

MORE DESPACHES FROM THE WESTERN DESERT.

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A lull in the operations in North Africa enabled our cameraman to return these pictures of the routine side of war.

A chat with one of the local boys ~~who may or may not have some useful information but in any case has some information.~~ ^{and the} ~~The~~

line up for the water ration - liquid more precious even than petrol, though it tastes about the same. Of course in every squad there's always the scrounger who's out to get a double ration; and there's always a sergeant too, with a hard heart.

Ranged across the ancient desert are the defences of modern battle: the Dragon's Teeth for Tank Traps like a twentieth century Wall of China; and the sentry whose eyes unwinkingly search the blazing heavens for a sudden air attack.

A picquet on the road stops all cars for interrogation and examination of papers; ~~the car is stopped~~ but of course all cameramen have innocent faces and he gets through.

~~But there's still a war on;~~ Word comes through of enemy transport on the move and artillery opens up.

That's that; and once again the outpost settles down to routine work. Old soldiers remember the small entrenching tools of France in 1918. This is how they dig trenches in Libya, in 1941.

This is a war of machines and we become mightier yet. This is an indication of the vast problem of supply that torments the Commanders of a modern army. This is one of the reasons why it is so necessary to save every cubic foot of shipping space.

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The business side of this war is no less colossal than the fighting side. This is industry toiling for the soldier. Massive robots do the work of a hundred men in one-tenth of the time. The Juggernaut of machine-power rolls on.