

# Blitz



## OF PORTSMOUTH

**JANUARY 10, 1941**

### One night that changed the face of Portsmouth

When hundreds of German bombers took off from their bases in northern France on the evening of January 10, 1941, they had a new target for their intensive bombing strategy - Portsmouth.

Two months earlier, Coventry had felt the full fury of the Luftwaffe's wrath in a raid of such sustained intensity that huge areas of the city were reduced to rubble and nearly 600 of its inhabitants killed.

A new word had passed into the language - to "coventrate," meaning to raze to the ground or to destroy completely. Now it was Portsmouth's turn

for "coventration," as Hitler's aerial legions turned their attention to the country's premier naval port.

Throughout history, the city had been no stranger to attack, nor to the horrors of modern warfare. German bombing raids in the summer of 1940 had killed 150 of its citizens, injured hundreds more, and caused widespread damage.

There followed a deceptive lull. The second Christmas of the war was quiet enough, if freezing cold, and the New Year of 1941 started equally peacefully. It was the calm before the firestorm.

## A city devoured by flames

Bombers  
lit a  
blood-red  
glow that  
was seen  
from the  
coast of  
France



It is the glow they invariably mention first when they talk about that night.

The picture is seared on the memory of anyone who was in Portsmouth during that first major fire blitz of the war - a city in flames from end to end, a blood-red, molten glow lighting the entire sky.

It was seen from as far away as the French coast, and by Servicemen whose trains were stopped at Eastleigh in the west and Chichester in the east.

It seemed to illuminate the entire Isle of Wight across the darkened Solent. And it indelibly printed itself on the minds of those who watched from the top of Portsdown Hill, wondering how the close-packed terraced streets of the country's premier naval port could possibly survive such an onslaught.

January 10, 1941, was the night Hitler's bombers changed the face of Portsmouth in a sustained rain of fury from the skies.

The statistics are bewilderingly huge to modern eyes: hundreds of tons of high explosives and an estimated 25,000 incendiary bombs dropped in a few terrible hours.

As the black shapes of the Luftwaffe's bombers droned overhead by the hundred, the winter evening became a nightmare of whistling death and destruction.

It began shortly before 7 p.m., with streams of bombers

approaching Portsmouth from the coast of northern France. The first crews were delighted by their success, reporting two large explosions during the first 38 minutes. One of these was undoubtedly from the main electricity generating station, where the impact was so severe that the foundations of the 30,000-kilowatt alternator were shaken five inches out of line as the city was plunged into darkness.

It was the first of two particularly cruel blows. Other bombs had knocked out the water supply, and throughout the city, firemen were frantically coupling up their hoses to the mains, only to find that a bare trickle emerged to tackle the growing number of incendiary-felled blazes.

For two hours the onslaught continued, then came a lull. Emerging from shelters, cellars and temporary boltholes throughout the city, the dazed inhabitants tried to take in what many later described as a scene from Hell.

Whole streets were ablaze, huge craters pitted roads, bodies lay everywhere. From some piles of rubble came the cries and moans of the trapped and injured; from others there was an ominous silence.

There were two immediate thoughts: to rescue and treat the injured, and to stop the fires spreading. Faced with chaos, the city responded with a vigour and discipline which was afterwards to win high praise.

The respite, however, was brief. Shortly after 11.30 p.m.,

the bombers returned and this time, with the city glowing like a gigantic torch, their deadly task was that much easier. For a further two deafening hours, high explosives rained down until, at 1.30 a.m. on January 11, the magic note of the "All clear" siren sounded.

It was days before the full extent of the night's fury became known, but with the evidence of blazing streets and collapsing homes all around them, Pompey's citizens knew that they had lived through one of the most momentous chapters in their city's long and highly-coloured history.

Huge areas were in ruins, 171 people dead, hundreds injured, and an estimated 3,000 homeless. Three entire shopping centres - at Kings Road and Palmerston Road in Southsea, and at Commercial Road - were virtually rubble. Among the other buildings destroyed were six churches, three cinemas, a hospital, and a theatre.

Symbolically, the city's 51-year-old Guildhall was a smoking shell, its interior literally eaten by fire. It was six days before it was cool enough for salvage parties to enter.

