



GERMAN CONQUEROR POSES WITH THE MOST TERRIFYING TROOPS OF HIS SUPER-ARMY. THESE PARACHUTE LIEUTENANTS WON IRON CROSSES FOR TAKING FORT EBAN EMAEL

GERMAN CONQUEST THREATENS THE WORLD

The people of America stood aghast as the hand of history unrolled the most terrible, fateful week in the memory of living men. The German Army, rolling down on Paris, wheeled suddenly west across the plain of Flanders, caught a huge Allied army in its trap and swept on to the English Channel. At week's end the conqueror stood on the coast where Napoleon turned reluctantly back, and gathered his frightful war machine to hurl upon the fortress of England.

To military men, as to plain citizens, the might of the German Army came as a stunning surprise. Out the window went decades of war theory as the thin motor columns cut through the enemy lines and, leaving their flanks unguarded, raced on to seize strategic positions. (While the motor columns cut the vast battlefield to ribbons, the dive bombers reduced it to confusion, left the enemy forces reeling like a punch-drunk boxer.)

Even more amazing was the Army's superb organization. Oil trucks kept right behind the tanks. On the still-smoking ruins of blasted bridges, engineers threw up new ones. With their captions the photographs on the following 14 pages, arranged as they

may well be reprinted in years to come in pictorial anthologies of World War II, give the first vivid picture of this marvelous war machine pushing relentlessly west through Holland, Belgium and France.

Most amazing of all is the spirit that built and drives this engine of conquest. For the Germans are not supermen. Seven short years ago they were the bitterest, most frustrated people in Europe. Then out of the very dregs of German life rose a man with an Idea that galvanized a desperate nation and threatens to conquer a continent.

The conqueror stands, in the picture above, among

AMERICA AND THE WORLD

Hour by hour, in these dark days, the events in Europe shape the course of America's destiny. In this issue LIFE looks first at the marvelous German Army in its swift, relentless invasion of the West. Then it proceeds to examine the beautiful, proud lands that lie in the conqueror's path—France and England, as they were and as they may never be again. How Americans live and think for years to come will depend on whether the Nazi war machine wins its terrible goal or not.

his most terrifying new fighters—the parachute troops. The little corporal who kept on fighting until he won the last war and then still kept on fighting is the idol of his Army. It was he who rebuilt that Army in defiance of the world. It was he who put a whole nation on short rations that the Army might have guns and tanks and airplanes. It was he who bred a generation of young fanatics in love with the art of war. It was he who knew better than his generals the strength of Germany and the weakness of her enemies. It was he who seemed last week to be closing the covers on four centuries of European history.

If this man is to be master of Europe, there will be no easy peace for America. The nation's quick and virtually unanimous resolve to arm at top speed is ample proof that from now on Adolf Hitler is America's problem. The German victories brought shock and deep fear to the United States, but they brought also a consciousness of national strength. The old nations of Europe may fall before the conqueror but the young, strong giant of the West will meet any challenge that Adolf Hitler dares to make,

THE ADVANCE: GERMANY'S FIGHTING FORCES



Through the Ardennes forest of eastern Belgium, considered practically impassable, a German tank-company commander sits high out of his medium, 18-ton headquarters tank. His two gunners are perched on each side. His 23

tanks follow somewhere behind. In case he decides to change plans, he has the rubber-coated, begoggled cyclists to carry his message. In case anything happens to them, he has a radio (notice aerial like buggy whip at right of tank).

But not much unexpected will happen, for the advance scouts have already thoroughly explored this deep forest, a naturally dangerous terrain for tanks. The tanks will assemble tonight deep in the forest to deliver assault next day.



At a crossroads in The Netherlands, the advance of a German *Panzer* division was temporarily stopped by barbed wire, concrete road block (left) and a nest of anti-tank guns in the smoking building at right hiding a pillbox. The mo-

torized infantry use their own little infantry howitzers to blast the pillbox, then assault and mop it up. Tanks might have gone around it but their follow-up can move faster by keeping to the road. Scouts first found this little clot

of opposition, did not stop to clear it out but sent word back. Dive-bombers might have been used but the *Panzer* men decided to do the job themselves. Infantry with machine guns and trench mortars are visible at the right.

ROLL FORWARD TO STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW



A barricaded Dutch road where a line of trees has been felled by dynamite belts (LIFE, Nov. 20) fails completely to stop a German combat train which simply swerves out to the left into the field and rolls on to the front. In lead

is tank, then supply cars rushing up field kitchens, men's equipment, officers' baggage, drivers, shoemakers, clerks, spare crews. Motorcyclists see that nothing in this vast motorcade gets lost. The fighting front, cabled LIFE's

Correspondent Clare Boothe, "is an octopus with tanks for tentacles and it is very hard to get near enough to slit its belly. The front in France is the entire blue sky over it. They bomb to the coast and back. Their war is total."

