LEADERS IN THE BURMA CAMPAIGN met in Rangoon after the city's fall on May 1, 1945. They are (left to right) Lt.-Gen. Sir William Slim, G.O.C.-in-C. the 14th Army; Air Marshal Sir F. Vincent, A.O.C. I.II. Group, R.A.F.; and Mshl.-Gen. H. H. Chamburs, commanding the 3th Division which occupied Rangoon. British forces were carrying the full weight of the Burma fighting. It was declared on June 8, following the transfer of the U.S. M. Task Force to China, an end to air operations in Burma. Formation of a new Army—the 16th—under Lt.-Gen. Sir Montague Stravid, was announced on May 31.

Photo, British Official
Island Gateway to Rich Oilfields of Borneo

AT TARAKAN, finally cleared of the Japanese by May 23, 1945, supplies for the Australian 9th Division were unloaded from L.S.T.s and taken ashore across a caissonway of portable steel landing stages (1). Comprising the 1st Australian Division, the 42nd Battalion and collaborating with units of the U.S. 8th Army in New Guinea, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Leslie Morshead, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O. (2), led a background of ferociously burning oil tanks. A search was made along a Tarakan roadway (3).

Prelude to the invasion was the seizure of Satoshi, small island six miles to the northeast, on April 19, 1945. Tarakan, which was occupied by Japanese forces, was later occupied by Australian forces. The operation was carried out by a force of Australian artillery, led by the 9th Division, which had been cleared of the Japanese in New Guinea.

The battle-hardened 9th Division, with its A.T.C. “Cantrell,” landed in Borneo Bay, British North Borneo, on June 19, driving towards Sarawak. See facing page, also page 100.
I may seem to many that the task of the Armies of Occupation towards the German people. We all, I think, agree that while operations were in progress and in the early days after the German surrender, strict orders forbidding fraternization were necessary, not only to prevent leakage of information and to maintain the vigilance of the troops but also to impress on the German people that they cannot escape their responsibility for the war and for atrocities committed. There is no doubt, however, that the Armies of Occupation settle down these orders will become increasingly irksome to the troops to a degree that would almost certainly lead to their evasion. That, of course, would be exemplary bad discipline.

I feel sure, therefore, that in due course the orders will be modified or cancelled, and will perhaps be replaced by advice and instructions in general terms as to the attitude the troops should adopt and with which they will be expected to comply for the credit of their respective units. It is often better and easier to establish a tradition of behavior than to attempt to enforce rigorous orders which are easy to evade. Many regimental and Army traditions are based on well-learned conduct rather than on orders. Certain things are “done” or “not done”.

General Eisenhower’s relaxation of orders in respect to children is clearly a concession to the uncontrollable instincts of his men and Field-Marshal Montgomery’s broadcast to the German people also explains to his troops the reasons for the attitude he has ordered them to adopt. Once those reasons cease, I believe, gradually, he can be led to the good sense of the men themselves.

In the first instance, however, it could hardly be left to the individual judgement of the men to define “fraternization” or to decide on a standard of behaviour.

BRUNEI BAY: A Base for Tighter North Borneo

The very successful landing of Australian troops in British North Borneo is an interesting development. Once again it has been proved that Australia not only still produces fighting men of outstanding quality but also possesses great leadership ability. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Leslie Morshad, who has conducted the operations in Borneo, is a notable example. In the last war he served with distinction in the Dardanelles, and in this war his defence of Tobruk will never be forgotten. Since then he has shown operation. It is possible that Tarakan may have been intended to some degree to be a diversionary operation or a preliminary one to deprive the enemy of airfields from which he could attack shipping at Brunei. It will be interesting to see whether the Japanese possess in the East Indies an air force of effective strength. At Okinawa, from their bases in Japan and Formosa, they have been able to make formidable attacks on American shipping, but it seems improbable that in the East Indies they will have sufficient resources to exploit similar tactics.

The comparative ease with which the landings at Tarakan and Brunei have been effected prove conclusively, though it might have been expected, that the Japanese garrisons in the islands, large as their total strength probably is, are quite inadequate to protect the immense length of coastline. No doubt local garrisons may be able to withdraw into the interior or to offer prolonged resistance in positions favourable to defence, but that can have little effect on the strategic development of the Allied campaign. The decisive factor is that the Japanese by losing control of sea communications have lost strategic mobility, whereas the Allies, as masters of sea bases, steadily increase it over a constantly widening area. However, successfully Allied strategy develops, it is certain that at the more vital centres there will be tactical opportunities demanding great sacrifices; unless, as seems improbable, the Japanese Government agrees to surrender and its outlying forces obey orders to lay down their arms.

In the case of Japan herself it is obviously inconceivable that if she was determined to prolong a fanatical struggle we should embark on a war of extermination such as is in progress on Okinawa. We should presumably be content to capture and occupy points which would render her impotent.

PROBLEMS OF JAPANESE OUTLYING DETACHMENTS IN CUT-OFF ISLANDS

The policy to be adopted as regards her outlying detachments may, however, involve more difficult decisions. Large areas will have to be recovered and native populations liberated. On small islands of strategic importance may be necessary even at heavy cost; but the larger islands that might prove an interminable process involving prohibitive exertions, even if carried out piecemeal.

Assuming, as seems possible, that there will be no formal surrender or withdrawal of troops we may be compelled to suspend military operations except in as far as they might be necessary to re-establish control of the greater part of the territories involved.
Our Relief Programme for Hun-Wrecked Holland

FLOODS RELEASED by the re-
treating Germans greatly im-
periled Holland. Almost totally 
submerged was the village of 
Abbeele, near Oostburg. A Dutch housewife could not take 
for even her荷兰 relief food at a 
distribution centre in Utrecht 
(1). Officers and men of the 1st 
Battalion Princess Louise's Regi-
tment of the 4th Division (the 
"Kensingtons"), who had fought 
all through the Dutch campaign, 
were among the first to visit the 
lands Red Cross; Princess Juliana 
received the cheers at Nijmegen on June 3, when she chatted with 
Major-General Rawlings, G.C.C., the 
4th Division (3, left) and Lieut-
Col. Glover, commanding the 
Headquarters. Major-General had patrol (4) interrogated a 
French family (with belongings) 
trying to enter a built-up area 
without a pass and thus interfere 
with the relief programme.

Photo, British Official, Floods Noted.
From War to Occupation Duties 'Over There'

The Guards' Armoured Division said goodbye to their tanks, after five years of mechanized warfare, at a parade on June 1, 1945, at Ruhemberg, Germany, where the farewell salute was taken by Field-Marshall Montgomery following a presentation of arms. The tanks are to become an infantry division once more. The nation in Ruhemberg, a famous Belgian seaside resort, was re-opened by NAAFI as a club for our Forces (1). Allstates (3) were German police dogs (2). The parade at Ruhemberg was a fitting farewell for our forces, who are being greeted by the troops of the Veterinary and REME Corps. With our army near Ruhemberg, the pictures in the town by landing craft manned by a German crew, A.T.E. girls, of the Queen's Regiment arrived on June 5 by air for service at Hamburg; they are seen (3) leaving their aircraft at Luneberg.

From "The Official Reporter".
It has taken three months to capture the Okinawa garrison, how long will it be before the main Japanese forces—hardly tapped up to the present so far as armies are concerned—are defeated? The United States Secretary of the Navy, Mr. James Forrestal, recently stated: "I expect that the Japanese will fight with increasing tenacity and fury as our power begins to concentrate on their homeland. We have seen evidences of that fury at Iwojima and Okinawa. It will take the full power of the tremendous war potential that we have mustered in the past four years if we are to secure complete, unequivocal unconditional surrender on humane conditions.” From this it may be assumed that we shall be lucky if we see the end of the war in the Pacific in 1946.

E NORMOUS Concentration of Naval Power in the Pacific

For the subjection of Japan there is now being assembled in the Pacific the largest concentration of naval power the world has ever seen. In addition to the fleets provided by the United States Navy, which is now nearing the peak of its strength, this country is dispatching additional ships and personnel to the Far East as fast as can be provided. It may be assumed that in the course of the next few months, the German merchant marine will be considerably reduced, if not abolished. Even in the Mediterranean and in the smaller cruisers and destroyers of the escort type.

Two instances of the ingenious methods used by the Germans to facilitate the operations of their U-boats have recently come to light. One was a compact little handbook, Die Handelsfotten der deutschen Handelsfleets of the World, containing particulars of every merchant vessel in existence. In the case of Lloyd’s Register, from which the details would appear to have been copied, these are listed in two sections, the first comprising ships of 1,000 tons gross and upwards, the other smaller craft. A most ingenious code enabled the user of the book to refer to a series of "picture drawings showing the appearance of each ship, so that the identification of every type was a simple matter.

