IN HAMBURG, FOUR DAYS BEFORE GERMANY'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER, a corporal of the British 3rd Army, watched closely by a German policeman, erected a new street sign; the Gross Allee became "Piccadilly Circus." Germany's second largest city, with a population of over two million, was declared "General Demolition" by the Allies on May 2, 1945; the dockyards were less badly crippled than had been anticipated, and many U-boats were found on the stocks.
Alexander Rings Down the Curtain in Italy

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER to Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, Allied Supreme Commander, Mediterranean, of nearly 1,000,000 Germans fighting in Italy was announced on May 2, 1945, and hostilities ceased that day at noon. The territory involved—that of the German South-West Command—included all northern Italy to the Po river in the north-east, the Austrian provinces of Vorarlberg, Tirol and Salzburg, and portions of Carinthia and Styria.

The instrument of surrender was signed on April 29, at Cassino, by two German plenipotentiaries and Lieut.-General W. D. Morgan, Chief of Staff of Allied Force H.Q. Both German representatives were in civilian attire: one signed on behalf of General von Vattichholz-Schoen, the other on behalf of Obergruppenfuehrer Karl Wolf, Supreme Commander of the S.S. and police and the German general plenipotentiary at the Wehrmacht in Italy. One of the German agents signs the document (left). Lieut.-Gen. W. D. Morgan (right) signs for the Allies. Some at the ceremony below.

TO HIS VICTORIOUS TROOPS, in an Order of the Day issued on May 2, Field-Marshal Alexander declared: "After nearly two years of hard and continuous fighting which started in Sicily in the summer of 1943, you stand today as victors of the Italian campaign. You have won a victory which has ended in the complete and utter rout of the German armed forces in the Mediterranean. By clearing Italy of the last Nazi aggressor, you have liberated a country of over 40,000,000 people.

Today the remnants of the once proud army have laid down their arms to you—close on 1,000,000 men with all their arms, equipment, and impediments. You may well be proud of this great, victorious campaign, which will long live in history as one of the greatest and most successful ever waged. No praise is high enough for... your magnificent triumph. My gratitude to you and my admiration are unbounded and only equalled by the pride which is mine of bringing your commander-in-chief."
Twenty-six years and six months ago saw me preparing the issues of The War Illustrated (1914-19) in which we recorded the total collapse of the Imperial German Army, the shamefaced surrender of the German Grand Fleet, the ignominious flight of the All Highe...t Lord Kaiser Wilhelm.

Today, 8th May 1945, for the second time in an editorial life, I have a similar task in hand... but with a difference in circumstance beyond all imagining in November 1918. As the First Great War was ending we who had lived and worked through it trusted that the world would be spared any comparable tragedy at least for generations to come: some had even believed that we had been fighting "a war to end war." The Allies in 1918 had humbled to its knees one of the most aggressive and flashiest empires since that of Jenghiz Khan and his barbarians had disintegrated in the thirteenth century. But following the defeat of Germany, and thanks in large measure to lack of co-ordination between the victorious powers; also to the ill-judged clemency with which the victors treated the vanquished but revengeful Germanic tribes—who still remained as barbaric as the horsemen of Genghis—these people were able to reorganize themselves under a new and vastly more ruthless leadership, and by 1939 to challenge against the peaceable peoples in a yet more desperate bid for "world dominion."

A new March of the Barbarians began: these dehumanized Hunns of the West were soon to over-run Europe, and dreaming of a new Empire of Barbarism under the maniac leadership of Adolf Hitler, threw themselves with all their fury and fanaticism on Russia, on June 22, 1941, precipitating that Anglo-Russian alliance which after Britain's year of lone defiance proved the next great obstacle to the March of the Barbarians.

1914. Germany's Threat

There will be no such country as Great Britain in existence at the end of the war. In its place we shall have little Britain, a narrow strip of island territory, peopled by British football kickers living on the crumbs that Germany will deign to throw to them. Certain it is that the laziest and childish military system of Britain will shortly fall to pieces. Then the once mighty Empire, with her naval strength represented by the few old tubs which Germany will have left her, will become the laughing-stock of the nation, the scavenger at which children will point their fingers in disdainful glee.

1941. Hitler's Threats

This struggle can end only with the complete annihilation of one or other of the two adversaries. Mr. Churchill may believe that this will be Germany. I know it will be Britain.

Speech to Reichstag, July 9, 1940

If the British attack our cities we will simply erase theirs. The hour will come when one of us will break up and it won't be Nazi Germany. If the British drop two or three thousand bombs on us, we will unload 150, 180, yes, 200,000 on them.

Broadcast, Sept. 4, 1940

When the hour strikes we shall act decisively against Britain. These gentlemen will be taught by history.

Nazi Party meeting, Berlin, Jan. 30, 1941

until Russia was forced in, and Japan on December 7, 1941, struck the blow at Pearl Harbour which stung the United States into participation under the leadership of President Roosevelt—a leadership that will rank with Lincoln's at one of the other crises in American history.

The short-lived Hitlerian Empire which was to bring wealth with power to the German people was to endure for a thousand years as the majority of these square-headed Germans no doubt believed, has crumbled to dust before the eyes of its creators; the chief breeding places of the whole of this pestiferous race have been rubbed from the face of Europe. Hitler promised his people that he would "erase" the cities of Great Britain while protecting those of his beloved Germany from harm. Dare has been our own suffering from his piloted planes, and those "secret weapons" the flying-bomb and rocket; but not comparable with what Germany has had to endure at the hands of Anglo-American air attacks.

This overwhelming superiority in the air has been a determining factor in the Second Great War—just as the British air power proved in the First—a factor that could never have reached the dimension necessary in this mighiter conflict without the magnificent contribution of America in men and machines.

How abysmal has been the failure of the Germans can best be measured by recalling their war aims. In The War Illustrated, December 7, 1918, we printed an extract from the Kolnische Zeitung, September 1914, reprinted again in this page together with some typical examples of Hitler's boastings of this period.

These ought to be accepted as having had the endorsement of every Nazi and of most Germans who are now eagerly assuring us they never sympathized with the National Socialist Party which has brought their country to irretrievable ruin.

With the end of the European War, our task in The War Illustrated is not yet complete. There remains Japan, whose military chiefs went one better than Hitler by declaring their preparedness to "fight for a hundred years." But Japan, I am persuaded, will collapse sooner than is generally believed.

It would seem, therefore, that the time is not distant when, as in 1919, I shall have to frame some announcement about bringing our picture-record of events to an end. It can at least be promised that there will be no abrupt closing down of The War Illustrated: we shall continue until the declared object with which No. 1 was issued on Sept. 16, 1939—to provide "a permanent picture-record of the Second Great War"—has been achieved.

J. A. H.
MY VISIT TO WARTIME HOLLAND

by Captain NORMAN MACMILLAN, M.C., A.F.C.

Control of the waterways is so important in Holland that a Government minister of public works (Waterstaat) is responsible for this feature of Dutch life, and each district in Holland has its own waterways engineers. In the area around Nijmegen and Arnhem, where flow the Maas, the Waal, and the Neder Rijn, the problem is aggravated by the very low level of the land contained within the courses of the three rivers, known as "the island." During the late winter, when the rivers are in flood, their water level may run twenty feet above that of the surrounding countryside.

The Germans had blown the dykes to flood the flanks of the British positions east of Nijmegen. Here was a great inland sea. Between Kranenburg and Beek (Dutch railway frontier town) it washed right over the road, but vehicles continued to drive through it with great how waves sending the water rippling in all directions. On the opposite side of the road the ground rose to a wooded hill clear of the flood; there summer villas stood untouched by war or flood, but without occupants.

Facing: the river I surveyed a scene of desolation. Water rushed through a gap in the dyke that ran outwards from the road like a break-water. Some houses were almost submerged. Villages that stood on slightly higher ground were cut off like islands. Greenhouses showed their top lights above the water. The upper framework of a glider rose from the water half a mile away, like the skeleton of an antediluvian monster.

A church werd goldend amid the waters half-way between us and Germany, over there beyond the Rhine.

A squadron of buffaloes, returning from patrol, came splashing roadwards from the east. Seated in one were two prisoners of war who looked both material and spiritually dumb. In all were British troops whose land tanks had been caught by the floods. The amphibious tanks churned their way over the water with the thrust of the little cupud's bow-shaped steel paddles that projected transversely from their tracks; when they reached the land these paddles gripped the mixture of gravel and mud and hauled the buffaloes on to the far macadam road. They were manned by cheerful Canadians, who said they would rather go to battle in buffaloes than in any other way.

Amphibians Foiled the Germans.

Each buffalo is a self-contained unit with one officer and its crew; there is a large open-well interior, wherein there is plenty of room if not much comfort, and crews can eat and sleep aboard. They are lightly armed with cannon and machine-guns. With the Ducks (wheelless vehicles driven on the water by a screw propeller) these amphibians foiled the German attempt to break the 1st Canadian Army flanks by flooding, and made the flooded area more of a nightmare to the Germans than ourselves. Later they were the spearhead that crossed the Rhine. The only infantry I saw on the march in this zone were the sections of a company of Canadians moving up in single file to join the buffaloes and go into action with them. All the other troops rode to war.

After driving along the flooded road our car engine died, due to a flooded ignition system. After an abortive attempt to cure the trouble on the roadside, we were rescued from the scene of devastation by a British armoured scout car. The driver of the scout car told us that they were coming back from Nijmegen where a mechanic who knew the engine design stripped the distributor and dried it so that the plugs would spark.

Meanwhile, I walked into Beek with R. J. Montgomery of the B.B.C. Two Free Dutch soldiers guarded the Customs control post. For us there were no formalities; for those in civilian clothes there were. In many parts of Holland I saw Dutchmen on road control work, some wearing only armlets to indicate they were traffic controllers. Beek was surrounded by 25-pounder guns that barked incessantly (from between the houses, among the trees, beside the floods).

The prisoner-of-war cage—in this case an erroneous term, for there was no wire—was in the restaurant of a small hotel that stood back from the road; a wood building, with a veranda. The room was bare, with painted wood walls. On a raised portion of the floor, where, perhaps, once a band had played in parades, about 40 German soldiers sat on benches. They were mostly young men up to 20 years, but about a quarter of their number were older men. All looked extremely docile. The Canadian sergeant, who spoke German, said they had had one very argorant chap earlier.

To the right, on the lower floor, two German officers sat on chairs. One, tall and fair-haired, wore a voluminous macintosh and a peaked cap. The other, shorter and swarthy, was coallers, rather dapper despite his unshaven chin, dressed in tunic, breeches and field boots, with a forage cap; he smoked a pipe. Both belonged to the infantry. Their clothes were soiled with dried mud. About every minute a German shook like a jelly when a 25-pounder fired just outside.