The punishment had been cruel for this "front-line city," and had touched the lives of thousands. But even as the raiders turned triumphantly for home, the work of salvaging a new day and a new Portsmouth had begun.

Hitler's pilots had torn out Pompey's physical heart, but its real heart beat as strongly as ever.

This dramatic photo of the blitz fire as seen from Bedhampton was taken by internationally acclaimed author Alexander McKee, then a teenager. He gives his recollections on Page 2.

An all-too-familiar sight in Portsmouth the morning after the blitz, this was the corner of Hyde Park Road.





# Blitz

OF PORTSMOUTH

## Rows of people in bedclothes huddled round an enormous fire in the bar

WHERE do memories begin of the war? Watching the daylight over Portsmouth being machine-gunned running down Union Road, or working on the landing craft in the '7 and seeing the blood run down the bulkheads, or those young lads who didn't return from Dummer?

But in my memory mostly was the December 1940 Conway Street explosion at Landport, it was helping me learn serve parts in the 2 (which shift in the Union in Union Road). We heard the "double red" go up in the Naval Barracks opposite, then whoosh! We were all knocked out. Heavy boots from the church were shot clustered through the skylight, mingling with roof, windows and broken bottles.

Shattered, Mum and I made our way to the Royal Hospital, clambering over bodies, overturned buses, telegraph poles and holes. It was an horrific scene. Next morning when we made our way home, it was like a nightmare. The devastation was shattering. Rows and rows of small houses wiped away like a pack of cards, and the enormous crater.

When we got back to our pub, that was there. He'd been to the Calverton and was told we were all dead. He had to see an enormous fire in the bar and huddled round it were rows of people, huddled in Mum's bedclothes - no roof, no windows, no water or light, but comfort, comfort.

January 10, 1941, saw our next big experience. We had moved our small bed in to Blackfriars Road, where our pub was being fixed up. That night, huddled in the cellar, the bombs began to fall. At about 10 o'clock we were alerted, thinking it was over, when the sirens went again, and back came the planes, this time with incendiaries, which landed down on and set our dear old Pompey ablaze. Next morning, struggling back through the blacked-out city as open up the bar, everywhere was slight or crumbling. Our dear old Town Hall was blazing like a torch. One wonder how we survived.

We managed to keep our old Union open most of the War, but suffered permission. It was very sad that it survived as much in the war, only to be demolished afterwards. The memory of the many, many friends and the courage of the people of those days will always be with me. And a special "hello" to a most nicknamed "Phemie" who brought our cash box round to us at the Royal Hospital with £100 in it. At 16 he said was in my Mum "Hi, Mum, you forgot your cash box." Yes! These were the days.

Elkie Pinnam (nee Godding of the Unicorn), Bally Avenue, Portchester.



This huge crater in Commercial Road, Portsmouth, was typical of the damage revealed in the light of day. In the right foreground can be seen one of the old tram tracks, exposed by the bombing.

## Death and fire fell from the skies

### 'THE ENEMY DRONED OVER THICK AS MAGGOTS'

THE DRAMATIC photograph on Page 1 of Portsmouth burning on the night of January 10 was taken by Alexander McKee, now internationally known as an author of military, naval and aviation history, as well as for his pioneering work with the Mary Rose project.

He was out with his camera at Blackfriars at the time, looking towards the area around St Mary's Church, which was starting to burn and "lighting the clouds in red as sunset."

Now living at Hurling Island, Mr McKee recalled: "I clearly see one German bomber fly across this artificially-bled cloud. In my diary I noted:

Death and fire fell from the skies upon a helpless and com-

placent city. I counted 12 flashes of fire-bombs in a few minutes - 50 100 bombs within half an hour - and great flames quivered up."

"The planes were thick as maggots above, overhead. The great inland and rolled craters, crimson, fierce shells and bullets scored up and down. I walked up Pershore Hill - the city was laid out below with fire eating at its foot."

"I was expecting this, because on the night of November 30/December 1, 1940, my uncle, brother and I had driven over to Southampton to watch the new style of attack, made famous by the Coventry raid, but a South Coast city, instead of small-scale but generally accurate raids on

usually military targets, these were fire-raiders' efforts against economic or industrial objectives, mainly by incendiaries stored up by some 500.

"None of these attacks was any comparison compared to what we were to see later on the Continent, in France, Holland and Germany itself, but at the time we thought they were terrible."

