ANGLO-RUSSIAN LINE-UP ON THE BALTI COAST. On May 3, 1945, British troops of the 6th Armoured Division made contact at Wismar, the north of Schwerin on Lubek Bay, with a Russian armoured column which had swung 30 miles westward from Baltyk, breaking the flank defence on Germany's fronting northern front westward across roads into Schwerin. The following day the port of Warnemünde fell to the British 3rd Armoured Division.

Photo, British Office
Last Stages of the Japanese Retreat in Burma

RANGOON, former capital of Burma, was swiftly entered from the west by troops of the 13th Army of the 14th Chinese Army, 60,000 strong, on July 17, 1945. Prior to the 17th, Rangoon was bombarded and shelled by the heavy artillery and armor of the Kumaon Division of the 13th Army, then fanned into action against a Japanese garrison. On the day Rangoon fell, the Japanese were arrayed in a last line of defense, that was torn by the fury of the Allied attack. The natives turned out to welcome their liberators [2].

Murdered by mines, demolitions and enemy action, many of the few who left the city were killed when 11 armored Rangoon from the north. Allied troops advanced and fought their way toward the outskirts of the city, and the banks of the Kyaing River. See also story on page 36.
THE BATTLE FRONTS


Victory over Germany has been as complete and satisfying as anyone could have wished. Although certain political problems remain, it is necessary to bow to the conviction that Germany is defeated and, more especially, the German Army. Proof of the latter has been driven out of positions of immense strategic and tactical strength and is surrendering by the million. The story of the war is one of utter defeat and is an unmitigated victory for the Allies and the whole world.

Hitler's Reich is now a world of ruins, a world of devastation, a world of despair. The people are huddled together in the communities that are left, living in the ruins of their homes, without food, without shelter, without hope. The German Army is a defeated army, and the German people are a defeated people. The war is over, and the world is at peace.

The battle fronts are now -

JAPAN

How are these conditions applicable to our war with Japan? It is clear that Japan is a defeated nation. The defeat of Japan is the result of the great war of the Pacific, and the unconditional surrender of the Japanese forces in the Pacific is now a matter of history.

The war in the Pacific has been won, and the United States and Britain have now the responsibility of bringing to an end the war in the Far East. The United States and Britain have the power and the will to bring about the unconditional surrender of Japan.

The war is over, and the world is at peace. The United States and Britain have now the responsibility of bringing to an end the war in the Far East. The United States and Britain have the power and the will to bring about the unconditional surrender of Japan.
STUPENDOUS PROBLEM OF THE PRISONERS, their processing and employment demanding all the Allied ingenuity to solve, is exemplified by this vast P.O.W. camp near Muenster after the city's surrender on May 2, 1945. Goebbels' moves to wrench prisoners out of the hands of the occupying Allies were followed by thousands of camps, but those near the outskirts of a city like Muenster were almost as bad as those in the heart of the country. Over 300,000 were at work in the first week, of whom 180,000 were to be employed on heavy repairs. Up to mid-May about 50,000 German prisoners were employed in Britain, mainly on agricultural work.

Photo, British Official
ALONG the CROWDED ROADS of WAR

Last Impressions of My Visit to the Western Front

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

I

In this, the last article of this series, I will describe briefly some of the many things I saw, for which there is no space to give a full description. Follow me in imagination on long journeys across northern Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, and along the crowded roads.

One of the few forward cemeteries I saw was just outside Nijmegen, beside a country lane bordering with elm, whose sandy surface led to the gated entrance to a wood—very quiet spot. Six graves were in a single row in a wind-off rectangle of ground. A large central cross stood higher than the humble wooden crosses that marked the burial place of each man. Among bushes near the graves, a few sprouts of daffodils were already rising. I could vaguely discern the names; they may be glad to know that the company was well kept. These were the inscriptions on the crosses:


A long column of German prisoners of war trudged along a lane, their boots squelching in the mud. There were about a thousand of these discontented-looking men in mud-stained geraniums and uniforms, their sturdy physiques defined, their future dim, but not, like that of some of their foes and comrades, extinguished. We drove on to visit an Army Air Observation Post. Here half the personnel were Army and half R.A.F. The soldiers ran the transport, the R.A.F. flight mechanics serviced the Auster aeroplanes. The squadron had its officers and its aero guns. Their Austers were armed with 13 and 20 millimetre guns. They flew between 800 and 4,000 feet, and came down to land if they saw enemy aircraft below 10,000 feet. They relied on the R.A.F. fighter screen shooting the enemy out of the sky. Flux was another matter.

The Auster is simply an elevated artillery observation post from which the plane views of the target enlarged the vision obtainable by the surface forward observation officers. Sometimes the air view is superior to the ground view, sometimes it is the other way. The pilot, therefore, is the eyes of the ground only and renders the weapon only a weapon of observation. Both views are needed for modern artillery fire and both must be manned by gunner-officers. The Austers carry radio, telephone, and cameras when tactical photographs are required.

Dead Were Used to Kill the Living

The day before my visit five Meserschmitts 109s swooped down on this airfield and shot up a visiting Auster that was about to alight. The pilot was killed. In the plane were Major J. R. E. Hardie and Captain D. C. M. Mather. The pilot fell over the controls. Mather was wounded. Hardie had never piloted a plane, but he had learned to fly, followed the pilot's body away from the controls, seized the stick and got down without a catastrophic crash, in which he received slight head injuries and Mather broke an arm.

A few dead German may lie buried in the trenches concealed between the houses of Rechholtz village, murdered because their bodies had not been examined for booty traps. An ugly war in which the dead were used to kill the living! The village street was strewn with rubble and rubbish of all kinds. A petrol pump lay on its side. A private motor-car lay upside down upon a tank beside the Banditschule. German hand grenades lay about the old trenches. A dead German soldier lay in the gutter like a dead dog. More corpses lay in the fields, which were not yet cleared of mines; one British soldier was blown up and badly wounded when crossing over to two German soldiers' hedges. About 50 Germans still held out in a factory behind us to the right. About them were in strength. Somewhere in between there was an indeterminate line.

The retreating enemy blew up the bridge across the stream at the end of the village. During the night the Royal En- gineers were unable to build a new bridge because of snipers. When daylight came the snipers were dealt with. A wooden bridge was built and single line traffic got across. They were now making wider and stronger crossings. They had laid a corrugated iron culvert in the stream and built a timber framework over the culvert. The doctors were moving it over, with soil and the rubble of demolished buildings, to make a road. When that was done the bridge would come down, for one ends, and that part of the stream be similarly treated to widen the road. It was dangerous work; three engineers were killed by mines while building the bridge. But on British casualties were to be seen. All had been borne back. Only the body-trapped Germans lay about, and they, too, would soon be removed beyond sight if not memory.

CEREMONIAL VICTORY PARADE IN OCCUPIED GERMANY was held at Bremerhaven—the port of Bremen—May 3, 1919, when men of the 3rd H.A. Batteries, C. of C., North Staffs. R.F., 3rd H. and R. H., Hertfordshires, C. of C., North Staffs. R.F., and North Staffs. R.F. and North Staffs. R.F. took the salute. Wearing the kilts of his old regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Major-Gen. G. A. MacMillan, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the Divisional Commander, led the march past. German artillerymen were confined in their houses during the parade. PAGE 59—This, British Troops Pass.
A dog platoon cleared the mines at Rastenhorst. They had been trained at the Dog School, north of London, after having been given to the Service by their owners. The dogs were in the charge of Stevens dressed in anti-gas coat, rubber boots and steel helmet. Those 1 met were gamekeepers in civil life.