Montgomery, an Afrikaans-speaking South African, had been in Germany before the war and spoke fluent German. I do not speak fluent German, but I understood most...
ACROSS THE DANUBE BY TANK-DESTROYER. rode these U.S. 7th Army infantrymen—General Patch's troops crossed without opposition when they captured the bridge at Dillingen on April 22, 1945, forging swiftly towards Plitvich, which fell eight days later. Photo, U.S. Signal Corps.

of what was said. Both men went straight from school to the army. They were now 23 and had known nothing in adult life but war. From the age of about 10 they had been schooled in the Nazi outlook, and one certainly had indoctrinated within his mind; the other seemed puzzled by its results, and was less assertive about its values, but nevertheless it obviously affected his judgement.

One had fought two years and a half on the Russian front, and said he was happier to be taken prisoner in the west. As he talked he grew more vehement, especially about German lebenraum. The Sudentenland, Danzig and Memel were German; the south of Danzigers had cried out to belong to the Reich. It was wrong that Germany had been forced into war because she desired only what was German. That was his theme. These two men could see no viewpoint but their own. The silent one nodded approval of all his comrade said. They had no thought for the nations ravished by the Wehrmacht. All was reserved for Germany, past, present, and future. They said that if the war would only finish, and the Germans were allowed to go back to Germany, they would soon rebuild everything that had been destroyed there.

I said to them, "We once had a king who came from Herrenhausen, so by your argument Hanover should belong to Britain!" The macintosh-clad officer, who appeared to know as much English as I knew German, laughed and translated to his companion, who shrugged his shoulders. They said they knew Germany could not then win the war, but as the Allies would give the Germans no terms they must go on fighting to the end. By doing so they would lose no more, and might gain something. At least the Allies would have to pay for their policy. How Goebbels would have applauded his disciples!

A LORRY drew up outside. The Canadian sergeant ripped out a command. The German soldiers rose and ran to the door and stopped in a bunch just inside. Then they got the order to get in. They scrambled quickly on to the lorry, and stoodpacked tight one against another in its open truck. The officers ended their conversation, rose, bowed, and left the room, climbed into the cab beside the driver, and that group of prisoners left the front gate cage.

Nijmegen, with 81,666 population, is the largest town in Gelderland. For a Dutch town it stands high, on a slope that rises steeply from the south bank of the Waal, and on the level ground above. The old town has narrow streets and close-set houses, the newer part wide roads and spacious gardens. It has seen war throughout the centuries. Captain Churchill of the Grenadiers—later the Duke of Marlborough, ancestor of our present Premier—attracted the attention of General Turenne by his bravery at the capture of Nijmegen in 1672.

The scout car driver stopped on a rising street outside a row of houses to ask where the M.T. depot was, and, as usual, some Dutch children came up to look into the car. One boy of about eight—Toni Neppelbecker—said he and his younger sister slept in a loft at the top of the three-floor house he pointed out. Toni said he was afraid of nothing, not even when two nights before the bombers came and went 'boom-boom'!—the night when Bomber Command bombed Cleve. While the car was being serviced, another Dutch boy came up to ask if we needed billets. He said his mother had a room that could sleep ten. They were expecting Canadians, who so far had not arrived, so if we were held up he proudly announced that we could have a room to sleep in there.

Nijmegen was packed with men, armour and transport. Tanks and trucks stood in every side street. Long lines of vehicles, guns, and their attendant soldiers moved through the town. What a target for night bombers! Cleve and Goch must have been like that when our heavies struck. Here it was Nijmegen, but for the sound of our own guns, and as night fell the motorised searchlight fingers that cut the sky as direction markers for night patrols, there was little to suggest that one was in a front line town.

A NAAFI canteen and an ENSA cinema were housed in one building that must have been a place of amusement before the war. The cinema was a rotunda. There was scarcely a vacant seat. Dutch girls worked at the counter and in the kitchen and served the tables. Montgomery and I joined two soldiers at a table. For them and ourselves we ordered four cups of tea, and ten finger-roll sandwiches for the car journey we had still to make; for we still had our Dutch guilder 45 cents—two shillings and eightpence-halfpenny at the ruling rate of exchange. We were asked to produce paper to enwrap our sandwiches for the car.

ON THE KRANNENBURG-SEKE ROAD, almost submerged in the Rhine-Waal floods in February 1945. Capt. Norman MacPherson, Special Correspondent for "The Daily Herald" (left), and R. J. Montgomery, of the B.S.C., watched supplies move up to the line. PAGE 37
MAY 4, 1945, will, I think, always be remembered as the day on which Germany's unconditional surrender was accepted. The former may be locked on as the military, the latter as the political victory.

Apart from its great military and political importance no event, however great, will I think, ever be more important than the unconditional surrender of the Axis forces in Italy and an immense extent of territory to Field-Marshal Alexander. Mr. Churchill, as usual backed by the applause of Parliament, evinced evident anxiety as to, what we all, I hope, recognizes was due to the Field-Marshal's care and efficiency of long-suffering armies. They had an immensely difficult and often heart-breaking and thankless task. They had to have in a terrain and under weather conditions which gave a strong and highly efficient enemy every advantage and caused great hardship. It is impossible to be in sight they saw some of their best troops transferred to other theatres.

ALEXANDER'S RATIONALITIES

Nothing, surely, could be more likely to suggest the idea that their job was of secondary importance and did not demand whole-hearted effort or extreme sacrifices. Yet they stuck to their task and they could not have done it without relaxation of effort, even when only small scale operations were possible. When conditions became more favourable and the time arrived for the decisive effort it lacked the thing that was needed, speed and willingness, to drive home the blow. Immense as is the credit due to the troops I feel certain that they would be the first to acknowledge how much they owe to the leadership of Field Marshal Alexander and General Mark Clark.

Few men could have wielded such an amazing assortment of nationalities into a team of such quality.

MEN OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT, of armour and transport, move through the centre of Hamburg, Germany's last port which surrendered on May 3, 1945. (Photo, British Official)

and they fought with a fanatical determination only exceeded by the fury of the Russians' relentless attack. Every weapon in the German armoury was brought into play to stimulate resistance and fanaticism. The Hitler myth was exploited by Goebbels with such skill and disregard of truth. Promises of relief were continued after all hope had vanished, and even the Luftwaffe appeared to drop ammunition to the defenders.

To Zhukov's and Koniev's Armies, which broke the really formidable German defences on the Oder and engaged at Berlin the greater part of the German forces still willing to fight, the Western Powers certainly owe the comparative ease with which their final advances were carried out. In counting our own losses and our own captures the sacrifices the Russians made in these last battles should not be forgotten. The 2nd Army's advance to the Baltic, well designed to link quickly with Rokossovsky's advance, although it had very important strategic results in defeating any plans the Germans may have had of establishing a new stronghold, was achieved at the expense of a skilful and energetic execution than by hard fighting. It certainly gave no indication of relaxation of effort. The surrender of Hamburg unexpectedly on the following day testified to the success of the operation.

The annihilation or surrender of all enemy forces caught between our armies and Rokossovsky's armies had become a certainty, but that Field-Marshal Montgomery should immediately receive the unconditional surrender of the whole of the enemy opposing him could not but have been expected. It is a matter of legitimate pride that he and Field-Marshal Alexander should have been the first of all the Allied commanders to fasten the seal on the great victory.

Of all the surrenders which took place in the week before the fall of Berlin the voluntary surrender of General Dittrich seemed to be one of the most significant. His frank and realistic broadcasts had for long marked him as the most original of the General Staff rather than of Goebbels. His surrender therefore was a clear indication of the state of mind of a significant section of highly placed professional officers. The interview a B.B.C. representative had with Dittrich threw an interesting light on a number of points. For instance: he asserted that Rundstedt realized that his counter-offensive was strategically unsound and that the reserves he employs in it should have been kept for use elsewhere, but that he was forced into the end in which he was later by Hitler. Moreover he revealed that Rundstedt's objectives were in reality less than those proclaimed. This bit of information, if correct, gives me as I admit some satisfaction, since it seems to agree with what others have expressed at the time. What is more important, it is a rare and great desire to throw all the blame for Germany's military defeat on to Hitler's interference and suppression of all general who have signs of outstanding ability and independence.

After the War was won it was notorious that the German officer class denied military defeat and attributed the whole of Germany's misfortunes to the British and Americans. This time it looks as if they had already decided to make Hitler the sole scapegoat for military defeat, and Himmler's S.S. for atrocities committed. One can trust a German to invent excuses and even believe in them! In this case they are to some extent justifiable, for if Hitler's death had occurred some years earlier the strategic blunders for which he was undoubtedly responsible would probably not have been made by professional soldiers.

BURMA

While such great events were happening in Europe perhaps too little attention was being paid to the great achievements of General Slim's 14th Army in Burma. I confess, and many others of the British Army, that this was a serious error, for it was indeed impossible to effect the liberation of Burma and the recapture of Rangoon by an army invading from the north. Even allowing for the potentialities of air transport, advance as far as Mandalay seemed hardly practicable. Now General Slim has conclusively proved us wrong, for undoubtedly he would have recaptured Rangoon without the assistance of the force landed in the Irrawaddy Delta just as he was closing in on the city, welcome as no doubt the assistance was.

I have seen no such a heavy defeat that it seems probable they will not make determined efforts to retain the southern strip of Burma, but will concentrate on holding Malay and covering Thailand where there are greater possibilities of maintaining communications with Japan.

The landing of an Australian force on Tanuakon Island was obviously a notable event, and it will, I hope, give general satisfaction to that part of Australia which has long been a more interesting and congenial task than that of liquidating the by-passed possessions in New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago.
How Dempsey’s Scottish Troops Cleared Bremen

KING’S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS picked off Nazi snipers down a street in the great north German port of Bremen, which troops of Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey’s British 2nd Army cleared on April 27, 1945. In the background a crowd is assembled outside one of the city’s vast air-raid shelters. Constructed of solid blocks of concrete, each shelter had its own telephone, lighting, heating and air-conditioning system. Sixteen U-boats, almost completed, were seized in Bremen’s famous Weselhofs shipyards (See Illus. p. 42).
Allied Link-Up on the Elbe Split the Reich

HANDSHAKES AT TORGAU,
20 miles north-east of Leipzig, on April 30, 1945, sealed the link-
up between the Allied armies and the Russian armies. A group of Soviet officers who had battled the long road from Stalingrad, the historic meeting, and the Reich is in two. Maj.-Gen. K. P. Reichardt, commanding the 6th
Division, U.S. 1st Army (1), third from right, chatted with the Russian general (second from right on left), a Guards' Division of the Soviet
1st Ukrainian Front.

