

WAR IN U.S.A.

Times Square in the heart of New York's theatreland has its first Air Raid rehearsal, in readiness for when the real thing might come along. Public transport vehicles of all kinds are stopped and the passengers escorted to underground shelters. Air Raid Wardens are on the job clearing the busy metropolis as the sirens wail their warning signal. It's no longer a joke. Grim reality is just around the corner.

Gone is the whirl of New York's traffic. For once the wild rush of trolley-cars, buses and taxis is stilled, and under her buildings people talk about the war.

American women are enlisting by the thousands. They're offering their services without pay, asking only to be ordered where they're needed. Signing up for war work means leaving their finger prints with the authorities. Women officials take a hand in this part of the business. Men are found to take much longer over the job.

Well, hello Toots, sit down and make yourself at home. Surely there's something they can find for you to do.

The girls even buy their own equipment. Leave it to them to pick a snappy uniform. And here's our little Toots looking like one of the objectives we're fighting for.

In San Francisco, Chief Commercial city of the Pacific States of the U.S.A., everyone leads a hand digging-in for home defence. Sandbags are piled up against windows and doorways in preparation for a Japanese air attack which might happen any minute. Let's hope the Californian weather will treat them more gently than ours did over here.

The first blows of war on America fell on her Pacific Islands, where Black Sunday brought Japanese bombers over the residential district of Honolulu as well as Pearl Harbour. Flames sweep the famed Waikiki section as the Mikado's war planes set to work while his envoys still talk peace in Washington. Striking without warning on that fateful morning, the bombers have things all their own way, waging war in the typical Axis manner.

Although American Censorship blacks out scenes that might convey strategic information to the enemy, what we see here is damning evidence of the way the Japs ape their German counterparts. A direct hit on a big hospital is part of the Japanese victory.

Hospital nurses set up equipment in the open and patients are carried out as bombs fall over the city.

First aid dressing stations care for hundreds of wounded while the raiders roar overhead. At the University of Hawaii, women, children and babes in arms find shelter. Even those Americans in the States were still unaware that they were at war.

Not until hours after the attack, does treacherous Tokyo declare war. A war that counts schools among its military objectives. By the Grace of Providence, it's Sunday and no children are there. A car riddled with machine gun bullets from low flying attacks on defenceless people in the streets. Many civilians dead were brought out from the wreckage which remained as grim evidence of a ruthless and bestial attack.

Colonel Knox has a few strong words to say about it.

And now a little souvenir - a two-man Jap submarine cast up on the beach at Pearl Harbor. This is the first picture ever to be shown of one of the Japanese forty footers which carries two torpedoes in its nose. The skipper left his uniform behind as a memento before being marched off to a military prison.

The initial blow which fell on American soil in the Pacific was a hard one. But it's not in the American character to go down under the first punch. Once into their stride and they'll hand out some straight lefts and rights that will make that Mikado sit up and take notice.

Treachery won the first round, but it's the last that counts. It's a fight to the finish.