A lane was worked by Captain Wilfred Crick of Cambridgehire, keeper to the late Earl of Eldon, who had transferred his job from the Ack-Ack. Bruce jumped up exultantly in Captain Roberts' another Cambridgehire gamekeeper, who had a tin mug tied to his belt with existing pieces of dog food to be given as reward for good work. Evidently Bruce thought he had done good work already. In charge of the platoon of dogs was Sergeant Terence Maguire, who was a coal miner in County Durham before war turned him into a copier.

Roads or tracks cleared of mines were marked out in white tape—probably to explain the British howitzer's shortage of this material. While the dogs worked eastwards, in Rastenhorst were noticed: ROAD VÉRICES NOT CLEARED OF MINES, and outside the houses were other placards: HOUSES NOT CLEARED OF ROBOY TRAPS. But due to the skill of both men and dogs there were comparatively few casualties in the dog platoon.

In Holland and Belgium I frequently found myself at flying bomb sites. Frequently on these days there were many, many days few bombs. Sometimes they came over at the rate of about six an hour. Their height seemed to vary between 1,200 and 3,000 feet. I also spent some time at various receiving posts, where I found that the use of VÉRICES in Holland against the allies on the Continent was almost inconceivable in the anti-aircraft effort. It did not hold up the work of the great port of Antwerp, where as many ships discharging their military cargoes, although it did move many of the civilian inhabitants out of the city and caused superficial damage to buildings and houses.

An air raid was quiet as Brussels was busy. If, at least, an air raid was quiet, Meserschmitt 262 jets flew in fast and furious, and innumerable bomb photographs the supply of other roads or by high octane. Unfortunately, these were hit, but other bottles could be found. The various agencies of development, merely a nuisance.

Ack-Ack batteries were stationed on the line of flight of the flying VÉRICES. Within five miles away. They could get in Brussels by train in slightly under two hours and get 48 hours leave every month. But officers had to go alone, whereas the other ranks went socially in parties of six. When the non-commisioned girls arrived in Brussels they went to the Montgomery Club for a hair-net, manicure and lunch; then they would go on to a cinema and the Montgomery or A.E.F. Club for sea-dance and in the evening find excellent entertainment at an L.N.A. theatre or the 21 Club.

In the morning bust, Corporal Dorothy Strain, of Chester, said it was "a bit lonely when there were no doodle-bugs around." Some of the girls wrote letters, some read, others talked, one brushed her long blonde hair before the glass. They were happy in spite of the depressing weather, and they indulged but which was like a contractor's workmen's shed. Cheerfulness among them was Cpl. Margery Cloud, nicknamed "Bombshell." Dancing, oh yes, there were weekly dances at a club; "... dart racing..."

This was the first mixed battery to cross the Channel. There were 500 men and 800 girls in the main gun. There were 50 men and 120 girls in a section. The section I was commanded by Captain L. Poeley, who was a Mayfair ladies' hairdresser before the war. With a charming smile he said that was why he could handle the girls so well. It certainly seemed a happy 24 hours off. They were divided into four main sections: morning, one on relief, one in bed, and one on fagettes and daily duty. Morning man manned the guns, the girls the predictor and sights. They had then to be knocked down 19 flying VÉRICES in Belgium. They saw their results as Category A bomb exploded in sight of the Mussinna huts, and Category B, bomb brought down. "Smack on" was their slang for a direct hit.

The morning bust was made locally as an amnesty to the Nuns control-room. Within the room was a round iron stove, eight beds, a few tables, a jar of apples, a chart, a large map, and a sheet of paper bearing the name of the German airfield. There was a constant supply of hot water from a tank heated by the exhaust pipe of the generator. Subalterns in the Nuns' control room, and a nun told me they did one night's duty in every four. There were organized parties, and dances four in

**THUNDER UP** SIGNAL in parenthesis was given by the electrical fireman's signal at the British Airfield. British Airfield Signal called it. Each girl could get two bottles of beer a month, but very few used it. Cosmetics were scarce the Mars notice read, "It's a moral Alcove: strict rules will be drawn for." They were against conscription for girls for overseer service. "We volunteered, and we can't have it," they said. "But a girl should not be forced to come out here and rough it like this if she does not want." Suddenly the sirens sounded instantly the girls were off at the double to their action stations, in the rain, out on the muddy field, or in the control-room—without fans or excitement.

The girls of this battery composed their own song, and here are verses from two of them:

Oh! Merry oh! Merry oh! merry are we, We are the girls of the Antwerp; Long, high, long low, wherever you go, The girls of the Ack-Ack they never say no.

Down in buzz bomb alley, You'll find us every night, Standing down the buzz bombs, In lovely our delight.

Every night you'll find us standing there, We were and will be, and we don't care.

In the Queen's Paradise.

They were first-class soldiers, these Ack-Ack girls; but they were neither toughened nor roughened by their work for the Army.
Germany's Biggest Port Under New Management

Hamburg's First Allied-Controlled Newspaper, the Hamburger Nachrichten-Bode, printed under the direction of the Allied Military Government, was animately read by German troops on October 8, 1945. "The War is Won!" proclaimed its headline. Hamburg surrendered to General Eisenhower on April 19, 1945, and over the city's destruction (1) noted a target for the R.A.F., napalm the air, and the city's devastation (2).
In Ignoble Surrender their Evil Mission Ends

Two E-Boats Put into Felixstowe Harbour (1) on May 13, 1941, bringing the East Coast commander, Adm. K. Borsling. First E-Boat is the one shown, under the terms of surrender, was to be let go. She arrived in Weymouth Bay on May 11, the crew being the staff (1) and guarded by Polish naval cadets. Her commander, Oslon, Kult, right, took his orders from Cunah, R., Wale, and others (1). Left, flying the black flag, another boat was reviewed in the air off the north-west coast of Scotland.

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Photo: British Official, of Felixstowe News
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

T
he judge from the particulars so far
published of those that have been
surrendered at British and American
ports, the majority of the U-boats at sea
when war with Germany ended were of fairly
recent construction. Probably a high pro-
portion of the older submarines were either
destroyed or relegated to training duties.
From the fact that nearly 70 are reported to
have been operating in the Atlantic at
the outbreak of hostilities, it may be inferred
that perhaps 700 more may have been at
various stages of construction. Others were
waiting to relieve those at sea. As a rule,
not more than one-third of the total of
immediately available submarines would be
actively employed at one time.

Though a full list of numbers is not yet
available, the following are reported to have
been handed over: U 236, 241, 243, 245, 252,
263, 265, 285, 286, 310, 399, 396, 1805,
1808, 1150, 1153, 1158, 1162, 1199,
1233, 1109. The majority of them are of the
1930-1933, 500-ton design, but several were of
700 tons, and one or two were of the
1,000-ton supply type. A coastal submarine
of 250 tons which arrived at Dundee is said
to have been numbered U 2236, but this
may prove to be another version of U 236.

HOW the Surrendered U-Boats Are Likely to be Disposed Of

In German harbours and in the ports of
France and Norway which had been occupied
by the county large numbers of U-boats
were found. In some cases these were either
incompletely or scattered, but it seems likely
that the total is not less than 200. What
is to become of them all? Probably the
precedent of the First Great War will be
followed, and the majority broken up or
used for targets or other experimental
purposes. There may be a change in France
and other Allied countries to reduce losses,
as was the case in Germany.

Reports have also been received of most
of the surviving surface ships of importance.
In Kiel are the damaged cruisers Admiral
Hindenburg and Emden, both beached, with 11
destroyers. The cruisers Prinz Eugen and
Germania are abandoned and two
torpedo boats, were captured at Copen-
hagen, while the cruiser Königsberg is
lying in Wilhelmshaven, sunk in shallow
water, together with a single torpedo boat.