Outside Torgau, a U.S. Army
lieutenant talked with a girl of
the Soviet armed forces and a
young German girl of the Penal
Division (1). Hastening on the
fragments of a bridge, men of the
Allied armies stretched out wel-
come bands to one another (2).
U.S. and Red Army troops dis-
cuss the position (4), with a map
spread out on the ground. See also story in page 37.
Proudly the Red Flag Flies on the Reichstag

FOUNDED HEART of the dying Third Reich, Berlin was captured by Soviet forces on April 25th. Flanked by H-24 tanks and infantry move on through one of the central streets (1). The capital was entered simultaneously by forces of Marshal Zhukov's 1st White Russian Front and of Marshal Koniev's 1st Ukrainian Front from the south. On April 30 the Red Flag was hoisted above the shattered Reichstag building (2). Soviet tanks loomed in the foreground. On that memorable day the Red Flag fluttered over the Brandenburg Gate for the first time in 50 years. The Red Army entered Berlin (3).

Soviet advance into the German capital was led by 132 generals and accompanied by tanks, command and rocket-firing fighters of the 3rd T.A.F. R.A.F., flying alongside bombers of the Red Air Force, which at German convoys with arms and ammunition for the advance of the allies in the south (4).
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

S

o far as Germany is concerned the war at sea is at an end. With the surrender of submarines at British ports, the experience of 1918 is being repeated. The only important warships that have so far fallen into our hands appear to be the Prinz Eugen and the Nürnberg at Copenhagen.

Having regard to all the circumstances, a "last ditch" stand in Norway was never a really practical proposition. By the time this is in print, the Norwegians will again be in control of their country and be engaged in making their last stand. We have at the North PoleDiscovery, a man of them, so long defined it. Those who credited Grassmoor Dömitz with the intention of carrying on submarine warfare from Norwegian bases were deceived by his bluff. He was, in fact, a man of far more experience in the game of deception. He knew how to make his bluff count. He knew how to use his bluff to advantage. He knew how to use his bluff to make his bluff count. He knew how to use his bluff to make his bluff count.

Through few people in this country have met Dömitz, I was recently lucky enough to obtain a personal estimate of him from the man who accepted his surrender towards the end of the last war. Commodore Humphrey W. Best, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., describes him as being "a typical Prussian," with a surly and bad-tempered demeanour when taken prisoner.

This occurred on October 4, 1918, when Dömitz was in command of the submarine UB 68, operating from an Adriatic base. He was lying in the path of a warship, the escort of which was Admiral J. C. A. Dömitz. He was promptly ordered by the admiral to surrender his ship. The UB 68 was told to surrender. The UB 68 was told to surrender. The UB 68 was told to surrender.

In spite of his arrogant manner, the drenched Dömitz was lent a spare suit of uniform by the captain of the Submarine. This was returned with a note thanking him for his help, in English, after he had been landed at Malta.

UBOAT menace was the greatest peril this country has faced. For many years, submarines have been a threat to shipping and commerce. In 1914, the German submarine U-20 sank the British passenger liner Lusitania, causing the deaths of 1,198 people. This event marked the beginning of the end for the German U-boat war effort.

The U-boat menace has not been limited to wartime. Submarines continue to pose a threat to international shipping today, especially in regions such as the South China Sea and the English Channel. It is crucial that we remain vigilant and prepared to respond to any threat from these vessels.

Germany. On the very first day of the war, the sinking without warning of the liner Athenia gave the cue to what was to follow. Fortunately, anti-submarine methods had not been neglected by the Royal Navy in the interval between the two wars, and all plans had been prepared to put in force a general system of convoy within a few days of the outbreak of hostilities. It was this which led to the formation of the U-boat war in the Atlantic.

When France fell out of the war and Italy came in on the other side, the odds in favour of the U-boats were much improved. Not only were the Allied naval forces reduced in numbers and faced with the fresh task of opposing the Italian fleet, but the occupation by the enemy of the French Atlantic harbours gave him a series of submarine bases from which attacks could be launched on the Atlantic trade routes with far better prospects of success.

Thus 1940-41 were the most critical years of the conflict. Losses of shipping ran into millions of tons, and the situation was grave at the extreme. Yet in the later months of 1941 the augmenting of escorted by the large numbers of corvettes ordered in 1939-40 began to yield results, and the U-boats found themselves sinking fewer merchant vessels at greater cost. Moreover, as British aircraft output increased, it was possible to spare more aircraft for operation by Coastal Command in the narrow seas, which soon became unhealthy for the enemy.

JAPAN'S entry into the war imposed another strain on British naval resources. Until the United States Navy had recovered from the initial shock administered at Pearl Harbour, and had implemented its matchless capacity for reinforcement, the situation again became threatening. The U-boats found a new harvest awaiting them in the Western Atlantic, with American coastal traffic almost unprotected from the assault that was launched against it. A convoy system had to be organized with the aid of experienced British personnel and escort vessels, but it took some months for the situation to be restored.

After this the submarine wolf-packs concentrated as far as possible on the mid-Atlantic area, where there was a gap between the extreme ranges of aircraft operating from British, Newfoundland or American shore bases. To overcome this weakness, convoys were reinforced with escort aircraft carriers, whose planes were able to patrol the danger zone. Many a U-boat fell victim to this counterstroke, and in time it was proved that to attack a convoy was apt to be suicidal.

Hitler's replacement of his Commander-in-Chief, Grand Admiral Raeder, by the U-boat specialist Dönitz was a fresh confession by the enemy that everything depended on the success of the U-boat campaign. Its failure has long been apparent to the world, for the Germans have never attempted to disprove the figures of their losses, amounting at the height of the conflict to a submarine every day. New devices such as the Schnorkel, or airpipe to enable a submarine to remain submerged for a much greater time, may have extended the lives of U-boats, but this has done no more than delay the inevitable end.

VISTA OF U-BOATS ON THE STOCKS AT BREMEN was the satisfying sight which greeted this officer of the 31st Lightfoot Division after they had cleared the famous port on April 28, 1945. First U-boat to give itself up in British home waters, under the unconditional surrender terms, was U 130 which, flying the German naval ensign at half-mast with the British flag above it, sailed into Weymouth Bay on the morning of May 10.

Photo, British Official
From Her Decks Our Planes Can Strike Japan

H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS ENTERED SYDNEY'S NEW GRAYING DOCK for repairs (1) before the dock was officially opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and named "Captain Cook" on March 26, 1944. The aircraft carrier's giant propellers (2). A carrier force led by the Illustrious and supported by the Illustrious's sister ship, the Indefatigable (3), right, sailed into the harbor from the Great Barrier Reef, Australia, on March 21, 1944. The Illustrious was supported by the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Illustrious (4), attached, on March 26, the Sakishima Group. See illos. pages 581, 751, Vol. 8.

PAGE 43

Photo. Shf 5-4-44
Final Tragic Throw of the Dice for the Duce

Mussolini and his 10 years old mistress, Clara Petacci, mother of his 6 year old son, were executed by Italian patriots at a Lake Como village on April 28, 1945, after being arrested in an attempt to cross the Swiss frontier. The bodies were brought to Milan and exhibited to the public.

The ex-Duce and Signorina Petacci sprawled in death in Milan, 1, and the crowds that thronged the streets all day long the execution was followed by an outburst among the population, who overthrew all the remaining statues of the ex-Duce; one was flung into a dog kennel 2. During the night, general and military traitors picked up the statues on the streets and sold them 3. Troops of the U.S. 3rd Army entered Genoa on April 27 after its liberation by partisans; jeep-riding American soldiers passed German prisoners 4. See also Page 45.
Dramatic Last Days of the War in the West

With bitter breath the civilized world awaited the final dissolution of the Third Reich, which Hitler had beasted to endure 1,000 years. One by one, day by day, the ignoble figureheads in this tragedy of aggression passed from the scene. To the ineradicable Grossdeutschland Unconditional Surrender the Realm of Germany drew violently to its close.

APRIL 24, 1945—The rot sets in. The Reich is crumbling. At his own urging, Stalin, the C.I.S. and C-in-C the Home Army, meets Count Folke Bernadotte of the International Red Cross, at the Baltic port of Luebeck, and expresses the wish to meet General EisenHorst. Count Folke Bernadotte is to arrange with General Eisenhower to bring about an unconditional surrender to the Allies. Meanwhile, the Russians complete the encirclement of Berlin.

APRIL 25—President Truman and Mr. Churchill, in a joint declaration, agree to notify Marshal Stalin that it is proposed to notify the British that a German surrender acceptable one will be unconditional surrender to Britain, the United States, and Russia. Meanwhile, the Russians complete the encirclement of Berlin.

APRIL 26—Marshal Stalin’s reply received by Mr. Grew, U.S. Acting Secretary of State, thanks President Truman for the information and agrees to the proposed message. The President telegraphs the reply to the American and British Chiefs of Staff on unconditional surrender to all the three Governments on all fronts, that the German forces should surrender to local commanders in the field, and where resistance continued the Allied Armies would press the attack. On this date Russian and U.S. forces link up at Toruag on the Elbe. (See illus. p. 40.)

APRIL 27—The U.S. Minister reports that Col. Stratton, has left for Plonsburg, on the German-Danish Frontier, to take the message to Himmler. At night it is reported from Stockholm that the Count has returned to England from Comiso, Sicily. On April 20th the first communication were received from Himmler—-who is heard of no more in connection with these negotiations.

APRIL 28—In London a statement, drawn up by the British, is to be issued: "...At a time like this all kinds of messages are coming in from General Eisenhower, C-in-C Russia, C-in-C the various parts of the German Reich are rife as these statements indicate, in the midst of a desperate situation. His Majesty’s Government have no information to give about any of them at this moment. But it must be emphasized that only unconditional surrender to the three major Powers will be entertained." Mussolini and members of the Fascist Cabinet are executed by Italian paratroops at Lake Como. (See illus. p. 44.)

APRIL 29—German Armies in N. Italy and W. Austria capitulate; hostilities to cease on May 5. Hitler is reported dead in a suicide pact with Goebbels.

APRIL 30—Russians capture ruins of the Reichstag in Berlin. Marshal Stalin, in an Order of the Day, saying: "Seeking a way out of their hopeless plight, the Hitlerite adventurers resorted to all kinds of tricks, down to flirting with the Allies in an effort to cause disorders among our own people. These fresh tricks are doomed to utter failure. They can only accelerate the disintegration of the German Army." (See illus. p. 44.)

