite of airy clothing



A trip in a rubber dinghy provides a wonderful relaxation after heavy work. How peacefully you can paddle now over the Syevernaya Bay, once the scene of a desperate struggle

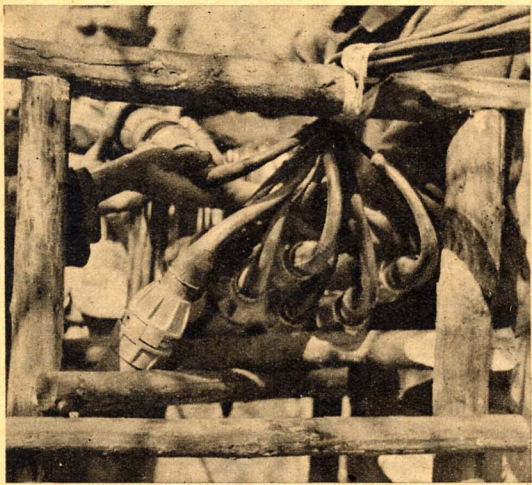


Not a drop of rain falls during the hot season, but that is just the best time to repair a roof, so as to be dry when the fall rains set in

Left: Rubbish is being cleared from an important harbor street to make it fit for traffic. A special car built by someone of an ingenious turn of mind serves to transport the heavy blocks of stone scattered over the roadway by the explosions

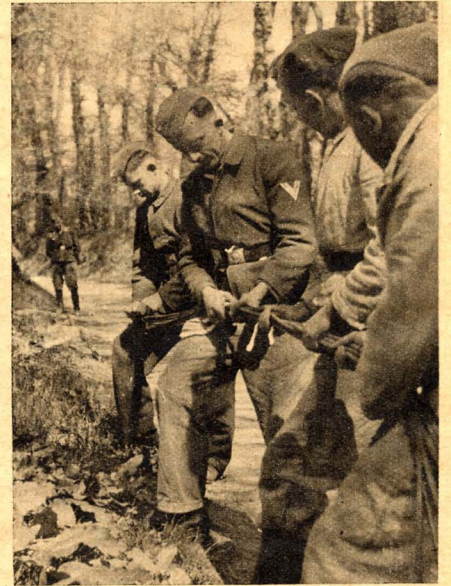
Below: A former Soviet warship is now a mournful wreck and merely a sightseeing item on the round trip through the harbor in the rubber dinghy





"Never say die!" is the watchword when the men of the air intelligence service have to haul their cable-laying trolley over field and pasture, in order to lay cable lines.

Left: A distributing station is being fitted up in the middle of the terrain using primitive means



The Men With The Brown Collar Tabs

Men of the Air Intelligence Service Make Connections



Left: Laying the cables between masts is always a ticklish job, but must be carried out smartly, in spite of that, because the laying of field telephone cables is always done in a hurry

PK photographs by Kallmerten (Sch 6), war correspondent

Right: A cable is run off the drum with a yo-heave-ho!



No impediments exist for the men of the air intelligence service, because telephone connections between the fighting troops and the command posts must be established at all hazards



Here can be plainly seen the connections of the numerous cables that converge here in a distributing station. The least slip might spoil the connections, so that the utmost care must be taken

A "Goldfinch" and Four "Red Falcons"

Tanks Clear The Way For A Plane

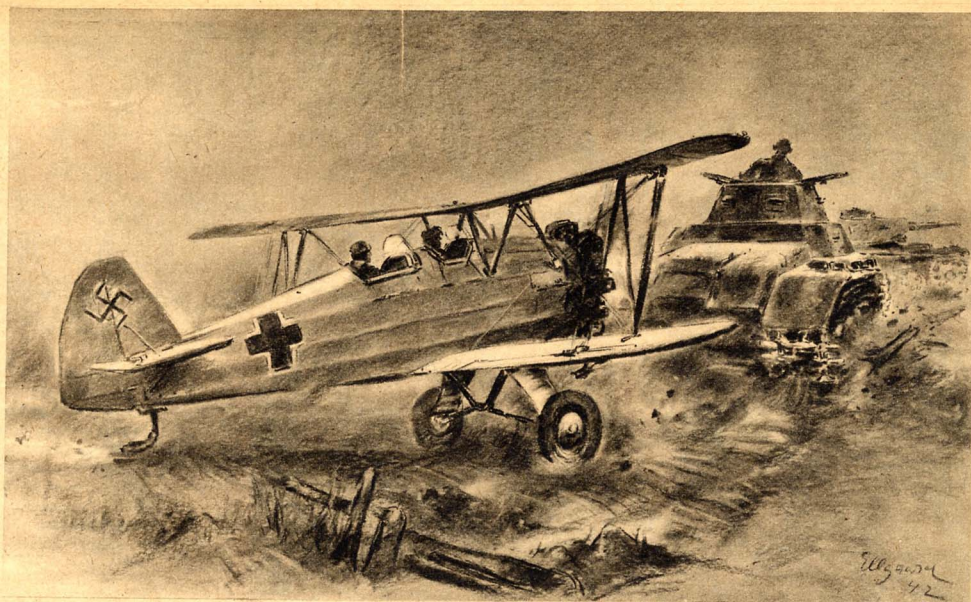
By Hans Hempe, War Correspondent

PK The raid was over, the dive-bomber squadron had done its work, and the result in the shape of a pulverized battery position and annihilated field fortifications could be plainly made out on the ground. One of our planes had been hit and made a forced landing without difficulty. Leutnant D., the engineer officer of the wing, flew over the machine at a low level and noted that the pilot and his radio operator, who were evidently uninjured, climbed out of the plane and waved to him. Our own troops had already reached a point further in advance, so that everything was evidently quite O. K.

Next morning — the raid had been the last of the day — Leutnant D. got his "Stieglitz" (a Focke-Wulf type of sporting plane with a low landing speed known as the "Goldfinch") ready and started with the leading aircraftman of the wing to examine the Ju 87 that had been forced down and see whether it could be repaired on the spot. The place where the plane stood was found again without difficulty and it was noted at the same time that an advance party of our troops had entered a little town near by.



They pressed themselves on the scanty grass and could do nothing but hope that matters would once more turn out all right



So a strange procession set out, headed by the two tanks and immediately behind them the plane with Leutnant D. at the joystick
PK drawings by Ellgaard, war correspondent

Leutnant D. had just made that observation and was about to land, when he saw four Rata fighting planes not far off making straight for him. At that very moment they opened fire. Leutnant D. immediately faced about, in order to get out of the fire, swung away, and landed his plane successfully, although the ground was full of holes and very uneven at that point, which was all they could definitely make out at that moment.

To jump out and fling themselves flat on the ground was the work of a moment; for the Ratas had already started a fresh attack on the plane on the ground. The two men heard the rattling of the machine-guns and the slower noise of the cannon, and pressed themselves on the scanty grass as closely as they could; they could do nothing but wait and hope for the best, listening to the whistling of the bullets and the smack of the impacts round about them. Occasionally a different sound told them that the plane had been hit.

