FAMOUS DRUM OF THE 5TH BATTALION GORDON HIGHLANDERS, which fell into Nazi hands at St. Valery-sur-Somme in May 1940, and was recovered by an American officer in Germany almost five years later, was handed over to Brigadier J. R. Sinclair, D.S.O., commanding the 133rd Brigade, by General Wade Hardie, the U.S. 7th Army’s new commander, at an impressive ceremony in the Koenigplatz, Munich, on June 7, 1945. Bearer of the First Great War, it was proudly carried by Corporal Willie Simm (above) at the parade which followed the presentation ceremony.
The Monsoon Delays Our Final Blow in Burma

IN RANGOON, after its fall on May 3, 1945, British troops inspected the "New Law Courts," built by the Japanese for special Allied prisoners, closely guarded in tiny wooden cells (1). On the Mawbi Road, a grove of jungle highway running east into the Shan hills from Toungoo, the going was sticky for the mud-clogged Sherman tanks (2) caught in the monsoon in mid-June (1945). A signaler of the 16th Army at work (3). From the front line, under fire, these men kept communications going through the whole of the 550 miles advance from Assam to Rangoon. In one year up to April 1945, the headquarters signals of the 32nd Indian Corps alone sent 10,000 miles of code and transmitted over 350,000 messages. Commander of Allied land forces, South-East Asia, General Sir Oliver Leese (4, left) discussed operations with staff officers at Brigade HQ in Burma.
 inplace of the occupation in the air. It is probable, however, that the Japanese are husbanding their reserves for the time when their bases would be used against the transports of an invading force. If and when landings are attempted, suicide attacks even more determined than those at Okinawa must certainly be expected. Although the Allied offensive is far in advance of schedule and the Japanese believe that invasion is imminent, it seems improbable that preparations for such a great under-taking can as yet be complete. Soothing up processes are well advanced, but I am afraid that some recent statements made by a senior American officer as regards the ease with which Japan can be invaded and finally crushed may prove misleadingly optimistic. At this stage it would be best to be content with the very remarkable progress of current operations.

The Japanese are undoubtedly, and justifiably, alarmed by the possibility of loss of morale. It is possible they may lose their heads and become confused, but I doubt if that will affect their willingness to fight to the death or to counter-attack fiercely. Until we see Japanese troops beginning to desert in large numbers it is safer to conclude that the end of the war in the Far East is not yet in sight.

That Japanese pilots now rarely accept certain probabilities, possibly a manifestation of lowered morale, for that is the normal policy of the weaker side desirous of profiting more of its enemy. From all available hand, few cases have been reported of flinching of suicide attacks, although some evidence of lack of training in the delivery of the attacks. Without assuming that all Japanese pilots are ready to undertake suicide missions the possibility that large numbers of those in reserve training for specialized training has to be considered.

That Admiral Nimitz has now with impudence been able to bring the guns of his fleet into action on a maximum scale against shore targets is, however, best proof of the extent to which the enemy's naval and air defences have broken down. It has been no mere hit-and-run attack, but a deliberate bombardment of places where strong resis-tance might have been expected.

CHINA There are increasing signs that the Japanese are withdraw-ing from south China to the line of the Yangtze, and possibly a further withdrawal to the Yellow River is envisaged. War im-plications have already been established in north China and Manchuria, and they evidently are being expanded. Raw material which not only the Japanese need in these areas, and Japanese man-power is sufficient to provide large forces for the defence of the northern zone. Meanwhile, the Chinese operations in the south are proceeding favourably. A number of airfields have been recaptured and Chinese troops have advanced southwards up to the Indo-China frontier. The difficulty of maintaining adequate supplies of war material still, however, remains a limiting factor to the number of troops that can be employed and to the use that can be made of them. There is, therefore, not much prospect that the withdraw-als made by the Japanese will be hastened to any great extent.

The future course of events is on the whole unpredictable, and above all it is impossible to forecast how long Japan's will to maintain a ruinous struggle may last. Her troops are suffering from exhaustion, while the fact of having to face the sacrifices involved should not be underestimated, and has not yet been fully represented in the scale of war casualties when she surrendered.
These Ingenious Nazi Weapons Arrived Too Late

A 36-cm. SELF-PROPELLED MORTAR, weighing 120 tons (1), was among the monstrous weapons devised by the Germans, but never used against us: it is capable of firing a 1-ton projectile 14,000 yds. With a reputed range of 80 miles, these 40-ft. long pipeline "projectors" (2), were found beside the French cliffs and trained directly on London. They were intended to fire a round-the-corner rifle (3), fitted with special sight that more than once played havoc with the Londoners. Lord Beaverbrook, former Minister of Aircraft Production, declared that on the day the first V2 was launched against Britain, every other form of war weapon was rendered obsolete.
Hitler's Worst Nightmare Was Never Like This