THE ATTACK: EVERY MAN IS A SPECIALIST



A tank-company commander stops, watches with binoculars from his command tower in a medium tank while a Belgian pillbox in the Ardennes forest is blasted out. German infantry come up beside him and watch too while the motor-

cycle messenger in long rubber coat leaves his motorcycle at left. The infantry will attack later with light machine guns, mortars, grenades and Mauser rifles. The Belgians in the pillbox ahead are being pounded by an infantry

howitzer from the heavy-weapons company of the Panzer division's infantry battalions. For the moment the whole terrible German mechanism is focused on that little pillbox. Everything is planned to clean it out in short order.

T WELL TRAINED IN HIS JOB OF DESTRUCTION



The German engineers, superbly trained and equipped to make war rather than peace, swarm over a Belgian road-block of logs set against pillars. At the left, two engineers go methodically to work with a two-man saw on the logs.

The others carry Mausers as well as picks and are ready to fight. For these engineers (called Pioneers) must frequently storm the enemy obstacles that they are assigned to destroy. They first shot up the Belgian defenders at this point,

then stormed it with their flame-throwers and demolition charges. Now they must erase it. For some of their bridge-work, see the following pages. Their work has been phenomenal in Poland, in Norway and now at the Western Front.



Excellent cover has been given this neat little unit of war in a Belgian city by preliminary bombing and shelling that threw debris into the street. This 37-mm. anti-tank gun firing a 1 1/2-in. shell at terrific speed through 1 1/2-in.

armor is served by a smooth-working team. Position was picked by man who threw down bicycle (*foreground*) and whose Mauser barrel juts out over it. Man on right holds down trail of gun to keep it from jumping. Next man feeds

in shell. Next fires. Next has a shell ready to hand up from the shell box below him. All wear bands on helmets in which to put camouflage. One great German Army strength is that it has far more powerful anti-tank guns than Allies.

THE RIVERS: GERMAN ENGINEERS TAKE THEM



Dynamited by the Dutch, Maas Bridge at Maastricht sags forlornly while an advance German patrol paddles across the Maas River in one of the inflated rubber boats. On farther bank, men are being pulled up out of another rub-

ber boat. These strange craft are built in compartments so that one shot does not sink them. They ferry motorcycles, anti-tank guns, heavy machine guns and trench mortars across streams. Were these German soldiers in danger, they

would all wear helmets, have light machine guns mounted and be covered by smoke shells and trench mortar fire. But the standing man in the boat is joking and the others are laughing. An officer is watching atop the ruined bridge.



A pontoon bridge is thrown across a Belgian river by the Germans. The advance has stormed on past the barbed wire in the foreground. The engineers have completed the first section on the other side and here bring across with an

outboard motor and steering oars (*right*) the shore section for this side. While they are at it, they also ferry a kitchen-and-ration truck for a tank company and the ubiquitous motorcyclist. The square-cornered pontoons are carried

on trucks and trailers in the engineers' bridge trains, then launched, attached and topped with girders and planking. Even a railing is added. Other sections are being finished on the farther shore and will be floated down into place.

AS THEY COME ACROSS THE LOW COUNTRIES



A finished bridge, strung on a row of the little rubber assault boats, has already been packed with dirt from the hoofs of scout cavalry horses. Each trooper leads his mount. Directing traffic at the near end is the motorcyclist

who has covered his headlight with a cloth to keep it clean during the day. From the amount of dirt on the bridge, it would seem that a considerable number of horses have already crossed. The engineers in the boats do not even

bother to wear helmets. At the farther side is the barbed wire abandoned by the Belgian defenders. Notice sheer cliffs on opposite shore. Many Belgian rivers offer fine defensive positions, but were of no avail against the invasion.

THE YOUNG MEN: IN LONG LINES THEY MOVE



Ready for action, German youths of the motorcycle troops advance, as the German caption says, "American Indian fashion." Mauser rifles are carried, not slung. Bayonets are in scabbards. Each man has "potato-masher" grenades

stuck in his belt. Chevron indicates first-class private. These are the troops that rushed forward to the English Channel along with tanks and armored cars. Each company carries nine light machine guns, two heavy machine guns

and three light mortars. A normal day's travel is about 90 miles, often by night with the day for sleep (see below). Here they are working along a Dutch street as shock troops, looking for lonely little nests of enemy resistance.



