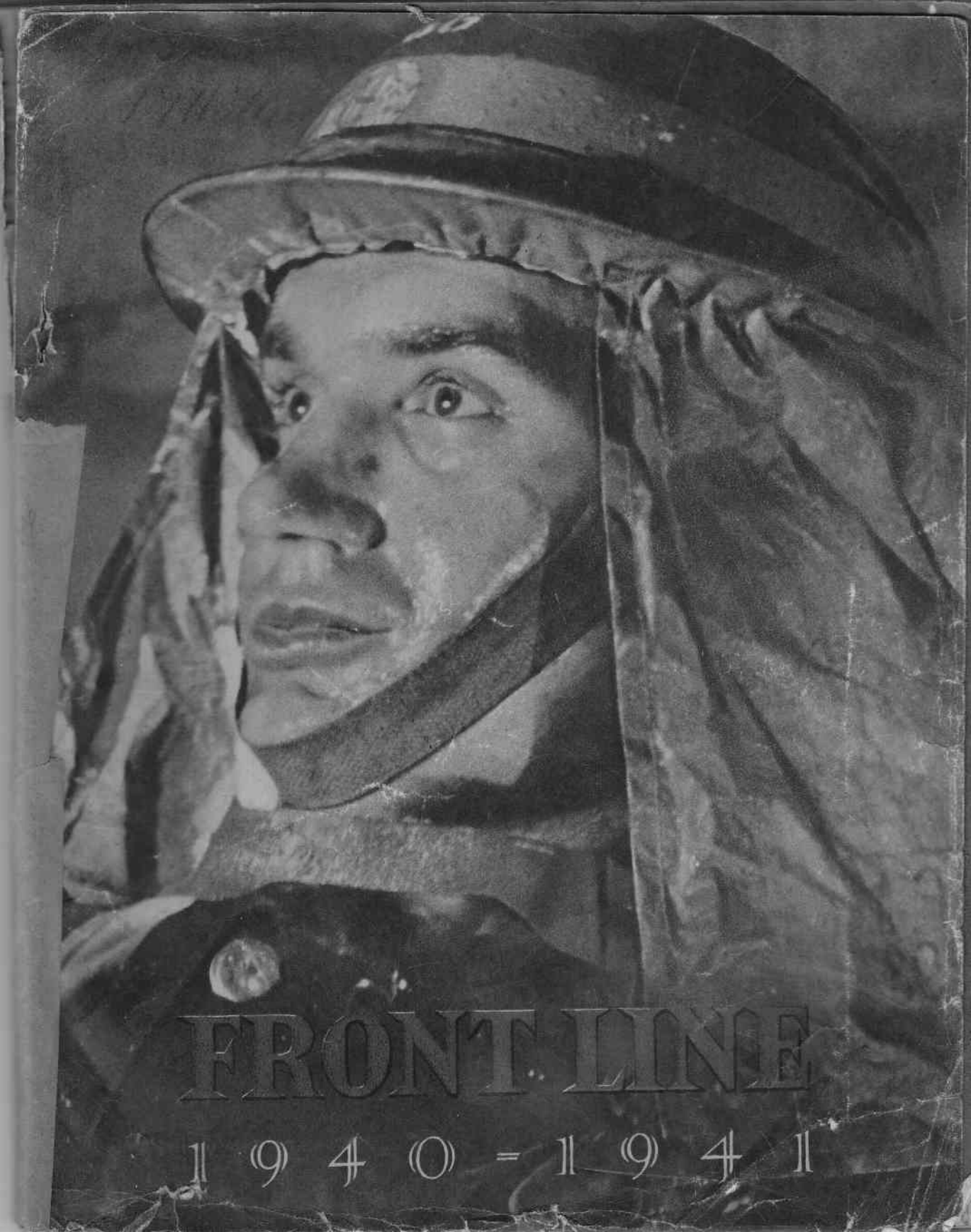
FRONT LINE
1940 - 1941

Issued for the Ministry of Home Security
by the Ministry of Information

FRONT LINE

1940-41

The Official Story of the
CIVIL DEFENCE
of Britain

1942
London: His Majesty's Stationery Office

Contents

To be purchased from His Majesty's Stationery Office at York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2; 120 George Street, Edinburgh, 2; 39-41 King Street, Manchester, 2; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast; or through any bookseller. Price 2s. 0d. or 21s. 0d. for 12 copies. S.O. Code No. 70-410[9]

... photographs on the cover and front end-paper and ... of London fires in Chapters 2 and 3 ... a series taken by Mr. George Greenwell for ... Mirror," by whose courtesy they are ...

... many men and women in the Forces who ... a chance of reading this book. If you ... to the nearest Post Office, it will go to them.