In the introduction there is an elaborate key to this code, with examples of how it should be used. It consists of letters and numbers, and the code is based on the arrangement of masts, funnels and deck erections, and reflects credit on the author of the book, Dr. Erich Gröner. Before the war Dr. Gröner was well known as the illustrations editor of the German naval annual, Taschenbuch der Kriegsschiffe. There is no doubt his merchant fleet handbook proved of considerably greater value to the German Navy than the publication with which he was first connected. Other sections of the book contain lists of shipsowners all over the world, with ships controlled or managed by each, and the names of the principal shipbuilders in each country. In fact, captains must have relied extensively on this handy little volume.

Another instance is equally interesting. In spite of precautions taken since the war began, tide tables of the estuary of the St. Lawrence, the great river of Eastern Canada, were found in U-boats that surrendered. These tables had also been regarded as confidential since 1939, but it is not easy to keep the tide tables away from the hands of people. Possibly when enemy records begin to be examined, the reason why such information travelled may be exposed.

H.M.S. KING GEORGE V ARRIVED AT GUAM. It was announced on May 31, 1945, heading a British Pacific Fleet task force operating with the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Bernard Rawlings, she was escorted by the destroyers Trentham, Naiad and Trenchard, with whom she went into action off the Salimahara group on March 27. See also facing page 193.

PRINZ EUGEN’S officers lined up on deck when the 10,000-ton German cruiser was handed over to Royal Navy authorities at Brest. See also page 193.

PHOTO, Associated Press

With Our Navies Today

By FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

active and supply vessels, landing craft and other auxiliaries. Various other warships of different categories have received damage of a more or less serious nature.

It is clear, therefore, that even regarded from a purely naval standpoint the Okinawa operations deserve to rank with those for the invasion of Normandy; for though the actual number of ships employed may have been less, they had to operate from bases far more distant. Once the troops were ashore, the protecting warships had to depend for supplies on their own resources, in the way of depot and repair ships, as the nearest base able to deal with a fleet’s immediate needs was Guam, 1,500 miles away.

With Okinawa in U.S. hands, a fresh base will doubtless be established there, simplifying problems of supply and opening the way to future attacks upon enemy installations in the other islands of the Ryukyu group, in Formosa and in Japan itself. Its excellent harbour facilities were undoubtedly one of the main reasons for the choice of Okinawa as an objective.

Okinawa Operations Rank With Those for Normandy Invasion

These casualties included loss of 11 destroyers, the U.S.S. Bush, Colhoun, Dreiser, Emmons, Halligan, Little, Longshaw, Luce, Mannert L. Abele, Morrisou and Pringle. All are fine modern vessels designed for operating in the Pacific; the Emmons, for instance, is one of the 2,100-ton ships of the Allen M. Sumner class, considered by their builders to be the finest word in destroyer design. With the exception of the Emmons, which is a 1,700-ton destroyer adapted for minesweeping duties, the others all belong to the 2,100-ton Fletcher class. Two fleet minelayers of 1,900 tons, the Skylark and Swallow, together with two destroyers converted into transports, the Dickerson and Bates, have also been lost, as well as a number of supply vessels, landing craft and other auxiliaries. Various other warships of different categories have received damage of a more or less serious nature.

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Quarter-Deck Greetings to Our Men in the Pacific

ADMIRAL CHESTER NIMITZ, C-in-C OF THE U.S. PACIFIC FLEET and commander of all Allied Pacific naval operations, standing beneath the 16in. gun of the British battleship King George V, in the dock at Guan-ho port after being in action off the Bataan group, hailed Royal Naval co-operation in the Japanese theatre of war, it was announced on May 31, 1942. Addressing the ship's company from the quarter-deck he declared, "From the very beginning we have welcomed your coming and we will continue to welcome your help." British Pacific Fleet units pounded Truk atoll (Caroline) on June 15-16. See also facing page, and page 141
Along the Terrible Trail that Led to Wewak

Last Japanese-held port on the mainland of British New Guinea, Wewak fell to the 6th Australian Division on May 19, 1945. Two-thirds of the 30,000 enemy troops defending it perished. The remainder had but one escape route to the west—all along the difficult Allied path to victory it is especially described for "The War Illustrated" by ROY MACARTNEY.

NEW GUINEA is liberally besprinkled with sleepy mission towns and tiny trading posts which sprang overnight into the headlines when engulfed by the Japanese drive of 1942. One by one they have returned to the keeping of Australia, each with its mangled planes, bomb-blasted stones, rusting hulks, shattered bungalows and splintered palms as record of the swift rise and decline of Japan in the fluctuating fortunes of the Pacific War.

Wewak, formerly administrative centre of the Sepik River district, is such a town. Standing on a raised headland, it boasts perhaps a dozen buildings. Its narrow bay provides it a rather poor anchorage for sea-going craft, a large coral reef near the shore muffling what few natural advantages it posses. Prospectors before the war discovered rich alluvial gold at Maprik, 45 miles westward from Wewak in Torricelli Mountains, and the sleepy little port was the main supply base for the goldfields. Copra was practically the only export, and the special interest in neat coconut plantations flanking numerous missions along the flat coastal plain. There were rubber traces of oil found in the Sepik area, but although many bauxite tests were put down it was not located in any paying quantities.

Following their conquest in 1942, the Japanese quickly turned Wewak into their major air base on the northern New Guinea littoral. They enlarged the existing field at Wewak, constructed a new one at Boram, five miles to the south-east, and hacked two more miles of the jungle at Binda, 30 miles, and Dagua 20 miles to the north-west.

Wewak was a busy base, lying as it did in the line of airborne attacks the Japanese constructed to their outposts at Rabaul and Salamaua, from its fields large numbers of bombers took off daily to hammer the last Allied forces. New Guinea air. New Guinea air force. They were secretly flown into a small flat at Trill Talii, in the upper Watu Valley, beyond Wau, early in June 1943. By mid-August they had completed a formidable fighter base, and the Fifth Air Force was ready to deliver a mighty punch.

Early on the morning of August 16, 100 Mitchells, escorted by the same number of Lightnings, skimmed in low over the coconut palms at Wewak and took the Japanese completely by surprise. They had no fighters in the air, Ack-Ack guns were not manned, and at Boram 60 enemy bombers and fighters were waiting for at least an hour for the attack.

Within the space of a few minutes Allied planes had accounted for nearly 170 grounded enemy planes and added another word to their vocabulary: "Wewak" an offensive was to blast out of existence.

By January 1944 Wewak was well within the field of land operations as Australians drove along the northern coast beyond Finschhafen and the Japanese broke clear of the Vitiaz straits with landings on New Britain and in the Admiralties.

It was clear the Japanese expected the next Allied amphibious blow to fall upon Wewak. With what small craft they could still smugglle through, they rushed reinforcements to the area; and at the same time withdrew to strongly prepared positions behind the Sepik what remained of the formations the Australians had maulled on the Huon Peninsula.

When General MacArthur struck, he bypassed Wewak, landing instead at Hollandia and Aitape, 100 miles to the west; and when the 6th Australian Division of the Allied forces on the southern end of the island landed into the razor-edged mountains. Struggling over terrible terrain, they hacked and wended their way over a series of heart-breaking ridges, closing one escape track after another in the face of sporadic but desperate Japanese resistance. When the Allies reached the Boram, former gold centre, their arduous task was completed.

Meanwhile the 16th Brigade had driven forward from the holding line the Americans had established east of Aitape and were rolling up the Japanese along the flat, swampy coastal strip leading to Wewak. The numerically superior enemy stubbornly contested every yard of the way, sowing numerous mines and taking every advantage of the terrain.

Between Aitape and Wewak, Australian demolition squads constructed less than 80 bridges: a grand achievement.

Eighty miles lay behind the Austra-

lies on the opening day of the break-through inside the Japanese lines. Meanwhile the ball from the feet of the 16th Brigade.

H.M.S. Newfoundland, H.M.A.S. Hobart, supporting decked-out New Zealand and American bombers, delivered a tremendous bombardment to pave the way for the final assault late in May. The 19th swept across the base of the Wewak peninsula, then out to sea where the 800 Japanese who had remained to make a last stand. Using all its explosives and grenades, they liquidated the enemy one by one in their foxholes, caves and tunnels. Where the caves were too deep for flame-throwers to reach the fanatical defenders the Australians sealed the entrances with dynamite, thus entombing them.

An amphibious force landed ten miles east of Wewak, astride the main track leading to the Sepik escape route; and when it linked up with the main Australian force movement on the coast was complete. With Australians hot in pursuit, the shattered Japanese remnants were fleeing into the forbidding Torricelli.

So ends the story of Wewak, so costly for Japan. The fate of the luckless survivors of the garrison is a cause for regret that we prob-

ably try to make their way up the terrible terrain to the north, and other arduous early New Guinea campaigns.