Even conquerors must rest. Apparently not afraid of Allied planes, these German motorcycle troops lie down beside the road, leaving their machines out on the road. One at the right sleeps with his rifle cradled like a baby in his arms.

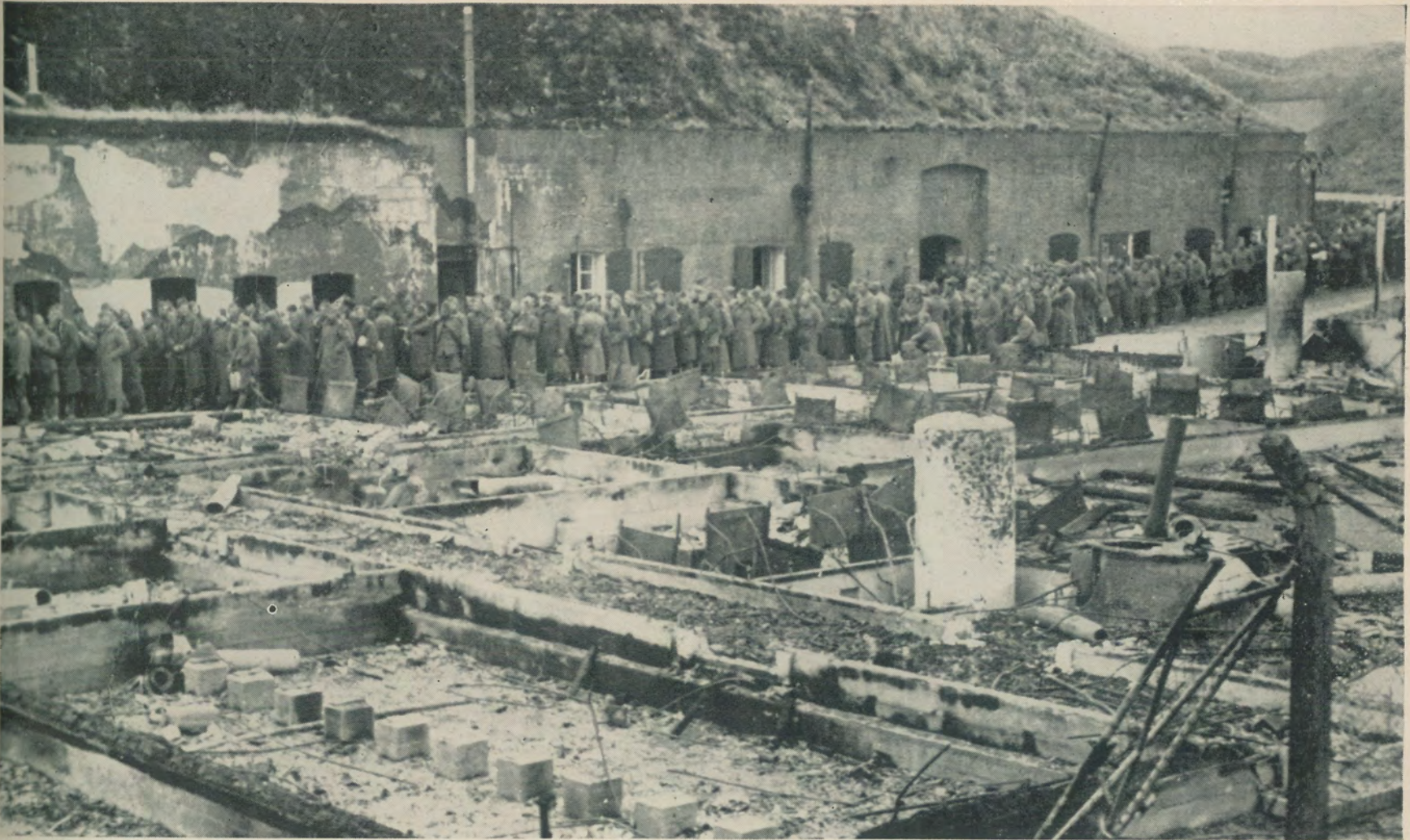
A Panzer division is full of these motorcycle troops, used as scouts and as shock troops, a total of seven companies. Their training is probably superior even to that of the fine French Army. Their commanders take the best possible

care of these troops, see that they eat regularly and get enough rest. As a result these invaders' *esprit* is said to be excellent. But how the great mass of the German Army would withstand reverses and retreats remains to be seen.