They tried once or twice to crawl away from the plane, but the four Ratas flew round in a narrow circle and kept up a continuous fire. The two men were in a purgatory, where seconds became minutes, and minutes became hours; they seemed to have been lying for an eternity in the hail of projectiles. If miracles happen at all, it was certainly a miracle that neither was hit, although bullets struck the ground quite close to their bodies.

Ten minutes later, Leutnant D. actually managed to get a glimpse of his watch, the visitation was at an end. The two thought they had never known such a silence in all their lives, as then fell. Hesitatingly raising their heads from the mire, they looked up and found the sky to be clear of circling and firing Ratas. Whether the Soviet pilots had run out of ammunition or fancied that the plane had been destroyed and the German airmen dead, is immaterial. Two airmen were alive, as was shown by a tremendous gust of laughter, probably as a reaction to the frightful strain of the last few minutes, because it was really no joking matter.

The two flyers decided not to take off, because other enemy fighters might be in the neighbourhood and in any case the bumpy ground did not allow of taking off. A few minutes later they saw two tanks approaching, thereby adding a second scare to their first. The tanks were rapidly coming closer—friend or foe?

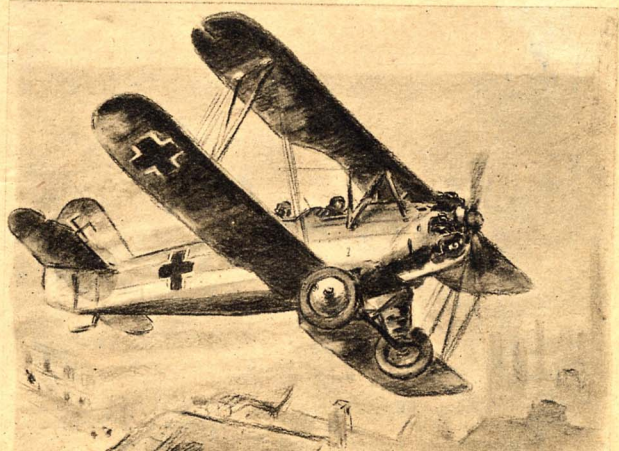
Getting ready a sub-machine-gun and their two pistols, they prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. But there was no need to do so. A man waved from the turret of the first tank and then they saw the two beam crosses on the grayish blue dusty steel. Leutnant D. told the driver what had just happened and mentioned that he could not take off there. The other replied

that the plane could not be allowed to stand there, because Soviet troops were in the vicinity and would destroy it during the night; they came quite close up to the little town in any case, but had so far always been repulsed with heavy loss. Leutnant D. should taxi his plane into the town about a mile away, where it would be safe.

Leutnant D. objected that he could not taxi over that uneven ground, without damaging the plane. The tank crew laughed and explained that they would travel in advance and take good care that the ground was smooth. Then a strange procession set out, headed by the two tanks, which rolled flat all the bushes and inequalities of the ground, followed by the plane with Leutnant D. Everything proceeded smoothly. Nearing the town they passed the bodies of dead Russians, then crossed a railroad embankment framed by a couple of stakes that had first to be laid flat, and finally entered the streets of the town, where the plane was placed in the shelter of a house.

Orders had meanwhile arrived for the tanks to push on, but Leutnant D. was unwilling to remain alone in the town, so that it was necessary to take off after all, although the main street presented the sole possibility of taking off. It was only about 500 feet in length and then made a bend; its only merit was that it was wide enough. Leutnant D. decided to venture the start.

Several men had to hold the plane firmly until the engine had got up full speed, and then let go. Shortly before the street made a bend Leutnant D. pulled up the plane reckless of the consequences, leapt over the house-roofs, pushed the nose down immediately, gained way again, and was fairly off. As he steered the machine for home, he pondered the fact that one sometimes has most curious experiences.



Leutnant D. pulled up the plane, leapt over the houses, pushed the nose down immediately, and—was fairly off