EARLY spectacular results were not possible when the Australians took over last November. First, it was necessary to stem the steady stream of Japanese who were by-passing Aitape to the south through the Torricelli Mountains and making their way westward on the coast of the 17th parallel. Their drive inland into the razor-edged mountains. Struggling over terrible terrain, they hacked and wended their way over a series of heart-breaking ridges, closing one escape track after another in the face of sporadic but desperate Japanese re-

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ably try to make their way up the terrible terrain to the north, and other arduous early New Guinea campaigns.
Through Dense Grass and Jungle in New Guinea

JAPANESE BOMBERS CAUGHT ON THE GROUND BY THE R.A.A.F. at Dobos in the Mokpae sector of New Guinea were joyfully inspected by Australian infantrymen, seen (1) plunging through tall grass after seizing the vital airstrip on March 22, 1942. Near Wewak (see facing page) an Army's private carefully scrutinizes an enemy fuselage (2) whose occupants he had liquidated. Armour of the 6th Division, with protecting infantry screen, moved up to attack in the same area along a hacked-out jungle track. See also page 97.

Photo, Australian Official
FIRST FULL-DRESS RED ARMY PARADE IN BERLIN was held here in May 1945, when Col. Gen. Borzakly, Soviet Military Commander of the City, killed in a motorcycle accident on June 3rd, addressed his troops near the Tiergarten. The occasion was the return to Moscow of the Banner of Victory—the first red flag (extreme right) to be flown over the Reichstag. Badly blasted were Berlin's most famous hotels, the Adlon (bottom left). Some of the 2,250,000 German civilians who remained in the capital refused to show this rubble-blocked street (right) to order. The Joint Military representatives of Britain, the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and France announced from the Reich capital the joint occupation of the "Greater Berlin" area by forces of each of the four Powers (see facing page).
Men of Destiny Who Govern Occupied Germany

At Marshal Zhukov's headquarters on the outskirts of Berlin on June 3, 1945, there was signed by the four Allied commanders-in-chief an historic agreement for the future government of every place the German left, in four more capitulations are being pursued to be told by JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON. See also illus. pages 148 and 149.

Announced it to be their intention to consult with the Governments of other United Nations in connexion with the exercise of this authority; and if smaller Allies assisted in the occupation by sending contingents of troops these would be under the control of the C-in-C of the zone.

Administration of the Greater Berlin area is to operate under the general direction of a Control Council consisting of the four Commandants, each to serve in rotation as Chief Commandant. In these tasks each is assisted by a highly qualified staff.

**Offices of Grave Responsibility**

To ensure that all German authorities and the German people shall carry out unconditional the requirements of the Allied representatives, the Control Council has under it a permanent co-ordinating committee, composed of one representative of each of the four Commandants-in-Chief, and a control staff organized in the following divisions: military, naval, air, transport, political, economic, finance, reparations, deliveries, and restitution; internal and external affairs and communications; labor in armaments, editors of the army of war and displaced persons; manpower. There are in addition a heads of each of these divisions, one designated by each Power.

These are offices of grave and tremendous responsibility, and as adviser on political matters Field-Marshal Montgomery has the services of Sir William Strang, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.B.E., whose experience in this sphere marked him as pre-eminent fit to give head to the Government. In the Foreign Office he went to Moscow in June 1939 for negotiations (which, unhappily, proved abortive) in connection with a Mutual Assistance Agreement between the Joint Office and the Soviets in the U.K., U.S.A. and the Soviet Union in Moscow. And in November 1943 appointed U.K. representative on the European Advisory Commission and given his knighthood.

Head of the British economic division is Sir Percy Mills, whose efforts are directed at seeing that Germany never again has the opportunity of harnessing her industrial machine to the purposes of war. He knows German industry well, and is considered to be one of Britain's greatest experts on machine tools. In normal times managing director of the Birmingham engineering firm, War, he is now working without payment. Sir Percy Mills has had a striking career. He went to a council Merchant.

**MONTGOMERY TO THE GERMAN**

At a British representation on the Allied Control Commission (Marshall Zhukov representing the USA, Mr. Eden for the U.K., Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, C.O.-C-in-C of the British area in Germany, issued on June 2nd, the following proclamation to the population.

'1 have been appointed by the British Government to assume the functions of commander of the British Army. This area will be governed for the present by a number of men of whose names you have heard. But this is not the final form that will make much hard work for everyone.

'2. Those who have committed war crimes according to international law will be dealt with in peace fashion, the German people will work under my orders to provide the necessities of life for the community, and to make the economy as sound as possible. A definite program will be issued to German citizens and American citizens, soldiers and sailors, and all those authorized to act as armed forces, as a few days that they can get on with the work. The total number in the former, therefore, will be much fewer than those in the latter, and their occupations and trades will be discharged to work as we think best.

'3. I will see to it that all German soldiers and civilians are kept in touch by radio and newspapers of how the work is going on. The population will be told what to do. I shall expect to be in the field.

Field-Marshal Montgomery's chief representative for control problems is Lieut-General Sir Ronald Weeks. He served in the First Great War, and in the Second Great War as Director-General of Army Intelligence and, since 1941 as Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff—the first Territorial Army officer to get such a Staff appointment. Many were surprised as a Territorial—non-professional soldier—was given such an important post but he should be remembered that Gen. Weeks was a "Terror" as long ago as 1912 (he is now 54 years of age). A lover of hard work, he was at his post at the War Office at 9 O'clock every morning and invariably remained there until 8 in the evening. Even then his day was not complete, for he took home papers to be studied at his flat.

Son of a mining engineer, Sir Ronald Weeks wanted to follow that occupation, but his nearly a year's service on the ground, then began training as a research chemist with a firm of aircraft manufacturers, later becoming a director of the firm. Now the destiny of Europe is partly in his hands. Sir Ronald Ian Campbell, C.B., an Assistant Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, is also on the European Advisory Commission, with the rank of ambassador. Entering the Foreign Office in 1914, he has served in Washington, Paris, Brussels, Cairo and Belgrade.
Now It Can Be Told!

'OPERATION FIDO': BEATING AIRFIELD FOG

WITHIN about 15 minutes of the light-up order being given, a fog-obscured airfield can be completely cleared of this greatest natural enemy of the airman. The miracle is performed by "Fido," another astonishing all-British achievement just recently revealed. Pre-war experiments in fog dispersal were inconclusive. Now it is a matter of routine, and from exclusive R.A.F. use it is passing to civil aviation; a super-installation, the biggest and most up to date so far, is being installed at the new aerodrome at Heath Row, Middlesex.

It is another chapter in the story of the Battle of Oil. In the early days of wartime experiment, when the experts prophesied failure, the code name "Fido" was derived from the initial letters of "Fog Investigation Dispersal Operations." When the apparatus runways and had the advantage of being available for experiments by day and night.

On Nov. 19, 1943, Fido first came into operational use, when four Haifa Ixes landed successfully after a bombing expedition to the Ruhr, though the surrounding visibility was only 100 yards; ten minutes after Fido had been lit the visibility on the runway increased to the equivalent of from two to four miles. Since that day more than 2,500 Allied aircraft have been safely landed—many of them in dense fog—with their crews of over 10,000 airmen.

Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive at Christmas—the last German major offensive of the war, which was launched at a time when fog covered Europe—was halted at a critical period largely by the weight of Allied air attack because bombers were able to take off and land with the assistance of Fido.

This installation for dispersing fog to bulk by artificial heating of the air consists of three main portions, (a) burner lines, (b) pumping and distribution lines, and storage, and its crew consists of a sergeant, three corporals, 17 airmen. Pipes through which the petrol is pumped enclose the airfield in a rectangle, and through small holes at intervals in the pipes blazing petrol vapour is forced under great pressure, blowing two feet high. An aerodrome so equipped may use 70,000 gallons of fuel in an hour. So far the total of petrol consumed is 30,000,000 gallons.

WAR FACTORY UNDER HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

When doodle-bugs were falling thick and fast on London, a secret factory beneath the Houses of Parliament—in the vaults made famous by Guy Fawkes—was busy turning out weapons to counteract the flying bombs. They were new instruments, urgently needed at the coastal gunnery stations, and when the order was given to the Palace of Westminster's Munition Unit (the factory's official title) there was no delay. In a matter of hours the weapons were delivered and in action.

Flying bombs now figure only in evil dreams, but the factory still hums with great activity. For the 150 men and women have heard the call for a secret "something" designed to hasten the end of the war with Japan.

During the war with Germany there were 1,224 Alertists at the Palace of Westminster, and Parliament was hit by bombs on 12 occasions. Two of our own shells struck the building, one damaging Big Ben, the other exploding in the Royal Court. A shell crashed into the library of the House of Commons but did not explode. Total casualties were three killed and 15 wounded. And still the work went on in the factory.

Three hundred square yards it covers, comprising a large vault and several passages, and for two and a half years it has been in operation with few outside of those immediately concerned aware of its existence. Honour for its inception goes to three M.P.s, and when the idea was cautiously made known amongst those most likely to accept employment, there was no lack of response. Mostly voluntary part-time workers, the 80 men and 70 women engaged inspected and assembled 2,000,000 shell fuse parts in the first 18 months of their labours.