FROM THE BALCONY OF THE REICH CHANCELLERY Hitler was wont to harangue his followers (1). "The Nazi State will survive for 1,000 years!" he thundered on May 4, 1945. Four years later his favourite balcony, and other edifices (2)—Brasil soldiers who gazed down curiously on the shattered remains of the Fuehrer's capital. Within the Chancellery itself the great main hall was a devastation open on the sky (3). Half-a-mile away, on the pillared facade of the gutted Reichstag, men of the Red Army had left their mark (4).
that she must have been obtaining supplies from somewhere, or was concealed in some harbour for part of the time. Since the foregoing was written, the presence in Argenti-
nine waters of a second U-boat has been reported.

It is tempting to speculate whether, in fact, U530 may not have made her escape from a German port immediately prior to the surren-
der, in order to facilitate the escape of war criminals. It may be assumed that the United Nations will insist on the submarine and everyone belonging to her being given up, in order that a strict inquiry may be made into all the circumstances of the case. Failing some such action, there would very soon be a whispering campaign set on foot in Germany to the effect that the U-boat was taken to safety in her, to return in due

JAPANESE CARGO SUBMARINE, 137 ft. long, was captured by the U.S.S. za think, 1941, and is going to be repaired and put on public display. It was found abandoned by the enemy in Lingayen Gulf in the Philippines, some of heavy weather, is going to be in San Francisco for display.

the replenishment of about 400, all seem to have been lost except 33 picked up by the Lampart and Hot Inter Balte, and 42 who reached the island of Fernando Noronha on a raft. This is the third ship of the Brazilian Navy to become a total casualty since that force became involved in war against the Axis. About a year ago the anchoring vessel Vital do Oliveira was torpedoed by a German submarine; and almost at the same time the mine layer Camaqua founded in heavy weather while on escort duty.

THERE was a tendency at first, when it was supposed that a mine had sunk the Balta, to connect the occurrence with the unex-
pected arrival shortly afterwards at Mar de Plata, the Argentine naval base, of the German submarine U530. She is reported to be a submarine of the 700-ton type, with a total complement of 54. According to statements by her captain, a lieutenant whose name is given variously as Wermuth or Wermuth, this U-boat had been on patrol for four months. If this is true, it is obvious
evidence in recent weeks. It is now known that three of H.M. aircraft carriers received some dam-
age from attacks of this kind.

According to the account given to the Press by the commanding officer of one of them, the Illustrious, Captain C. E. L. Kolb, C.B., C.V.O., R.N., a suicide aircraft crashed on the flight deck of the carrier just by the island superstructure, producing a spurt of flame as the petrol tank exploded. Fortunately the fire was overcome before it could spread, and in 20 minutes the ship's own machines were landing on the flight deck again. In another similar attempt a Japanese plane made a forty-degree power dive which occupied just 11 seconds before it crashed into the sea, heavily hit by the anti-aircraft fire of the carrier. This time the aircraft just missed the island superstructure and passed ahead of the bridge as it descended. One or two of the aircraft on the flight deck were damaged by the huge splash caused by the enemy's flight into the sea. For some obscure reason most of these suicide planes appear to carry a rubber dinghy as part of their equipment. So far not a single British carrier has been put out of action for more than a few hours.

Waters Okinawa and some smaller adjacent islands firmly in Allied hands, the bombing of Japanese cities and factories is being intensified. On July 14 a task force of the United States Navy under Rear-Admiral J. F. Shackelford, comprising the 35,000-ton battle-ships Indiana, Massachusetts and South Dakota, the heavy cruisers Chicago and Quincy, and sundry other vessels, approached closely to the main island of Japan and bombarded the port of Karatsu and the city of Yatsushiro. This lies on the east coast, between Miyako and Sendaï, and about 375 miles to the north-eastward of Tokyo Bay. Its importance lies in its steel foundries, blast furnaces and coke ovens, which, owing to the devastation wrought in other centres farther south, were playing an essential part in maintaining Japanese war production. No opposition whatever was encountered. There were no shore batteries, the commander in chief, Admiral, had ordered the ships to avoid any ship-to-ship battle, and the aircraft from the ships and cruisers were flown over the town covered by a pall of dense smoke, rising thousands of feet into the air.