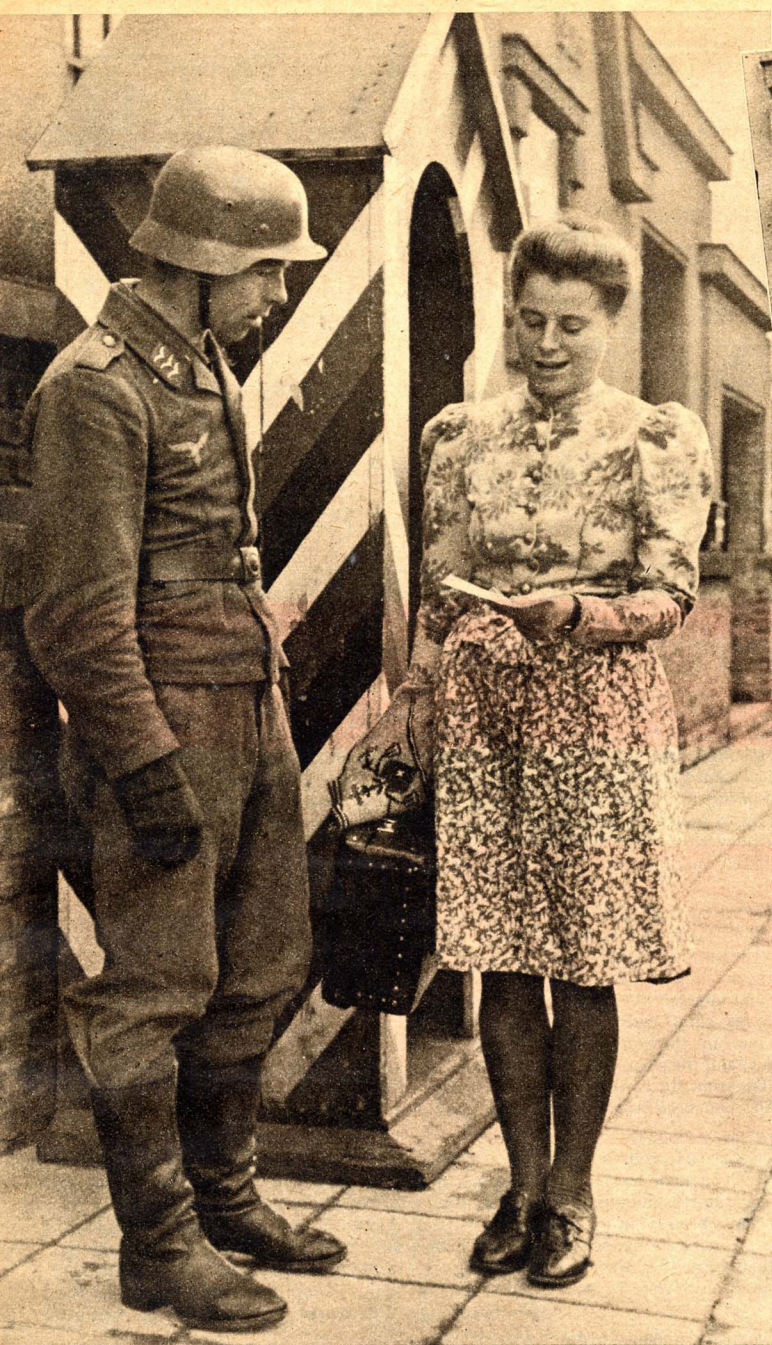
Ursula

LN Women's Auxiliary Service

A New Occupation for Women



The German Air Force has again issued an appeal to German women and girls to volunteer for duty with the Luftnachrichten-Helferinnen (Air Intelligence Service Women Auxiliaries), who are doing valuable work as telephonists, telegraphists, and wireless operators in the aircraft reporting service and in multifarious other ways at home and in occupied territory. The appeal of the Luftwaffe will be hailed with delight by young women in Germany, because it gives them now also an opportunity of strengthening the German front and taking a share in ensuring final victory. Our correspondent accompanied Ursula as that young woman applied for enrolment and photographed her enlistment in the service of the Luftwaffe



The formality of application for enrolment in the Air Intelligence training section is soon completed. Ursula has only to put her name to the dotted line—and the momentous step is taken

Ursula joins up. Arriving at the entrance to the building of the Luftnachrichten training section, she shows her papers to the guard on duty and is given in a friendly way the information asked for

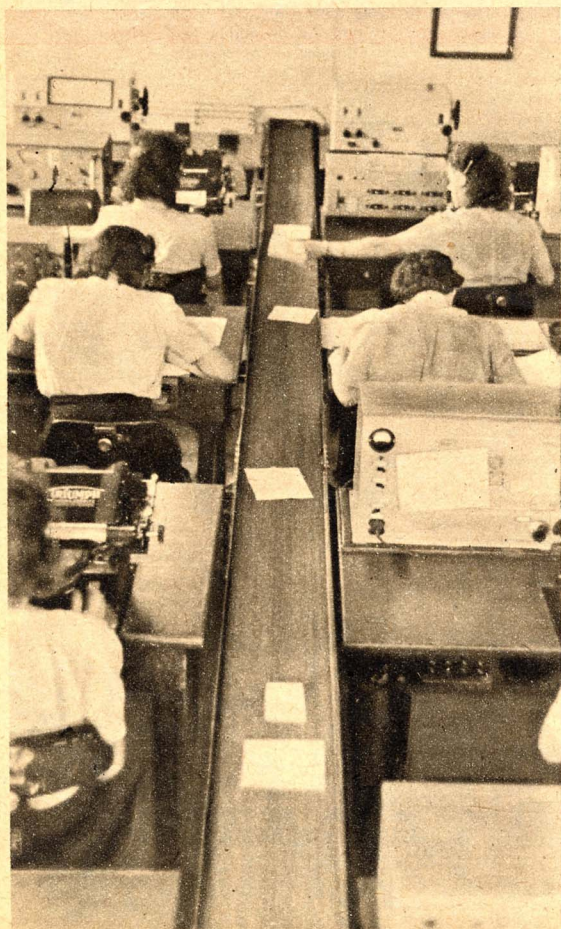


The first journey of the new LN auxiliary is to the clothing depot, where tunics, skirts, and greatcoats are stacked on tall shelving. The attendant picks out the suitable size with practised hand and the togs are tried on. They would not be women, if the fit of the costume were not copiously commented on, but there is no opportunity for criticism, because tunic and skirt fit like a glove

la Joins Up



The new LN Woman Auxiliary, who also knows how to cock her fatigue cap smartly in the regulation way, as shown by the photograph at the left, appears next morning for her first day's duty. Instruction reveals a new and interesting world—coils, frequencies, switches, listening, and morsing are at first unknown conceptions, but the young helper will soon be familiar with all these terms as one of the large circle of companions in the bluish gray tunic



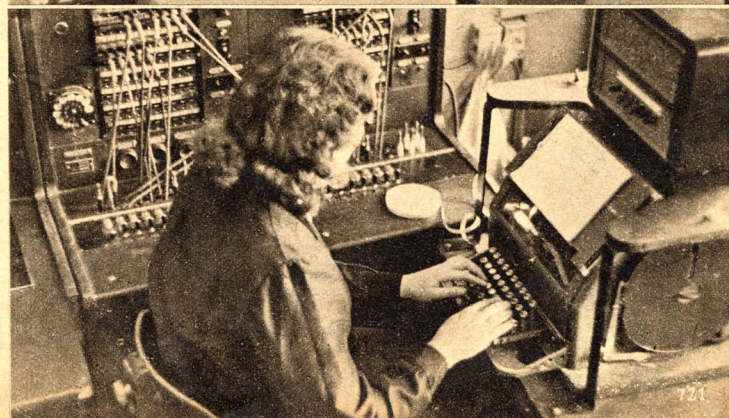
Right: The tasks of the transmission of messages, in which Ursula's companions are already responsibly engaged, are most multifarious. Coded radio messages are sent from the transmitting room of the radio station to headquarters often thousands of miles away. The LN auxiliary is able to listen in to the Morse signals at the loudspeaker

PK photographs by Zwirner (7) and Eisenhardt (4), war correspondents

Right: Seated at the radio equipment of the intelligence office of an airdrome, the LN auxiliaries receive the Morse signals in their headphones and typewrite the messages immediately as complete telegrams

Left: A busy time in the receiving room. As fast as the radio messages are transcribed, they are sent by belt conveyor to the booking room, which distributes them to the various recipients

Right: The most important orders are sent by teleprinter



Jumping

Every jump represents a conflict between man and the force of gravity. The jumper's reward is the delight at having stood the test, because jumping exacts the most disciplined mastery of the body and in many cases also courage and the moral power to overcome the inner tendency to flinch. Only the jumping of a child is an unconscious expression of the youthful feeling of power. Dancers, artists, and athletes, however, must learn and train until they can master and control their leaps and bounds. The final goal aimed at by the jump in dancing is artistic mastery of the art, while that of athletic jumping is to attain maximum physical performance. Above them all stands the jump of the parachutist soldier; for his aim is the most matter of course and simultaneously also the loftiest, that is to say, the fulfilment of a soldier's duty



A pole vault which shows perfect control over the body

Below: A double salto from the springboard. The strong concentration and artistic discipline of the jumper are reflected in the faces and attitudes of his partners



The complete control of the body demanded by this leap of the parachute jumper into the void can only be comprehended by thinking of a ball of paper flung from an express train moving at a crawl in comparison with the airplane



A record leap over $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Note the complete balance and calm expressed in the features of the former German high-jump champion Weinkötz



A ski jump born of the glissade at full speed and the take-off. It is a distant relative of the parachute jump

Left: Does it not seem as if the body of the German master-dancer Harald Kreutzberg had overcome the bonds of earth and were floating in the air?