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PREFACE

I

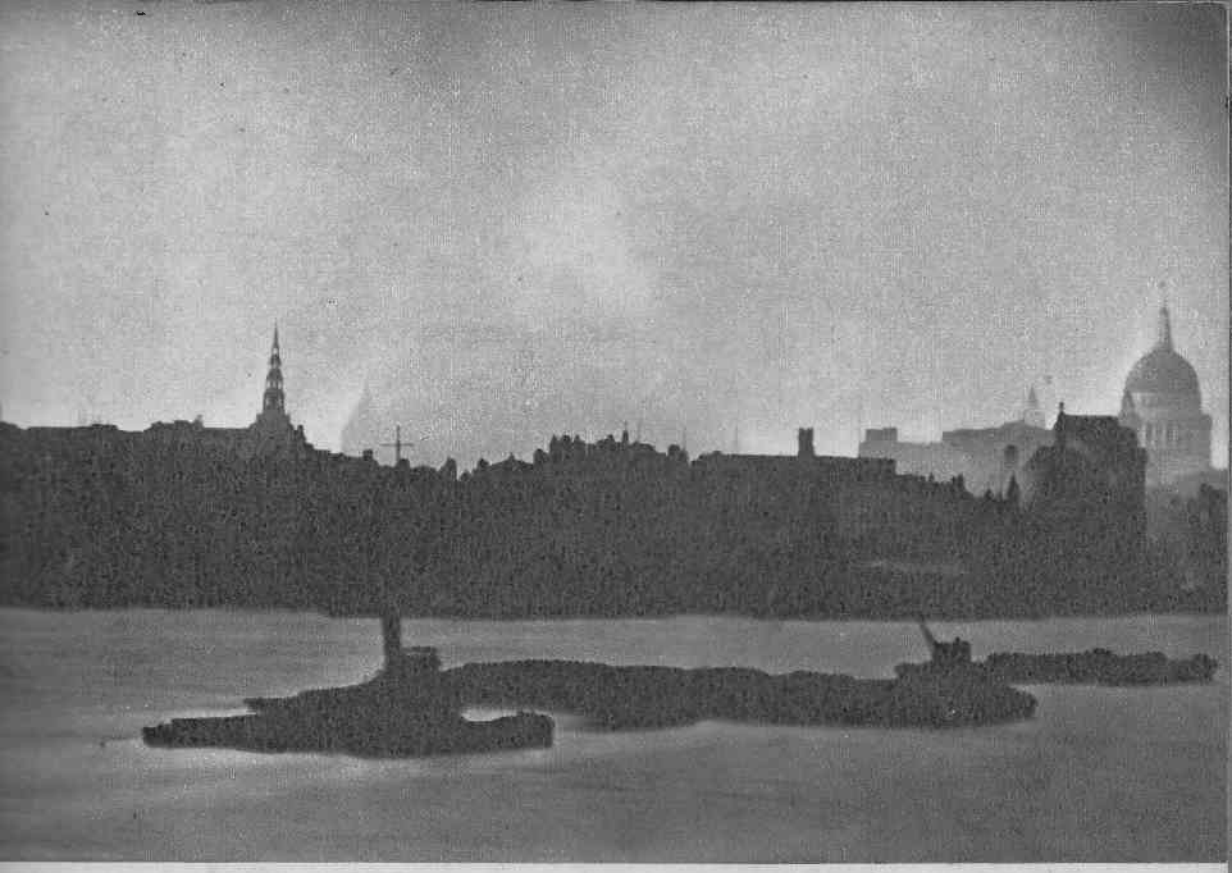
"FRONT LINE" is a tale of individual effort and performance, and to omit every personal name was a hard decision. But where tens of thousands are known to have done brave deeds, and ten times more did deeds as brave, but unmarked and unrecorded, choice was impossible. Those whose deeds and stories are recounted in these pages speak now, as then they acted, not for themselves but for Britain.

II

What follows is a narrative of action, not an account of organisation. It tells of the fall of bombs and of what was done about them by the men and women on the ground. It says nothing of administration, national or local, except the little that is necessary to explain the deeds of those in the field of conflict who coped directly with raids and their after-effects.

III

The Ministry of Home Security, in preparing the story, enjoyed the help of many other Government Departments which deal with civil defence. Foremost among these was the Ministry of Health, whose concern with the subject is especially wide. Valuable assistance was also given by the Ministry of Works and Planning, the General Post Office, the Scottish Office, the Northern Ireland Ministry of Public Security, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the Ministry of Food, the Ministry of War Transport and the Assistance Board. Grateful acknowledgment is made to each of them, and also to the Electricity Commission, the London Gas Centre, and the Metropolitan Water Board.