Another cruiser, the Leipzig, is at the Danish
port of Aarhus, Denmark.

Several ships were found in ports taken
by the Romans, but all were either sunk or
wrecked. They include the cruiser Seydlitz,
at Königsberg; the battleships Gneisenau
and coast defense ship Schleswig-Holstein,
at Gdynia; the incomplete aircraft carrier
Graf Zeppelin, at Stettin; and the "pocket
battleship" Lützow and coast defense ship
Schlesien at Swinemünde. At various other
ports occupied by the Allies are 19 more
destroyers and four torpedo boats, with some
1,200 smaller craft, such as motor torpedo
boats, escort vessels, landing craft, tugs,
and minelayers of various classes.

The German Navy has ceased to exist,
for its present U-boats of have all been
terminated and brought in by the Allies
is not to be expected to retain a single ship
capable of being used for warlike purposes.
In 1919, it will be remembered, they kept
a certain number of their older and smaller
ships, which were used as a nucleus for
building up a fresh fleet, and for training
large numbers of seamen who ultimately
maned that fleet.

It has been suggested in Merchant Navy
circles that the German merchant fleet
should be banished from the seas, in view of
the many breaches of the laws of humanity
committed by U-boats in this war and the
last. It is advocated that for this purpose
Germany should be deprived of the whole
of her seaboard. Ports could be administered
for the time being by an international com-
m mission, but ultimately they could be given
to the neighbouring countries which the
Germans have depopulated and mastered.

It is hoped that the German Navy
in Wilhemshaven and Emden might be offered
to the Dutch, British, French, or Italian
forces. The Danes and Austrians might receive
the German ports in the Baltic.
In any case, it may be assured that Schleswig-Holstein, which formed
part of the Kingdom of Denmark before
the First World War, will revert to its former ownership; and it has been
long understood that Poland is to be
reconstituted for her lost territory farther East by
the cession of most of Pommerania.

GERMANY ADMIRALS Von Friedeburg and Evers, Leaving the British Supply Depot
Unnecessarily Necessary for British Submarines
The Royal Marine comissary was not impressed.

Those who object that such transfers of territory would involve the magnification of the
costal population may be reminded that the German did not hesitate to transfer people
from occupied areas in Poland and Russia
without notice or consideration. There is a
great deal to be said for making the punish-
ment fit the crime, though it may not always
be possible to work on this principle.

JAPANESE Suicide Attacks Made Against British Pacific Fleet

In the Far East, the Japanese are still
resisting fiercely in Okinawa, though a
deprecated counter-attack was broken
after 12 hours' hard fighting, in which every
man who could hold a weapon, including
many auxiliary troops such as cooks, bakers,
and so on, was thrown into the struggle on
the American side. Up to May 14 the U.S.
forces had lost 1,792 deaths, 9,450 injured,
and 30,950 captured. Those of the enemy are
so far as could be ascertained, over 47,751.

The task of the British Pacific Fleet has
been to prevent another Japanese intervention
by aircraft from fields in Formosa and the
Sakishima group, lying between that island
and Okinawa. Tons of bombs have been
dropped by aircraft from British carriers on
Micronesia and the Archipelago, the islands
from which enemy planes were suspected to be
coming. In the Somong islands, in the
Northern Solomons, the Japanese naval
attack on a warship, some of which were
actually struck by torpedoes, was made upon
the warship, and a further naval attack was
made upon the US.

Command of the sea has also facilitated the
landing of Australian and Dutch forces at
Tirawak, off north-east Borneo. Here, colon-
izations has been far lighter than in Okinawa,
the garrison returning to the hills and
abandoning the port to the invaders. The
importance of this place lies in its oil pro-
duction. Allied ships will soon be able to
fuel at Tirawak, as the installations are
reported to be capable of being restored to
working order in a short time.
Royal Navy and Airborne Men Shared Honours—
With Monty Riding in Triumph in Copenhagen

AT THE INVITATION OF DENMARK'S LEADERS, Field-Marshal Montgomery visited Copenhagen on May 13, 1945, and drove along a city-mile route of cheering citizens. He was received at the headquarters by the British Embassy, headed by the President, Mr. Bell, who expressed to the British Field-Marshal the Danish people's gratitude. Later, Monty lunched with King Christian and Queen Alexandrine at Amalienborg Castle, where he was treated with the Grand Cross of the Order of Dannebrog with Diamond Star.
Our Sky-Men of Arnhem Take Over in Norway

FLOWN FROM ENGLAND by R.A.F. Transport Command, these parachute troops, arrived in Norway on May 11, 1945, in support of the Allied Forces. After dropping near the town of Dombas they left their Wellington aircraft en Garðarvötn Airfield for Oslo. Their mission included the liberation of Sweden, Norway and Denmark. They were welcomed on arrival by enthusiastic throngs of Norwegian civilians who came out to greet them.

Four days later the Crown Prince, Olav, in British battle-dress, arrived from England in a Royal Navy destroyer; two small Norwegian destroyers acted as escort. As he left the seaplane at Oslo (2), he was welcomed by Maj.-Gen. B. Drachman, commanding the 1st Airborne Division.

General Drachman, the German C-in-C in Norway, broadcast the "copeaux" in his speech, as he had always done. Oslo, May 11, 1945. (Photos: British Official; Hertz & Greene.)
Hun Bonds Struck From the Channel Islands

BRITISH FLAGS FLYING from their houses, the people of Guernsey cheerfully welcomed the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry as it marched along the quayside after the liberation of the Island. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, who also lived in the Island, was present, as was her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. The liberators included Major-General Sir Frank Towneley, G.C.B., C.H., commanding the British troops, and the German prisoners were taken to the front of the Royal Arsenal on May 3, 1945.

Some time after the Occupation in June 1940, the Islanders had conscripted British rags in anticipation of liberty celebrations, when the Monarch and other British officials would visit the island. In the event, however, they never did, not even after the end of the Occupation. The Islanders were left in the lurch with a large quantity of rags, which they have now been able to sell to the British Government. The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry have already been in the island for some time, and are now preparing to leave for their next destination.

Photo: British Official, British Newspaper Feature, C.C.C.
Mr. Churchill Retracts the Path to Victory

To mark his five years as Prime Minister—he was commissioned by H.M. the King on May 10, 1940, to form a National Government—Mr. Churchill broadcast on May 15 (see preceding page), a stirring review of the achievements and ordeals that led to victory in Europe and pointed to great tasks lying ahead. A condensation of his speech is given here.

F
d for a while our prime enemy, our mighty adversary, was the Fascist
europe. for ourselves, the British Crown and Empire, we were abso-
ately alone. In July, August and September, 1940, 80 or 90 squadrons of British fighter-
squadron broke the teeth of the German air
fleet at odds of seven or eight to one in the
Battle of Britain. Never before in the history
of human conflict was so much risked by so
many for so few. I was never one to believe
that such a thing could be done. We were
moneyless, word of complaint or the slightest
sign of setting down, while a very large number of
people—honor to all of them—proved that
London could take it, and so could the other
raided centers.
But the down of 1941 revealed us still in
epicard. The sense of envelopment, which
might at any moment turn to strangulation,
lay heavy upon us. We had only the north-
westerners approach to Utter and Scot-
torn through which to bring in the means of
life and send out the forces of war. Owing
to the action of Mr. de Valera, so much at
variance with the temper and instinct of
thousands of Southern Irishmen who had
battled to the bitter end to prove their ancient
valour, the approaches which the Southern
Irish ports and airfields could so easily have
been guarded were closed to the hostile aerial
and U-boat.
These kept the Line-
It was this a deathly moment in our
life, and it had not been for the loyalty and
fraternization of the whole world. We
had been forced to come to closer quarters
with our old and trusted ally. But had
earth. However, with a restraint and
pace in which I fear the French public will find
paradoxes, we never laid a hand upon them.
We will not forget the devotion of our
merchant seamen, the huge, unbroken, un-
abating and, in the end, all-controlling peril
the United States, with its ever more
line open. We were able to breathe; we
saw the choice of Blitzkrieg, which I do not
dueba, we had to do.
The destruction or capture of the French Fleet, which had been turned into a threat
hostile was, therefore, the clearest threat to
the Channel. But the Cricque at our distant
hour, of tanks—practically all we had in
the island—enabled us to hold back. In November, hard
hour and of the chopper of a quarter of a million
enlist the Italian armies of whose sad
Messina had planned a raid into Cairo or
Alexandria.