At one time eight different war contracts were being skillfully handled by these policemen, Cabinet Ministers' wives, mothers and daughters, Parliamentary counsel, firemen, Civil Servants, retired Army officers, young men awaiting their call-up, and others who constituted the factory's capable "hands."

The ages of these workers in the vault have...
It has been case of "All work and no play," for on occasion a grand piano and a R.A.F. dance band have been introduced into the Grand Committee Room of the Admiralty Hall. And in the early days of this year the first act of "Love in Idleness" was played before the workers: this making history in that never before had a theatrical performance been staged within the area of ancient Westminster Hall.

words to the Fleet and the shore establishments. Then I was shown the true "holly of holies," the secret Fleet Information Room, where the movements of every craft are plotted, and where the Naval Chiefs of Staff confer when they want an over-all picture of what is going on.

The Duty Captain showed me round the whitewashed walls transformed into maps, with plots of movements of hundreds of craft—no matter where a naval action is pending it is room knows all about it. And deeper still is the Radio Room, in touch minute by minute with the outposts of the Empire.

T
d was the greatest gamble the world has ever known. It was brought off under the noses of the Germans when, in 1940, Britain's gold reserve was the vital life of this country. It was totally mobilized for total war, and the vaults of the Bank of England were scraped almost bare. In bars, in shops and in any way we could to America, to pay for war supplies. Story of this modern gold rush was released in June 1945.

Our proud leaders the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth carried vast quantities of it. Rusty "tramps," whose cargoes had hitherto been of the very humblest, shared with warships the task of ferrying more of it away. Such was the haste of this transatlantic adventure, and such the activity of the ships, that at one moment there were on the High Seas consignments totalling more than £150,000,000 of gold.

From ports all over Britain the bullion ships set sail, taking in their cargoes from motor vans escorted to the docks under armed guard. Gold reserves and currency movements in the overseas countries of the Empire were "concepted," too, for the Empire's benefit, and this was concentrated at naval bases all over the world, at points where its presence was most desired.

H.M.S. KING GEORGE V, 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP, it was revealed on May 23, 1940, collided with a ship which had been "destroyed" by U-boats in May 1939, giving her a total of only a single more. (Right) Her damaged bow. See also page 131, and illus. in page 478 Vol. 6. Photo, British Official.

MANY thousands of people stared in wonderment during the last few years at an enormous, fortress-like building erected at the back of the Admiralty in London, with walls eight feet thick and guarded by A.A. guns. Here is the first description of a visit to this mystery building, known as "The Citadel." It was the Admiralty's wartime home. (See illus. in page 450, Vol. 8.)

Through the vast Admiralty buildings in Whitehall, winding round a labyrinth of passages, I was hailed by my guide in front of two massive steel doors—rather like a ship's watertight compartments, with controlling wheels by which they are closed. "This is the Citadel," be explained, as an armed policeman came forward. We were "vetted," for even high Admiralty officials cannot wander through those secret rooms and passages willy-nilly.

Thirty seconds later I was in that "hideous"—the one specially constructed so that adequate protection from air raids and other forms of enemy activity could be given to vital Admiralty departments, so that in the event of the buildings were rendered useless the work of directing the operations of the Fleet could be carried on.

We went down through the air-locks to a cool, air-conditioned atmosphere. There was a clutter of teletypes, the buzz of conversation in the biggest telephone exchange I have ever seen; the glimpse of gold braid on the sleeves of high officers. But although my guide told me that 700 people, many of them girls, worked the clock round in three shifts, I could not realize that I was in the most important building in London—if not in the whole Empire.

In the 156 rooms housing all those people were many of the Admiralty's secrets. I saw dozens of people handling messages to all parts of the world. "There is no place we cannot contact," said a senior member of the staff. "The hitherto secret place every known method of communication—teletype, radio, voice frequency, and for the not too secret messages the telephone."
Eisenhower: the Man Behind the Name

One year ago this great American led that mighty Allied venture, the and on which was set with the unconditional surrender of Germany. His command of 12,000,000 troops, he has achieved supreme command of the Allied Expeditionary Force. Now that it is all over we can step back and look at him and his achievements. Really they are remarkable. He has walked right into the history books, and his place is permanent. Because, too, his task of winning battles is done we can disobey his request and tell something about him, something that reveals Eisenhower the man. There are two stories that I particularly like.

The first one happened a few weeks after the Allied landings in North Africa. The fighting was hard and bitter. The American Army was in battle for the first time. Back in the United States the newspapers and radio networks told flamboyant stories of American achievement, until one day Eisenhower sent for the U.S. war correspondents.

"Listen, boys, you're making a mistake. Most of the fighting is being done by the British. Give them the credit. Our troops are now to this war, They'll learn—as the British had to learn."

The battle in North Africa is U.S. newspapers, while naturally continuing to give considerable space to the fighting of their own men, did tell their readers of the feats of British troops. Later events justified Eisenhower's faith in his men. The American will remember Bastogne with Bunker Hill.

The second story is more recent. Before the war a woman, who is British, married in Southern France a stainless Russian. On the collapse of France she escaped home to London, her husband remained. He fought with the Maquis and, in the liberation battles, fought in American uniform with the U.S. troops. He was badly wounded. He was taken to an American hospital, but he had no identity tags, no papers; officially he did not exist. His young wife made every effort to get him to Britain, but all failed. Finally she wrote to Eisenhower.

A few days later she had a reply; the letter expressed sympathy, told her that investigation was being made and, if the facts were true, action would be taken. It was signed "Dwight D. Eisenhower." The next day her phone rang; a pleasant American voice said: "I'm speaking for General Eisenhower. Gen. Eisenhower wants you not to worry. Just that, not to worry."

What is remarkable about that story is not the big-heartedness of the man, but the fact that Eisenhower, in command of 12,000,000 troops, is surrounded by no barrier of officialdom. His system allows him to see everything, listen to everyone. Other facts about Eisenhower are already known; he is 54, one of six sons of hard-working people. He is descended from a family which left Germany in the seventeenth century, as a protest against religious persecution.

Personal Reply to a Grievance

His army career has been achieved without influence; in 1941 he was a colonel with a reputation as a "brainy" staff man. He is unconventional and direct; he can play golf and bridge. He is married and has one son. There is something else: he avoids publicity. He is one of the few men who really mean it when he says he wants to be ignored.

When American troops flooded into Britain in preparation for the invasion, a British citizen who thought he had a grievance wrote to the U.S. authorities. The reply was a charming letter rectifying matters signed "Dwight D. Eisenhower," but the editor wanted to publish the correspondence as a clear the atmosphere of over-crowded with British and American troops. Again Eisenhower wrote: "Please, my policy is no personal publicity."

Instead he has turned the limelight on his brilliant lieutenants—men like Montgomery, beloved by Britain, on Bradley, on Patton and, especially, on his troops in the ranks, the Tommies and the G. J. Gos. But he didn't write himself. This is wrong. For long the talk has been: Of course, Eisenhower is good, but he's not a fighting man. He is the super-managing-director of the world's biggest enterprise."

That is untrue. Nor is that war had almost ended did we know good. He was. The important part he played in the strategy of the battles of the invasion, held, the astonishing manoeuvre which surrounded and broke up the U.S. forces, has been revealed only by Eisenhower's own plans.

In all ways he is a big man. Today the people are his honour. They recall with gratitude that it was he who decided on June 6 as D Day; it was he who led the liberating armies on to victory.

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GENERAL EISENHOWER "CAPTURED" LONDON on June 12, 1945, when, accompanied by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, he drove to Guildhall to be the guest of the City. Outside the Royal Arch, a band played, rifle-dancers cheered him on his way from Guildhall to the Mansion House. Later that day he walked through the streets of London as the first U.S. soldier to be so honoured.

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Photo, Central Press.
He Led Our Liberating Armies to Victory

Following his great reception in the City of London on June 12, 1945, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, left Germany for the United States on June 16 for an indefinite period. A hero's welcome awaited him at La Guardia Airport, where he would arrive from Washington after seeing President Truman; then a two-hour triumphal ride through New York to the City Hall to receive a special gold medal.
On the Normandy Beaches Were Remembered—

First anniversary—June 6, 1944—of the D-Day assault on the coast of France saw the deep scars of war being softened by Nature or slowly effaced by man's hand. A beach the British invaded (1), with the houses of Arromanches in the background. Outside Caen a farmer's team ploughed by the grave of one of our fallen (2). Probably the most completely desolate city of France, St. Lo (3) is being cleared for rebuilding. Omaha Beach (4), near Bayeux, where the Americans landed.