MAY 1—Count Bernadotte, expected in Stockholm today, had contact on April 29 (reports the London Times) with one of Himmler’s representatives. "It is generally believed that if Himmler gave the order to lay down arms he would be obeyed by what remains of the Wehrmacht and SS party formations of which he is head."

Hitler’s death in Berlin is announced by broadcast radio at 10. Meanwhile, the Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler, has fallen . . . The Fuehrer has met his successful end of the

THE PRIME MINISTER’S HISTORIC PEACE MESSAGE

(Extracts from the historic speech Mr. Churchill made to the world before the microphone, at 2 p.m. on May 8, and later repeated in Berlin.)

YESTERDAY morning, at 2.41 a.m. in General Eisenhower’s headquarters, and representatives of the German High Command and of General Admiral Dönitz, the designate of the German State, signed the act of unconditional surrender of all German land, sea and air forces in Europe to the Allied Expeditionary Forces, and simultaneously to the United States, Great Britain, Russia and France, the agreement of May 8, 1945, and all previous agreements and declarations which have been concluded with the above-named Powers and which are still in force.

The Allies will conclude peace treaties with the German States, and their desirous and able allies, for justice and universal peace.

We now move all our strength and resources to the completion of our task both at home and abroad. Advancement for the cause of peace.

Get the King!

The Baltic ports of Luebeck and Wismar fall to the British, Rostock and Warnemunde to the Soviet. The Rhine is being occupied by the British, 2nd Army.

MAY 3—The enemy collapses in Northern Germany and is surrendering in thousands. The British are in control. 2nd Army.

MAY 4—Field Marshal Montgomery continues to drive west from Kustrin on the south flank the German 1st and 19th Armies surrender to Gen. Devers. The Rhine is crossed.

MAY 5—Admiral Dönitz, proclaimed to have fled to Norway, broadcasts to all German ships. “Crews of all ships flying the flag of the German Merchant Navy or the State service flag are to abstain from any act of abdication of their allegiance to the shipowners. The true are forbidden either to scuttle the ships themselves or to render them unserviceable. The crews will remain on board ship.”

MAY 7—The war in Europe is over. After five years and eight months “complete and crushing victory” has, in the words of H.M. The King, crowned Britain’s unrelenting struggle against Nazi Germany. Germany has surrendered unconditionally to Great Britain, the United States and Russia, at 2.41 a.m. in the technical college at Rheims, where Gen. Eisenhower has his headquarters. Gen. Eisenhower’s Chief of Staff, Gen. Ira E. Eaker, Eisenhower’s Chief of Staff, Staff for the Supreme Allied Command; Gen. Ivan Susloparov for Russia; Gen. François Sevez for France. Acting jointly on behalf of the British, American, Russian and the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich, the German delegates were Adm. Hans George von Friedeburg, Admiral of the Reich.

MAY 8—This is V-Day, together with tomorrow a national holiday. Tremendous scenes of rejoicing in London begin in the afternoon with the Prime Minister’s announcement of the end of hostilities (see panel in this page).

MAY 9—Germans have signed capitulation documents at Berlin, Munich, Kiel, Stettin, Bremen and Hamburg, shortly after one a.m. (B.D.S.T.). It states, "The German High Command will immediately issue orders to all German forces in the Mediterranean and on air and under the German High Command, C-in-C of the German Navy, to surrender at 11.01 p.m. (Moscow time)." The announcement added that the capitulation was signed by General Marshall, Adm. Von Friedeburg, Chief of the Luftwaffe, in the presence of Marshal of the Reich, without the Russian forces in the field, and Air Chief Marshal Tedder, Allied Deputy Supreme C-in-C."
Fleet Air Arm Service Under the Red Ensign

Urgent need arose for aircraft carriers of a new type, to safeguard our liberties and protect officers and men of the Merchant Navy. How British tankers and grain-ships were ingeniously adapted to serve this purpose whilst still functioning as freighters, with F.A.A. personnel aboard, is told by Capt. FRANK H. SHAW. See also illus. page 619, Vol. 8.

I used to be a commonplace in the Merchant Navy that if you called down a ship’s engine room skyline: "Are you there, Mac?" a Scots voice was certain to reply, "Ay, I’m here!" Today the title has another significance, though no doubt the majority of merchant aircraft carriers (M.A.C. for short) are of Scots origin, the Clyde shipbuilding yards being mainly responsible though it was.

The M.A.C. is a natural development of the Catalfghter-carrying freighter (see page 214, Vol. 8). We have seen Hurricane fighters catapulted off from tankers in convoy and engage long-range enemy bombers in mid-Atlantic with satisfactory results; but the limitations of such air defence were obvious, as the aircraft concerned had the brief life of a moth. They shot up, they fought desperately and, even when victorious, were compelled to sacrifice themselves by crashing into the sea, the pilots parachuting clear to be picked up by escorting destroyers. What was needed, plainly, was a type of ship from which the aircraft could be catapulted out to sea and to which, once completed, they could return for further service. The merchant aircraft carrier supplied the effective answer.

A "Woolwoth carrier" (see illus. page 104, Vol. 7) is a warship. She flies the White Ensign, is manned by naval personnel, and must be ready to partake in any operations deemed necessary. It was this need for ubiquity on the part of the pocket-carryers that brought the M.A.C. into service. The Murmansk convoys were a thorn in Germany’s flesh. Consequently every effort was made to beef up Lend-Lease. Luftwaffe to destroy the armadas on which Russia relied. The Woolwoth carriers and convoy escorts were sent to the Soviet Union in the Convoy system, and it was with these ships and escorting cruisers we were given this vital advantage.

The task was not easy. The M.A.C.s were not protection enough. Fleet carriers were too important—and in high seas, without short supply—to be thus utilized. Enemy U-boats were reported to carry aircraft—many, perhaps, for spotting convoys than for direct attack; but attacks were made by such wasps in mid-sea. Our invaluable convoys could not be left to the protection of anti-aircraft fire, good and bad. Luftwaffe to destroy the armadas on which Russia relied. The Woolwoth carriers and convoy escorts were sent to the Soviet Union in the Convoy system, and it was with these ships and escorting cruisers we were given this vital advantage.

A simpler matter to adapt certain types of merchantmen than to build new carriers in the number requisite to afford sufficient protection for the ships consigned to convoy. It served the purpose of many wide hatches, of derrick-bearing masts, Sanborn, gun funnel, and other obstacles to maintaining a clear unbroken deck such as aircraft require for taking-off and landing. Such impediments were removed, it meant that the freighter’s usefulness as a cargo-carrier was destroyed or severely handicapped. The questions of funnels and engine-room restructuring could be overcome—there were motor-ships in plenty, requiring no funnels, only gas pipes over the stern. There was the business of the navigating bridge, of course; but when steam replaced sail the point of command was shifted from the poop aft to the Monkey Island amidships.

Tankers and grain-carriers supplied the solution (see illus. pages 615, Vol. 8). These vessels required no complicated gear to handle their freight—oil could be shipped or discharged by pipes shoehorned on to connections practically anywhere. Grain in bulk is normally pumped out into the receptor elevators. It can be shipped by a canvas hosepipe pouring a powerful steam down-wards. Wide hatches are unnecessary.

Masts, derricks, winches were all reduced to such craft. These long-waist-ugly ships were ideal for the purpose, except as regards size. The maximum length of flight deck attainable was roughly 400 feet. But Fleet Air Arm pilots are accustomed to taking risks. At a height, the deck of even a 27,000-ton Fleet carrier looks minute in its framing of boisterous sea. Not that 400 feet affords much of a run when taking off! But as the F.A.A. pilots didn’t object—who could? It was their lives with which the gamble was made.

Flight decks were consequently superimposed on selected tankers and grain-carriers. The navigating bridges were shifted to the side of the top deck. This gave the craft a top-heavy, unsightly appearance, but a ship could be as ugly as sin so long as she performed her designed function. The M.A.C. came into being soon after the theory was advanced, for Clyde shipbuilders can make even the most fantastic dream come true.

It must be stressed that the conception of the M.A.C. was for defence only. The ships were to fly the peaceful Red Ensign. Registered as men-of-war they would not be permitted by International Law to remain in neutral ports for longer than 24 hours. But they were to carry cargoes, the loading and discharge of which would occupy much more than 24 hours. Still, "Defence" is capable of wide interpretation.

To attack an enemy aircraft before it can deliver its own attack on peaceful merchantmen got to his feet and cheered himself hoarse.

Just how much farther the development of this peculiar type of winged freighter will go it is difficult to estimate. Imagination pictures liners of the future equipped with flight decks from which aircraft can take-off to effect a rendezvous ahead of the parent ship's arrival in port. Deluxe passengers will be able to join ship far out at sea.

Cases of illness can be transported to a hospital ashore with minimum delay. But the future will take care of itself.
On Hitler's Birthday Nemesis Came to Nuremberg

Medieval city of Bavaria, where in the great Zeppelin Stadium the Fuhrer was wont to rant at the annual Nazi party congress, Nuremberg was entered by the U.S. 7th Army on April 16, 1945. Fierce fighting went on until the 20th (his 56th birthday) when the Stars and Stripes fluttered over the Adolf Hitler Platz and the Stadium (top) stood desolate save for a disabled Allied tank and two jeeps. At the same time our armour moved into the old walled inner city (bottom).
British Bid for Nazi Ports in Full Swing

Nearing Bremen, tanks of the Coldstream Guards speed into woods where the enemy were still holding out (1); the city fell to the 55th (Lowland) Division on April 10, 1945. Previously Ypenburg, S.W. of Bremen, had been taken by Royal Scots Fusiliers; troops bringing in prisoners on a Bren carrier (2). South of Hamburg, Uelzen was cleared by men of the 11th Scottish Division: a burning German oil train was still burning when Stelldorf, beyond Uelzen, was entered (3).