Dutch
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TO VICTORY OR DEFEAT, DEATH OR SURRENDER



Dutch prisoners who tried to defend The Netherlands now line up forlornly under their German rifles. Not wanting in courage or brains or skill, they were betrayed by their weapons and fortifications. The fine earth-covered fort in back-

ground was useless without Dutch planes in the sky overhead. Gutted by German bombers was the fort barracks in the foreground. What Germany had that The Netherlands did not have was an armed force fully and intelli-

gently developed in every branch, not just in fortifications or in planes or in tanks or in guns. Lacking that, the Dutch lost their beloved country in less than 100 hours. For the reaction of their good Queen Wilhelmina, turn to page 37.



The British Royal Air Force tried almost singlehanded to plug the great holes in Allied armament. As long and as often as hearts and lungs and nerves could stand it, they rose to battle the German bombers, to bomb rear lines and

mechanized columns. All the gallantry and self-confidence and ability to face death that England gives its sons they needed last week. Above: a squadron smiles at the camera-man. The one with the dark polka-dot scarf is the squadron

leader, those with wings on their breast are pilots, those with chevrons are pilot-sergeants who are from the ranks. Plane losses on both sides are probably more than 1,500 each since May 10. British planes are good but slow to build.

THE MACHINES: MODERN INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE



Motorized infantry rushes across a railway track, the bridge across which has been destroyed (*background*). More come down the field at right, moving fast. What they count on are rifles and machine guns. But even more they count

on the work of German scientists and engineers, working night and day for seven years on their behalf. The German Army of 1940 applies to purposes of destruction the scientific marvels that science has produced in the last 20 years

and that capitalistic society has largely neglected to use for peace, such as liquid oxygen. The Nazis' new "secret weapon" is perhaps some application of the short radio wave Klystron that could heat and distort metal at a distance.



The army on wheels uses a large barge sunk in the Maas-Scheldt Canal as part of a bridge. The runway is made of barge hatch covers, and is braced with poles. An officer at the left directs the crossing while his staff car waits in cen-

ter. This Army is a model of specialization and decentralization which could teach even American industry a good deal. It has used the latest metal alloys throughout its machines. The amount and perfection of the German equip-

ment dazzle military men, as its scientific skills dazzle engineers. It is tragic for the world that the first wholesale development of the great new powers of science should have been put by the German Army to the work of destruction.