—Those Who Had Fallen on That Fateful Day

Tribute was paid at Arromanches by 600 British troops, Allied diplomats and thousands of French men and women at an impromptu D-Day service (5); the centre-piece a wooden altar, in the distance a crumbling line of blockships that had formed the breakwater for "Mulberry B" (see pages 430-434, Vol. III). A British naval guard of honour presented arms, aeronautists dipped their wings in salute, and Royal Marine buglers sounded the Last Post.
Nazi Invaders Would Have Been Roasted on the Sea

A terrifying reception was ready for any German seaborne force attempting to land on Britain. Among recently revealed devices of the Petroleum Warfare Dept. were heavy flame-throwers installed for the defence of the Channel Ports in 1940 (1), and a vertical type which hurled blazing fuel against low-flying aircraft (2). Yet more deadly to any landing craft was a means of setting the Channel ablaze by projecting oil into the sea from shore pipes (3), and igniting it by chemical means (4).
by Hamilton Fyle

**In the Years Between Wars**

General Smyth’s conception of democracy is too simple. He thinks the masses can take matters as they choose. He fails to allow for their abysmal ignorance, due to their being kept in the dark about everything that matters by those who ought to be their instructors—the politicians, high and low. Democracy cannot work well unless clear issues are presented to the electorate by honest men and women who desire the public good. It works well during war because there is then a perfectly clear issue—are we prepared to submit to the enemy or are we determined to win? The people, he says, are not all of them, but enough on which to form judgement.

**Misled About German Rearmament**

If they had known the facts in the 1930’s, they would have been told of the stupidity of the generals who did not believe in tanks and longed to go back to the days of cavalry, had been kept informed correctly about German rearmament, had realized how weak our Air Force was in numbers compared with Germany’s, and had been given such books as this to enlighten them, they would, I am certain, have voted overwhelmingly for a change both of methods and of men. But you cannot blame anyone for not knowing the right road to take if you have closely bandaged his eyes and thoroughly plugged his ears with cotton-wool.

**General Smyth’s plan includes Navy and Air Force as well as the Army. He wants the Defence Ministry to work together, with the assistance of a strong Defence Council. This would be far better than having Ministries and separate manage- ment for each. It would do away with a great deal of waste. If the Treasury had looked into this and made recommendations to prevent money being thrown away, many millions could have been saved years. By ‘adopting the principle that there are not three Services but one, he means to make the author, could ‘produce a better article at a reduced price.’**

**Whether we shall continue conscription for defence or not is impossible to say. General Smyth does not think we shall, because he cannot imagine any Government being bold enough to propose it, though he believes other nations do. He says that if we accept it after the experience we have had of what unpreparedness means. It would ‘simplify and cheapen our defence problem enormously and would ensure that every man was fit for a small part of his life; which would bear a share in the national defence.’ He holds that if everyone between 18 and 19 were put through physical training, lessons in citizenship, some general education and special training for the service they would give in case of need, ‘it would raise the standard of the nation and greatly benefit those undergoing it, and make for better citizenship.’ Very few who have done conscription have thought at all would disagree with that.

**Office Work in the Services**

General Smyth would like us to get into line with the Russians by abolishing ‘that very expensive institution—the peacetime form of the Office Worker’ in the army. Old days (how most subalterns used to hate them) were gone. Shouting orders over long kilt made long exits, port wine and long dinners are as dead as the dodos. There should be, he suggests, in every Service station an eating-place for all three Services run on the principle of an ordinary restaurant where meals could be obtained at moderate prices.

The officer wants his private life just as any other man does. He has his fellow officers all day; in the evening—on peace-time, of course—he wants to be able to get out of his uniform and become a private individual and dine where he likes. It was fancy uniforms, expensive messes and entertaining which made army life so expensive for the young Army officer.

Another reform the general would be glad to see is in office work which he suggests should be done not by the organizers to overhaul his office arrangements. This made the work go through more quickly and easily and it would free staff officers more time to go out and about to visit the troops. He hoped other brigades and divisions would follow the example set, but he was disappointed, and he warns us that ‘office work in the Services will lapse again to its pre-war depths if we do not insist on a high standard.’ There is far too much of it in the Services, he says, and the organizers, who are often both a tripartite, and issuing in hundreds of circulars orders that could be given verbally, printing all sorts of instructions that need not be printed at all. Annual consumption of paper by War Office alone is too great.

**General Smyth does not pretend to believe war is going to be abolished. He hopes so, but evidently thinks it unlikely. He insists that we must be ready to meet invasion. We have proved that on a large scale amphibious operations are possible. What we have done to others, others may do to us. The English have not made a stand, but no longer an inexpressible obstacle.’**

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Brigadier J. G. SMYTH, V.C., M.C., who commanded a brigade at Dunkirk and has just returned from duty in Burma, is the author of the book on defence problems reviewed here. **Page 147**

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*VIEWS & REVIEWS Of Vital War Books*
Conjuring Sanity Out of Nazi Chaos After—

DEMORSED FROM THE BEATEN WEHRMACHT. German ex-soldiers were questioned by the C.O. of No. 1 Disbandment Control Unit in the British 2nd Army area (1) after being directed to farm work. This German teacher at Ale-la-Chapelle (2) held her first lesson in re-educating Nazi youth, under Allied supervision. At Hamburg, church bells (3) plundered from occupied countries for smelting will ring again. Inhabitants of Breslau were obliged to attend pre-on-camp horror films (4).
Four Allies Assume Joint Authority in Germany

Soviet guard of honour for Field-Marshal Montgomery lined up at the Tempelhof airport, Berlin (1), when he arrived on June 5, 1945, to sign with General Eisenhower, Marshal Zhukov and General de Lattre de Tassigny—the historic four-power agreement assuming supreme authority in Germany and dividing the country into four occupation zones. Marshal Zhukov (2, left) enjoyed a joke with Monty and Eisenhower. Before signing, the delegates assembled at Zhukov’s H.Q. (3). See also page 135.

Photo, British Newspaper Pool, Associated Press
Towards the end of May 1945, while negotiations between France—the mandatory Power—and Syria and Lebanon were taking place, it was learned that severe disturbances had followed the landing of French reinforcements in the Levant. Conversations ceased immediately, and skirmishes took place between the Arabs and the French and Senegalese forces. Syrian and Lebanese soldiers desecrated their French officers and joined their compatriots fighting in Damascus, Homs, Aleppo, and the Jebel Druze. Damascus, age-old capital of Syria, was bombarded and shelled by the French forces.

Repercussions were soon felt not only throughout the Arab world but among the Great Powers. Arab solidarity, reinforced by the bonds of the recently created Arab League (see page 398, Vol. 8), which aims at federation of all Arab States, quickly manifested itself in protest. Egypt complained to those countries to which she has accredited diplomats; a strike was proclaimed in certain rendezvous, and that this should have been the occasion for breaking off negotiations between the Levant States and the French Government for a general settlement. His Majesty's Government are in constant consultation with the United States Government, and in constant contact with the parties concerned, regarding these developments.

The Syrian and Lebanese Ministers in London in a statement said:

If France does not recognize the facts which she has been trying to ignore for the last twenty-five years, namely the desire and determination of Syria and Lebanon to be completely independent States, and to exercise their legitimate rights as such, this crisis is bound to increase in intensity, and to become less amenable to settlement.

The diplomat were not mistaken. The revolt spread, increasing in violence, until the British Government, with the approval of the Government of the United States, decided to intervene. Mr. Eden read in the House of Commons on May 31 a communication addressed to General de Gaulle requesting the French forces to cease fire and be reopened. Thus the affair had vastly outgrown its original proportions.

Mr. Churchill, in the House of Commons on June 5, while willing to discuss these subjects, pointed out that if all the Great Powers were to be invited it might considerably delay the settlement of a matter that should not be left long in abeyance.

The Main Trend of Happenings

Before detailing the points at issue between the Levant Republics and France, it would be advisable to recapitulate briefly the main trend of happenings in the history of French interest in the Levant. In accordance with the Anglo-French Convention of 1919, Great Britain withdrew from the Levant in favour of France. The mandate was granted to France in 1920 by the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers, and confirmed by the League of Nations Council in 1922. This area, with a combined population of something under four millions, is vital strategically, being not so far from Suez, in the south, within striking distance of the Middle Eastern oilfields, and communicating with the Persian Gulf to the east. Although these Arab peoples are mixed (Druzes, Alawites, Christians and Muslims) there is no friction or disagreement, particularly on the issue of independence.

After the First Great War the Sykes-Picot agreement had recognized France's "special position" in Syria and Lebanon, (General Gouraud succeeded Geick at Picio as High Commissioner at Beirut in November 1920). This treaty had provided for an independent Arab kingdom embracing Damascus, Aleppo, Homs and Hama; and the Emir Feisal, son of the King of the Hijaz, ascended the throne in March 1920. In July, the Syrian National Congress unanimously adopted a democratic constitution, by which Syria was declared to be united on a basis of decentralization.