A masterly long jump by the German champion, Leichum, who fell while serving as a Lieutenant in Russia

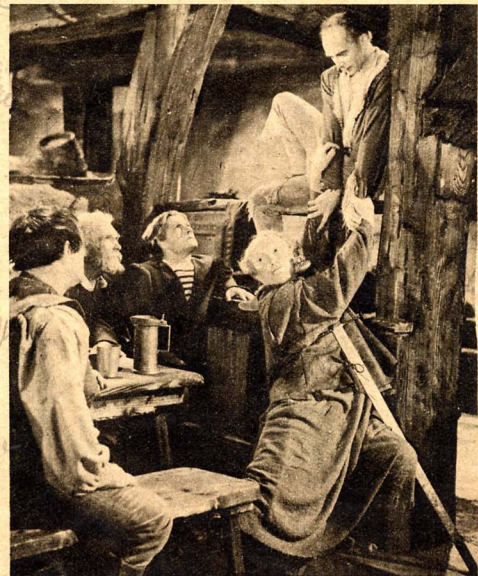
Photographs by Schirner (6), Seeger (PBZ 1), war correspondent and Scherl-Bilderdienst (1)

Right: Complete symmetry of the position of the body is the inexorable standard of artistic jumping

PARACEL



The juggler Fliegenbein (Harald Kreutzberg) has arrived in the town, jesting and conjuring, but compels the admiration of all when he begins to dance



Left: Werner Krauss plays the part of Paracelsus, and we may today already enjoy in anticipation a new masterly performance by the great actor

Photographs by Bavaria

Right: Paracelsus recognizes Fliegenbein again as the juggler whom he has always seen wherever the pest invaded a town



Left: Paracelsus cures Renata (Annelies Reinhold), only daughter of a rich merchant prince who becomes a bitter opponent of the German physician, because he causes the gates of the town to be closed against the pest, thus threatening the merchant's trade

PARACELSUS

Solge
"The Loftiest Basis of Medicine is Love"

Waischhoff *Paracelsus*
The rise of the German physician Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim to masterliness, his damnation, and immortal mission are figuratively accomplished in the medieval town of Basle. The foe of all sectarian charlatans, he became the reformer and pioneer of modern medical science. The Bavaria film "Paracelsus" gives a vivid presentation of the figure of this great German physician in a dramatic form of general application

Paracelsus *Paracelsus*
Below: Paracelsus cures the printer Froben, whose leg the ignorant doctors of the town wanted to amputate and who prints his healer's works out of gratitude for his restoration to health



Paracelsus
Harald Kreutzberg, the world-renowned German dancer, appears for the first time in a film in the rôle of Fliegenbein

Paracelsus
Below: Johannes (Martin Urtel), the young assistant of Paracelsus, mistakenly believes that he has discovered the elixir of life in his master's laboratory. He gives a draught to Froben, who had fallen ill again, but Froben dies of it. Paracelsus is damned, but his teaching becomes a blessing for the whole world



Paracelsus
Reichsgraf von Hohenried (Herbert Hübner), the emperor's ambassador, as guest of the merchant prince, who hopes that the count will become his son-in-law and thus help his business interests



Dive-Bomber Airmen Succour Comrades in Distress

By Hans von Pebal, War Correspondent

The tale that I am about to relate calls to mind an adventure that befell three cavalymen during the World War who had been sent out on patrol to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy. They were fired upon and two of them had their horses shot from under them. Without a moment's hesitation the third galloped up to them and let them both mount his horse, which immediately set off with its triple burden and reached the German lines in safety. That was an experience of my own during the World War, and a similar incident occurred now in Russia with the difference that it was dive-bomber airmen who gave an example of daring comradeship.

It is difficult to get airmen to talk about their feats; their being rather men of action than of many words, and it was quite by chance that I was able to listen to a conversation that took place at a lonely landing field at the front. We were sitting in the tent together, when corporal O. told the following tale.

"We'd just got back from a crazy mission again. Oh, boy! I did not think that I would ever see the landing field again. We took off in the early morning with the squadron and flew to the south-east, where we had to make out a few targets, a report having come in that tanks were giving our infantry and the anti-tank guns a lot of trouble. The squadron leader starts the dive and a few seconds later we can see the devastating result: smashed tanks, motor trucks knocked to pieces, and Soviet troops bolting in every direction into the fields of standing grain. Suddenly my engine gives trouble, just as we had reached a point some 12 miles behind the enemy lines. Just at that moment came the order "Right about for return flight—direction our own lines", and my engine quit for good, so that I had to decide on a forced landing. It was somewhere not far from M. I made out a strip of bare ground right among the fields of grain and wheat which seemed to be a good spot for landing. Obergefreiter G., my mechanic, and I exchanged a look of understanding—we knew that it was

"Immediately after our forced landing, an enemy fighter plane whizzed over the field and ripped out a few bursts of fire at our plane"

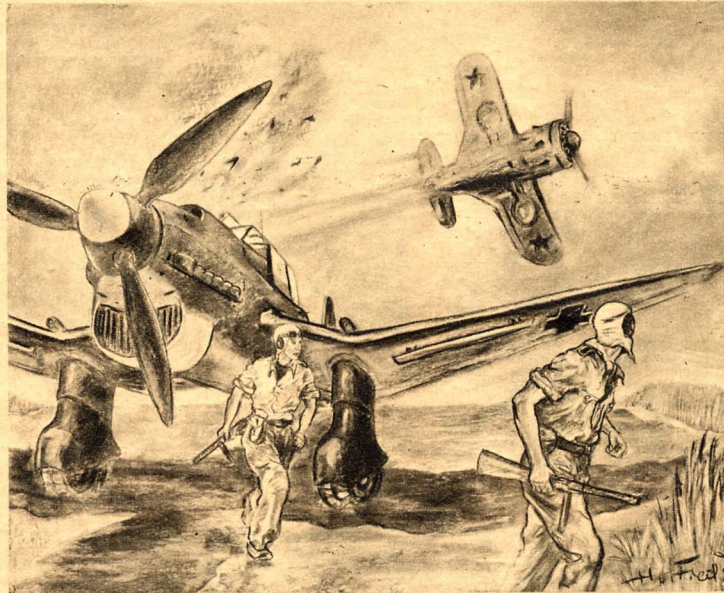


We were sitting together in the tent of the dive-bomber airmen at a lonely front landing field, when corporal O. recounted the following tale

a toss-up between life and death. I had hardly touched the ground when I received machine-gun fire from every side, while immediately thereafter an enemy fighter plane buzzed over the field and raked our plane. G. and I thought only of flight; we might perhaps with luck succeed in reaching our own lines. Suddenly we heard the noise of engines and could hardly believe our eyes when we saw one of our own machines circling round the plane and finally landing close beside us. But our joy was premature; for the plane cracked up on the bumpy ground. Oberfeldwebel R. and his mechanic clambered out of the cabin and ran towards us, armed with their sub-machine-guns. We were now a party of four, surrounded on all sides, and far from our own lines.