"But what did strike me then, and appals me now, is that the lesson of what had happened to Southampton on December 1 had not been learned in Pompey by January 10, and because of a lack of fire-writers, a great deal of unnecessary damage was suffered."

"One half of me grines this as our well-known refusal to accept that we can be harmed, let alone defeated; the other half is fearful that one fine day or dark night, we shall be too careless too often."

## 'It was just like a hot summer's day'



The Cornway Street area of Landport, pictured after the devastating explosion of December, 1940.

IT WAS 17 when I married my husband Cyril at St. George's Church, Portsea, on January 7, 1941.

On January 10 my nephew-in-law and I, with then the dog, were in the kitchen under the slum. Father was in the Dockyard and his new husband's ship was laid alongside the oil barrel pier, on the Gasport side.

After the raid had been on for some time, mother and I thought something very important must be right, so came up from the cellar and saw the corner of the ship in just our dressing gown. It was just like a hot summer's day. Faces are around in everywhere.

The car factory in Bishop Street, the wine merchants

along the wall, the restaurant on the corner of Cannon Hill Road, the Post Office and the bank on the Hill, Church Street, the Hippodrome, the Guildhall, and shops in Commercial Road, a shelter in St George's Square - fire just about everywhere, and so many landmarks gone.

The naval boys were being loaded from a store of theirs. That was acceptable. We did not know what was in those houses, but the way those men worked, it made us very excited thinking it could be something of interest or wonder.

The fire-fighters were wonderful, but luck was not with them. Water pipes were broken so they had to run their hoses down to the

the fire was in. For us it was a terrible week. Units of our kind to another unit to the Dockyard gates. They at various times of the day they dispatched water to us. We had to let up, but even then people could find it in them to crack a joke or two.

Water was looked after. The naval boys were in every jobs as you could ever and over again and then finally to clean the tables. We really had been through a "baptism of fire" that night. The boys often thought about those brave people and the work they did that night and can only thank God that we were spared to enjoy these years together.

Mrs. Mabel Pearce, Hazlewa Way, Coppleton.



The unique photograph of the burning Guildhall (left) was captured by Victor Stewart, Chief Photographer of the *Evening News* during the war years. Within hours, the magnificent home of Portsmouth's local government was a ruined shell, its interior so hot that it was days before salvage workers could safely enter.

# Lack of water killed the Guildhall

IT WAS fire, not explosives, which destroyed Portsmouth's elaborate original Guildhall on that night.

One man who remembers it vividly is former police sergeant Ken Harrison, who at the time was a 500 fireman in the old combined Police-Fire Brigade, and was writing on to 'the Guildhall' report in

investigative reports of "a red glow."

He and a companion found piles of sulphur which, City Council's own fire-fighting party had used to smother debris of incendiary bombs, but could see no evident signs of fire. They went down again to report to their superior, but their action would come through, into fire-operations, on the roof of the First Office that a glow was evident on the Guildhall.

Ken Harrison, who now lives at Datchet, reflected: "I went up again with another colleague and the only thing we could think of was that it might be a glow from one of the big square water tanks and that an incendiary might have gone into one."

He eventually realised one which was burning brightly - it was a ball of fire 12 inches high. The thing kept burning and he ran out, amidst a line of smoke, only to discover - and this was the most dangerous thing - that there

was no water.

"If we had got a couple of good jets of water there, we could probably have put that fire out. We threw in some sandbags, but that was all we could do."

A report of soldiers around the town caused them to be an attempt to tackle the blaze, but it had by now got into deep-seated trouble. "We came down River to River, with the fire coming down after us. When we got on to the floor of the Great Hall, we could

see the whole of the roof burning fairly well - I'll never forget the sight."

Barney's delay was coming down at the time, and the situation in that we could get buckets under the tank and have a fight, but it didn't get anywhere. The firefighting thing was that by the time we were on the ground floor, the water was back on, and when we were in the basement we were pulling in water so we were ankle-

## Bombs shattered mains and left us helpless

Former Police Fireman Herbert Waller had joined the Brigade straight from school in August, 1939. Now living at Riverside Close, Sharston Way, Millham, he has vivid memories of the night of January 18.

OUR efforts were centred on Commercial Road, where Landreux Department Store (now Allens) had been set on fire by incendiary bombs, as had other shops in that area.