As War Flames Flicker Out in the West

One of the last strongholds in Leipzig to hold out (April 19) was the huge monument commemorating the defeat of Napoleon in 1813, garnished by 100 statues with ammunition and foodstuffs sufficient for three months. After bombardment by U.S. 101st Army artillery, American infantry moved up to accept the surrender; while flags flutters above (4). The naval base of Borkelinde, Hamburg, was taken by British forces on April 22; garrison troops after their main surrender (5).
Starvation and Torture Behind Barbed Wire

Revolting details came to light in the overrunning by the Allies of huge concentration camps in Germany. At Belsen, 60,000 disease-ridden civilian prisoners had been without water for six days; under compulsion, S.S. guards removed bodies for burial (1). At Gardelegen, carrying crosses prepared by themselves under Allied orders, Germans marched to a burial site (2). At Buchenwald (3) British M.P.s saw pitiful victims. British P.O.W.s at Stalag 11B greet their liberators (4).
It was his employment as a courier to keep the Polish Government in London in contact with the patriots in Poland that gave him an insight into what he said were the usual barbaric methods of the Germans. He was lucky enough to be caught only by the Consul General who had replaced their usual barbaric methods, but let him slip through their fingers. He had at the beginning of the war an experience as prisoner in Russian hands. He contrasts the behaviour of Soviet soldiers with that of the Germans. "They were lenient, within the limits of military discipline. I never saw a Russian guard strike or curse a prisoner, no matter how enraged he might become. The worst threat they ever employed was the standard, 'Quiet, or you'll be shot.'" There have been, however, a good many Poles who unfortunately decided to Nazify themselves when the Germans once more terrorized the country. The Tsars tried to send Poles who had put about the idea that it was impossible to do anything against German influence and culture" from the time of Frederick the Great. Some of the people tried to turn the Polish farmers into serfs. When in 1919 "every vestige of German influence was suppressed. There were, however, a good many Poles who unfortunately decided to Nazify themselves when the Germans once more terrorized the country.

Quislings Liquidated Without Mercy

In the book there is an account of the execution of one such renegade. He was found hanging from the branch of a tree, with a letter sticking out of his pocket which said he had repented of acting as a Nazi spy. He was hanged because the army and the secret services thought he was a spy. His death was a blow to the morale of the German army and the secret services.

It is impossible to give a complete picture of the course of the war without mentioning the liquidation of the Quisling regime. The executions were carried out in secret and without public trials. The victims were usually shot or hung. The executions were carried out in secret and without public trials. The victims were usually shot or hung.

The book is a valuable source of information about the war and the Quisling regime. It provides a detailed account of the activities of the Quisling regime and the efforts made by the Allies to suppress it.
'Architects of Better World' at San Francisco

CONFERENCE OF ALLIED NATIONS at San Francisco—to establish a general international organization to maintain peace and security—was first mooted in the joint statement issued at the conclusion of the Cairo Conference in February 1943 (see pages 682-683, Vol. 8). Held in the city's new Opera House, the Conference was opened by an address broadcast from Washington by President Truman in which he designated the delegates as "architects of the better world." All the United Nations were represented, with the exception of Poland—about the formation of whose new Government the Western Allies and the U.S.S.R. were still deliberating when the Conference opened. At the first session, as the delegates took their seats in the stalls, arc-lamps for the cine-cameras were focused on the stage, where the flags of the Allied Nations hung. A band played: "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," whereas on U.S. soldiers and Service-women marched on to the stage to stand to attention, while Mr. Edward Stettinius, Jr., U.S. Secretary of State, took his seat. Then delegates heard the President speak from Washington by radio.

MEETING PLACE OF THE ALLIED NATIONS' HISTORIC CONFERENCE which opened on April 25, 1945—the Opera House, San Francisco (1). Contrasts in oratory: Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Minister (2), and Mr. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Commissar (3). The brilliant opening scene (4); against a background of 44 Allied flags, and men and women representatives of the U.S. and British Cabinets and Ministries. Secretary of State (2nd from right, on dais). See also page 53.

PAGE 92

Photos, British and U.S. Official, British Combined Press, Black Star
THE LANTERN ABOVE BIG BEN SHOWED A LIGHT for the first time since the outbreak of war when at sunset on April 23, 1946 (day after the lifting of the black-out) the Speaker of the House of Commons switched on the lamps in the Clock Tower (right), lighting "a beacon of fresh hope in a sadly torn and distracted world."
**Tremendous Struggle of the Heroic Netherlands**

With the surrender of all German forces in Holland on May 4, 1945, the Dutch regained their freedom after a bitter struggle in which their most valiant struggle was fought, and in which their heroism had its inception on the eve of Arnhem, when 30,000 Dutch railwaymen obeyed the official Netherlands Government order to strike, to prevent the loss of this great and long-suffering nation against the foe and its consequences as told by HAROLD A. ALBERT, from official sources. See also p. 786, Vol. 8.

**UNSCORCHED Lancasters of R.A.F. Bomber Command, flying low over Holland on April 29, 1945, dropped food to the starving people of the occupied western districts. Sacks containing meat, vegetables, flour, milk, margarine, dried eggs, sugar, tea, cheese and quantities of peppers and onions—were dropped at airfields and a racetrace at The Hague, Rotterdam and Leyden.**

Before the Lancasters set out, a message from SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force) was broadcast in Dutch, German and English. It stated: "The food-carrying aircraft will first drop bright coloured flares to guide them. These flares will burst in the air and will be coloured red or green. The flares will make a distinctive noise while they are falling." A second broadcast announced: "Allied aircraft are now on the alert. Strike as near your aircraft you have overhead will be carrying food, not bombs." The International Red Cross had previously contacted the German authorities and were given an assurance that the planes would not be attacked provided they kept to an altitude of 1,200 feet. The operation, unique in the history of Bomber Command, was followed on May 22 by a broadcast from SHAEF that a meeting between Allied and German representatives (the former headed by Lieut.-Gen. W. B. Smith, Chief of Staff to Gen. Eisenhower, the Germans by the notorious Austrian quisling Seyss-Inquart, Reichskommissar for the Netherlands) had been held to arrange for the distribution of food into N.W. Holland not only by air but by sea and road. By air, ten dropping zones were agreed, for use from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. daily. By sea, foodships to enter Rotterdam, the Germans to meet them at a prearranged rendezvous and guarantee safe conduct to port. One main road was made available, the supply route, scheduled to start on May 2 with 1,000 tons.

Behind all this there lies one of the most stirring pages of the story of how 6,000,000 Dutch civilians stood shoulder to shoulder with the Allied forces and refused to be defeated by the enemy. In fact, the Dutch were making their last stand. The German occupation of the Netherlands was viewed by the Dutch as a declaration of war. The Dutch people had made a conscious decision to resist, and they had done so in a way that was truly heroic. The Dutch people had chosen to fight for their freedom, and they did so with courage and determination.

If the Germans could have made use of the Dutch railways during the critical second half of September 1944, for instance, the struggle for the bridge across the Maas might not have been decided in favour of the Allies, and the British 2nd Army might perhaps have been held at Nijmegen. If the railways had been working efficiently as late as April this year, Field-Marshal Montgomery might have been delayed in his push beyond the Rhine.

Instead, Reich German railway staff had to deploy the already tenuous manpower of German lines to clear the Dutch main lines of goods trains which had come to a standstill and to operate the few military trains that circulated. The imported railwaymen were unfamiliar with the Dutch signalling system—itself now liable to sabotage—and the trains had to run "on sight," crawling from point to point and presenting an easy target to Allied aircraft. The points had to be operated by hand, and military trains took twelve hours to complete the 23-minute run from Amersfoort to Utrecht. Eventually this was "improved" to four hours, and the 38-minute Utrecht-Amsterdam journey vital to V-1 supply was reduced to three hours. But for the strike, obviously many more V-bombs carried on this line would have fallen on southern England.

The Germans, alternately enraged, threatened, and tried reprisals in attempts to make the strikers return. They offered cons-trains in return for co-operation, and the Dutch refrained, preferring to shiver through one of the bitterest winters Europe has ever known. In Utrecht, headquarters of the Dutch rail administration, the Occupation authorities offered double wages and double rations to strike-breakers, a powerful inducement in a land where wages were low and 10,000 railwaymen lived in the town only four men came forward, and these were Dutch Nazis. In the whole of Holland only fifty Dutch Nazis offered to perform blackleg work.

Some resistance leaders were captured and shot, and many strikers' families were seized as hostages. Others whose homes were destroyed, their furniture confiscated. It made no difference. The strike went on. It had no official pay and none were allowed rations. The contingency was foreseen and provided for by the strikers' leaders, and key men—traffic controllers and dispatchers, locomotive and carriage cleaners—were allocated their hiding places weeks before Arnhem.

The hiding places had to be secure against prying eyes. One man lived with eight others in a secret cellars under a barn; another was impersonating as a farmer. Forty families from Oldenzaal took to the woods with their children and lived in tents until better quarters could be found. One half of occupied Holland was in hiding—the other half we knew as the Netherlands. A Dutch transport official described the situation to me. "And he added," "Dreadly, we were living on the ration cards of the rest."

After twenty days the Germans once again tried to induce the railwaymen to give in, by promising that no action would be taken against them and that coal and food would be available for the population. The news of the Allied setback at Arnhem (see page 366, Vol. 8) had become known, the future was uncertain, and strikers and supporters alike could foresee only grave consequences for their own people. From Radio Orange, however, came the call for the stoppage to go on, and there was no question of it.

Normally, Holland's food supplies were transported by barges and lorries; railways conveyed only a small proportion. Now the unscrupulous enemy confiscated lorries and barges and stole most of the remaining food stocks as part of a deliberate policy, and blamed the famine upon the strikers. But public opinion remained united. Upon the walls of Rotterdam and the Hague appeared a slogan that proclaimed the object of the struggle: "To the end, now!"

By April this year, British and Canadian troops had liberated north-east Holland and cut the escape-route of the Germans left in the west; but the trickle of food from the north-eastern provinces to the west was also abruptly cut off. The German flooding of the rich farm lands behind the Maas and of the great north-west polder rendered the plight of the Dutch in The Hague, Utrecht, Amsterdam and Rotterdam pitifully desperate. But the strike still held. Looking back at the immediate aftermath, rather than at the Hundred Days, we can see that the suffering of the Dutch people bore fruit. Their
Cheers for the 1st Canadian Army in Holland

WEST OF FAMOUS ARNHEM, inhabitants of the Netherlands town of Ede (1), entertained Yorkshire troops of the British 49th Division, fighting as part of the 1st Canadian Army, as they rode in on April 17. Also near Arnhem, two young Canadian civilians (2), with Dutch friends, welcomed 11th Field Hospital at Bronbeek Institute for Netherlands Colonial Soldiers where the Dutch tricolor was flown for the first time since May 13, 1940 (see also facing page).

Inside Germany, police—the only enemy officials allowed to wear uniforms—pased a Canadian general in Meppen (3), on the Dortmund-Ems canal, captured on April 6 by the 4th Canadian Division. Dutch nurses and patients at a hospital near Osterlies, ten miles northwest of Arnhem (4), cheered when troops of the 1st Can-
dian Army entered the village after fierce fighting in which a Canadian HQ staff took part.