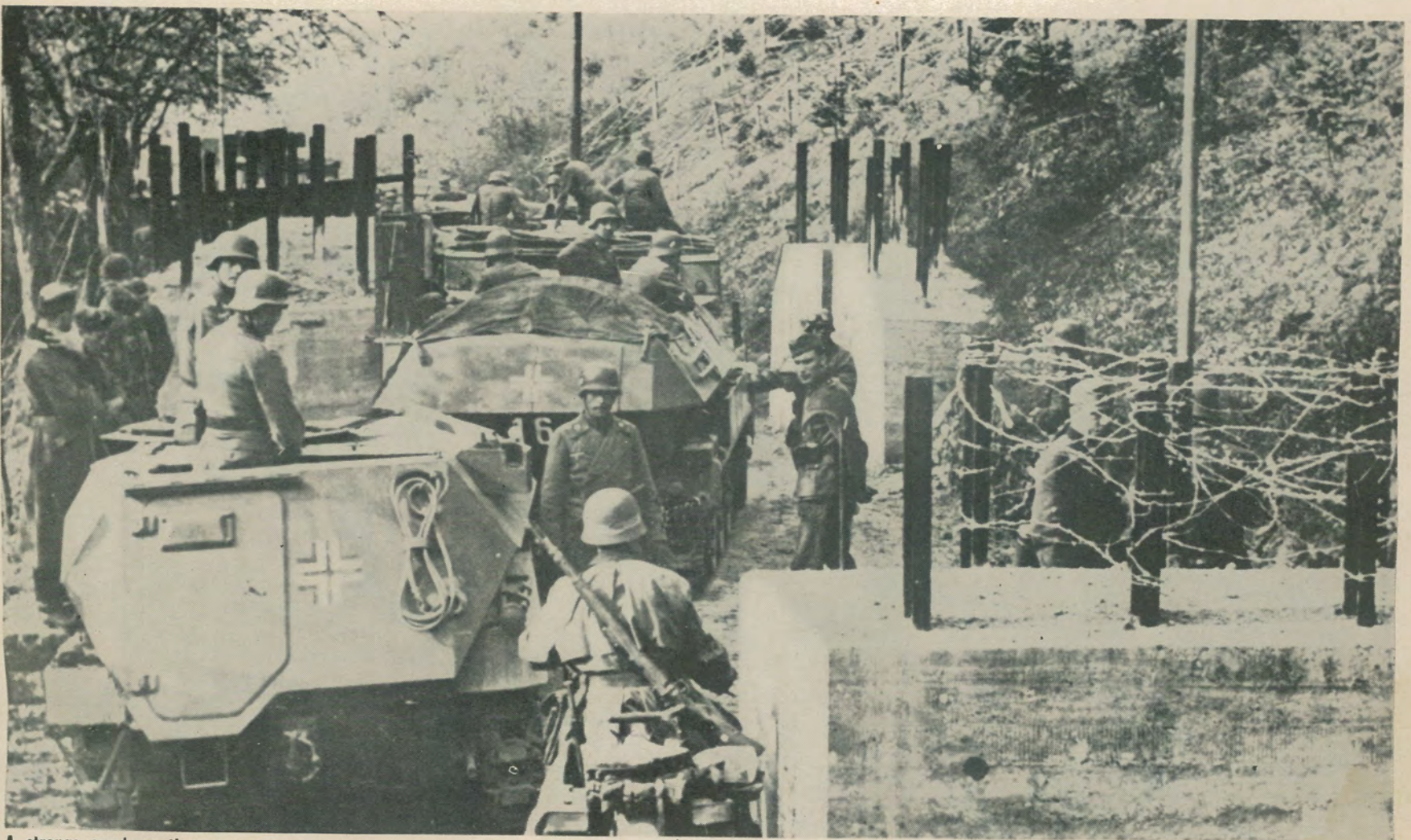
EQUIPS THE GERMAN ARMY FOR MASS KILLING



"Like gigantic cockroaches scurrying across a kitchen shelf," cabled LIFE's Correspondent Clare Boothe, "the German tanks dart through the French lines and back." Above: a medium battalion staff tank mounting a 3-in.

gun skirts a bomb crater, leading trucks of supply column. The insignia of the *Panzer* officer in beret sitting in the tank turret is not, however, a cockroach. It is the skull and crossbones, an insignia that expresses not only the Ger-

man Army's estimate of its worth but the French people's terror of it. A real purpose of the *Panzer* units is to frighten and demoralize the enemy. Some villages were emptied so fast that these tanks refilled from the village gas stations.



A strange conglomeration of machines here meanders through a Belgian road block. The one in foreground seems to be heavily armored but no weapon is visible. The crews do not wear the leather helmets of the *Panzer* divisions. The

war feat in Europe that most amazed the American people, accustomed to gassing up their automobiles every few hundred miles, was how the German Army in hostile country managed to feed gasoline into these countless gasoline en-

gines. One report was that they used a rubberized pipe to pump fuel across the Meuse River. Beyond that point the German engineers were said to have laid a lightweight metal pipe line above ground almost up to the advancing front.

REFUGEES: WAR DRIVES HOMELESS COLUMNS



The little people of peace are swept like spume before the German wave. In the lead comes a small boy with wooden leg, down the long Belgian road, passing a squad of British infantry in battle dress with Lee-Enfield rifles. In fact the

German Army has made a calculated point of driving refugees ahead of it. They form a perfect screen for advancing German units. They conceal a sprinkling of German Gestapo men, looking skilfully bedraggled and sad, carry-

ing impeccable identity papers. They make a chaos of communications. Often they take the rations in kindly soldiers' haversacks. Tragic figures nobody wants, they actually handicap the Allied war effort and simplify the German advance.



On the road from Belgium to France these refugees come afoot and in wagons. In America they would be jammed into old automobiles. Of a terrifying total of 5,000,000 refugees on the run, 5% walked to Paris, 15% bicycled, 30% came

by wagon and car, 50% managed to crowd on the trains. Along the road they were bombed and machine-gunned systematically by German planes. "The worst part," said one 10-year-old girl, "was stepping over bodies." Of one truck-

load of twelve, seven got out in Paris and lifted out the other five as corpses, machine-gunned from the air when they had almost reached Paris. Last week the French Government ordered people to stay at home until ordered out.

ONCE AGAIN DOWN THE ROADS OF DESPAIR

AN EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT TO LIFE READERS FROM QUEEN

WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS, NOW A REFUGEE IN LONDON

LONDON, MAY 25 (BY CABLE)



DUTCH QUEEN

At this immensely grave moment in the history of mankind, black silent night has settled on yet another corner of this earth. Over free Holland the lights have gone out, the wheels of industry and the plows of the field that worked only for the happiness of a peace-loving people have come

to a dead stop. The voices of freedom, charity, tolerance and religion have been stilled. Where only two weeks ago there was a free nation there is now the desolation and the stillness of death, broken only by the bitter weeping of those who have survived the extinction of their relatives and the brutal suppression of their rights and liberties.