We put out that fire, then crossed the road to Alchemer, Timothy White and Taylor's warehouse in Buckingham Street, which was well alight. The fire there having been put out, we stood on the roof of the building, which was about four or five storeys high, and gazed around us.

It seemed as if we were in the centre of a sea of flame and the whole of Landreux was on fire. It was then that Jerry came over for the second time. High explosive bombs had already shattered the large 12-inch water mains coming into that area and also Old Portsmouth, with the result that we had no water for our hoses and were left helpless. The raid had been timed to occur when the tide was at its lowest and so a relay was formed from the Canoe Lake and the dipper at the bottom of Broad Street, Old Portsmouth.

I well remember walking down the west side of Commercial Road having put out a small fire in a tailor's shop with the use of a brass span fire extinguisher. As I walked past the burning Woodhouse's store holding the empty extinguisher in one of my hands, so an H.E. bomb fell in the centre of that store. The blast

from it blew the extinguisher from my grasp and landed it inside Commercial Road, where it was flattened against the wall of Lyric restaurant. Had I been a couple of or so inches further on, that extinguisher could have been lost."

It was during this raid that Constable 221 Whelan, a fireman in the Brigade and a huge 6ft 4in, man, was killed in flight from a bomb while working on the telephone ladder in St James's Road, off Hyde Park Road (now William Churchill Avenue).

'It seemed as if we were in the centre of a sea of flame'

By this time I had lost my engine and on returning to the Fire Station, walked past the burning Guildhall. I entered the north-east door of the building, which was the doorway giving access to the A.R.P. control. My father, who was a retired police officer called back for war duty, had been on duty at that door but the place was a blazing inferno.

Early on January 11, P.C. 128 Dore from the Fire Station and I were conveyed to the top of Portsmouth Hill to meet a large conveyer of London firemen who had come down to assist us. On seeing the state of Portsmouth from that position, with bombs going off all over the place on the island, their transport had dropped them and returned to London. The aggression was that nothing could live through that hotblast. We marched there through Portsmouth to the Gosport ferry and over to Gosport Fire Station, where they were halted.

The night of March 16, 1941, was the first time since the bombs had been dropped on the city and we had three nights of intensive bombing. I remember that around breakfast time on March 12 reports of us were taken by double-deck bus to Hines Barracks, where the Army provided us with a good breakfast.

To get there we had to travel through Southampton Avenue, which at that time was one-way traffic. I was on the upper deck with other firemen and firewomen, one of whom later became my wife. Going through the Avenue, branches of one of the trees rather along the road of the bus and one fireman, named French, called out "Dark, machine guns!" I suddenly scratched beneath the jacket. You can see that we were not our usual of transport.

After the very heavy raid of April 27, when the remaining northern part of Commercial Road, including the main street, was reduced to the ground, the roads gradually closed in their thickness by the time August arrived. July had all but closed except for the occasional bit and bus road.

"The blast tore the fire extinguisher from my grasp and hurled it across Commercial Road, where it was flattened against a wall."



The scene in Commercial Road, Portsmouth, near the Central Hotel. Just visible in the background is the Swiss Cafe, a noted pre-war meeting place.



## A warning at the eleventh hour

IRONICALLY, just hours before the raid, the *Evening News* published a ten-point plan from the Chamber of Commerce for stopping blitz fires in Portsmouth. Drawing on the experiences of London, it called for all businessmen to make sure that firewatchers were on duty at premises which would otherwise normally be left empty at night.

It added: "The time has come for some definite and immediate action. The danger of the incendiary bomb cannot be stressed too seriously, and you are asked to regard this matter as one of great urgency."

## Slight understatement

THE OFFICIAL Air Ministry and Ministry of Home Security communique on the evening after the raid stated baldly: "Enemy aircraft attacked a town in southern England last night. Fires were caused but the situation was well in hand. Considerable damage was done to houses and commercial premises. A number of people were killed and others injured. A few bombs dropped elsewhere and damaged houses, but no one was killed."

## Making a pheasant change

A SOLDIER who appeared in court in the Isle of Wight, charged with poaching a pheasant on Christmas Day, explained that it was "a bit of a change having something so nice. German aircraft to fire in". He said he had been on duty with a joint-aircraft battery for several weeks. The case was dismissed.