GREAT anxiety was felt by President Roosevelt,
and by thinking men throughout
the world, that we should be taken off our
spring, and he sent Mr. Wendell Willkie to
tell us, "Our two great allies fought and
with all the hopes of future years. We
in a fairy-tale called the early
months of 1941, and felt very much better

about ourselves than in the months immedi-
ately after the collapse of France. Our
Dunkirk army and field force in Britain,
we should save and we were not
the Atlantic with a million and a half
crew and a thousand
canons from the United States, with all
the forces since the previous June.
In our munition works, which were becoming
very powerful, men and women had worked
their machines till they droppedunless
wept. Nearly one million of men,
growing to two million at the peak, at
their work all day, had been formed into the Home
Guard. They were armed at least with rifles
and also with the spirit. "Conquer or Die." 

We Marched and Never Knew Defeat

Later in 1941, when we were still ill alone,
we sacrificed our conquests in the winter
in Greece and Abyssinia, and Germany
will never forget how much we
have given, about unassailing, of the
little we had. We repre
the German
occupied areas in Greece. We defended
the Aegean and the Ionian, and I was in special
charge of the defense of Crete, which was defended
by the British and the Americans.
On June 22, 1941, Hitler, master as
he thought himself of all Europe, saw to
be sure of all the world, unhesitatingly
without waiting, without the slightest pro-
duction, hurried himself on Russia and came
face to face with Marshal Stalin and the
millions of the Russian people. And then at the end of the year
flew to Britain in the United States, to
and at the same time attacked us
in Malaysia and at Singapore.
Never since the United States entered the war have
we had the slightest doubt that
that we had only to do our
to win. From Athens in September, 1942, through the Anglo-American
invasion of North Africa, of Sicily, and
the capture of Rome, we marched many miles and
never knew defeat.

And then in June last year, after two years of
and murderous devices
of unenlightened warfare, we cared a
considerably less of Germany, and the other
from across the Atlantic until the time
et no one, whether black or white, was
advancing Anglo-American spearheads.
We were going to win. She produced a fine
army of gallant men to her own
liberation in 1945. We saw her
lay open. And now from the other
side, from the East, the mighty
armies of the Russian people, always
mading many German troops on their
slowly advance, but on the other
from the East, could do, rolled forward
to meet us in the heart and centre of

At the same time, in Italy, Field Marshall
Alexander's army of so many troops, the
ally of which was British or
Empire, struck our final blow and compelled
more than a million enemy troops to surrender.
We have never failed to recognize
the immense superiority of the men
in the United States in the rescue of France
and the defense of Germany.
For our part we had
in action about one-third as many men
in the Americas, but we have taken our fair
share of the fighting as the scale of our losses
above. Our Navy has borne incomparably
the heavier burden in the Atlantic Ocean,
the Pacific and the Arctic zones, while,
the United States Navy has used our
strength mainly against Japan. It
may well be said that never have the forces
of two nations fought side by side and
intermingled in the line of battle with so much
unity, comradeship and brotherhood as in the
United States Armed Forces. "

Some people say, "Well, what would you
have done under these same language and
have the same outlook among
people?"

"I would do an ill day for all the world
and for the part of them if they did not go on
working together and marching together and
fighting together and working together.
Anything that has been done for the sake
of freedom and fair play all over the world."

There was one final danger from which
the collapse of Germany has saved us—various
of flying bombs and rockets—and our
and our A.A. batteries have done
against them. But it was only
an American who had crossed the
all the points of discharge, and when
the preparations being made on the coasts
of France and Holland could be examined in
detail that we knew how grave was the peril.
Only in time did the Allied Nations blur
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detail that we knew how grave was the peril. The Craven Fear of Being Great

I wish I could tell you that all our toils and
sorrows will have been in vain.
On the contrary, I must warn you, as I did when I began this year's
speech, that there is still a long job to do and
that you must be prepared for further efforts of
mind and body, for further setbacks in great causes if you are not to fall back into
the rut of inertia, the confusion of aim, and
the collapse of our morale. The record of the last five years shows that we
not weak in any way in your alert and
/
To Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, at his headquarters at Luneburg Heath, near Hamburg, came on May 5, 1945, representatives of Admiral Dönitz and Field Marshal Keitel to ask for surrender terms for all the German forces in Holland, N.W. Germany and Denmark. The delegates were Admiral von Friedeburg, C.-in-C. Air Forces, the commander of all German forces in the Netherlands, General Wagner, and a U.S. staff officer. How they attempted to discuss conditions, were told "Nothing doing," and were brought to heel by a stern alternation, is described by Montgomery in his own diary on pages 82-83. Other pictures, of the actual signing on the following day, and of the historic Instrument of Surrender, are in pages 80-81.
Monty Dominated the Scene

In his tent at 21st Army Group HQ, on May 4, 1945, gravely satisfied, Montgomery watched General Koenig (left) and Admiral Wagner (right) sign the Instrument of Surrender (4), after the German delegates had solemnly bound themselves to a distance of a grove of silver birch (3). They were given 12 hours for protection.

As Germany Fell Asunder

Twenty-four 17-lb. A.A. guns fired 21 rounds each at Monty’s headquarters to celebrate the occasion (5). Men who escorted the surrender delegations through our lines (6). Two high-ranking German officers led the march of the surrendering troops later in an ancient landau (7).
'Delivered Into the Victors’ Hands'

On May 7, 1945, at Rheims, was signed the unconditional surrender of the remaining German’s stricken forces. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, speaking to reporters, said: "With this signature the German people and Germany are delivered into the victors’ hands." At the table (bottom), facing the Germans, are representatives of the U.K., U.S.A., France and Russia. In Rheims, Gen. Eisenhower (with Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, top left) broadcast his thanks to his staff.
VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyle

How well New Zealanders have fought and why we have are in the book. There are no lulls in the tension, no sort of a quiet down. The suspense is incredibly high. The men, however, are used to it as they are to anything. They are not the men to take things lightly. They are used to work and they are used to danger. They are used to the conditions of life that have faced them. They are used to the conditions of war that have faced them.

In War Skies

With the R.N.Z.A.F.

sugar, biscuits and chocolate, and chewing-gum.

Two Victoria Crosses have been won by the R.N.Z.A.F. The first was awarded to the twenty-two-year-old second pilot, a Wellington-Sgt, Pilot James Allan Ward. As

Attacked on July 7, 1941, by a Me262, which it destroyed, the machine caught fire. A petrol pipe had been split and the flames became more fierce every minute. Ward reached them with the greatest difficulty, bravest of the brave, and with the greatest bravery. He was immediately killed of the bomb which was on fire. He was not seen again.