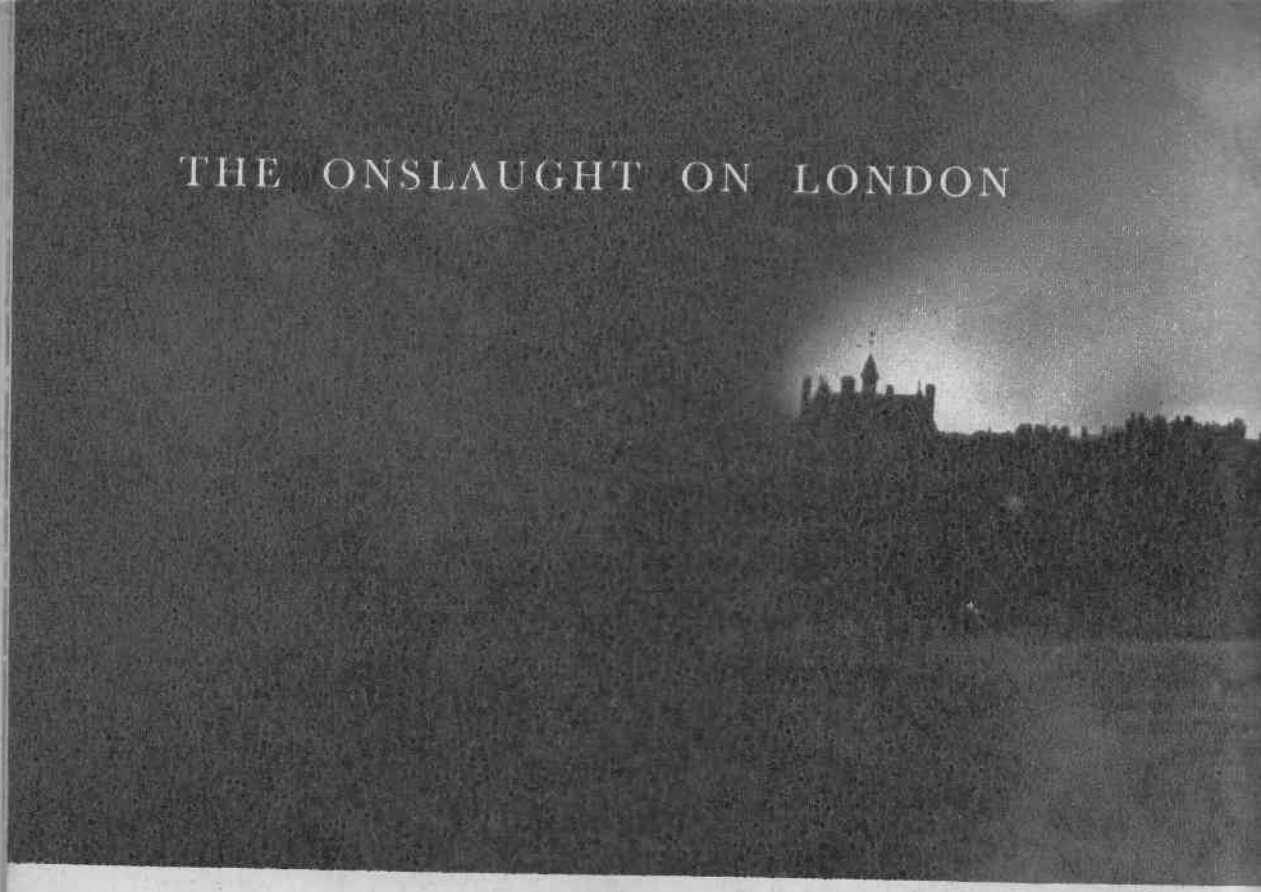


the summer sky—hostile planes, in numbers never yet seen over any great city, moving up-river from the East. There were the heavy thumps of distant bomb explosions, and then column after column of black smoke, growing up like trees, merging into a curtain, spreading out into a great rolling cloud. The Fire Officer knew that this was business. He was out of his flannels, into his uniform and in five minutes on his way to Headquarters and to a greater fire-fight than any he had seen or imagined.

There were in all 375 bombers, and fighters, in waves. They dropped their bombs on Woolwich Arsenal, on the immense gas-works at Beckton—London's first civil target—on the docks at Millwall, on the docks at Limehouse, and at Rotherhithe, on the docks by Tower Bridge, on the Surrey Docks, on the West Ham Power Station; they went on across the City and Westminster and bombed a crescent in Kensington.

This was daylight bombing; the Germans could see, and while many of their bombs went wide among the little dockland houses and the tenements, many found more legitimate marks. It was London's only big day attack; and it taught her Civil Defenders, when later they looked back upon it, how much the Royal Air Force did for the capital when it forced the enemy into night-bombing. The docks blazed along all their miles, on both banks of the river, and the wondering watchers looking down-river from the central bridges saw the sun's own light grow pale beside the crimson glare that hung and flickered above the eastern boroughs.

By 6 o'clock the day raiders had gone. There was a two-hour break in the attack. At ten minutes past eight the night raiding force appeared, guided straight to its targets



2

The Thing Happens

"The attacks of our Luftwaffe are only a prelude. The decisive blow is about to fall."

The German News Bureau to Germany, 30th August, 1940.

LONDON KNEW what was in store. The Air Minister had given warning that the Battle of Britain had thus far left the enemy's heavy-bomber force mainly inactive, waiting on its cross-Channel aerodromes. Göring had said bluntly that the night raids of July and August were mere armed reconnaissances. For years Londoners had been instinctively aware of the shape of things to come. Now they understood that things were coming to them, and they were ready. Ready, that is to say, as far as any city could have been ready for a test that can never be understood until it is experienced; ready for sacrifice and mentally stripped for action against the unimaginable.