Face, British and Canadian Official, Plant covert

PAGE 55
THE FAMOUS AVA BRIDGE AT SAGAING, NEAR MANDALAY, in Burma—one of the world's biggest—partly demolished by our troops during the 1942 retreat, was retaken on March 17, 1945, by a patrol of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles and a mixed striking force of all ranks armed only by Burmese irregulars. After its capture, troops and transport of the 15th Army stood by as a bridgehead was established (4). A redoubt under the Ava Bridge north end of the bridge, which was the only remaining obstruction to the Irrawaddy, was cleared of the 3rd Division (5) and a pontoon bridge was built by 3rd Division Engineers (6). Photo: Director General

 captions: the 3rd Division, MacGill, C. B. H. Lewis watched troops embark at Rangoon (8).
How East and West Met at Torgau on the Elbe

Russian and American forces "officially" made contact when on April 26, 1945, units of the two armies shook hands. By that union of Eastern and Western Allies Germany had been cut in two. Stanley Bannen, News Chronicle war correspondent with Koniev's 1st Ukrainian Army, tells of the wild day that followed a fantastic night. See also illus. page 46.

STE-C. Lt. William D. Robertson, of Los Angeles and the Headquarters C.O. of the First Battalion of the 23rd Infantry, U.S. 69th Division, looks at the moment like being officially credited as the first man to shake hands with a soldier of Koniev's First Ukrainian Army, but I do not suppose we shall ever be sure. This has been a wild day following a fantastic night, during which at least a couple of rival claims to be first in the field, have come in from two different places.

All I am personally certain of is that I am here in the mess hall of a German barracks with the Elbe flowing fast about 250 yards behind, that I have just had lunch and drunk the "story and drink to the Russian commander" with the cropped-headed commander of the 173rd Regiment of the Ukrainian 58th (Honour Guard) Division, that Torgau, once the location of one of the biggest stalags in Germany, with thousands of British prisoners, is now an empty shell behind me with scarcely half a dozen Germans showing their heads, and that the American front lines are 25 miles to the rear.

Jeep Out on a Lonely Sorire

I came into Torgau this morning with a platoon of riflemen, the second to cross no man's land after Robertson's jeep, out on a lonely sorire, had made one contact at 4.20 last night. We drove into the market square—I shall go back to the journey in a minute—and found it completely empty. For a minute we circled round. Then from under an arch walked three Russian soldiers, Lt. Ivan Feodor Kuzminski, Pr. Peter Melichen, and another. They paused, and then they ran with arms outstretched, grabbing at any American's hand they could see.

Kuzminski spun round with a G.I. Joe clenching his finger. They thumped each other on the back. We all thumped. If there had been any lurking suspicion that any political decision in zones of interest would get in the way of our rapture at this meeting, it was gone in a second. We were allies, we met and rejoiced, and I can think of nothing so exciting, so warm, so human as this encounter in this alien square. Kuzminski began to make a little speech, but it was drowned in exclamations and shouts. Out came the camera for the inevitable arm-in-arm picture. Then we saw a couple of Russian fighter planes weaving overhead.

Kuzminski pointed out the road to the river, and we drove on down the street past the Rose Gasthaus, set on fire by shellfire when Koniev's men arrived on the opposite bank on Tuesday, and still flaming. There ahead was the Elbe, 100 yards wide and flowing fast, both girder bridges north and south down in the river, and the ancient castle, with a hole in its roof, rising up to the right of the cobbled quay. Here I will insert a little bit of story about that castle, as it was told to me last midnight by Sec.-Lt. Robertson when he got back to the U.S. 69th Division command post with the three Russian officers whom he had brought along, Maj. Anphim Larinov, Capt. Vasili Petrovich Nedov andLt. Alexander Silvache— the first man from the east to enter our lines. Robertson's mission had been to go out with Capt. James McDonnell and Prs. Paul Staub and Frank Huff in an armed jeep from the First Army's bridge-head over the River Mulde at Wetzlitz, east of Leipzig, to help bring some sort of order into the masses of German refugees streaming in from the east, with liberated prisoners of war and German soldiers by the thousand hurrying to give themselves up to the Americans. His surprise was all his own when he found himself 25 miles eastward in Torgau. Robertson said:

I had just found 15 Allied prisoners in a barracks, when some Krauts came up and said the Russians were just over the river. I got out of the jeep and went down on foot with a white flag to a big castle in the town. Other Krauts said the Russians were 200 yards away over the river. I broke into a drug-store, found some paint, painted the white flag with U.S. and stripes on blue field, went up to the top of the castle tower and began to wave and shout—"Tovarisch Schmidt!"

Before the "official" line-up, three more American soldiers had made the first contacts with Soviet Forces near Torgau. 1st Lt. W. D. Robertson (second from right) tells his story in this page. Photo, Associated Press.

The Russians on the other side bellowed something back to me, but I don't know what it was. But then they fired two upoded flares. I believed that I had no get any flares, but apparently they got tired of listening, or thought I was a German, for they fired a couple of anti-aircraft guns. I came down and found a Russian prisoner to tell them who I was, and after that everything was friendly. Once across the river we sat round singing, "Hi, there!" and smiling at each other and drinking beaks. Then these Russian officers with Pr. Nikolai Androsov climbed on the jeep, one on the bumper, one on the bonnet and the other inside, and here we are.

I tested their eyes, waiting at the river edge, to cross by skiffs, were hundreds of their fellow-people who have been taken into slavery. For 25 miles I passed them on this extraordinary journey. Most jogged along in high-sided farm carts, some drawn by oxen, some by horses, in an apparently endless cavalcade which, by this time, had little interruption to fear from Germans trying to escape from north to south through the siinder corridor which was still technically enemy-occupied territory.

Some few flaps waves, and were obviously nervous as we raced up the hills. Then, when they saw the white stars on the peaks, they waved and shouted, and to yes to the river, I spoke to 23-year-old Capt. Alexander Sidenko, while some of his men, fine-looking soldiers, young, browned, exceptionally well dressed and equipped, kept the party going with accordion music, somewhat alarmingly punctuated with close-by explosions as their comrades on the other side practised panzerfaust fire.

Only Way to Control Germany

Siderosko said, "I went out into the woods last night to tell the German civilians that they had nothing to fear, and that we had not come as murderers but as soldiers fighting for a just cause. Stalin's order is that we shall not molest civilians, we must take prisoners of war without injury or danger to their lives, and that this is a war for the right to enjoy life and to respect the rights of other people. That is what we are here for, and that is what we must stick to." I asked him what he thought of the proposed joint control of Germany. "I think it is the only way to control Germany," he said, and "we Russians will willingly stay here until she has learned that other people have rights equal to their own. Lt. Arnold Conkling looked in heartily, 'That goes for me too'!"
The Target, Gentlemen, is Berchtesgaden!

I was there.

It was dark and cold at the R.A.F. station in England this morning when the Lancaster bomber crew filed in for their briefing. The wing-commander stood up. With a half-smile he said: “The target, gentlemen, is Berchtesgaden!”

All knew the significance of the raid. Berchtesgaden, Hitler’s mountain home, was the nerve centre of the Redoubt, headquarters of any final resistance by the enemy. It was essential that the bomber crews file in for their briefing. The wing-commander stood up. With a half-smile he said: “The target, gentlemen, is Berchtesgaden!”

After the bomb-aimer had explained the route and how to attack the target, the crew filed out to their planes. The Lancaster bomber was a big, heavy machine, and the crew had to be careful not to put their thumbs in the wrong place. They were off to Berchtesgaden.

As we flew over England, over the Channel, and over Belgium—still black, before the April direction. I met a friend of mine who had been a primitive health officer. He had heard about Berchtesgaden, the Eagle’s Nest, and theYoung Princess, the former French Ambassador to Berlin, in an official book described from how the landscape looks it is also described how to reach the nest. The nest is reached by climbing a winding road cut through the rock, and then entering a long tunnel. Next he entered a large, copper-plated lift, and was carried 300 ft. up to the top. And there was Hitler’s home. He had a vivid phrase. When you looked out, he said, it was like being in an aeroplane in flight. Now, several times in deadly flight were on their way to this strange abode.

Down came and we saw the Rhine. Over the Rhine, a great river, the Rhine, the Rhine, the Rhine. A small town, the Rhine, the Rhine. The Rhine, the Rhine.

One of us will ever forget that night. Twenty-three bridges had been blown across the Rhine. Engines roared in unison. Plumes of black smoke hung in the air. The glow on the western horizon grew bigger and bigger as our paratroops exposed every monk and nun of the German lines. Shell-bursts lit up the sky. The earth trembled and over the German positions rose an immense fountain of smoke, earth and smoke which we might meet in the course of our flight.

Germany unrolled before us. The country-side was brown and green and peaceful. Lake Constance came into view, shimmering like a mirror. There was no flak, no sign of enemy fighters. We avoided Swiss territory and flew on to the Bavarian Alps. The navigator, Flying Officer A. Brown, of Toronto, pointed them out to me. Said the bomb-aimer, Flying Officer J. A. Carr, of Vancouver, “I’ve never before seen anything quite so beautiful!” But the target was there. As we approached Berchtesgaden, “The Eagle’s Nest” could be easily seen, out in its picturesque postcard setting.

Six Lancasters headed towards it. I saw their bombs fall as we flew alongside to drop our loads. It was horrible. Into the same valley below, which had the prettiness of a Victorian postcard, burst some of the most powerful bombs ever devised by man—12,000 lb. earthquake bombs. Our plane rocked.

We were over the ground where smoke and earth and bricks, and even trees were uprooted and thrilled like straws in the sky. Places were above, below and alongside us. The huge bombs went down at regular intervals. Said the pilot, Flying Officer L. D. Critchfield, of the London, “Not one must be wasted. We’ve got to see whether to hit the target or bring them back.”

I saw bombs go down—there may have been one bomb on the target area, which included the large S.S. barracks where Hitler’s Storm-troopers are stationed. There were at least two direct hits on the Eagle’s Nest. As I write, great clouds of smoke roll to the ground. The target is now covered by smoke and you can smell it inside the plane. There are no enemy fighters. Even the flak is not so heavy as anticipated.

We are nearing our English base. We have been in the air almost nine hours and flown 1,600 miles. Below us lies the glory of the English landscape in spring, but I keep thinking of that mountain grandeur we have just visited. Hitler’s home, “like an aeroplane in flight,” will soon be on our mountain top.