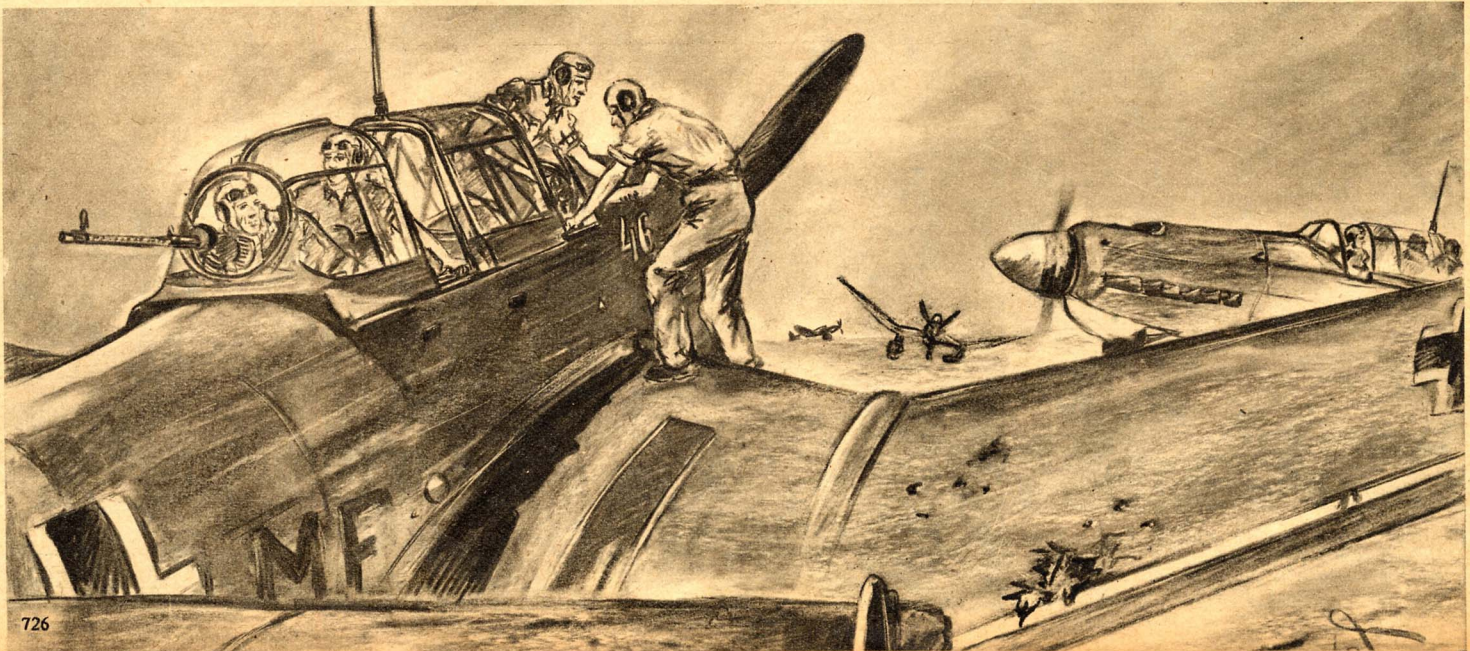
All of a sudden another two planes piloted by Oberleutnant P. and Lieutenant T. appeared above us and made preparations for a landing in the midst of the hostile fire. They wanted us to come over to them, each took up two of us, and, impossible as it appeared at first sight, both managed to take off, and so we returned with our comrades safe and sound to our landing field."

An incident like that was known in the World War as a tour de force, but nowadays we call such a deed quite objectively the team spirit of comradeship among airmen.



"Each plane took up two of us. Impossible as it appeared at first sight, the take-off succeeded"

Drawings by H. Fred





PAULA WESSELY
acts in the
Vienna films
Belated love
and
Smart Mary Ann

Reconnaissance Planes Over The Caucasus Passes

The Two Thousandth Mission of a Squadron with a Fw 189

By von der Ropp, War Correspondent

PK The general, a tall spare man, paces up and down the runway with long steps, at either side the commander of the reconnaissance wing and one of the squadron leaders. The other is in the air at the moment, celebrating the two thousandth flight of his squadron. That is a tremendous performance of which no one can have any conception who is not familiar with the work of the observation flyers.

The general had arrived specially for the event and has just briefly addressed the assembled squadron, whereby he expressed particular appreciation of the special efforts today crowned by the proud figure 2000, neatly painted on a brilliant white sheet of cardboard framed by a wreath of green foliage. The placard sways in the light breeze above the gateway of honor that the squadron has set up on the runway.

It is a fine day in the early fall and the sun is shedding a warm yellowish light. The dark green forest-clad foothills of the western Caucasus look down peacefully on the scene. Several hundred pairs of eyes search the eastern horizon where the elegant planes of the Focke-Wulf 189 type must now soon emerge from the light haze. They will in a short time be alighting on the landing field, to taxi under the gateway of honor, and the general will then congratulate the squadron leader.

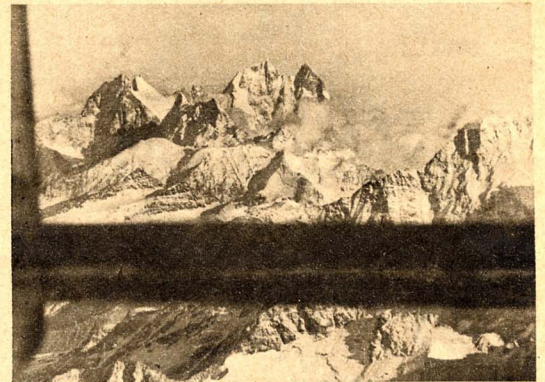
A few hours later that evening we were sitting together under the gateway of honor. Tables and chairs had been fetched along, the squadron band played lively, merry airs, and there was also something good for the thirst.

The outlines of the mountains melted away in the darkness and even the little houses encircling the landing field could soon only be made out by the barking of dogs giving a concert in every key in the backyards.—The band was playing "La sérénade près de Mexico", causing conversation to become unusually animated, while old forgotten times were recalled and tales retold with loving wealth of detail. All soldiers like to think of France, more especially after having been long in Russia. For the contrasts between the charms of a mellow, blasé world and the original raw material of the expanse of the Asiatic void are too blatant.

The squadron had done its bit in Poland, then lay for a long time in France and Belgium, and had taken part in the campaign in Russia, with negligible interruptions, from the very beginning.

A squadron like that usually changes its appearance in the course of the years of war. Many of the old flying personnel, and those just the best among them, are acting as instructors at aviation schools, many a dear comrade has been killed in action or has been wounded and is no longer capable of active service, and finally a great many have been transferred to other formations, so that a clean sweep has been made of the old members of the squadron. There is therefore no one left now, with the exception of a few men among the ground personnel, who can tell of the days of old, meaning the campaign in Poland. And what would be the use? The present is surely vivid enough—full of merrier, odder, more exciting, and more ghastly takes, such as the soldier happens to experience. Only he does not experience the heroic that we are so prone to impute to him.