On 7th September Göring told the German people; "This is the historic hour when our air force for the first time delivered its stroke right into the enemy's heart."

And on 7th September it came. That glorious fine Saturday afternoon a senior Fire Officer off duty was having a leisurely tea in the shade on a Dulwich lawn. There were planes about, and some gun noise—when had there not been? But suddenly, soon after five o'clock he saw a great rash of black dots breaking out to the north against

THE BLITZ WAS AIMED AT THE PEOPLE. A block of flats in Kennington Road, Lambeth, ripped open to the sky, 8th September, 1940

IT HIT THEIR SHOPS: Balham High Road, 15th October, 1940; and (*below*) their hospitals: St. Thomas's torn by high explosive, 9th September, 1940.

any kind of destruction, since every kind might help to break morale, and to bring the Capital's life to a halt through general administrative chaos and the failure of essential services. Even with the example of Rotterdam fresh in their memory, some found it hard to believe that London was being subjected to a process of simple bullying. Civilised people in 1940 could not quite part with the idea that war had something to do with military objectives; they knew that Zulus and Red Indians had killed mothers and babies as a normal part of battle, but they were slow to credit modern Europeans with the same ideas.

Besides, to Londoners the strategy of sheer bullying directed against themselves seemed such an unpromising one for a nation of scientific war-makers to adopt. But the evidence mounted up, and in sum it is overwhelming. None of the purposes that can reasonably be attributed to the Germans was realised. Except for short times in limited areas they did not stop the docks working, nor the railways, nor any essential service. Where they wanted stoppage, they achieved brief interruption. Where they aimed at annihilation they wreaked, for a time, some confusion.

As for the bullying, it took the citizens by surprise, and had some of them a little off balance for the first few days. For months it shortened their sleep and lengthened their day's work. It brought to all of them a great deal of strain, anxiety and discomfort, to great numbers moments of sharp peril, and to not a few such sights and sounds of horror as the British islands had not known for many centuries. It subjected all London to an ordeal such as no other modern city had endured and survived. The Germans did their bullying, as they wage their whole war, not by halves. Mrs. Jones and Warden Smith went through hell for months. But they are a tough pair—too tough for the worst the Nazi air fleet could do. London was not induced to sue for a separate peace.

BEHIND THE LINES WERE MANY WORKERS. With the blitz still at its height, casualties are attended to in Westminster Hospital. The patient is a woman driver.

ordered out before midnight, reinforcements were in strenuous demand, and the pile of slips representing unattended fires grew on the tables. The women of the control staffs, inured to strain and steadfast through months of bombing, found their nerves stretched by this new test, and their sympathies tried by the messages they had to receive and transmit, ordering grimy men near the last stages of exhaustion out again to some pressing task.

At the Elephant a medium-sized fire grew into a great conflagration because every water main was dry, and a succession of lucky bomb hits defeated for hours every attempt to get water by other means. A group of pumps relaying water from a big emergency basin not far off was hit by a heavy bomb which killed seventeen men and blocked the only entrance to the water supply. A hose line laid with toil and sweat from a point on the river a mile and a half away was crushed and burnt by a collapsing building. Another mile and more of hose was laid from another point, but sparks and embers fell upon and holed it into uselessness before water came through. At last it was replaced. Water was beginning to appear when a bomb fell and broke it. It was repaired, but splinter holes and burns reduced its flow almost to a trickle. The fire, which had reached immense proportions, was finally controlled next day by relaying water through nine miles of hose from the river and a canal.

The tale of damage that night was crowned

the entire demolition of the House of Commons Chamber, with its Press Gallery, Strangers' Gallery and Ladies' Gallery. Fire was the villain—no one knows exactly how caused. Some say high explosives also fell on or near the Commons, but this is uncertain. The fire buckled the roof trusses of the Chamber and expanded the stonework of the outer walls. The whole roof and part of the upper wall collapsed.

The roof of Westminster Hall suffered, and so, though not severely, did the Abbey itself. The lantern was ringed with a crown of flames, which happily were quickly put out by the emergency water with which the ancient building is well furnished. Just before daylight a fire officer outside the main door heard "a loud roar which trailed off into a long echo. I rushed inside to find a mass of burning debris in front of the High Altar. The whole of the roof above the lantern had collapsed, leaving a blue gap high above from which a few red cinders would occasionally drop."

The weight and persistence of incendiary attack which the enemy achieved in this raid, as he had done in some others both in London and the provinces, presented to the defence two problems which it was not then fully equipped to solve.

One was how to fight fires when main water supplies failed—the problem of emergency water. This could be solved only by an elaborate constructional programme which did not approach completion until much later. The other was how to concentrate defensive forces on the ground at a speed to match the intensity of concentration which the enemy could sometimes secure for his attack from the air. This was the problem of mobilisation and reinforcement. To solve it required radical reorganisation.