Stalagling Banners Waved on Berlin Hills

Making for the heart of the Third Reich, with lips blackened and parched with thirst and dust, the Soviet Guards, some of whom had fought all the way from Stalingrad, carried red flags to paint on the heights dominating Berlin, as narrated in Soviet War News by V. Voitenkovsky and I. Zoloty.

A Ciro Gomes portrait brought its Stalagling banner to the forward trenches. That banner had been borne from the Volga to the very approaches of Berlin. Senior Sergeant Moskov and Senior Sergeant Tkakolov, all of them cavigallers of the Order of Glory, carried the colours. The flags unfolded in the breeze: the face of Lenin was turned to the west, towards the enemy. Flashes of gunlight up the assembly of red banners. Guardsmen were paraded slowly through the narrow trenches, and the Guards, on bended knee, kissed the fringe. The ceremony was conducted in silence. There was no need for words, here before Berlin. As they advanced the Soviet Guards carried red flags to paint on the heights that cover Berlin. The flags were carried in front of the troops, borne by the boldest and bravest. When one standard-bearer fell the flag was immediately taken by another. Corporal Ivanov was badly wounded. The flag he carried was moved on a hill far to the west. By seven in the morning it was fully light. Dust and smoke lay over us like a blanket. Guardsmen, thicker every moment. An intricate trench system was buttered to blackhouses, tanks dug into the earth, cleverly sited artillery, machineguns, and light field guns emplaced in cellars, attics and sheds. In short, every square foot of the soil of Brandenburg—cornfields and gardens, greenhouses, railway embankments, woods, parks and cemetaries—had been fortified.

The sky was grey and cold. It was the dawn of April 25. The sun was the first to rise. The air was thick with smoke. The sound of guns was in the distance. The air was filled with the smell of burning. The sky was grey and cold. It was the dawn of April 25. The sun was the first to rise. The air was thick with smoke. The sound of guns was in the distance. The air was filled with the smell of burning.

Every building was a link in the scheme of defence—a link that had to be flattened, battered or destroyed by an artillery barrage, by a sudden infantry attack, or by an encirclement manoeuvre. We stumbled over a wilderness of smashed bricks. This was once a German village that had been converted into a solid fort. The Soviet guns had obliterated it. Trees had been uprooted. The pond was filled in with debris and dirt.

Now and then a Messerschmitt would fly overhead the battlefront at 600 ft., hunting for field hospital units. That is what these “knights of the air,” these “Richthofen heroes have come to. It was pleasant to see one of these jackals brought down by the Soviet A.A. guns.

I have just visited a battery commanded by a Georgian, Captain Usuradze of the 9th Guards, which has fought its way to Berlin all the way from Stalingrad. The great terrors of war, the sappers, pass by us. They blow up everything the Germans can build, even their trickiest fortifications, laying a depth of 300 ft. or more. There is a dull yellowish haze over the sun.
The battle rages ever more fiercely. There is a cloud of dust over the Berlin autobahn. Russia, the Ukraine, Byelorussia, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Kirghizia, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia are marching on Berlin.

Dust, dust, dust... Nothing to drink, everything dried up, burnt out. But nothing matters. We are going on to Berlin with lips black and parched. The distance grows less on the signboard. The heavy guns go by to fire their first salvos into Berlin.

**LIGHT MACHINE-GUNNER from one of the Russian Staff Corps**

**I Went with the Green Berets to Osobnark**

Senior Brigade Chaplain R.C. Chaplain to the 1st Commando Brigade, the Rev. Terence Quantain, R.M. (known throughout the Brigade as "The Bishop") tells how he stepped on a sniper's bullet—and made his captors his guests. Osobnark was cleared of the enemy on April 5, 1945.

At a fork in the road to Osobnark I took the wrong turning. I was in my jeep with my driver. The first we knew anything was wrong was a sniper's bullet. It was a rotten shot and missed us by miles. We decided it was just an odd sniper, and pushed on, but 100 yards down the road a fusilade broke out from all sides. The hail of bullets shot the tires to pieces and we bolted. I slipped and fell but did not lie down. Quickly I looked for cover and just behind me hit the back of the leg and tied profusely.

I made a dash for a house by the road, but the door was locked. I hammered on the door with my stick; a woman opened it. I told her what happened, but I limped in and my driver joined me. The Jerebs must have been rotten shots, or we should have been cut to pieces. While my wound was being attended to, ten or fifteen Germans walked into the room. They let my driver finish dressing the wound, then told us to get outside. It was then I noticed a row of the fields grey huts poking up behind a hedge. We were led across country, through gardens and over railways and fields. They were a most disorderly crowd. There were about 100 of them, and they just staggered along, I told them it was impolitely surrounded and they might just as well give up. We were muttering among themselves and appeared quite willing, but two N.C.O.s ordered them on. They told me their officers had left them the day before.

I had walked about a mile when my leg began to bleed again, so an escort of two Germans was left to guard my driver and me. We entered the south of Osobnark. We were the first British to enter that part of the town, and I asked the escort if there was a church nearby. He pointed to one, and I sat on the steps to rest my leg. Immediately a large crowd of foreign workers gathered, attracted by British soldiers with green berets. I asked one of the workers to fetch a guide and to bring his horse. He lived in a cottage in the outskirts of his house. He gave us lunch—my escort as well—and told me he could be shot for harbouiring British soldiers.

I then turned to the two German soldiers and asked them: "Are we with you or against you?" and they replied: "With you." They threw away their ammunition and rifles and became our prisoners. It was then reported that some British troops with guns were in the south of the town. So I asked them to send for a doctor and ambulance. The doctor appeared, patched me up, and drove me and my prisoners to the Centre of the town and met me with my Commandos who were waiting and guarding the railway station.

We began to walk through Osobnark, and the populace gazed in wonderment, for we were the first British to come in that part. We met my Commandos and handed over our prisoners. The next day I saw a number of other prisoners brought in and I recognized many of them who were among my captors the previous day.

**OUR DIARY OF THE WAR**

**Berlin, district of Humbolt and Ansfelter district were captured.**

**Marnation—First supplies of food dropped from R.A.F. aircraft to Dutch troops.**

**General dissolution of provisional Government announced by Moscow radio.**

**Berlin, Western Front—Steel works captured by British troops.**

**Baltic and German troops captured by Soviet troops.**

**Berlin, Western Front—Bibliothek building in Berlin captured by Soviet troops.**

**Germany—Announced that Goering, who had relinquished command of Luftwaffe, had been captured by British troops.**

**Western Front—Bunen captured by U.S. 3rd Army.**

**Western Front—Bunen captured by U.S. 3rd Army.**

**Western Front—Bunen captured by U.S. 3rd Army.**

**Western Front—On the Baltic and east of Berlin.**

**Western Front—In street battles in wells.**

**Flash-backs**

**May 2.** Allied troops left Aulndales and Namss, Norway. 1941.

**April 26.** Germans crossed Egyptian frontier at Sallum. 1943.

**April 11.** Burmese troops evacuated Mandalay. 1945.

**April 5.** Battle of Coral Sea began. 1942.

**March 5.** Allied forces left French island of Modogasaki. 1945.

**February 5.** General strikes in Belgium and France. 1919.

**January 24.** General-strike in France. 1920.
The War in the Air

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

From September 3, 1939, to April 28, 1945, the Royal Air Force Commands in the United Kingdom lost 11,449 aircraft and destroyed 7,911 enemy aircraft. Bomber Command lost 7,997 and destroyed 759; Fighter Command lost 2,998 and destroyed 6,977; Coastal Command lost 454 and destroyed 175. To these figures have been added the losses of the Tactical Air Forces serving overseas in Western Europe, Italy, and the Far East, and of the Fleet Air Arm— altogether the losses of virtually all future factories before we shall know the complete cost of the war in aircraft up to the moment of impending German defeat. And there should also be added the losses in the aircraft industry; and, lastly, the men of the Air Observation Posts and Transport Command. But, already, the figures announced show that the numerical first-line aircraft strength of the R.A.F. at the outbreak of the war has been destroyed five-and-a-half times in the losses of these three Commands alone. The compensation for this in terms of victory in the air and in the knowledge that it has helped to reduce the cost of the war on land and at sea, in men and materials. Indeed, it is problematical if Germany could have been defeated without the use of air power on a lavish scale. But there can be no doubt that over 13,000 aircraft have been replaced, and that the duration of the war curtailed, if the R.A.F. had been adequately prepared for war when it began. This is a lesson to be learnt for the future—always to be fully insured against loss.

DIVERSE Conditions With Which Tactical Air Forces Contended

In these days of victory over Nazi Germany it is appropriate to discuss the Tactical Air Forces which have given such magnificent close support to the armies in the field.

The degree of comfort of squadrons of the Tactical Air Forces varied tremendously. Sometimes they had to work under improvised conditions on airstrips where they had landed during the day, returning to their bases at night. Often the air bases had been destroyed or taken over by the Germans; in some cases the Luftwaffe improved these bases, but in other cases R.A.F. Bomber Command damaged them very seriously, while the U.S. Army Air Forces damaged others, with the result that what had once been excellently equipped air bases became in the hands of the Luftwaffe in very draughty and often overcrowded conditions.

The Luftwaffe also used camouflage fairly effectively on their aircraft, disguising them as hangars by means of painting, and often trying to make an airfield look like a farming community. The Germans were not afraid to fly their aircraft, and contrary to what was sometimes said, they were able to do so from buildings as well as from aerodromes. The messes of some airfields were several miles away, located perhaps in a churchyard or surrounding farm buildings. In other cases they were housed in newly constructed wooden buildings. The men lived up by local labour in wet weather from local standing timber that was still green and damp. One airfield I visited was like a scene from a cow-boy film. It was sited in a forested piece of country about six miles behind the front. Runways had been cut through the fir trees which grew on sand as real as that of the desert or the seashore. On top of the sand were laid the hinged perforated steel plates that were needed to make a surface suitable for Typhoons to take off and alight and taxy upon. Dispersion points of sand had been thrust up to form shelters, and there was water in the trench from which it had been taken, forming a natural swimming pool, in which the men swam. Recon cars of the R.A.F. Regiment were posted on top of the mounds as A.A. defence. On this airfield one could hear the guns firing in the fighting line, and an occasional shell came down not far off.

Glades, like shooting brakes, were cut through the forest to serve as roads. Soon the jeeps cut up the loose sand, and when the rain came these roads were several feet deep in soft mud and impassable; new roads had then to be cut through the trees:

Huts were built under the fir branches, which gave them natural camouflage; they were a local shape, which gave the camp an appearance foreign to the R.A.F.; they were built of planks sawn from the felled trees; one reached them by footpath through the forest.