The French High Commissioner, who had been confined to the small area of Lebanon, issued an ultimatum to Feisal. After a brush with the Arab army, French forces entered Damascus. On November 17, 1925, General Gouraud, French High Commissioner at Beirut, issued a Declaration of the Independence of Lebanon—a marked constitutional advance. Five years later, another revolt broke out, which, after a series of episodes when their delegation to the French authorities was imprisoned. At last, in 1936, the French offered the Syrians rights upon which they could be transferred to those obtained from Britain by Iraq. But in September 1938 the French refused to ratify their 1936 treaty, in which they had guaranteed independence within three years; trouble in the Levant followed, and the High Commissioner declared that no one should have any illusions as to the "permanence of French rule in Syria." After the French and Lebanese announcements of the independence of the Levant in 1941 and 1943, its independence was recognized unconditionally by all the Great Powers and accredited diplomatic representatives to countries abroad where Levantines interests were involved.

The present French demands are for bases in the war against Japan, troop movements, and protection. The Syrians and Lebanese. These are resisted by the Levant Republics on the ground that they are internationally recognized as independent and sovereign; therefore, they say, they are at liberty to behave as such, and to grant no rights if they so desire—particularly for the Japanese war, when there are, they say, better and nearer bases open to the French.
Strange Royal Naval Contrasts in the Aegean

FORMERLY A SYRIAN TRADING SCHOONER, H.M.S. RAGEA, of 275 tons, acted as a supply ship for Allied coastal forces in the tricky waters of the Aegean; she is seen off the Greek coast unloading a torpedo on to the deck of a M.T.B. of the Royal Navy. Retaining all her old rigging and fittings from the placid days when she sailed with wine, oil, and fruit between Syrian ports and the Central Mediterranean, she was commissioned on her wartime duties by Lieut. O. L. Hooker R.N.Z.N.V.R., of Auckland, pacetim's sign-writer and yachting enthusiast.
U.N.R.R.A. Now Busy in Stricken Yugoslavia

DELIBER OF 500,000 TONS OF SUPPLIES FOR THE BALKANS was discussed at this conference (1) between representatives of the British Army, U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration), and the Yugoslav State Commission at Split, in hunger-stricken Yugoslavia, just before U.N.R.R.A.—as announced on June 2, 1945—took over relief work from the Allied military authorities. British Military Liaison Officer, Brigadier C. P. Forester-Walker (centre), presided. Consignments range from British-made farm tractors (2) to Red Cross supplies (3), seen being unloaded at Split. See also pages 46 and 469, Vol. 8.

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I flew yesterday afternoon over the D Day beaches. The sea, dully gleaming like a pewter dish, dipped on the edges of an empty shore. In 50 miles from the entrance to the channels leading into Carentan and Saint-Vaast the Rade de Caen, a handfull of American soldiers were the only living creatures to be seen on the sands, and what they were doing I do not know. The scene of the most titanic enterprise of Western Europe's military history which began a year ago today has become a desert.

Rainwater gleams in the open shell and bomb holes. Where a patient farmer has filled them in poppies redden and fill in the outlines. Mulberry Harbour, amazingly durable, though partially dismantled, glows with rich yellows, orange, reds and soft lilac hues. Rust has painted it thus. Oil still leaking from the half-sunken ships so skillfully laid along its banks, will form the breakwaters makes its pattern of mother-of- pearl on the slow swell.

Nothing is as it was in this perishing memorial to the Britons and Americans who gave new glory to the world a year ago. I flew out from an airfield hard by Chalgrove Field in Oxfordshire, in a two-engined plane piloted by Officer Commanding C Squadron of the 249th (54 A.A.) Arkansans. It was hard, so much has happened between these two dates. We flew back these 12 months. Even the wind, which looked as if it was going to reproduce last year's conditions, had abated.

The mind's eye peopled the water with thousands of ships of that other June, but you can't ever convince yourself that we had made our landingfall over Pointe de Barfleur, taken by the American First Army before Omaha fell, and flown down over the beaches first at 1,000 feet, then at treetop height; did we see so much as a sail.

Now we could peer into the ruins of the houses. Now we could see the first of the actual landing beaches. One above all which no American will ever forget. They called it Omaha. In nine months with the great American First Army I have learned to know and love Americans. This was the place at which they came ashore, most of them seeing Europe for the first time. Here many died, some were buried in the sands. The sea has washed over their resting-places. The rustling hulks of landing barges and decks and here and there a merchant ship which has been blown ashore are there among their memorials. Their comrades went on, and many of them were friends of mine. I looked down on the beach and inland towards St. Lo, where the First Army cracking the German defences began the great run which was not to stop until Germany was reached.

Remembering the breaking of the Siegfried Line, the capture of Aachen, the drive to the Rhine and the taking of Cologne, the triumph of Remagen bridge and the great break-out which brought the men of this army to the Elbe, it seemed as though all those scenes were telescoped into one, and that for ever memorable.

Mingled Skeletons of Landing-Craft

The plane swung lower still, edging over the Normandy hedges of ash and dune again to the beach level. Now we flew flying, the rim of ocherous cliffs against which winter storms had flung the wrecks of three and four thousand tonners, mingling them with the skeletons of landing-craft of every size.

We saw the German defences, the pill-boxes smashed and powdered, some with the tatters of camouflage netting draped over them. Here we were in the British sector.

I saw Norway in the Hour of Her Greatest Joy

Welcome which the people of Oslo gave to King Haakon when he arrived home from exile on June 7, 1945, tens or thousands of thousands of hours in recent years to memorize and to appreciate. The throngs in Oslo greeted their King on his return and were the throngs the people who came to greet the King on his return.

I flew to Oslo in a Sunderland flying boat of the Royal Norwegian Air Force, the crew of which were on their way home for the first time in five years. As the rugged coastline of their native land thrust itself through the blue of the North Sea, the Norwegian airmen exchanged salutations and later, over the little fishing villages which hug the sheltered slopes of the mountains in creks and fiords, the pilot urged his wings in greeting to its countrymen. Below us, the shadow of the great flying boat leaped the fiords and flitted triumphantly over field and mountain, bringing children and old folk running out to wave.

After a perfect landing on the shimmering water of Oslo Fiord we drove through the daily boggled streets of the city where thousands had gathered outside the Royal Palace to welcome Crown Prince Olaf, who had arrived by cruiser a few hours earlier (see illus. p. 76). British airborne troops and a few R.A.F. men were mingling with the crowds and everywhere they were being given a rousing welcome.

For several days the Norwegians in Oslo did little work. They thronged the streets and missed no opportunity for celebration. Allied troops were besieged by children for autographs and where they could, they sang their national anthem and traditional songs. Just when things were...
beginning to return to normal, new events, such as Constitution Day on May 17, the Whitman Bank Holiday, and the arrival by sea and air of notable Norwegian and Allied personalities, brought rejoicing crowds into the streets again.

Unfortunately, it will probably be some time before Germans are out of Norway. The towns were cleared in the first few days after the liberation and the Germans have been collected—or have collected themselves—in reservation camps where they will await compulsory disarmament. Here are not sufficient Allied troops to supervise the job.

The roads leading out of Oslo have been packed with German convoys, nearly all of them unescorted by our troops but all flying the white flag of surrender. For the most part the Germans are docile and ready to co-operate. Later will come the problem of transport—when the Allied authorities in Germany signal that evacuation can start. Meanwhile, the last of the quislings are being enthusiastically hunted down by members of the Norwegian Home Front. Norway’s Resistance Movement is now revealed as one of the best in Europe. It had many branches and its work was always well co-ordinated.

The R.A.F. Kept Them Supplied

I asked a Norwegian army officer, who had been sent home to organize a Resistance group, what would have happened if the Germans in Norway had decided to hold out. He said that such an eventuality had been foreseen and that everything had been taken care of. Everyone in the Resistance knew exactly what his job was to be—every street of every town and village was mapped down to the last detail. As long as the R.A.F. kept them supplied and they had some airborne help, they would have beaten the Germans.

The Home Front in Norway was 50,000 strong and there would have been many more members but for the fact that for two years recruiting was stopped so that there should be no German infiltration into the Movement. Most colourful of the patriots are the big, blonde young men who took to the mountains to wage active warfare against the Germans with arms dropped to them by British supply planes. They ambushed convoys, made road-blocks and often fought alongside the Norwegian regulars.

Those who carried on the underground work in the cities and towns lived even more dangerously. Under the noses of the Gestapo they smuggled men out of the country to fight in the armies overseas and organized acts of sabotage. If they were caught they were shot by the Gestapo and most of them disappeared for ever.

In the first fortnight after the liberation in Norway, according to every account, every street and every office block was guarded by the patriots. When darkness fell they brought their guns down to the ready and they did not unsling their rifles. Going home at night their work would follow them; every step you would never be out of sight—or out of range—of a Resistance man.

You must forgive us if we seem a little warlike,” one of their leaders told me, “but we cannot take chances as long as there are quislings and Germans still about. The boys have been forced to fight underground for so long that it is strange to be out in the open in their uniforms and arm bands.”

All over Oslo there is evidence of the patriots’ work of sabotage. Blocks of offices which housed German military and civil administration officials were blown sky-high. In one day last year no fewer than 30 explosions kept Nazi fire tenders and rescue squads dashing all over the city.