It is because Holland's voice must not be allowed to remain strangled in these days of fearful trial for my people that I have taken the supreme decision to transfer the symbol of My Nation, as it is embodied in My Person and My Government, to London where it can continue to function as a living and a vital force. At this time of universal suffering I will not speak of the racking heart searchings which this decision has cost one who only little more than a year ago was stirred to her very depths by the generous devotion of a warm-hearted people

celebrating the jubilee of a queen and a woman who for 40 years has tried to serve her nation as she tried to serve it on that day of fateful decisions and will try to serve it to her last breath. I will speak only of the reasons that finally moved me to decide as I did.

There were cold and weighty reasons militating against the natural sentiment that prompted me and my family to stay and suffer what my unhappy people were called upon to suffer. Plans found on the invader on the first day of his wanton assault confirmed by the action of his air-borne troops soon made it clear that his first objective was to capture the royal family and the Government, thus to paralyze the country by depriving it of all leadership and legally constituted authority. When soon afterwards the likelihood had to be faced that the treacherous methods employed by the enemy would succeed in finally undermining the gallant resistance of the Dutch forces, decision could no longer be postponed. If the Royal authority were to stay and fall into enemy hands, the voice of Holland, the very symbol of Holland, would have vanished from the earth. There would but be a memory, perhaps quickly fading in these world-shaking times where yesterday's memory is today's oblivion.

Holland proper may have been lost for the time being but, when these crucial decisions had to be taken, one province in the south still showed hope of being able to hold out for some time. My Navy with its proud traditions remained intact, ready to

join battle wherever needed—and most important of all, an empire scattered over the surface of the globe and counting 65,000,000 inhabitants remained free, part and parcel of that nation of free men that will not and cannot perish from the earth. Was all this to be abandoned for the sake of a sentiment, however powerful? Was all this to be cast adrift on a wildly turbulent sea without leadership or authority? Duty, responsibility and farsighted statesmanship lay elsewhere. To keep the voice and the symbol of Holland alive, as an inspiration and a rallying point for those of our Army, our Fleet and our countless empire subjects—nay, Dutch men and women all over the world who will give their all for the resurrection of the dearly beloved motherland. To keep the banner aloft, unseen and yet ever present for those who have lost their voice but not their hope nor their vision. To speak for Holland to the world, not of the rightness of its cause which needs no advocacy in the eyes of honest men, nor of the unspeakable horrors, or the infamous tricks inflicted on its gallant army and its innocent population, but of the values, the ideals, the Christian civilization that Holland at the side of its allies is helping to defend against the onslaught of barbarism. To remain true to the motto of the House of Orange, of Holland, of all that immense part of the world that is fighting for what is infinitely more precious than life: *Je maintiendrai*. I shall maintain.

WILHELMINA



Caught at home before they could reach mobilization points, Belgian men joined the stampede to Paris. Here with suitcases, they are on their way to get into uniforms and go back to fight. Refugees filled the improvised sifting stations un-

der the echoing glass roof of the Gare du Nord and in the dank lower levels of the Gare de l'Est, while the dumb, tragic wall of relatives waited outside. Police and secret-service men drifted through the crowd looking for German

spies. They caught 17 one day, 20 another in one station. U. S. Ambassador Bullitt estimated that this vast tide of potential famine and disease could not be stopped with less than \$50,000,000, pleaded for U. S. Red Cross ships.

THE CONQUERED: THE WRECKAGE OF WARSAW



One bomb through six floors gutted this building housing official *Gazeta Polska*. All ruins over one story must be torn down in Warsaw to protect pedestrians from falling masonry



Here lies "Soldier Stefan Matysiak, 25th regiment, age 24," mourned by his young sisters. His helmet covers his grave. He is buried in street where he died fighting Nazi tanks.



Starving people in Warsaw's most exclusive residential district cut up a dead horse lying in the street for food during the 20-day siege. This sight was so common that the railroad official and postman walking by at the left passed

this primitive scene without even turning around to stare. Throughout the siege there was no collection of garbage.

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IS A BLUEPRINT OF NAZI DESTRUCTION

These uncensored pictures of Warsaw reveal the blueprints of the Europe that Hitler is building. Photographed after the Nazi occupation and smuggled out of Poland in March, they may well serve now as a preview of what the Germans would do to cities of France and England if they won the war.

When Warsaw surrendered, German bombs and shells had killed and wounded an estimated 100,000 civilians, gutted some 10,000 buildings and wrecked

almost every hospital, theater, hotel, church and synagog. There were no cars, no trolleys, no newspapers, no running water, no electricity. A starving population ate horse meat and slept a dozen to a room. Corpses lay rotting in the street.