The other V.C. was won by Flying-Officer A. T. T. Laughran, D.F.C., who did not survive the deed for which he was awarded in peculiarity, several unusual, circumstances. The only evidence of that deed was provided by a number of witnesses who saw the bomb hit the aircraft and who saw the pilot and co-pilot emerge from the aircraft. They were seen to be safe and sound only.

The pilots and co-pilots who were killed or wounded were not seen again. They were not seen again, even though they had been seen to be safe and sound. The only evidence of that deed was provided by a number of witnesses who saw the bomb hit the aircraft and who saw the pilot and co-pilot emerge from the aircraft. They were seen to be safe and sound only.

The most striking single figure here is that of the V.C. which is the most outstanding feature of this book. It is in the name of the R.N.Z.A.F. but it is for the first time that the R.N.Z.A.F. has been awarded a V.C.

IN NEW GEORGIA a ship keeps tally on the scoreboard of her gunnery shots down by the help of a fellow-aimer. The position is essential in the battle reviewed here.

In New Georgia a shark kept tally on the scoreboard of her gunnery shots down by the help of a fellow-aimer. The position is essential in the battle reviewed here.

The writer of this book, Mr. W. J. G. Henderson, the author of "The New Zealand Air Force," describes the work of the R.N.Z.A.F. in the war. He has written a book that is readable and entertaining. It is a book that is full of interest and information. It is a book that is full of the story of the R.N.Z.A.F. and of the men who have served in it.

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One of the special duties of the R.N.Z.A.F. in the war is to transport supplies to the islanders. These supplies are needed for the R.N.Z.A.F. and for the New Zealanders who are living in the islands. The islanders are often in need of medical supplies. The R.N.Z.A.F. has been able to supply these needs. The islanders are often in need of medical supplies. The R.N.Z.A.F. has been able to supply these needs.

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Fallen Leaders of Germany as Prisoners of War

VON KESSLING, once German C-in-C. in Italy, dies on the West Front, and reports in North-West Germany; right, with whom he is seen at Bremmerpaden, where the surrender took place. He is a general of the Luftwaffe chief and was on the official list of war criminals sentenced in 1946. He was Assistant Commander of the U.S. 163rd Division, Headquarters 10, captured in the Netherlands during the Occupation, was liberated in the Netherlands.

Comparing of Poland in 1939, Field Marshal von Blomberg was the only man who survived, and was in charge of the German Army, was accompanied by his son (centre) and a medical attendant.

Photo, Daily and U.S. Official, Associated Press PAGE 64.
Last Act of the Drama in Conquered Berlin

Wearing the Nazi "Order of Blood," Field-Marshall Keitel, Wehrmacht C-in-C (1), signed at the Soviet M.G. in Berlin (announced on May 2, 1945) the full terms providing for unconditional surrender of German forces throughout the Western zone (May 8, 1945). Right Army signatory was Marshal Zhukov (2). Anglo-American representative was Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder (3, second from left). With Admiral Sir Harold Burrough (4), Territorial (5), observed Berlin's eerie with their Russian troops. See story in page 40.
How Europe's Capitals Hailed the Great News

*PARIS BECAME AGAIN THE "CITY OF LIGHT" when the celebrated German’s unconditional surrender - even the fountains in the Place de la Concorde (1) were illuminated. Victory crowds in Moscow's Red Square carried a young Red Army officer shoulder-high (2). At the Hague, an R.A.F. Lancaster dropped wing-bomb with live supplies, Dutch citizens cheered on an Allied motor vehicle (3). In Brussels, Allied bombers dropped leaflets over the Hotel de Ville (4). See also story in page 91, and this page 94.*

PAGE 65  Photo, British Newspaper Fve, Photo News
HOMEComing of Sergeant F. G. Tucker to Ottery, in Devon, from a prison camp in Germany has its happy parallel wherever the war has touched the families of Britain. The small village turned out in force to greet him—soberly with a proud wife, and a wandering small son to whom a new and miraculous world has suddenly opened. Waiting to be repatriated (May 25, 1945) were some 6,000 British exiles in Russian-occupied Eastern Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia. See main film in page 35.
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness

Stories of the War

Montgomery's Own Story of the Great Surrender

As hour before the signing of the 5th of November, German Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery told war correspondents, in his own inimitable style, of German moves leading up to the surrender. How this was made later is also described here.

There is a German general called Blumenritt, who, as far as I know, commands all forces between the Baltic and the Weser river. On Wednesday he went in and said he wanted to come in on Thursday and surrender what they call the army group Blumenritt. It is not an Army group as we know it—at least a sort of brigade group. He wanted to surrender it so that it was done on the 5th of November, on the 2nd Army. He was told, "You can come in. That's O.K. We are delighted."

Now the next thing that happened was yesterday morning (Thursday). Rumours did not come in. He said, "As far as I know there is something going on just above my level and therefore I am not coming in." He did not come in. But instead there arrived here to see me four German people—Gen-Adm. Friedeberg, who is commander-in-chief of the German navy (I think); Donitz (the President of Germany until he became Fuehrer); Gen. Knittel, chief of staff to Field-Marshall Rundstedt (he is here in camp now); Rear-Adm. Wagner, staff officer to Friedeberg; and Major Friedeberg, who is staff officer to Knittel, so the party really was just two camps—Friedeberg and Knittel.

Now this is extremely interesting. They lined up above my caravan and I said, "What do you want?"—I am telling you the whole story because it is very interesting. They said, "We've come here from Field-Marshal Rundstedt to ask you to accept the surrender of the three German armies that are now withdrawing in front of the Russians in Mecklenburg between Rostock and Berlin. They are the 13th Panzer, the 12th and 13th Armies." They said, "We want you to accept the surrender of these armies. We are very anxious about the condition of the civilians who are down along these roads and we want you to accept their surrender."

I said, "No, certainly not. These armies are fighting the Russians and if they surrender, they are going to fight on and as long as they surrender, they have nothing to do with me and I am not going to have any dealings with anything on my estate."

They then said to me, "We came here entirely for the purpose of asking you to accept surrender of these German armies on your eastern flank, and we have been told that if you accept it, you will receive a message from Bomber Harris, who is in charge of all the forces in Denmark." They said, "We have no power to agree to what you now propose. This is not the end of the matter. Two of us will now go back again to where we came from, get agreement and come back again. Two will stay here with you."

So yesterday afternoon between 2:30 and 4:30 we knocked on the General's door. The door was opened by Major Friedeberg. He took me through our lines into Hamburg and I went in with my personal assistant, Col. Warren. He took me right up to the room until they met the Germans—they had a special flag. The other two stayed in my camp all night. The arrangement was that the Gen.-Adm. would be back here tonight at five o'clock and here he is.

He was to come back here with the deigns. He was to get to agreement with my Point Number Two; after that, I would agree to Point Number Two and Point Number Three. That is the story that is going to unfold itself in the next business. Now they have arrived—they are up top somewhere, and my present intention is that they will sign what I have prepared. This piece of paper is really the Instrument of Surrender of the forces in accordance with my demand. I am dealing with the commander of the forces facing me and that is why they are doing it alone like this. I am demanding from him the tactical surrender of the forces fighting me and they are in close support like the ones in Denmark.

READ THE SURRENDER TERMS in the German delegation on May 4, 1945, Field-Marshal Montgomery—who tells his own story in this page—was present and impeccable. Photo of the scene. Photo: British official

Very Tricky Problems Involved

I have absolutely excluded anything which would be an Allied thing and would require me to deal with the Americans and so on. The forces which surrender will total over 1,000,000, that is their own statement. It will involve some very tricky problems getting them from these places—from West Holland and Denmark. We know there are in Schleswig-Holstein, 2,000,000 civilians over and above the 300,000 normal population. They came into it as the battle emerged from Eastern Germany right across Germany and up into Schleswig-Holstein. I have given you absolutely the position. The next scenes will be up top in the text.