Many Norwegians still wear their concentration camp numbers on their civilian clothes. It was almost a matter of pride to be “concentrated,” despite the bad conditions which prevailed in the camps. I heard of one old woman of 70, who was a regular “customer” for repeatedly defying the Germans. She was serving her fifth term of imprisonment when freed by the Resistance on Liberation Day.

If there are any doubts about how the Norwegians feel towards their British and American liberators they can be quickly dispelled by the readiness of thousands of Norwegian patriots to volunteer for the war against Japan. One patriot, just released from a German prison, asked me how soon it would be before he and his colleagues could be shipped to the Far East. I asked him why he was so anxious to fight the Japs—had he not had enough of war and suffering? He replied: “Are we not Allies? We should be failing in our duty if we did not go!”

When he was certain he had been detected, the Jap screamed at the top of his voice, using the little English he knew in a bid to save his life. We lowered the dinghy and caught him before he could reach the opposite bank. The prisoner turned out to be a very scared officer, convinced that he was going to be executed. But when we treated him as an officer, allowing him the use of the telephone, he appeared to regain his confidence. He was a well-educated man, with a university degree, and he had been employed in an official capacity in Tokyo.

He was allowed to appear over our loud-hailer system to his comrades to give themselves up. Unable to escape by sea, they had been wandering in the mangroves for days without food or water. But probably because of the denseness of the mangroves preventing those more than a few yards inland from hearing his appeals, the attempt was abortive.

Later he was handed over to the authorities on shore, and placed temporarily in a hut. I was amazed to learn that here he turned to his guard, pulled open his shirt, and said, “Now shoot me!” The astonished guard called an officer, and it transpired that, unconvinced by our correct and humane treatment he still thought he was to be executed.

Those Japanese who attempted to escape and refused to surrender when challenged received short shift. One small boat camouflaged with bushes, shot out of a creek, paddled furiously by a party of Japs. We opened fire and soon reduced the boat to a wreck. On casing fire, we shouted to any possible survivors to surrender. There was no reply. But at least one swimmer continued on his course to the other bank, so we re-opened fire until there were no survivors left. We finally brought the remains of the boat alongside, and it found one dead Jap and an officer’s sword, which now hangs in our ward room. I think we accounted for six to ten of the enemy on that occasion. Landing craft and other M.L.s added to the bag. The channel proved a death trap for the blockade-runners, and enemy bodies were floating past for days.

**—**

**KING HAAKON OF NORWAY and the Crown Princess have turned their people’s cheers when they drove through Oslo on June 7, 1945, the day of His Majesty’s return after exactly five years in exile.**

**RGT. A. J. WILSON, R.A.F. (right), who tells the story commencing in page 151, talks with a Norwegian patriot who is building in Oslo and who a few weeks previously had been filming the Haakon in the hills.**
There are no lifts for the Germans who have taken to the highways. They trudge, and keep on trudging. Or men and women take turns between the shafts of a cart when no horse is available; nothing on wheels has been written off as useless, says John Gilbert, correspondent of The Star.

Hitch-hiking would provide relief for those with blistered feet. If one could quickly come to the English language, things would be better. There are no sidewalks for Germans who take to the highways. A military policeman, who says, thinking of his own family in California, "but it was tougher on the kids in Russia, Poland, France, Belgium, and other places, where the Germans plastered the roads with bombs and cannon shells"

He obviously does not find non-fraternal easy when he looks into the smiling, appealing eyes of children. With him, as with so many more, it is an eternal conflict between heart and reason. Men and women, deported by the German armies, and forced to toil on farms and factories, no longer find the enmity of their enemies, but have been persuaded to remain in the camps, and carry their burdens.

Sometimes the wait brings romance. In one town where I passed which I cannot name, German women interrupted their work to wave at the bridge as a trampy passed along in two carriages, each driven by a pair of prancing horses. The bride, a Pol, and her bridesmaids were in white. The bridegroom, too, came from Poland. A military policeman, who hailed me at the crossroads, grinned and said: "We all like Americans."

I guess just such a date would be romantic, or any time you send me back in the States!"
Four new types of British aircraft are now available for use against the Japanese. There are fighters and one a bomber. It is certain that in speed and altitude power Japanese army and navy aircraft will be outclassed by them. The special feature of Japanese aircraft construction has been light structure weight and small fuselage cross-section; the first of these qualities has given Japanese aircraft a fast rate of climb and good maneuverability; the second has produced a good turn of speed for the engine power employed. Their defects have been absence of armour protection for the air crew, and relatively light armament.

The most powerful Japanese zero-engine so far reported is the Nakajima Hien, an 18-cylinder air-cooled radial of 2,000 h.p., which by means of water injection can produce in emergency a still greater power output. Japanese engineers have succeeded in squeezing this power from this engine 463 inches in diameter, against the 52 inches of the Bristol Hercules of 1,650 h.p. Their intention is obviously to keep their fuselages slim so that they will gain the utmost speed value from the aeroplane using the Homare engine, thereby profiting from the small stature of the average Japanese.

Two aircraft are known to be powered with this engine, the Nakajima Myrt, a reconnaissance plane with a speed of over 390 m.p.h., and the Frank, an Army single-seat fighter, also made by Nakajima, having a speed of about 430 m.p.h. and armed with two cannon-guns and two half-inch machine-guns. It was possibly a Frank that was encountered by the U.S. naval pilot on June 3 during a carrier-plane raid on Kyushu. This pilot reported being unable to keep up with the Japanese aircraft; but two days later it was denied in Washington that the Japanese had aircraft superior in performance to the Americans. Probably it all depends which aircraft met which.

FASTEST Aircrane in the World Today is the 900 m.p.h. Vampire

The three new British fighters are all superior to the Frank. The De Havilland Vampire, a single-engined gas-turbine fighter, was the first aircraft in the world to fly at more than 500 m.p.h., and is claimed to be today the fastest airframe in service in the world. The De Havilland Hornet is a scaled-down version of the Mosquito, re-designed throughout for fighter duty; it has two Rolls-Royce Merlin engines and a top speed of over 470 m.p.h. Vickers Armstrongs have produced the Spifire, a single-seat fighter, with a Rolls-Royce Griffon engine and a speed of more than 460 m.p.h. The Hornet is the fastest propeller-driven aircraft in the world, and it combines this speed with long range, a quality necessary for the Pacific war. The Hornet was drawn, built and began its first test flights in exactly twelve months.

The new bomber is the Avro Lincoln, a development of the Lancaster, carrying the heaviest bombs over a greater range and at a faster speed than the Lancaster. It is air bombardment devices from continuity.) Forty vessels were hit in the decks and most were sunk. Others were sunk in the river. (I have heard that at one time nearly 250 vessels were affected.)

The worst incident was that of the Malakand, laden with 430 tons of ammunition for the Middle East. She was hit, but the damage was controlled, and everything appeared to be safe until overhead a barrage balloon caught fire and fell blazing on to the ship. There was a terrific explosion. The Malakand blew up. Afterwards I saw the dock where she lay and it was a horrifying spectacle, the graveyard of a dead ship, its twisted frame lying in a huge hole that was unrecognizable as a dock. During the London blitz the traffic of the Port of London was 15 per cent. of its pre-war volume. One ship was sunk by an air-laid mine at The Pool, just below Tower Bridge. By 1942 it was handling 90 per cent of its pre-war traffic.

GREATERS Directed via Radio Phone by R.A.F. Controller

Details of the radio radar interception of enemy aircraft have also come out. The radar ground equipment enabled each R.A.F. controller to direct his fighters by radio telephony, giving them the course and heading to fly. When each aircraft was close enough to enable the pilot to use the radar fitted in his aircraft he was changed from G.C.I. (ground control of interception) to A.I. (air interception). But it should not be forgotten that the aircraft plots in the operations rooms were all the time flowing in from the posts of the Observer Corps, with 12,000 men scanning the whole area of the country. Fighter interception after the installation of radar in the planes became more deadly, because it enabled the pilot to see and overcome his difficulty of lack of vision in the dark.

The difference between the war in Europe and in the Far East is revealed in the figures of Bomber Command for the whole war. Out of a total of 935,000 tons of bombs dropped, 196,355 tons were incendiaries; against Japan the U.S.A. 21st A.F. drops scarcely any high explosives and concentrates on incendiary warfare.

Kobe, sixth city of Japan, was attacked on June 5 by 450-500 Super-Fortresses with incendiary bombs; eight Super-Forts were lost. On June 7 the undamaged part of Osaka got 2,500 tons from over 450 Super-Forts. On June 10, towns in Honshu—Chiba, Tomioka, Hamahatsu, Kasimagura, Tachikawa and Sakagawa was attacked by 150-200 Super-Forts with 150 Mustangs as fighters. Like the Germans, the Japanese are unable to prevent the bomber from tremendously exceeding its target. The Japanese, themselves admitted that Lancasters bombed Hong Kong on June 13.