The officers’ mess had a floor of square, red Dutch tiles; dust swept upon them in a heavy film of moisture; trestle tables and collapsible benches gave seating accommodation; crockery and cutlery were coarse.

In the airmen’s room was a bar that might have come from a film of the Yokon in the gold rush, except that there were no women.

There were few W.A.A.F.s in 2nd T.A.F., and none in the field squadrons. This made a striking difference between Home and Continental air stations. But the very conditions of the overseas units brought the war home closer than it seemed to be on stations in the U.K. Typhoons, Tempests, Spitfires, Meteors, Mitchells and Mosquitoes made up the formidable array of 2nd T.A.F. and reduced the enemy by day and night, and contributed in no small measure to the success of the arms they supported.

When the bombed enemy troops came out dazed by concussion, the troops called them “bomb happy.” The 51st Highland Division had an unfortunate experience of close support bombing in Normandy. They rushed for shelter such support until the beginning of the attack on the Rhine, where the support given by 2nd T.A.F. bombers was so effective that they asked for it to be given on all occasions thereafter.

DEFEAT of German Army Ascribed Mainly to the Effect of Bombing

In the five days preceding the surrender to Field-Marshal Montgomery of the North-West German forces on May 4, 1945, 2nd T.A.F. destroyed 150 ships, including submarines, trying to get away to Norway, 116 aircraft, and 4,500 vehicles involved in the German military traffic jam in Denmark.

Rundstedt, a prisoner of war, ascribed the defeat of the German Army mainly to the effect of the Allies’ strategic bombing, especially the cutting of communications. The destruction of railways and bridges prevented supplies from reaching the German armies; that caused the failure of the Ardennes offensive, which had been designed to advance to the Seine, Meuse from Liége, and so protect the Ruhr.

SKORSKY’s R-4B HELICOPTERS of the R.A.F., photographed for the first time flying in formation, as an R.A.F. training school. Capable of rising vertically, flying backwards, and hovering so as to drop or pick up loads, the aircraft are expected to play an important part in Britain’s post-war aerial development.

When the forces of Montgomery drove into Hamburg, May 3, they found nine square miles of that great city destroyed by the attacks of Bomber Command in July and August 1943. Japan will watch reports of this nature with the keenness of despair.

Rangoon was entered on the same day as Hamburg. The final advance of the 14th Army on the Borneo capital was assisted by the advance dropping of paratroops south of Rangoon, on May 1, and by a landing from the sea under the support of ships and aircraft on the next day. The landings were preceded by bombing attacks on military installations and troops in Rangoon city area.

At 3 p.m. on May 2 Berlin surrendered to the Red Army. Next day it was announced in the U.K. that no more air raid warnings would be given in London. Civil Defence Service was to be disbanded.

As the strategic air assault died away with the later lateness of Germany, Bomber Command and the U.S.A. 8th A.F., were diverted to humanitarian ends, proof, were such needed, that the aeroplane can be a blessing and not alone a curse. These Commands dropped supplies of food to the starving Dutch people in Western Holland, releasing over 600 tons daily from April 29 above the large cities. (See illus. p. 54.)

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This Was a London Market Until a V2 Fell

FARRINGDON MARKET IN LONDON, once teeming in early March 1940, was crowded with shoppers when a rocket bomb fell amongst the street stalls. The dead numbered 79, and the seriously injured 125. Many victims, trapped in the debris of masonry and girders, were traced with the aid of bloodhounds. In the background is the world-famous Smithfield Meat Market. On April 27 it was revealed that the total number of rocket bombs that reached this country was 1,050. The first fell at Chiswick on Sept. 8, 1944.

Photo, Topical
Our Roving Camera Sees First Fruits of Victory

HASTINGS PREPARED FOR INVASION—this time, according to this entertaining poster, by an en masse of holiday-makers following the announcement of Victory Day in Europe.

BRIGHTON ITSELF AGAIN and youngsters take full advantage of the Children’s Bathing Pool, reopened in late April 1945, after having been closed since 1940. The foreshore from Black Rock to St. Leonards was reopened on March 8.

LEGLESS RAILWAY WORKER also down to his job in this special chair, provided by the Southern Railway. He is Mr. P. J. Clarke, a welder. Formerly a paratrooper, he was both an amputee—above and the other below the knee—while serving with the Royal Armoured Corps in France in 1944.

“ALL CLEAR” ON LONDON’S BUSES was signalled on April 30, 1945, when the first bus appeared with the protective netting removed from its windows; after over 4½ years. The total number of windows so treated was 281,891, involving 549,123 yards of material.

BLITZED BUILDINGS BULLDOZED AWAY in London (right), where the scars left by the Luftwaffe are being swiftly removed by these “mechanical navvies.” On April 27 it was announced that over 2,400 firms were employed in rebuilding the Capital.
The Opera House at San Francisco, where the Allied Nations Conference (see illus. page 52) is being held as I write, is one of the most interesting buildings in the New World. Not only is it a masterpiece as regards its seating and acoustics, but it also represents San Francisco’s solution of the war memorial problem with which she was faced after the cessation of hostilities in 1918. The Opera House and the Veterans’ Hall adjoining it, together with the beautifully laid-out courtyard between, are probably the most “practical” war memorial in existence. It will surprise many of my music-loving readers—especially those who associate the musician’s paradise—to learn that it is the only municipally owned opera house in the United States. I was equally surprised to learn that since it was built in 1926, it has shown an appreciable margin of profit at the end of each season. A well-known English baritone who has sung there tells me that its acoustics are at least as good as Covent Garden’s—which is to say, as good as any in the world. The accommodation for just over 3,000 is exactly the same as in the old atmosphere, especially at an important, debut, as at the San Carolos in Naples, where I once watched an infusion audience storm the stage because the tenor skidded badly off his top note. The account of the highly theatrical opening of the Conference suggests that the building may yet at least have been paid for the duration of international deliberations in the hall.

I shall be interested to read the comments of the Dominions Press on Mr. Curtis’s book World War: Its Cause and Cure, a copy of which has been delivered to me from the Oxford University Press. For Mr. Curtis—who will be remembered for his activities on behalf of Federal Union—here puts forward the startling suggestion that Quebec should be the future defence HQ of the British Empire! Mr. Curtis contends that “the British Commonwealth is in jeopardy and so is the peace of the world” and that it is time that Britain should establish a full defence union with the Dominions—a Commonwealth Defence Union. If he could ever get it accepted by our Dominions, he declares that “we should have the reputation of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.” In other words, “an international Government of British Democracies.” It is his contention—with which few will disagree—that the best place to train such vast mechanised forces as would be needed by the Defence Union would be the almost boundless expanses of Canada, where they could be so widely dispersed as to be virtually invulnerable against any attack from without. Hence the proposal to make Quebec the HQ of the Empire’s defences. It is a proposal that might well be born out of optimism or it might, indeed, come to plain thinking about the possibility of such a defence union. So portentous is the matter that a blithely minded pacifist gentry could do worse than spend £5, 6d. on his stimulating book.

Somewhere “V” Day sounds better than “Victory.” I note that though the phrase is used correctly as signifying Victory in Europe; but, oddly enough, on this V Day I found the vivid memories of the mob behaviour on Mating night, of being caught in the crowd in the Strand, and the unbridled activities of the South African troops and their way up to St. Paul’s and the Strand through a shrinking mass of hysterical humanity, and of the scenes in Fleet Street and the Strand when the Armistice was announced on November 11, 1918. I was apprehensive of what I might encounter in London when V Day was officially announced. But the declaration of the holiday at the National holidays came sooner than I expected by at least twenty-four hours and made needless my return to town during these celebrations. For this I was thankful, as I have an ingrained dislike of popular celebrations where order and good sense are so often abrogated. At my country home in Downland—I could look on the pitiful wreckage of a Dakota which two nights earlier missed hitting my chimney stacks and smashed into a small hill less than a mile beyond—here, I was tempted to follow Professor Gilbert Murray’s plan of celebrating the great event by having a peaceful sleep, after five weeks of troubled nights! Only the need to do some urgent writing and the loneliness of the woods made me return. I returned to my job in London on the Thursday! I am sure that if I had gone through two days of Saturana; but I am glad that the exciting occasion was marred by hardly any of the rowdiness of Mating night or of Armistice Day. The manners of the populace are evidently improving.

It is a melancholy reflection that while wars have diminished the “expectation of life” (as the insurance companies call it) for the young—especially young men—that expectation is becoming longer through a healthier manner in which we live, for the old. In the last forty years there has been so marked a change in the United States that both men and women can now expect to live fifteen years longer than their nineteenth century forebears. Exactly the same tendency is visible here. If you read the death column in The Times newspaper you will find that on most days of the week the average length of years recorded is well over seventy. Turn back to the files of the paper for half-a-century ago and the figure will turn out to be between fifty and sixty. Something must be allowed for the fact that those who appear in The Times as having departed this life are people who have been well looked after. But, taking the population all round, there is no doubt that the span of life has been extended. Fortunately those whom we used to call old have brisked up so heartily that a very large number of them seem no more than middle-aged. That makes the prospect less gloomy than it might have been.

All predictions and even probabilities are subject to change by changes that may alter the population problem entirely. When the Rev. T. R. Mathias declared the increase in numbers in England during the early part of last century and said there would soon not be enough food to go round, he was made to look foolish by the supplies of wheat and grain that came from across the Atlantic. His reasoning was sound enough according to the figures at the moment, but it was quickly falsified by new events. So it may be again. The warning of the experts is that in a hundred years’ time Britain may have a population of no more than 12 million may be dispelled in the same way. Families may become larger again. I was surprised, by the way, to see that the National Council of Women think “public opinion tends to prize small families”:—certainly, before the war. Near the mark, I should say, in the finding that women feel they can have a good family without their husbands if they have too many children to look after. It is all a sign that against the潮流 we can’t lay down any hard and fast rules.
Flames and Fanatics Subdued on the Elbe

Driving into blazing Born, shock troops of the U.S. 9th Army on the Elbe front encountered fanatical enemy remnants in the doomed village. General Simpson's was the first Allied Army to reach and cross the Elbe, on April 11-12, 1945. Farther north on April 19 the British 1st Commando Brigade and the 5th Scottish Division crossed the river and took Lauenburg, all but isolating Denmark; which, with North-West Germany and Holland, was surrendered unconditionally to Field-Marshal Montgomery on May 5.

Photo: Frank Ardis