## Women looters jailed

TWO PORTSMOUTH housewives convicted of looting their front a bomb-damaged shop after the raid were each sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour. A man who stole six cups and a shirt got the maximum sentence of a year's hard labour.

## No more hot words

TWO WOMEN who appeared before magistrates concerning a summons for assault and wild damage were said to have forgotten their differences, fighting incendiary bombs together. After one woman withdrew the charge, they shook hands "with tears in their eyes" and left the court together.

## F.A. Cup unharmed

THE F.A. Cup, held by Pompey since their 1906 victory over Wolves, came through the raid unscathed. After being exhibited frequently in the area, it had spent most of the early war years at a Portsmouth bank. Fortunately, it was transferred to another bank a few days before the first was destroyed by enemy action.

## Semi-detached humour

CRIM jokes shone through it all. One Portsmouth householder, whose home was originally called *Mon Repos*, ironically renamed it *Mon Ombre*.

## Put that light out!

WHEN a German pilot came down at a busy spot in the South of England, a member of the Home Guard asked him why he dropped bombs on "this blacked-out place". The German replied that his instructions were to drop bombs wherever there was a light.

## Closing time - for good

SEVENTY-three public houses in Portsmouth were destroyed by enemy bombing during 1940, leaving the city to face the New Year with 528 licensed premises - or one for every 402 of the population.

## Nothing to cry about

"ONIONS - and good specimens at that - were being sold by a dealer in the streets of Grosvenor on Saturday. It is understood that they came from Newcastle."

Report in the *Evening News*, February, 1941

# How they tore the heart out of a city's shops

Commercial Road had been the bustling, busy heart of Portsmouth's retail life, but one night of fury changed all that. Pictured here is the wreckage of the Landport Drapery Bazaar (now Alders), on the corner of Annet Street, with the ruins of the Royal Sailors' Rest in the background.



## THIS WAS ONCE THE CENTRE OF ELEGANT SOUTHEAST

For a generation of pre-war shoppers, Handley's Corner WAS Southeast. The grand department store even boasted its own miniature zoo, and a writing room where ladies could dash off

the occasional letter before joining their friends for tea to the accompaniment of a palm court orchestra. After the night of January 10, 1941, all that remained is as pictured above.







# Preparing for the worst



**ABOVE LEFT:** An incendiary bomb is demonstrated to householders at Fareham. An estimated 25,000 were dropped on Portsmouth and Gosport on the night of January 10, 1941.

**ABOVE RIGHT:** In the early years of the war, there was widespread belief that sooner or later the Germans would launch a gas attack on the civilian population. Everyone was urged to carry a gas mask at all times, and the kids here are seen trying out theirs at Highland Road School, Southsea.



**LEFT:** A familiar memory for millions - the Anderson shelter, named after Home Secretary Sir John Anderson and sited in back gardens everywhere. They varied from the utilitarian to this "luxury" example at Southsea, complete with electric light and linoleum.



**RIGHT:** An anti-aircraft battery "somewhere in the South of England." The swastikas painted on the gun (just below the gunner standing to attention) indicate that the battery had claimed one Junkers 88 and one Messerschmitt 109E.



Sound locators such as these were widely used to listen for the approach of enemy aircraft.

**LEFT:** A barrage balloon goes up in Portsmouth. Handreds appeared in the skies over major towns and cities as a deterrent to German bombers.

**RIGHT:** An air raid alert signal is hoisted in Gosport. It went to the top of the mast when danger was imminent.





# 'The people's spirit was just fantastic'

## IN THE MIDST OF HORROR THEY KEPT A SENSE OF FUN

LADY Margaret Daley, wartime Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth, has vivid memories of that night.

With her husband, Councillor Denis Daley (knighted later in 1941), she had been virtually living at the Guildhall. On January 10, they had gone home to Waterloo, as they sometimes did, to see that their three children were all right.

"A call came through from Main Control at the Guildhall to say that the beam was in Portsmouth, and it looked pretty grim."

"We were out by car immediately, and I remember stopping for a moment at the top of the hill and seeing that bombs had dropped on several areas of the city. We got as far as the Royal Hospital, which had been hit, as

ex-Royal Marine myself said 'Oh yes we can' and drove on.