In August, 1941, came the constitution of the National Fire Service, which absorbed, reshaped and superseded the separate locally controlled brigades. Its formation is both the concluding episode in the battle of the flames of 1940-1 and also the opening chapter of another and a different story, not yet enacted.

ALL CLEAR.

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT the rescue men are at work, searching, helping to safety. This is 11th January, St. Leonard Street, Shoreditch, also.

ONE BY ONE THE TRAPPED ARE RELEASED. The victim of a daylight raid on central London, October, 1940, is lifted gently from a shattered basement.

THE MILK COMES . . .

. . . AND THE POST GOES

have been a very serious threat to the water supply turned out nothing worse than could be cured by the appearance of water carts in a few areas for a few days.

It is barely possible to imagine a big city carrying on its peace-time life without the telephone wires ; but impossible to imagine its effective defence against air raids without the maintenance of some immediate communication with the outside world and among the defenders within. The linesmen who guarded these vital threads had a complex job. When a cable is broken all its component wires are severed—often some thousands of them. Twice that number of connections must be correctly made and tested, insulated, and kept dry—even in a flooded crater. One cable repair involved the making of over 5,600 separate connections. Such work was done many times under bombing by men sitting cramped for hours in the mud, sometimes in foul air and under the threatened fall of tons of clay.

The railways and the underground showed themselves among the most resilient of all the services. London's hundreds of miles of track, hit again and again, seemed almost invulnerable, with more lives than a cat. In the brief daily records of the railways the words " working as normally as possible " came very often. These words conceal the work of track repair gangs to whom a job that was allowed more than twelve hours was an exceptional thing ; of signalmen perched high in their flimsy boxes, with glass around them, carrying on under the bombs ; of guards and engine drivers who took their trains through the blitz or past unexploded bombs. Night

THOSE WHO WENT TO SHELTERS began a new kind of night-life. Some took over the Tubes, camping out in this fashion—Elephant and Castle Station, 11th November, 1940.

NEW LIFE BECOMES ORGANISED. Food, services, entertainments were provided—an all night in a Tube tunnel, one of London's biggest shelters.

TER LIFE HAD ITS COMPENSATIONS. One was ionship. North London shelterers during an alert.

NIGHTLY MIRACLE. Another kind of shelter life in something like a million back-garden Andersons. people and a dog were trapped in this one when bomb blew a crater alongside. All came out alive.

from, which I felt dripping down my face, and soon discovered that it was blood from my head wounds."

All this will put in their proper perspective two more quotations. The first is from a telegraphic report by the Metropolitan Commissioner of Police on 12th September, when the blitz was five days old.

"My latest reports are that there is no sign of panic anywhere in the East End. . . . In —— and —— the inhabitants are shaken by continued lack of sleep but no sign of panic and no wish to evacuate. No defeatist talk."

The second is from one of the weekly "appreciations" built up in the Home Security Operations Room by officers working on reports and messages coming in from the scene of action. It is dated 25th September, 1940, the very day when (as measured by the numbers taking shelter in the tubes) pressure on civilian resistance was at its peak.

"The German attack upon London has had no fundamental ill effect either upon the capital or on the nation. Its first impact caused bewilderment and there was some ill-temper both on account of its apparent success and because some remedial measures did not operate with time-table accuracy. This loss of temper . . . has almost completely vanished and a general equanimity prevails. . . There is little appearance of nervous or physical overstrain and the fear and shock, only attendant upon actual explosion, very quickly passes over in most cases. Nothing has affected the unconquerable optimism of the Cockney nor has anything restricted his ready if graveyard humour. . . Without over-emphasis people take the obvious precautions to ensure sufficient sleep. Having done so they regard the event philosophically. During the day they continue their ordinary business.

". . . It is still necessary to canvass some classes of the people to leave London."

The report might have added how greatly

IN THE MORNING, WORK AS USUAL. After a big raid, the way to the office is knee-deep in rubble. Londoners unemotionally pick their way through it.

Londoners in the most-bombed areas were steadied and heartened in the early days of upheaval by the frequent coming among them of the King and Queen, whose own London home had been made the target of deliberate daylight attack.

It is no secret now that, misled by the knowledge of what had happened in some instances abroad, the authorities had prepared for a great panic exodus straggling out from the eastern boroughs along the roads into Essex and Kent. These were the boroughs that took the heaviest weight of attack, and the facts of what happened bore no relation to the forecast. There was a steady evacuation, but it was controlled and realistic, and did not use up shoe leather. It seemed to result not from panic but from a cool assessment of the position that arose when whole streets and blocks of houses were put temporarily or permanently out of use.

The " trickle " of children out of London, under public auspices, reached 1,500 a day. Great numbers, of course, had gone at the beginning of the war, but some had returned, while many had never left London. By 24th September half the children were in the reception areas ; by 31st October, 70 per cent. ; by the end of the year only one in six was still in London.

