

CONVOY TO RUSSIA.

Northwards to the Arctic Circle rides the Convoy and escort bound for ports in Northern Russia. Over two thousand miles of dangerous waters, traversing the hard route that leads to Murmansk and Archangel. Laden with great cargoes of war material from Britain's factories, our ships head up to those Northern latitudes, carrying the weapons that Russia calls for. Upon the broad shoulders of the Royal Navy is placed the heavy and perilous task of getting the supplies to their destinations. Apart from the many hazards of war, the men who take their ships to the Soviet have to face, the full rigours of Arctic weather lay hold of them, and when the temperature falls far below zero, metal on the upper decks and the guns burns the flesh from their hands, so intense is the cold. Notwithstanding this, ceaseless watch is kept at all times of the day and night. Out of the dim light of approaching night, an enemy bomber discovers the convoy, and in the gathering gloom comes in to attack. But the British Bulldog is very much awake.

The help which Britain is giving to the Soviet is no light thing to be brushed aside. As her Ally, we are fulfilling our obligations and will continue to do so until the Nazis are finally obliterated by the United Nations.