Once at the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor was soon engaged in what had become a "mad routine" with officials, while his wife joined the emergency centre set up to deal with finding and clothing people after any bombing. By the time Lady Daley returned to the Guildhall, it was in flames with not a soul in sight. It took her until the following morning to find her husband, who had moved to the other Main Control, at Cowes.

The sight of that blazing Guildhall had caused a jolt for more than one woman only the day before, the building had been crowded with 1,000 children at a huge party.

With daylight came the task of ensuring some sort of order — a formidable job, but one which was tackled with vigour. "We had a wonderful crowd of peo-



Lady Daley outside today's Guildhall:

'WE GOT  
HUGE  
CAULDRONS  
FROM  
THE ARMY,  
COLLECTED  
WOOD  
FROM  
BOMBED  
HOUSES,  
AND LIT  
FIRES  
FOR SOUP  
IN THE  
MIDDLE  
OF THE  
ROAD'

"It was a time when you could be proud of Portsmouth, and we had an absolutely wonderful crowd in the city."

ple decided to go in and see it. It was anything but peaceful. They were doing a good deal of work, but it was not as if it was all over."

"One thing I will always remember is that as we went back to the car, there was a little old lady bending down with a can near a broken water pipe, from which a tiny trickle was coming. Denis went up to her, bent down, and asked her what she was doing. 'My house is — well on fire,' she said, 'and if I can get some water I can put it out.' That was the sort of spirit that was about."

"We went on down to Commercial Road and I will never forget the sight — it was just flames on both sides, and debris everywhere. Of course, we were stopped and told 'You can't go through here, but Den being as

ple as Portsmouth," recalls Lady Daley. "The firemen had shovelled down an amazing job, and it seemed as if houses had hardly disappeared before the Royal Marines, Army and Navy were on the scene."

"The next day we set up central places for making soup. We borrowed huge cauldrons from the Army, collected all sorts of wood from bombed houses and lit fires in the middle of the road. Every one brought whatever they could — meat, tinned vegetables, and it all went into the soup."

"The only big snag was bread, because with the bakery shut, there was a big shortage. Denis contacted someone outside the city and a lorry was brought in, which was given away."

"The spirit of people was absolutely fantastic. You heard of

some poor families who were bombed out and once, not twice, but even three times — it was almost as if the bombers were following them — yet life not only went on, but people had fun."

That spirit of fun manifested itself on one occasion when the Lady Mayoress was due to meet the then General Bernard Montgomery. To match her jacket, she wore a specially made fur coat which proudly sported two "badgers" — and which she brought home from

Manx when he saw how his celebrated "badmark" had been spared.

The couple who had been elected Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the spring of 1939 were to find themselves in office for an unprecedented five years. Lady Daley says simply: "I wouldn't have had it any other way, it was a time when you could be proud of Portsmouth, and we had an absolutely wonderful crowd in the city. If anybody ever says anything critical today about the

people of Portsmouth, it makes me very angry."

● The Germans used *Flitz* bombs which were set up to intercept our coast and guide bombers to their target. Earlier in January 10, German transmissions had been intercepted by the British, and it was believed that a heavy night attack was planned against Manchester. The target was later changed to Portsmouth, more probably because of bad weather in the North of England.



One of the wartime feeding centres in which the Lady Mayoress (second from right) took a particular interest. This photograph was taken just after the raid of January, 1941, during a visit by Lord and Lady Ruschcliffe.



The Lady Mayoress with Mrs. Winston Churchill, as she then was, during the Prime Minister's visit to Portsmouth at the end of January, 1941.



# The new face of 1941



Once a quiet residential area, this was Stanley Street, Southern, on the morning of January 11, 1941. A rucksack picks its way across the rubble in a scene that was to become sadly familiar. Everywhere, people were preparing themselves for a long, hard struggle: the sign below tells its own story.



**IN NEXT  
WEEK'S  
ISSUE**

## THE NIGHT SO MANY CHURCHES DIED

By February, 1941, no fewer than 19 of Portsmouth's churches were out of action because of enemy bombs. Some of the city's finest buildings had disappeared in the fury of the blitz.

## SHELTERED FROM THE FIRESTORM

To some families, it seemed as if half their waking moments – and many of their sleeping ones – were spent in shelters, either small family structures in the back garden or large communal street ones. It was a new way of life.