Take Lieutenant H., for instance, who flew the skipper today on his celebration flight. He holds the record in a field where no one is likely to equal him, at any rate hardly voluntarily. The enemy anti-aircraft defense literally shot away one of his engines during a flight to the west Caucasus; it simply dropped off and dived into the Strait of Kerch. According to all human judgment, the plane, which had now completely lost symmetry and balance, ought to have crashed immediately, but Lieutenant H. actually brought it safely home to the edge of the landing field, where he pulled off a perfect one-legged landing that involved very little damage. A few days later



The mighty mountain massifs tower steadily higher and broader before the German plane. This is the reconnaissance area ordered to be kept under observation, where enemy columns have to be sought for in the deep valleys lying between the peaks

PK photographs by Janz (Wb 2), war correspondent

For more than

25

years

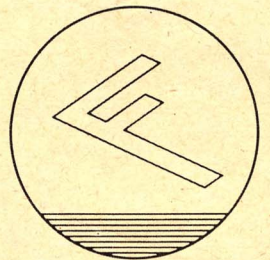
a synonym for

progress in aeronautics

**JUNKERS FLUGZEUG- UND
MOTORENWERKE A.G. DESSAU**



In the midst of the big Russian stream there was a small island, 10 m. long, 40 m. wide. Two aviators forced to descend hid on this island to evade the Soviets. To rescue them two "Storks" were employed. While one of the machines landed on the small island, the other kept the enemy at bay with its board weapons. Once again the Fieseler "Stork", due to its unique landing and taking-off properties, has saved valuable human life right out of the midst of the enemy's country



GERHARD FIESELER WERKE

a new engine had been installed and the plane was ready for fresh missions. What a marvellous combination of the most delicate flying sensitiveness on the part of the pilot and of high-quality German workmanship.

Altogether, the crews will not listen to a word against their Fw 189 machines. They crack up their manoeuvrability, their excellent armament, and the wonderful view-field from the glazed turret between the two slim tail booms that give the plane its characteristic appearance.

The Focke-Wulf reconnaissance plane is so good that it has been successfully employed even in situations that it was not intended to tackle.

More than once these planes have succeeded in bringing down attacking enemy planes and the results in that field, which is reserved for the fighting planes, have been distinctly more favorable for the German machines than for the Soviet fighter planes. The squadron carries out its observation flights over a large area. The mighty Elbrus, reddened under the rays of the sun, raises itself behind the humpy heights of the foothills which are here—further to the east—not wooded. A wide-spread village, with little houses in unkempt gardens, lies on the high clay bank of the river which seeks its winding way from the mountains to the plains in numerous branches flowing around scrub-covered islands and islets.

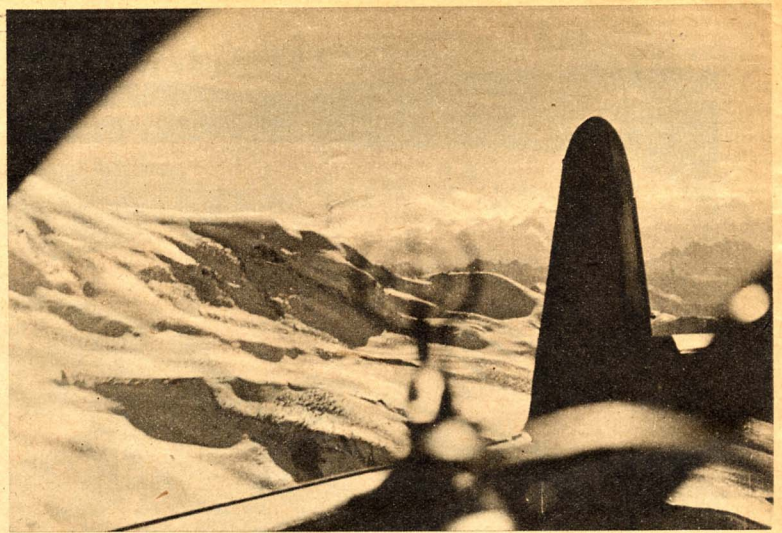
The inhabitants of the village belong to a Circassian tribe. They are a strange people and wear the kubanka, or broad fur cap of the district, perched cockily above one ear. The men often have hard, narrow faces, while the women are shy and diligent.

At nightfall a group of men and women dancers came to the village school where the squadron was accommodated and danced before us by the light of a motor-car searchlight to the accompaniment of an accordion played by an older woman. The music, at any rate, was thoroughly genuine, although the ancient traditional instrument was lacking. It was curious to listen to it, as the notes thrilled through the night in an exciting monotony and to see the dancers coming and going with restraint in steps that were perpetually repeated. The dances seemed to be without beginning, end, or climax.

The formations of the earth always appear to loom large compared with us tiny humans, but there are at least two landscape forms in particular that arouse in us a specially strong impression of the smallness of our existence and our being. These are the steppe and the mountains. We flew against the enemy last year over the broad rivers of the country in the southern Ukraine, when the boundlessness of the wide, empty expanse with the glistening ribbons of the rivers lying beneath us in the rays of the setting sun aroused in us a tugging, aimless longing. We were practically powerless to prevent the intrusion of that sensation, although every sense was keenly on the alert.

We are now flying with the Focke-Wulf towards Mount Elbrus, which steadily grows in height and breadth before our eyes with every revolution of the propeller. We have left behind us the green valleys and the towns and villages on the banks of the rivers. Snow has drifted over the stone-covered mountain slopes. The whole breadth of the mountain with its twin peaks and the col between them looms up before us, gleaming and radiating brilliance in its vestment of snow. How small seems our little world in the glass turret!

Our observer spots an enemy transport column of about two hundred pack animals in a deep valley at the foot of the giant. We know that that is the enemy unit that we have been in search of for days and that



The Fw 189, the twin-fuselage plane with the trim racing lines, flying over the high snowclad ridges of the Caucasus. The mighty peaks, the highest of which was climbed by soldiers of the mountain troops by a bold mountaineering feat, seem to be almost within touching distance

it would try to elude one of our advanced posts and cut it off. We have still to complete our reconnaissance mission and fly around the huge snow-clad mountain, over the slopes of which an eagle with wide-spread pinions majestically circles above our heads. We fly over a long series of abrupt snow-covered ridges, the very names of which we do not know, but which are higher than any of the mountains at home to which we are accustomed. Then the country on the southern slope suddenly becomes green again. Vast forests stretch beneath us until we can see in the distance the deep blue sheen of the Black Sea.