Mothers, too, went out, with Government assistance—their numbers rising to 30,000 in one week. More still went out by themselves. Mother and children, with father taking a day or two off to get them settled,

quickly. On 28th September a special Regional Commissioner for the homeless was appointed, and the basic question of accommodation tackled three ways at once. The Rest Centres were given better equipment all round, and staffs with social training. The streets were combed for billets and the corps of billeting officers strengthened. The repair of lightly damaged houses was pressed on. The enemy's attack did not slacken, but inroad was made into the heavy arrears of unexploded bombs, and this was itself a great relief. By 8th October the Rest Centre population was down to 10,000. The great raid in the middle of the month sent it up high again, but it soon fell to a manageable level which itself masked a brisk flow not only in, but out, to new homes or billets. The chiefs of staff of the defending force felt that the victory was won. On Christmas Eve the Rest Centres housed just over 10 per cent. of their September peak. After the end of the year that sector of the front, though attacked again, and powerfully, was never seriously threatened.

LITTLE BUT THEIR LIVES. This family got out of its house only just in time and dashed through the blitz to shelter.

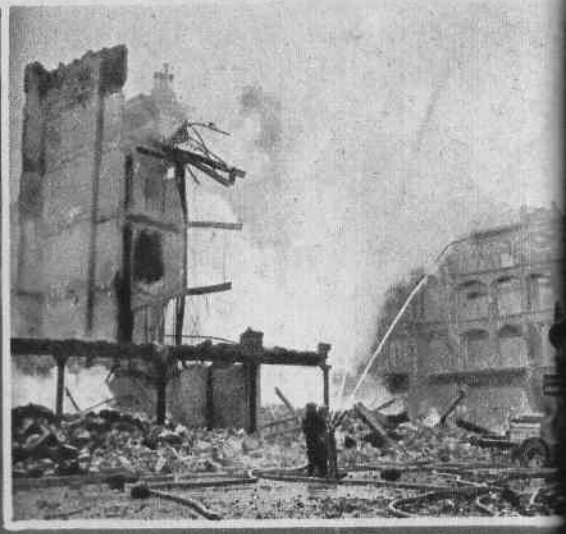
IF YOU COULD, YOU CARRIED ON. If the gas still worked, you cooked the dinner; it seemed the right thing to do.

During the nine months of attack, 375,000 were billeted as homeless, and 120,000 given permanent new homes in London. Great numbers, too, had gone back to life in their own homes within walls and roofs made sound again by the great repair drive. Quick repair came to be known as the most powerful of all remedies for low spirits. Only second, perhaps, was the prompt salvage of furniture —everything from budgerigars and insurance policies to the bedroom suite that stood for comfort and the familiar past, and perhaps for so many months' sacrifice at three-and-six a week.

As the months went on all the varied agencies of help and information came to be grouped together in each borough under one or perhaps two roofs. The machinery for paying out those essential few pounds to meet urgent needs for clothes and fares was simplified and lubricated with the oil of a sympathetic comprehension not

DAWN BREAKS to find the city transfigured after a night of hell. Swansea had three heavy raids on successive nights in the middle of February, and the civilian centre of the city was levelled to the ground by bomb and fire.

COVENTRY : the city centre.



BIRMINGHAM : corner of New Street and High S

BRISTOL : Park Street.

SHEFFIELD : High Street.

MANCHESTER : corner of Portland Stree

THE ATTACK ON THE ARMS TOWNS

Dates of main raids	Estimated enemy planes engaged	Total civilians killed in all raids to end of 1941
COVENTRY		
[14]th November... ...	400	
[8]th April	300	1,236
[10]th April	200	
BIRMINGHAM		
[1]st November	—	
[9]th November... ...	350	
[22]nd November ...	200	
[3]rd December ...	50	2,162
[11]th December ...	200	
[9]th and 10th April ...	250	
BRISTOL (AND AVONMOUTH)		
[24]th November... ...	50	
[2]nd December... ...	100	
[6]th December ...	50	
[3]rd and 4th January ...	150	1,159
[16]th March	150	
[11]th April	150	
SHEFFIELD		
[12]th December ... }	(2 nights) 300	624
[15]th December ... }		
MANCHESTER (WITH SALFORD AND STRETFORD)		
[22]nd and 23rd December (2 nights)	150	1,005

October raids, rose to well over a thousand. Bristol lost some hundreds of people and some of her finest buildings.

December saw nine nights of heavy raiding outside London. Besides repeating his attacks on Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham and—on an extended front—Merseyside, the enemy broke new ground in Sheffield and Manchester. The strategy was becoming obvious: attacks were distributed equally between the arms manufacturing centres and the ports. No special attention was reserved for either: the enemy was evidently just as well pleased to try to cripple Britain's own resources as to paralyse her centres of import.