The narrative is continued by R. W. Thompson, special correspondent of The Daily Telegraph

Gen. Montgomery left for a short time when we arrived. He had to go to where above the small cluster of caravans on the beach stood a large number of civilians, of whom he had to collect the roads to the town. Yesterday evening he ordered the small cluster of caravans on the beach to be evacuated, and the order was given to the civilians to evacuate them to another place. There is a large part of the town blockaded by the still cold beach. A square table with a place setting, a blanket for the cold, and brown bread. In this way we knew this "piece of paper" would be signed.

Presently Monty walked down the steps of his caravan to the mouth of his "piece of paper". On one hand, the other hand stuffed deep into his battle-dress pocket. And then they came through the woodland. Two British staff officers walked with Field-Marshal Montgomery and the American Col. Friede and a new arrival, Col. Pollock. Yu Monty clucked the steps of the Field-Marshal's caravan alone and entered. It was 3:30 when he emerged from the caravan and the small concourse by two British officers walked across to the beach with the simple table. There they stood each at his chair, waiting. Two minutes later Field-
Keitel Was Furious As He Signed in Berlin

How the final act of surrender was signed on Germany's behalf by the military authorities of her Army, Navy and Air Force, in Berlin, is told by Gifford Webb of the Daily Herald. Present at the ceremony, he describes it as probably the most unpretentious surrender scene in history. See p. 8.

We met our first Russians at Stendal airfield, close to the East where the planes carrying the official British party under Air Chief Marshal Tedder, General Eisenhower's Deputy, touched down by arrangement. There we had the arrival first of a plane from Flensburg, bringing Field-Marshal Keitel, the chief German signature, and then an escort of Russian fighters to escort us to the Tempelhof aerodrome in Berlin. Eventually we became airborne again and flew on with a swarm of fighters, circling, zooming and diving all around in the most exuberant fashion.

At Tempelhof Sir Arthur Tedder's party was warmly welcomed by high-ranking Russian officers and all but mobbed by uniformed Russian Press photographers. Then the British party inspected the guard of honour, which included Red Guards in leather jackets, and took its position for a march past.

This was not the Russian field's bayoneted rifles in the forward lines position, nor the guards in leather jackets, the nicked noses of the man in front. They marched with a purpose and a purposeful attitude. Their music in a manner that would have brought the house down in any part of the world.

Hustled into waiting cars, we were driven at high speed through the streets of Berlin.

We came to Karhens, and were shown into what was to us, a typical suburban villa, for rest and refreshment. Wine, vodka, cognac, red and black caviare, fish, jam and cheeses, were brought in by trim Russian waitresses.

At 7 p.m. the ceremony began. Interpreters and secretaries were deep in the throes of their struggles to convey precisely the meaning of the documents. Russian, English and German. Cases of beer were brought in for our enjoyment.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur Tedder, puffing away at his pipe, leaned around obviously enjoying the informality as much as anybody.

It was 11.1 p.m. British time when all was finally ready, and we filed into the large, lofty conference-room, whose main adornment was the Russian, British, United States and French flags on the wall above the table reserved for Marshal Zhukov, Sir Arthur Tedder and the other Allied signatories.

Zhukov, shortish, broad, hair slightly thinning in front, gave an immediate impression of immense power and obvious intelligence. His eyes are steady, blue, deep set and unwavering. His jaw juts, but his mouth is that of the good-humoured man. He was in Russian Marshal-of-ARMY uniform, white stars on his epaulettes.

There was a buzz of conversation, which was hushed as through the wide open doors the three German delegations, Keitel, Stumpff and Friedberger appeared.

Said Stumpff to his seat, looked towards the top table, checked his watch and raised his eyebrows. The other two bowed slightly and were welcomed by Keitel, a typically arrogant-looking Prussian Junker, thin-lipped, gray mustached, and pink-faced, screwed a monocle into his left eye to read papers set in front of him.

Marshal Zhukov put on steel-rimmed spectacles and looked sternly in front of him. Sir Arthur Tedder, composed and absolutely at ease, was probably the most unassuming person in the whole room. Keitel was directed to the top table to sign Germany's final surrender. And then an astonishing thing happened. The eager crowd of Russian photographers could contain their excitement no longer.

They surged forward until they all but engulfed the top table, pushing and struggling among themselves to thrust their cameras within inches of Keitel's furious face when he signed. Reporters stood on chairs until other reporters pushed them off. It was probably the most uproarious surrender scene in history and yet the top table somehow managed to retain a calm dignity and the signatures proceeded as arranged.

Keitel returned to his former seat and began expatiating on interpreters about some detail in the surrender terms with which he did not agree. It was a small point and, anyway, he had already signed. After a while he tried to cover his humiliation with some light conversation to his aides. The signatures completed, the documents were carefully stored away in blue folders, and everybody repaired to the largest air-conditioned room for conversation and beer, Marshal Zhukov among them.

Meanwhile, a small crowd of waitresses descended on the conference-room, stripped away pens, pencils, papers, and all the paraphernalia of surrender, and sadly transformed the room into a banqueting-hall. And then a few hours of eating, drinking, toasting and music. Marshal Zhukov became more and more seemingly exasperated as the night wore on, and the top table quietly assumed the sense of much back-stopping, hand-shaking, and general good humour, with all the other tables following suit. Sir Arthur Tedder scored a great personal triumph with just the right note in his speeches and with his informal easy-going manner. He did a grand job.

I Was in Germany's Dead Capital on May 9

Toursing Berlin in company with Air Chief Marshal Tedder and the Russian Military Commander of the capital, Gen. Konig, on the day celebration was introduced here, Major Gifford Webb (Daily Herald) says today he was present at the accident which brought about the shooting of Field-Marshal Keitel in Berlin on May 9.

I have seen much of Berlin since the end of the war, but none so steeped in memories of the past as the Berlin of today. The old history and traditions of the city are still present in every building, every street, every corner.

The Brandenburg Gate is a monument to the past, as is the Reichstag. The former is a reminder of the great deeds of the past, while the latter is a symbol of the great past which is gone.

I was there when the Allies entered the city, and I saw the sights of war, the ruins of the city, the smoke and the red light of the flames. I saw the people, the women, the children, the soldiers, the prisoners. I saw the houses, the trains, the cars, the planes, the tanks, the guns, the bullets. I saw the sights of war, the sights of death, the sights of destruction.

Everywhere, the signs of war were present, the signs of death, the signs of destruction. The streets were littered with the remains of war, the streets were littered with the remains of death, the streets were littered with the remains of destruction.

I saw the sights of war, the sights of death, the sights of destruction. I saw the signs of war, the signs of death, the signs of destruction. I saw the signs of war, the signs of death, the signs of destruction.
FROM THE RUINS OF THE FRANKFURTTHURALLEIGH clouds of smoke arise and the remains of Pauli's garrison, under General Weinreich, surrendered in May. The Allied Edition's picture shows the air raid on Frankfurt as it was photographed by Red Army's advance. A view of the destroyed capital is described below.

Todder's comment, after he had stood for five minutes on his tour of inspection, making a quick sketch of the scene at the Braunschweig Gate for his famous sketchbook. The only people who look human beings in the streets of what was Berlin are the Russian soldiers. There are 2,000,000 inhabitants in the city, the Russian authorities told me, but they are mostly in the more remote suburbs. In the central part of the city you only see a few ghastly figures staggering up to pump water.