Subsequently, Hokadate and Muroran, in the northern island of Hokkaido, and the Mitsubishi copper-smelting area and oil producing region near the objectives nearer Tokyo, were the targets for similar attacks by British and U.S. naval forces.

Another operation which goes to show Japanese ineptitude at sea is the recent approach recently made to Karafuto, the southern portion of Sakhalin, by an American task force under Vice-Admiral F. J. Fletcher, which entered the Sea of Okhotsk, inside the chain of islands known as the Kuriles. The northern half of Sakhalin belongs to Russia, and the southern half to Japan.

JAPANESE Fishing Fleet Driven Out. From Waters Round Sakhalin.

It is probable that one of the objects of the attack on Karafuto was to interfere with the shipment of coal to Hokkaido, the north-
ernmost of the Japanese main islands, where there is considerable industrial activity. An armada convoy of nine Japanese fishing boats were sighted, and the fishing fleet which supplies so large a proportion of Japan's meals was driven out from these waters.

Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, U.S.N., whose name has been prominently in the news during his command of the task force which was established out of the First Fleet on Japan, has been selected for the post of Deputy- Chief of Naval Operations (Air) in the Navy Department at Washington, where his experience should be of the utmost value.
Afloat and Ashore with Our Pacific Fleet

Operating off the Ryukus in April and May 1948 an Australian destroyer with the British Pacific Fleet transferred mails to a Canadian naval ship (top) refloating in rough seas from the same site as the British battleship in the foreground. Warwick Farm (bottom), famous racecourse near Sydney, New South Wales, was transformed into a Royal Naval barracks and British Pacific Fleet transit camp. Known as H.M.S. Golden Hind, it is magnificently appointed, the grandstand being now a spacious apartment; there is also an open-air concert platform. See pages 335, 397, and page 413, Vol. 6.
The Men from Alamein Came to Journey's End—

When the Union Jack Flew Over Dead Berlin

THE BRITISH FLAG WAS FLOWN in the heart of the Reich for the first time on July 6, 1945—at the base of Berlin’s 1870 Victory Memorial in the Koenig-Platz. After the brief ten-minute ceremony the British troops—led down the Sieges Allee by pipes of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, first of our soldiers to enter Holland—returned to their posts. The march past was taken by Maj.-Gen. Louis O. Lyon, O.C. British troops, Berlin area, in the presence of U.S., Soviet and French military representatives. See also pages 197, 317 and 332.
82 Days That Lost the War for Japan

Springboard for the final assault on the Niigata mainland, Okinawa fell to American forces on June 21, 1945. With its strategic defense worth in the United States the highest price of any island in the Pacific. This authoritative survey of the bitter 82-day campaign was written expressly for "The War Illustrated."

Turning southward the Army divisions ran against the main Jap forces and prepared defenses, and the advance slowed into an artillery and infantry standoff. The Japs dug themselves into caves and long ridges and the southern front became a series of hard-to-handle encounters supported by fire from, possible, of flame-throwers as well as and tanks and the most elaborate system of concealed fortifications they had encountered in the Pacific war.

The defense was as skillful as it was determined, and the strong, well-prepared and well-equipped enemy of around 120,000 men was held in check.

Heavy Toll of U.S. Ships

During the vital stage of the Okinawa fighting the Allied naval forces, under the General Navy command of Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, sustained high casualties and lost more ships than in any other single Pacific engagement. The Japanese Navy took this heavy toll despite the fact that its battle fleet was virtually destroyed before the campaign even opened. It turned almost its entire remaining fleet at sea, together with small surface units such as torpedo-boats, into one great terrible suicide force.

The purpose of this archipelago battle gradually in violence as the American troops and Marines smashed their way along the southern tip of the island and divided the enemy into shattered remnants. By June 23, U.S. forces had resistance ceased. But during the 12-week battle the United States has paid dearly to win their springboard for an attack on the Chinese or Japanese coasts. The enemy losses figure of 46,319, of whom 11,897 were killed or taken prisoner and 34,422 wounded, shocked the nation and brought criticism from some military commentators.

Assessing the price paid by America for the island, however, was not possible. U.S. Under-Secretary of War, said: "Considering the pre-war estimates, it appears we have won on Okinawa, the size of the enemy force we have overcome and the damage done to enemy aeroplanes, airfields, warships and industrial war-making ability in the home-land in these last three months, the cost to us has not been heavy."

Costly as the operations were to the United States, Japanese losses were far higher. The total of 113,351, of whom 9,498 were taken prisoner, and suffered destruction of 1,776 planes at a cost of 650 American planes shot down.