"We must fly over there once more", says Hauptmann H., the squadron leader, upon hearing from the crew of the discovery of the column of pack-

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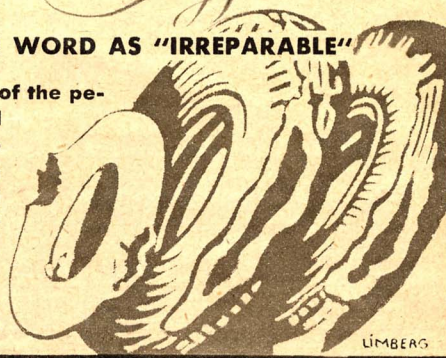


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Togal all over the globe



An Airman Hero — The Idol Of Youth

A wearer of the Knighthood Cross with many hundreds of boys provided a great sensation in many of the towns of the Sudetengau. The youngsters had always only been able to read in the papers about the bravest of the brave, or to see pictures of them at the movies, but it was an experience they would never forget to meet one of them personally, because he not only paid them a visit, but even told them about his missions. The wearer of the Knighthood Cross was Hauptmann Franz Neubert and his reception was equally hearty everywhere—in Reichenberg, Gablonz, Arnau, Braunau, Hoheneibe, and Trautenau. Those who did not hear enough at the market place or manage to get an autograph, tried—and tried successfully, too—the effect of a patrol party through the hotel window

Photograph courtesy Luftwaffe

animals at the base of the mountain. And now the Focke-Wulf shows its versatility. All the machines fit for duty are got ready to take off, bombs are hung under the wings, and the observation plane is converted into a bomber. The machines leave the ground in formation and turn towards the mountains, over which the clouds are gradually beginning to collect. The planes search for the valley and dive into it like birds of prey. The column of animals stampedes in every direction and it is a peculiar distortion of what is

actually happening to see how the animals seem to separate a very little from one another at a snail's pace in various directions. The bird's-eye view has thus something soothing about it, and yet a wild disorderly flight under the stress of fear-driven panic is actually taking place. An airman mostly sees things curiously distorted in point of space and time.

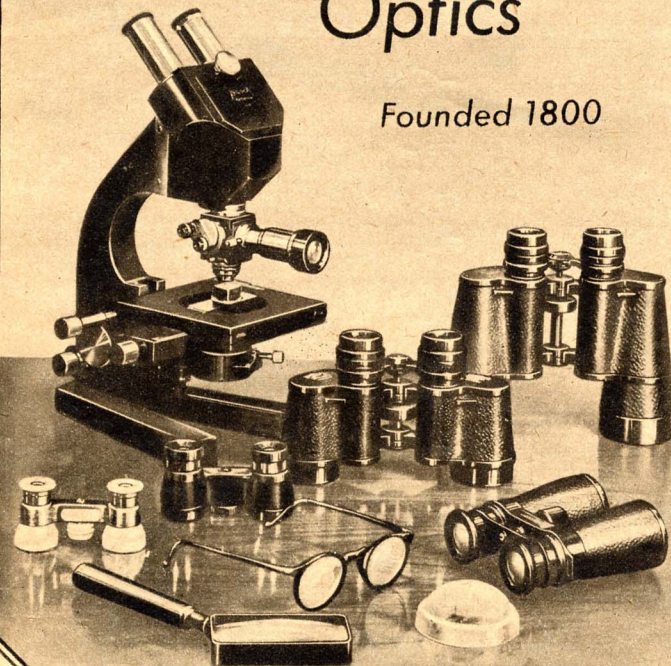
The present narrative could not say much about the actual laborious daily work of the observation planes. How many of the two thousand flights over the enemy

in the east and west may have had no tangible momentary result! And yet all were necessary and important and all have contributed to the great successes achieved by others. Of all the branches of the Luftwaffe, the work of the observation airmen lies nearest to the army, where they are thoroughly well known and where the appearance in the sky of the machines with their characteristic double tail boom is greeted with special heartiness. They undertake their missions mostly quite alone.

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POWDER



EFASIT powder is marked by its pleasantly cooling, drying, disinfecting, and odour eliminating action. It is applied in the case of chafing, burning, sores from pressure and hot feet, against excessive transpiration of the feet and eczema between the toes. Efasit powder renders the skin supple and in this way prevents the formation of blisters, callosity, and sore spots in the skin.

It is also excellently adapted for massaging and powdering the body, issuing a pleasant, refreshing odour!

Sold by chemists, druggists and by the cosmetic's trade.



For decades known to act quickly and reliably in case of
head-ache
nerve pain
neuralgy

Sold by pharmacists

Otto & Co., Frankfurt a. Main Süd
 Pharmaceutical and dental preparations



Kine-EXAKTA

of still higher aperture value!

The whole charm of nocturnal motives is made accessible to the fortunate Kine-Exakta owner by the ultra-rapid Biotar 1:1.5/7.5 cm. The Kine-Exakta is at present not delivered. However, our interesting literature will be posted to you free on application.



Dresden-Sirlesien 545

Jr. Schleussner

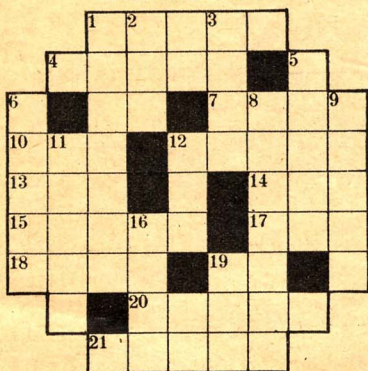
ADOX

FOTO

World's Oldest Photochemical Works

PASTIM

Crossword Puzzle



Meaning of the words: Across: 1 Refreshing fruit, 4 Temporary stop, 7 Region, 10 Large monkey, 12 General tendency, 13 Reservoir which contains liquids, 14 Favorite English dessert, 15 Trick, 17 Part of garment, 18 Legal claim upon property, 20 Narrow fracture, 21 Mostly the result of wrong-doing.

Down: 1 Newspaper, 2 To move swiftly, 3 Fruit, 5 British colony in East Africa, 6 Pertaining to ships, 8 To substitute, 9 Skilled person, 11 Sudden fright, 12 Neuralgia, 16 English measure, 19 The male of a sheep.

Charade

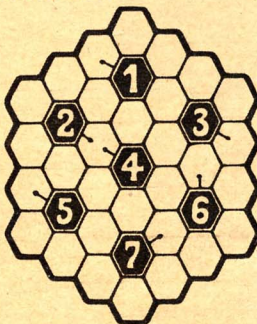
a — a — bia — cian — den — er — fa — got — hash — hat — hoo — i — leaf — ma — mouth — ra — ras — re — ro — sand — sat — set — sier — te — ther — thou — thra — tler — urn — vy — war — wind — with — yar

15 words are to be compiled out of the above 34 syllables, the initials and the third letters of which (read from top to bottom) form a well-known sentence of Shakespeare (th'one letter).

Meaning of the single words: 1 Inhabitant of Thrace, 2 Town in Norfolk, 3 Guardian, 4 Evergreen plant, 5 Colonist, 6 Inhabitant of Indiana, 7 Weed, 8 South-west of Asia, 9 Planet, 10 Male parent, 11 Fragrance, 12 Number, 13 Spur, 14 Rake up, 15 Cape on the coast of North Carolina.