If Stalinal, London, Guernica, Rotterdam and Coventry scared averaging, they have had it and no mistake about it. All observers this morning agreed that it would probably be impossible to rebuild the centre of Berlin for many years, if ever. Flames and black smoke were enveloped in a storm of smoke and smoke being blown in from the east by a gale that is sweeping across the Ruhr. The Red Flag flies on top of the Reichstag (see photo, page 64) which is turned hollow—really burned through this time. The Tiergarten opposite the Reichstag looks like a forest after a big fire.

I arrived from Tempelhof Airport in a fast car, driven with dash and determination by a Russian who had come all the way from Stalinal. During thirty minutes' driving I opened only six houses which I was not able to see straight through and in which there were signs of habitation. The population and Red Army soldiers are attempting to clear some of the main streets, but it looks like trying to shovel away the sand and the perspiration that forced the impression that if placed in the midst of one of a network of smaller streets without any guidance one might wander around for hours, lost as if in a desert. The Russian command has already erected huge sketch maps at all main squares and crossings. Without these it would be impossible to find one's way about.

Except for the noise of an occasional Russian Army car, or the gentle trot of the small horse-drawn Russian cabs, there is complete silence, and the air is permanently filled with rubble dust. One sign of life, however, is the intermittent column of displaced persons of all European nationalities who seem to be marching through Berlin in various directions, carried forward by a homing instinct more than by any clear idea of where they are going.

The Russian military command is already locating hundreds of thousands of Berliners.

The Red Army has seized what food stocks the city has, and has added from its own supply. Berliners receive 500 grams of bread a day (more than many people get in Moscow in the winter of 1942), a little milk, sugar, coffee, potatoes. Attempts are being made to get the water supply working. The Russians are obviously not wasting any vegetation on the population. Notices in Russian, French, English and German are multiplied daily.

I Saw Joyous London Blaze Up on V Day Eve

Soldiers, exuberantly drenched in beer, held their own jubilations before Victory Day was officially declared. "I was the war over!" they said, as if it were like a staggering priestכו.continued to the scene in conquered Berlin. See also, p. 54.

The sky once lit by the glare of the blitz above red with the Victory glow. The last trains departs from the West End unengaged. The spigot spirits of the throng, the polyglot throng that is London in wartime, burst out, and by 11 o'clock the capital was ablaze with enthusiasm.

Possessions formed up one of nowhere, distracting for no reason, to reform somewhere else. Waving flags, marching in step with linked arms or half-embraced, the people streamed down the great thoroughfares—Piccadilly, Regent Street, the Mall, to the portals of Buckingham Palace. They marched and counter-marched as not to get too far from the centre. And from them, in harmony and discord, rose song. The songs of the last war, the songs of a century ago. The songs of the beginning of this war—Roll out the Barrell, For You and the girls and the boys—Blossom—On the Roof—They hummed on the panel. They shouted and sang.

Against the rummaging on metal came the clash of cymbals, improvised out of dishes and in the sky, exploding not in death but a burst of scarlet fire. A pile of straw filled with thunder-flashes salvaged from some military dump spurred and exploded near Leicester Square. Every car that challenged the merging-menning movement was submerged in humanity. They climbed on the running-boards; on the bonnet, on the roof. They hummed on the panel. They shouted and sang.

Rockets—found no one knows where, set off by no one knows whom—struck into the sky, exploding not in death but a burst of scarlet fire. A pile of straw filled with thunder-flashes salvaged from some military dump spurred and exploded near Leicester Square. Every car that challenged the merging-menning movement was submerged in humanity. They climbed on the running-boards; on the bonnet, on the roof. They hummed on the panel. They shouted and sang.

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The British joyousness was caught in the camera of the conquering German, who said that the war was over but I was the war over!" wrote Guy Blenkinsop, of The Daily Mail, in a letter to the Times. See also, p. 54.

An acrobatic group of American papers were placed under the banner of the Times, and the papers of the last war, the songs of a century ago. The songs of the beginning of this war—Roll out the Barrell, For You and the girls and the boys—Blossom—On the Roof—They hummed on the panel. They shouted and sang.

Flashes of Press cameras stubbed the hard sky. The who of rifles—once to warn us against gas, the single-tear weapon—not ground—grounded our confidence.

And yet—and yet, what a good-humoured crowd! No sinew, no stampede, no rough stuff. A kindly crowd, a little drunk, but incredibly noisy and invigorated with victory, than alcohol, cheered and laughed and broke into dance...in the street...when the army lines were formed by the police. They went on for two hours. Where there was a piece of direct line there was no banner.

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In the Nightmare City of Rangoon Today

The Burmese capital was recaptured by British forces on May 3, 1945, after nearly three years' occupation by the Japanese. But the once lovely city had been reduced to a horror almost beyond belief. The following letter, written by Air Marshal Sir Arthur Hardinge, the Deputy Meiktila's special correspondent, relates how he landed in Rangoon after a perilous sea flight across the Indian Ocean.

The Japanese have left their uglytrade-mark emblazoned heavily across the face of this once lovely city—the trade-mark of filth and degradation and misery they left in their wake across half Burma as we chased them down to the sea.

All the way from the Chindwin we have seen the same thing in their abandoned jungle camps that looked more like pigpens than human habitations. But here in Rangoon, where traces of the city's former beauty still shine through the dirt and decay, the trade-mark of Japanese brutality is much more horrifying.

The refuse of months is piled up feet high along the broad, tree-lined, sun-drenched boulevards. Gutters are clogged with it and over the whole city there hangs a stinging, nauseating stench that sticks in your gut— the vile odour of decay.

Rangoon today is a nightmare city—a city where the streets are paved with millions of worthless Japanese currency notes, where beggars squat on piles of paper money and beg for alms, where ownersless buffaloes roam the pavements of a city reduced to landscape deserts.

The still smouldering ruins of the imposing white bank of Rangoon, the bodies of native burdans stabled to death in a crazy fight for money up sprang from the litter of bloodstained Japanese notes.

People who remained here through the Japanese occupation are hungry. The children have thin, peaked, hollow-eyed look that comes from months of semi-starvation. And when you see them another tragedy of this sad, black chapter is added to the horrors of this nightmare city. The children no longer laugh or play games. Most of them seem to have forgotten how to smile.

They simply squat and stare with their wasted little faces pecking at bewildered, and once again you recognize another trade-mark of the "tins of heaven"—the stamp of fear.

Reconstruction work has already begun, and in the dirty river trim Royal Navy minesweepers are working in and out among the garbage-bumper sampans, clearing the waterway for the big fighters that will soon come sailing up to Rangoon again with supplies for more Allied victories.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

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

I

TMY a friend a few days ago who was just back from Italy. He said that he had been away for a good deal of the last 3 years from England. He had been there for a time, but then the Allies were making good progress and the war was nearly over. He came back to London a few days later and was pleased to have found the city peaceful and quiet.

hree days ago I visited the city of Rome. I was amazed by the beauty of the city and the many historical sites. I also visited the Vatican and was impressed by the architecture and art. I then flew to Naples and was struck by the beauty of the coastline and the mountains.

n the previous paragraph, I mentioned the city of Rome and its historical sites. I then mentioned the Vatican and Naples. Is there any other information about the war that I should include in my report?
Far East Air Force Shatters Japanese Targets

SAILING IN CONVOY. The Japanese vessel (1) was trying to reach Guadalcanal, main enemy port, when a U.S. Navy Fourteen, escorted by other ships (2), was sighted by a 1200-ton Japanese freighter. The Japanese freighter (3) was captured by a U.S. Navy patrol plane (4) on patrol in the Philippine islands. The Fourteen, whose crew had been flying for over 6000 miles, was sighted by the Japanese freighter (3) and was attacked by a Japanese submarine (5), which was broken in two by its onboard torpedoes. The Fourteen was able to escape and return to the U.S. Navy base in Saipan. On May 17, 1945, over 400 B-24 Liberator planes, led by the Fourteen, dropped 10,000 tons of bombs on Nagasaki, the largest city in Japan's industrial heartland, which was attacked by U.S. Navy and Allied forces in the Pacific.