The Japanese have produced a small glider bomb which, released from an aeroplane, is steered to contact with its target by a suicide pilot. How long the Japanese air training scheme can stand the loss rate of one pilot per aircraft per raid remains to be seen. No Western Power could supply the manpower and training required to replace these methods.

Aircraft combined with surface units in a 72-hours' beach defence bombardment in British North Borneo before the Australian 9th Division went ashore in Brunei Bay and on Labuan Island at dawn on June 10. The01 short-wave VHF40-equipped aircraft command centre was quickly captured. (See illus. page 130.)

Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, leader of the 21st Bomber Command, was crashed in the Alps on June 10. His airship was carrying 300 tons of Aberdeen grain, and as a result of this and other attacks the attack on the new Japanese steel mill was postponed. On November 17, 1944, whilst flying to the East.
Carriers of Death Over the Heart of Japan

SUPER-FORTRESSES FLEW OVER FUJITAMA, Japan's 12,000-foot "sacred" mountain sixty miles south-west of Tokyo, on one of their many raids on the enemy capital. Also Tokyo-bound were another flight of these giant bombers (bottom), winging their way through billowing clouds. It was disclosed on June 26, 1945, that Tokyo had experienced no fewer than 13 raids by Super-Fortresses between November 17, 1944, and May 30, 1945, mostly by aircraft based on the Marianas, midway between Japan and New Guinea.
SOMEBEWHERE in the lumber-room of my mind there has lain for many a year the recollection of what I had considered a fine example of the skill with which the Muse of History sometimes dramatizes her story. In the far-off days when the Green Bay Poles were on the march at war with each other, or in temporary league against the Medes, or the Asiatic Greeks, the galleys of the Athenian navy, on returning to the Piraeus after an engagement in which they had suffered reverse, would hoist black sails to warn the crowds, waiting by the "long walls," to welcome them, that they came with bad news. At that was what I seemed to remember from youthful reading, and I thought of this when, in very different circumstances, the boats arrived at British ports flying black flags. I have failed, how- ever, to verify my reference to this ancient use of the black flag, but I reiterate the suggestion on the ground that my youthful friends may have dreamt it. An ingenious dream it would have been! It may be, as my friend also suggests, that I am merely confusing it with the myth of Theseus and the Minotaur. Returning from Crete, where he had slain the Minotaur and escaped from the Labyrinth, so runs the legend, Theseus was to carry a black sail on his return to Athens, in token of his success; but he forgot to change the black sail with white, and the boat was lost. Joppe, Aegaeus, King of Athens, seeing the black sail on the horizon, took alarm, set sail all night, and was never seen again from the Acropolis hill in his despair. In my vain research I have at least discovered that Tamerlane, some twenty centuries later than the Heroic Age of Greece, showed how things can be lost; for he was bereft of his fleet, it had held out too long for his liking, as a matter of fact, and he was not willing to be merciful to its defenders, but would put them all to the sword. In other words, "Yours is the most deadly of names," gave to one of the greatest contributions to victory of British inventive genius and enterprise (see illus. page 120), was not arbitrarily chosen but, on the contrary, actually translated for "Pipe Line Under The Ocean." For a moment I suspected that explosives hidden in other famous code names of the war, like Mulberry, and Dynamo (the Navy's official name for the operation that most people call the miracle of Dunkirk), the names of men, and passwords, for innumerable exercises no less than for actual operations, seems to be of one of a war's supreme secrets, and an essential charm of such words lies in their sheer militarily-inconsequentiality. There is reason for this too: the more unlikely the word, the more unrelated to any hint of the reality for which it stands, the greater the security. Members of the Home Guard and Civil Defence who took part in an intensive week-end exercise over the London area will remember and (so will her wives) the telephone call or police call that roused them from their beds at 4 a.m. with the words "Gaddly swt gadgly"—lustous in themselves but enough to send men stumbling hurriedly into the darkness to their appointed posts without any breakfast. There were other equally foolish sounding code words known to every Home Guard, which fortunately never had to be utilized. A very simple example of a nomenclature was established in September 1916, with the object of providing a weapon of war—a British invention, let it never be forgotten—I speak of the blancmange munichs originally spoke of "heavily armoured vehicles of a new type," but in factories, assembly shops, and testing grounds they had been called, for reasons of security, tanks. When the secret was out the soldiers insisted on adopting this word.

A PILOT officer, who received his training at an R.A.F. cadet school in Arizona, passed me a copy of a small-town paper, the Arizona Courier, published in Phoenix, Arizona. An entire page is given to the announcement of a Rugger match which the R.A.F. cadets were playing among themselves for the benefit of war charities. "Bril- liant Cadets Collide Saturday Night in Union Stadium Feature," the headline reads; and the introductory paragraph enlarges on the theme in words that could have been put together only in the U.S.A.:

Rugby football, a game more grueling than that played on the American gridiron, goes on display for the department of Salt River Valley (london one week from tomorrow night.

The writer is anxious to impress upon his American readers that in this strange "ACTION-PACKED game the rules recognize no substitutes, no "time out," and no protective padding. He also stresses the fact that there is a " lone referee." In a huge advertisement covering the rest of the page, leading local advertisers combine in a salute to the British players. "We whose signatures appear below, as ardent boosters of whatever sport appears a characteristic long common to our two peoples, wish to take this means to salute you." There is no doubt that our R.A.F. boys are great ambassadors, and that the good citizens of Phoenix, Arizona, have taken them to their hearts.

The dizziest hint of the Isolationist campaign, no, in full swing, and unabated, is the Hearst and McCormick Press of the United States has been suggested over here—in the belief, presumably, that least said is soonest ended. Which is a poor tribute to the sensible-thinking people of the two great English-speaking nations, each of whom can surely afford to inspect the other's warts at close quarters and-and take the hint at a remedy. As an editor I consider it my duty to try to let my friends at home see what their American cousins (or some of them) are thinking about—only even is it not always palatable and is often hopelessly wide of the mark. A friend has just sent me, for instance, some recent issues of the Hearts-controlled Chicago Herald-American with a remarkable outburst from San Francisco by one Samuel Crowther, described as noted author and economist. Writing just before V Day, this noted author frankly declared, "The question is not what Russia wants, or what Britain wants, or what this or that country wants. The great question is what the United States wants!" He went on, "I am not prepared to believe that this war, once it comes it will be an American victory. That is not mere breast-beating (sic), but a plain statement of fact. Our men and armour, our seas and the battle zone, are not in Europe, Germany and Japan from overrunning the earth. No one fought for us. We have done it in one hell of a war. Italy and France were invaded by the English, and France and Italy were nearly alone in Europe. The military situation is such that we can finish the job entirely alone. Indeed we might be stronger, and certainly more successful, with fewer cares, if we cut off Land-Lease. To call a million of which one has been long as we know—we know!" Not for the first time in the war has the United States underestimated the intelligence of its vast numbers of readers, I feel.

I have frequently mentioned in these Post-scripts that on May 30th Admiral Robert(Vice-Admiral D. W. BOYD, C. E., C.S.E.
D.S.C., formerly Fifth Sea Lord, the announce-ment of whose appointment as Admiral (Admiral Sir), was made on June 12, 1944. His Highness the Aga Khan, the spiritual leader of the world's Ismailis, arrived in New York for the Ismaili Congress. Admiral Boyd is announced as the British official representative of the British isles and the groups of aircraft carriers used for training.

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To this extent I am happy to meet the wishes of the Editor of The Irish Press.
In Britain Now: Back to the Ways of Peace

EVA CUES children and mothers from London—over 400 of them—returned home from Leicester on June 9, 1945, by the RMS "HMS. Although the Midlands had been happy, they were all smiles on arrival at St. Pancras station (left).

GERMAN PRISONERS, all women, filed on board a train at Tilbury (below) on June 15, on route for the Rhine, where they had been detailed to work in the coalfields under Allied military supervision. It was announced on May 25 that a group captured on the Elba would be brought here to form labourers and over 30,000 were to be employed in the building trades.

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OUR C.D. AND ALLIED SERVICES were inspected by their Majesties, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, at a farewell parade in Hyde Park. A nursing detachment marched past the saluting base, and the Prince of Wales and Queen visited the Channel Islands for the first time since the liberation: at Cante Park, Guernsey (below, right).

LAST OF THE SHELTER BUNKS was removed from this London Tube station on May 31 after 7 years in service. A total of over 1,655 three-tier bunk for air-raid shelters.
This Battle For Britain Is Not Yet Ended

CLEARING OUR BEACHES OF MINES, a task which has been going on since August 1940, had so far cost the Royal Engineers 9½ officers and men killed and 38 wounded or blinded; it was announced on May 31, 1946. Air power, using about £1,500 (see above on the beach at Great Yarmouth), is one of the devices used; slung from a crane, it cracks the sand with water jets and reveals the mines. The sapper in control is protected by a screen of heavy armour plating. See also page 424, Vol. 5.