The tactics of attack were taking shape, too. In the van of each raiding force came the Luftwaffe's skilled navigators and marksmen, laden with incendiaries, looking for the centre of their objective and loosing their loads to start the biggest fires they could. These beacons became targets for the high explosive bombs carried by later arrivals. It may well have been a part of the enemy's idea that to wipe out the civilian centre was the best way to break the spirit of the inhabitants.

However that may be, it is certain that during December the Luftwaffe quickly developed a reliance upon incendiary attack on city centres. They must have been aware of the fact that at night, especially on week-end nights, and most of all on Sunday nights, those centres were empty of the workers who could otherwise have dealt with a good number of incendiaries as they fell. So every Sunday night in the month a heavy fire attack was launched on the old, congested, inflammable centre of some city. On 1st December it was Southampton; on the 8th, London; on the 15th, Sheffield; on the 22nd, Manchester; on the 29th London again.

In the New Year the weather, and the active defences, slackened the attack for the first two months. The Luftwaffe came over

on most nights, but achieved only four heavy raids, on Cardiff, Bristol, Portsmouth, and the three-night raid on Swansea in the middle of February. When flying weather improved in March, the numbers of attacking planes went up, to 150, 200, 300, more than once to 350 machines. The last phase of the blitz began. In this phase, which lasted just over three months, the air war on Britain was almost entirely confined to the ports.

From 10th March to 10th May there were 34 very heavy night raids outside London. All but three of these were on the ports. About Easter time, Coventry had two big raids and Birmingham one. Otherwise it was Merseyside, Clydeside, Bristol, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Belfast, Hull—the changes were rung upon one after another. Merseyside had nine nights in all, Plymouth seven, Clydeside four, Belfast three. In the final fortnight, the first two weeks of May, the enemy put forth his greatest strength. He bombed Merseyside every night for the first week. This was a form of continuous attack inflicted on no other provincial target (though Plymouth had endured five big raids in nine nights late in April). In the same period he went to Tyneside, twice to Belfast, twice to Clydeside, and twice to Hull. The visitation upon London on 10th May will be borne in mind.

For the first week of the month an average of over 200 bombers a night came over; but defending night fighters and the guns were becoming much more formidable, and 53 bombers were brought down. In the second week the average attacking force fell below 200, but the total loss was 107.

The last visit in great force to any area was to the Midlands on May 16th. After that the Luftwaffe moved East, and the light forces left in the West seldom came much farther than the coast, where however they launched for many months to come a number of trying attacks on Hull, and a series of " tip-and-run " raids up, down and

THE ATTACK ON T PORTS

Dates of main raids	*Estimated enemy planes engaged*	*Tota kil rai o*
PORTSMOUTH		
10th January	110	
10th March	120	
27th April	50	
SOUTHAMPTON		
23rd November ...	60	
30th November, 1st December (2 nights)	200	
CARDIFF		
2nd January	125	
SWANSEA		
19th, 20th and 21st February (3 nights)	250	
LIVERPOOL (AND MERSEYSIDE		
28th November... ...	150	
20th, 21st and 22nd December (3 nights) ...	500	
13th and 21st March ...	250	
1st-7th May (7 nights)	800	
PLYMOUTH		
20th and 21st March (2 nights) ...	250	
21st, 22nd, 23rd, 27th, 28th and 29th April (5 nights)	750	
CLYDESIDE		
13th and 14th March (2 nights) ...	460	
5th and 6th May (2 nights) ...	350	
BELFAST		
15th April	100	
4th and 5th May (2 nights)	110	
HULL		
18th March	75	
7th and 8th May (2 nights)	100	
17th July	75	

RTSMOUTH : the Guildhall is in the background.

SOUTHAMPTON : near the city centre.

WANSEA : Goat Street.

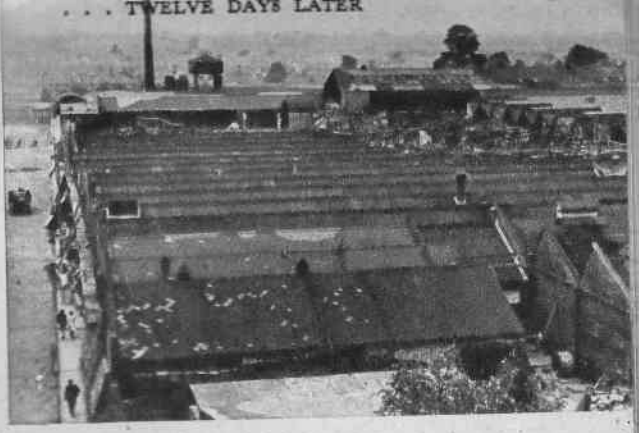
CARDIFF : Llandaff Cathedral.

PLYMOUTH : from the Guildhall tower.

LIVERPOOL : Lord Street ; South Castle Street ; Customs House in the background.

BELFAST : a burning church.

HULL : Newbridge Road.



PRODUCTION GOES ON. In the Midlands — and elsewhere — factories handling war contracts performed miracles of reconstruction. In this one the roof was repaired in twelve days; inside, production can be seen in full swing again. Notice the use made of steel salvaged from the bombed structure.

was done elsewhere. A third works was struck by high explosive which did a good deal of local damage to the roof without interrupting production. A fire put some plant out of action and led to the adoption of a different process which turned out to be more satisfactory.