Honeycomb Puzzle

a a a, c, d, e e e e e, g, h, i, i, l, n n n, o, p p p, r r r, s, t t, u, w



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 starts at arrow and is to be read according to a clock-hand.

Meaning of the words: 1 Should he be tipped or not? 2 Hot pungent spice; 3 Elastic band, 4 Human being, 5 Non-compliance, 6 Capital of Greece, 7 Papal ambassador.

Solutions

Crossword Puzzle: Across: 1 Grape, 4 Pauc, 7 Area, 10 Ape, 12 Tread, 13 Vat, 14 Pie, 15 Aule, 17 Lamp, 18 Lien, 20 Crack, 21 Shame. — Down: 1 Gazette, 2 Ann, 3 Teat, 5 Kenta, 6 Naval, 8 Replac, 9 Adept, 11 Fante, 12 Tie, 16 Inch, 19 Ram. Supplementary Puzzle: Grape — Race — Opal — Space — Span — Roar — Event — Globe — Iran — Sale — Tange — Emotion — Ramble — Town — Omen — Nape — Spar. — Gross register tons. Charade: "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought." — 1 Thracian, 2 Yarmouth, 3 Warden, 4 Ivy, 5 Settler, 6 Hoosier, 7 Whirlwind, 8 Arabia, 9 Saturn, 10 Father, 11 Aroma, 12 Thousand, 13 Ergot, 14 Rebash, 15 Hatteras. Honeycomb Puzzle: 1 Water, 2 Pepper, 3 Garter, 4 Person 6 Dental, 6 Athens, 7 Nuncio.

What is it?



Can it be a fully inflated balloon, or perhaps a medicine ball which this soldier of the air corps has just caught with both hands? Nothing of the sort! It is a propeller hood which is slipped over the hub as a stream-lined protective cap.

Supplementary Puzzle

Ravel — Ace — Pal — Pace — Pan — Oar — Vent — Lobe — Ran — Ale — Angle — Motion — Amble — Own — Men — Ape — Par

Put a supplementary letter before each of the above words. In case of correct solution these supplementary letters, read in the order as indicated, form an expression important for the issue of the war.



Trilysin



1. For strengthening the growth of hair
2. Against scurf and falling-out of hair
3. Against obnoxious hair parasites



Madaus

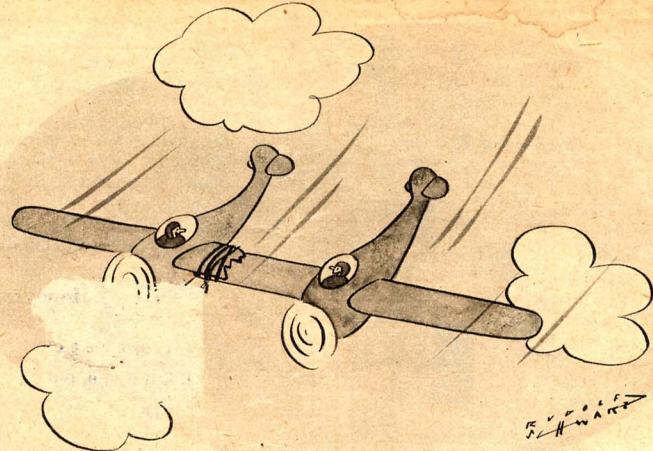
sold in all chemist's shops

DR. MADAUS & CO. RADEBEUL/DRESDEN

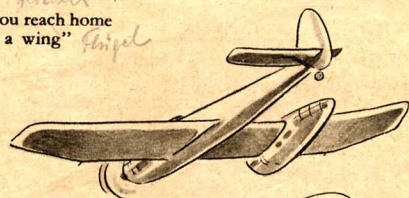
Efa



British "reconnaissance": "And are you really sure, John, that we are in Egypt? I must say I thought the pyramids were a lot bigger!"

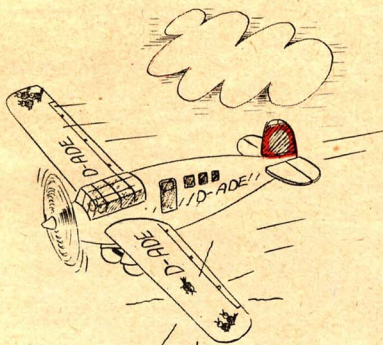


A practical solution: "See, Max? You reach home all right, although you've lost a wing"

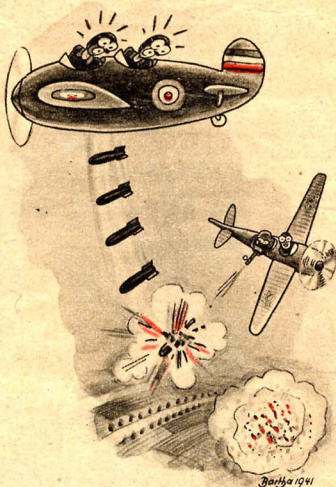


Airmen's Tall Tales

Drawings by Bartha, Jeännin-Ribettes (1), Kleppe (Bavaria), Martin, Schwarz (2)

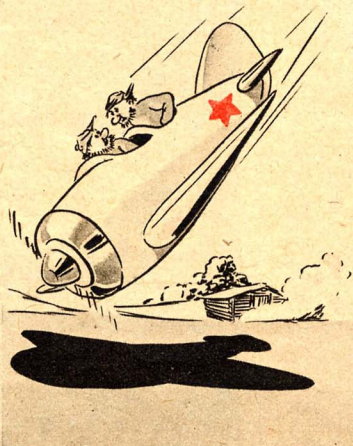


Birds as stowaways: "I'd rather come over here after all, so as to distribute the weight better"

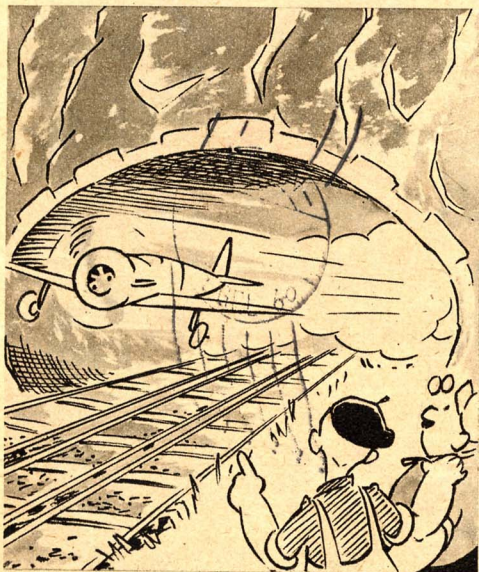


What a real bomb aimer can do

Too late! "Say, Ivan, I believe I've got the hang of the thing now. I've found how to fly this machine!"



The unsymmetrical BV 141: "We needn't fire at that one. He's already had his left engine blown away!"



Force of habit: "Good lord! He can't forget that he once drove an engine!"



The sky-writer