When the German Army, followed by the Gestapo and Nazi officials, marched in, the Poles were turned out of all the best apartments left standing, barred from the three big hotels and best restau-

rants and forced to hand over all spare clothing.

In the frigid winter that followed, typhoid spread, women wore men's clothes and even fancy-dress costumes for lack of anything better and people stood shivering in queues for six hours to buy food. Eggs sold for 40¢ apiece and coal brought \$160 a ton. The curfew rang for everyone, Germans included, at 7 p.m. Behind the stiff Nazi censorship conditions in Poland are worse rather than better today.



All that remained of Museum of Commerce and Industry (right) and Church of the Carmelites (left) after bombs struck were these gaunt façades on Warsaw's finest boulevard.



Travel in Warsaw after siege was by foot, cycle and horse. Horses sold for 50¢ a head. Owner of tricycle cart (center) is giving lift to an elderly man who sits on the owner's lap.



"New World Street," Warsaw's biggest business district, was a tangled mess of crumbled buildings and twisted trolley wires. Stunned civilians pick their way among the debris.



German troops marched into the city past the ruins of buildings on Oct. 1. These tall young shock troops are Hitler's finest. From Warsaw they were sent to Western Front.

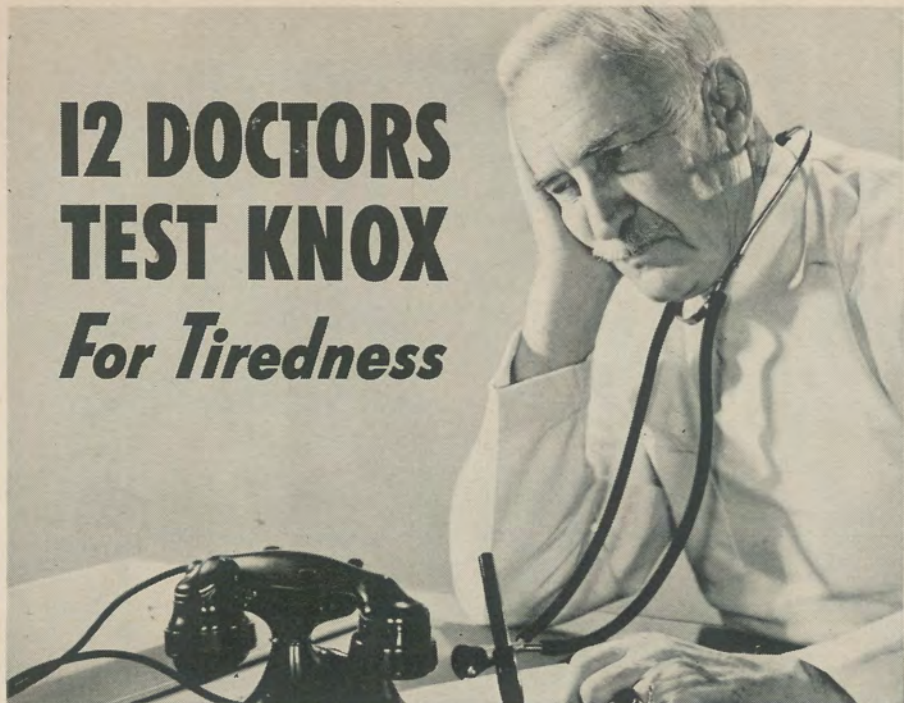


Agony columns and advertisements were posted in newspaperless Warsaw following the siege. The big ad in the center reads: "We cover broken windows with glass and wood."



War is still a game to children, who laughingly played with a Polish gun in Dabrowski Square two days after occupation. Italian Embassy on this square was demolished by bomb.

12 DOCTORS TEST KNOX For Tiredness



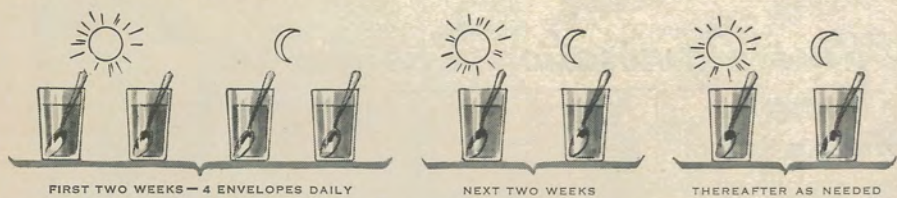
DOCTORS are schooled to make decisions only after the keenest observation of the facts. That's why...when 12 busy doctors volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days, to get first-hand information on Knox's fatigue-fighting power...their conclusions are particularly significant! Here is a report on the 12 doctors!