PAGE 32 - Photo: John J. Fox
Victory Day in London With Our Roving Camera

FROM THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE their Majesties, accompanied by the Princesses and the Prime Minister (i), acknowledged the roar of the crowds on May 8, 1945. At eight the Palace was lit with floodlighting (2). Trafalgar Square (3) was packed to hear the King's broadcast on Victory in Europe. From their balcony, the King and Queen granted a double salute to the Allied forces (4). The royal procession as it left the Palace (5). On the steps of St. Paul's (6) the couple (7).
In the days of my youth we called it a Debating Society, usually peppered with the words "Literary and...". Today they call it a Discussion Group, and it would be easy to add "a dilution without a difference." But there is a difference, a big difference, between the starchy-collared Victorian debating society and its modern counterpart; it lies chiefly, I think, with the subject-matter for discussion. Nowadays all sorts of subjects are aired and threshed out by young discussion groups which could scarcely have been whispered in the old days. I listened to only a few of the recent B.R.C. discussion-group series "To Start You Talking," but fortunately they included the last one on Sex; which I don't hesitate to describe as one of the frankest and most spontaneous broadcasts I have ever heard, for what the black-coated arithmeticians may say of this series, introduced by Charles Madge, discussing "the经济 of love, the economic things, in asking whether many of your young people would give away their lives to their women. The speakers, all of them under eighteen and chosen from all over the country, were given carte-blanche as to the expression of their opinions. The result is a book of printed broadcast material unique in its author—other works, it may be said, stimulating reading as it made listening. For discussion groups got together to we recommend What Do You Think? a thrilling broadcast issued by the National Council of Social Service and carried with highly effective bases on how to organize discussions on such subjects at (Good Neighbor) Great Health, A Living Wage. We analogously imagine to such an event that nothing appears to be beyond the scope of discussion. Almost all the claims are being made for discoveries and inventions that would, if they were ever to survive the newspaper stage, alter completely our whole lives. From New York comes a method of producing electricity without dynamos, engines or machinery of any kind, and the American Physical Society seems to think that there is something in it. In France, a prominent figure in the field of Scientific Research thinks he can do away with electricity, as well as gas and petrol, by making atoms provide us with light and heat. Then I read in an American scientific magazine a forecast of the family of the future, which will require no engine but be operated by our clothes, and will be controlled remotely by pushing buttons instead of using whatcall the joy-stick for steering and going up or down. All such reports I read with the same caution as the horse and other things, which were at one time frecent in the Press.

**Winston's own grandson.** I doubt if the 1918 news paragraph about a youth called David Brown was ever verified. But a schoolboy of that name is in his forty-seventh days when many pedestrians, when they saw a schoolboy carrying a heavy bag of books, mistook his for the red flag. At a recent conference the driver urged that in the ideal car the doors should be narrower and lighter and the taxi have a hundred-mile-per-hour engine. The distinctive sign, an all-enveloping driver's cab—let there be none. We know the London taxman's cramped quarters after five years of blocked-out streets and chattering petrol-control, but it is surely time that the engines were allowed to saw their side of the transaction. I for one would detest a fiendish, changeable but the use and angle of the ""For Hire"" flag. As things are, I still admire the driver's characteristic by assertion by its flag that all in the 300 yards that were playing for hire. The hours and energies of, with countless others, must have spent on London kerbs signalling in vain to taxa under the impression that they were disengaged—when all that was needed was a flag of discreet proportions, sited in such a way as to preclude all dangers at a reasonable distance. Before he can ply in the metropolitan a tax-driver has to pass a test, which I am assured is not a test to which his application can apply only to London, I wonder? I ask the reason for an examination, a com- mander in the R.N.R., just demobilized and set up as a taxi-cabber in the country, has been telling me with undisguised amuse- ment how by misjudging his route the other night he took an hour to drive a ""for a distance of less than six miles. He blessed the ""licensing" for insufficiently directing him. I (I'm afraid) blamed the driver for faulty navigation. The old London cabs' trick of alighting the fare on the side by hopping must in order to run up the fare has entirely lost its point owing to petrol shortage; but it may be renewed when petrol supply is available.

An American building expert visiting this country said recently that New York is making a "measurable effect" to solve her housing problem by "measuring by tradition" in the use of materials. Such a remark, if its author were correct, would betray a shallow knowledge of the English building possibilities and of English construction. For the rural English builder, ever so avoid "measuring by tradition." Intact stone, has never ceased to exploit the full the local material, dug from near at hand, creating not only minor and major landmarks of church and domestic architecture— from the simple dovecot-house to the ducal palace, the trouvere parish-church to the lofty cathedral—but buildings which, whatever their dimension, fit into the landscape as unobtrusively as a wild flower or an ancient oak. One thinks of the online home- stone of the Cumbri and Scremerut, as both the Beeston and Hereford sandstone; of the millstone grit of Yorkshire; of the Cotswold limestone; and, further north, of Aberystwyth and of these in their surroundings like the Kielder dale and all, a sense of the wild (thing beautiful?) but pernicious.

How many innocent babies are now destined to bear lifelong evidence of the times in which they were born, by the baptismal names of Montgomery, Atlan- tiac, and, more recently, Hirohito and Hiroshima, the latter in the climax of every war. The years 1900 and 1941 provide a fair index of little Winstons—not forgetting the real cigarette and pipe-tobacco, to say nothing of cigars, now cost about twopen- cy each. This may not cost in 1948. Being a by-product of tobacco, has been invested in most proportionately a quite ordinary blend, I am told, worth as much as three-and-a- Penny at present. In the old days this would have caused a revolution among the most expensive blends, generally among the pretentious, the majorities of whom kept a well- pressed brown suit, and the lesser by sharpening their bladder being what they are. Dr. Johnson's booted and petticoated tailor need not have added all his philosophy.

Outside the war one of the surest signs that the Silver Season was open—twas the newspaper man's name for that period, usually in the dog days, when the hottest stories of sound mice, prancing jokes and the like were vamped up to provide news for holiday-makers—was the bank annual that was snoring the Once more, not to say fashionable. There being no space for Silly Season for the past five; I take it that the story in my evening paper about the Silver Season is no threat of society on eating their feet on such a fine day. The speakers, all of them under eighteen and chosen from all over the country, were given carte-blanche as to the expression of their opinions. The result is a book of printed broadcast material unique in its author—other works, it may be said, stimulating reading as it made listening. For discussion groups got together to we recommend What Do You Think? a thrilling broadcast issued by the National Council of Social Service and carried with highly effective bases on how to organize discussions on such subjects at (Good Neighbor) Great Health, A Living Wage.
LONDON "HOBED " OUR GREAT WAR LEADER on the afternoon of May 8, 1945, when, after broadcasting at 2 p.m. the news of Germany's unconditional surrender, Mr. Churchill passed through tumultuous crowds from Mansion House to the House of Commons, Home to read to Parliament the formal announcement of Victory in Europe. Having done so, he ordered the House—a Thanksgiving service.

This Was the Prime Minister's Finest Hour