A fourth works was hit by three bombs on the same night. Production was interrupted in various sections for an average of about three weeks, some of the work being transferred elsewhere for a time. Another plant, a large tool room, was damaged by high explosive, fire, and the water used to quench it. It was hit again next night by two bombs, which did some blast damage and started a fire. Soon afterwards two more bombs and some incendiaries again destroyed roofing and started fires. This chapter of injuries stopped half the work of the plant for some weeks. The remaining men carried on for two months under the open sky till the roof was repaired, merely covering their machines with tarpaulin when it rained, and greasing their tools.

A few months after the last of its misadventures, the works in this group were able to lay plans for an expansion of 50 per cent. in their combined businesses. One director gave his view :—

THE HOMELESS LEAVE, their spirits high. More than 50,000 houses were damaged in Plymouth, but emergency homes were found and life went on.

attendance on the five nights in April which were the climax of the attack was 300.

The wardens, who in April lost 27 dead and seriously injured, including six women, maintained their entire whole-time strength, regardless of shifts and rotas, on every night of the attack. On the last night, the part-time wardens on duty made a total remarkably close to that of the first night. These part-time Civil Defenders in all the services were householders as well as citizens. Their houses were being damaged night by night, their homes temporarily broken up, members of their family injured or worse. They had their businesses to carry on or their daily work to do. They might be on duty in one building and see another, their place of work, in flames. They might pass down a street, see their shop intact and return within an hour to find it gone. These are the hazards of civilian warfare. They did not cause the civilian services to forget the greater objective which they had volunteered to achieve.

The story of the ports now moves north to the Clyde. All the way from Glasgow westwards through Clydebank and beyond, the banks of the river are lined with docks and shipyards. Parallel to them, and hard by on the north, is the main road from Glasgow through Clydebank to Dumbarton. Between the highway and the river is the kingdom of ships ; north of the road are the tenements and houses.

It was bright moonlight on the two nights of 13th and 14th March, when the first heavy concentration of German raiders appeared over the Clyde. Incendiaries came down not in scores or hundreds but in masses, like raindrops in a storm or locusts settling upon ripe grain. The fires thus started, fed with more incendiaries and stoked with high explosives, spread and raged with tremendous fierceness. It was said that the glare above the Clyde on these nights could be seen by British airmen patrolling above an Aberdeenshire aerodrome over 100 miles away. Three nights afterwards a German bomber pilot, broadcasting on his exploits, spoke of the clearness of the night and said : " The multitude of ships in the river was tempting, but our orders were different."

If their orders were to destroy the docks and shipyards, they most conspicuously failed. If they were deliberately aiming at men, women and children in their homes,

were selected largely for the propaganda value of being able to report raids to the German public without risking comparatively heavy losses to the slender bomber-force left in the West. All this lay (and lies) behind the frequent communiques announcing " a solitary aircraft dropped bombs last night (or in daylight to-day) at some points on the coast of England (or Scotland)."

The outcome may be seen in the following table, which shows coastal bombing to November, 1941, in round figures.

Town.	*Number of Raids.*	*Civilians Killed.*	*Houses Damaged.*
Fraserburgh ...	18	40	700
Peterhead ...	16	36	700
Aberdeen ...	24	68	2,000
Scarborough ...	17	30	2,250
Bridlington ...	30	24	3,000
Grimsby	22	18	1,700
Gt. Yarmouth ...	72	110	11,500
Lowestoft ...	54	94	9,000
Clacton	31	10	4,400
Margate ...	47	19	8,000
Ramsgate ...	41	71	8,500
Deal	17	12	2,000
Dover	53 (and shelling)	92	9,000
Folkestone ...	42	52	7,000
Hastings	40	46	6,250
Bexhill	37	74	2,600
Eastbourne ...	49	36	3,700
Brighton Hove ...	25	127	4,500
Worthing ...	29	20	3,000
Bournemouth ...	33	77	4,000
Weymouth ...	42	48	3,600
Falmouth ...	33	31	1,100

NORTH-EAST HERO. In one of the countless tip-and-run raids with which the Luftwaffe harried Britain's coastline this 14-year-old schoolboy worked all through the night rescuing buried people.

This is by no means a full picture of the " drip-bombing " to which the coast is subject. The intermittent raids on Tyneside killed nearly 400 people between July, 1940, and December, 1941, in Newcastle, Wallsend, Tynemouth, South Shields and Jarrow. Many a small place is omitted from the list, in the east, south, and indeed in the south west too, for a number of the small Cornish ports and fishing villages came to be regular targets, and very steadfast they were under this trying form of attack.

To be subjected to a series of tip-and-run raids is more than a test of nerve. The smallness of the casualty figures in the table should not obscure the actual weight of the onslaught in relation to the size of the target. There are towns in this list whose death-rate