78% DETECT LESS FATIGUE! 9 doctors completed the 28-day Knox Gelatine test. 2 of the 9 said they noticed "no benefit." But 7 doctors detected a perceptible difference in their supply of energy. Drinking Knox gave them greater endurance.



KNOX WORKS FOR 9 OUT OF 10 tested. Hundreds of men and women, doing work ranging from housekeeping to manual labor such as truck driving, drank Knox in certified tests. For 9 out of every 10 who completed the test...women as well as men...Knox Gelatine cut down tiredness. Physiologists confirm the fact that Knox frequently greatly increases endurance!



TIRED? DRINK KNOX! Try building up your endurance this simple way. First 2 weeks: drink 4 envelopes of Knox daily...two in morning, two at night. Second 2 weeks: drink 2 envelopes...one in morning, one at night. After that, drink as required.

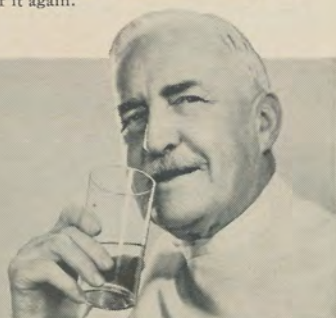
THE SECRET is to drink Knox Gelatine regularly. And don't forget. Cost? Little more than a pack of cigarettes a day.

Be sure to drink plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.)...the same gelatine used for over 50 years for desserts and salads. Knox is the only gelatine proved to increase endurance. Each dose sealed in sanitary envelope, protected until you use it. Buy the

regular 4-envelope kitchen package, or the new money-saving 32-envelope package. At your grocer's. Or write Knox. Also send for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 71.

HOW TO DRINK KNOX: Empty 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in glass ¾ full of water or of fruit juice, not iced. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Stir briskly. Drink Knox immediately. If it thickens, stir it again.

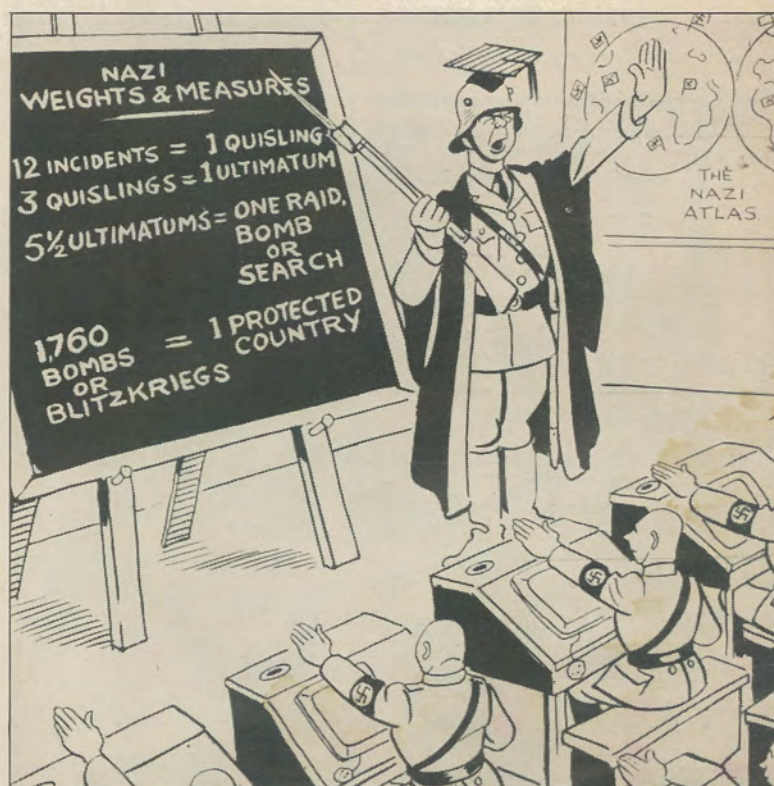
BEAT TIREDNESS! DRINK KNOX GELATINE



"I still feel sorry for these poor weak people, Ribby. Whom shall we 'protect' next?" asks Adolf Hitler in this English cartoon by widely famed Cockney Sidney Strube.



"Horse of Troy, eh? Of course that can't happen here—or could it?" Artist Strube (pronounced Stroobee) calls all his friends "George," is as rich as Prime Minister.



"Nazi High School for Gauleiters" is depicted by Strube. His work is in tradition of famous cartoons like *Punch's* "Dropping the Pilot" (dismissal of Bismarck).

LIFE



AMERICA AND
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