If Okinawa cost the Americans more than they had reckoned, the same thing was most certainly true of the Japanese. The enemy speedily out of this part of Okinawa naval and army forces against the Okinawa armada. The Japanese garrison on the island probably did not amount to much in the over-all total of Japan's fighting forces, but the aircraft and other naval units, cut down like flies off Okinawa, belonged to the last-ditch defenses of the homeland itself.

The campaign on Okinawa, small when compared to the later actions that must be written, was a vivid illustration of the time it takes to subdue a beaten enemy, and proved that final surrender will be bought only by a high price in life, blood and money.
Okinawa—Island of Bitter Battles—is Purged

AFTER 53 DAYS OF THE TOUGHEST FIGHTING IN THE PACIFIC, Okinawa fell to the U.S. 1St Army on June 21, 1945. Marines valiantly entered ministrewn Naha, the capital (1) on May 31; others boldly dashed across the open (2) in the final stages of the campaign. Watching the end at Naha were Maj.-Gen. Lennard C. Shepherd (3, left), commanding U.S. 4th Marine Division, and Maj. Gen. John H. Hodge (4, right), commander of the U.S. 1St Army (killed in action on June 17). A landing net (4) used to suit a stronghold. PAGE 203.
The acute shortage of tennis balls during the war with Germany has now been explained. They assisted the Royal Navy to achieve victory in the first technical battle of the war: the battle of the magnetic mine. It is part of one chapter in the great and yet-to-be-told history of the triumphs of British mineweepers and scientists who so brilliantly countered Germany's determined efforts to black out our ports and destroy our shipping by mining.

Heavy, and for a time unexplained, shipping casualties in the early days of the war were traced to the enemy's magnetic mine (see story in page 124, Vol. 7). Competition was keen among technical and scientific experts to discover the antidote to this mine; finally there emerged the one completely successful method, which proved so effective that this particular mine menace never again reached dimensions comparable with those of the first year of the war.

This method was the double longitudinal sweep, which comprises two mineweeping ships each towing a long tail of self-buoyant electric cable. The current is generated in the ships, stored momentarily in batteries and passed through both cables as a large "surge." The current goes into the sea, and by this means ten or more acres of the sea bottom can be subjected to a magnetic field of sufficient strength and duration to explode all the magnetic mines therein. The ships towing the sweep proceed on their parallel courses and make a second "surge" of magnetic field, and in this way a continuous line of sea bottom is cleared, providing a safe channel through which ships can pass.

The main advantages of the double longitudinal are that the sweep is easy to lay and to handle, and it does not foul wrecks and buoys. It is not damaged by the explosion of the mines and it will sweep a large area with 100 per cent effectiveness. The original double longitudinal sweep was constructed on the shore of the Isle of Grain near Sheerness, and towed behind a tug. It was made from cable used for charging submarine batteries, and fixed on logs originally intended to make masts for ships.

On a day in late December 1939 two tugs, filled with motor-car and electric batteries and each towing one of these "giant snakes," left Sheerness Harbour for the first full-scale trial. This trial confirmed the MINESweepING SECRETS of the war as unfolded in this article. The DD on the longitudinal sweeps, in which H.M. mineweepers towed long sweeps tightly packed with electric cables, towed in parallel courses. After the trials, Navy ratings (left), posted in the magnetic "swept" areas, two of which are seen (below) as they crawled from the score of the operating craft at anchor.

Seas Cleared of 20,429 Mines

At the outbreak of war the mineweeping service of the Royal Navy consisted of about 36 fleet mineweepers and 40 trawlers. This was a sea-going personnel of about 2,000. This was at first a polygloss fleet of fishing vessels, trawlers, drifters, paddle steamers, whale-catchers, trawlers, yachts, mud-hoppers and dhows, assisted by a handful of fleet mineweepers. At the end of the war with Germany we had 1,350 mineweepers manned by about 50,000 officers and men.

Up to June 13, 1945, a total of 20,429 mines had been swept by British, Dutch, Canadian and Allied sweepers, and German mineweepers operating under Allied control, that total being exclusive of operations carried out by sweepers of the U.S. Navy. Naturally, the cost to the mineweepers has been heavy—237 lost; 59 by mining, 68 by aircraft attack, 70 by other causes.

In foreign waters our sweepers have done magnificent work; at home, credit was given in May 1943 to the achievements of the Liverpool mineweeping trawlers and motor mineweepers in clearing Liverpool Bay and the Mersey. So far, two sweeping flotillas and two trawler groups had steamed nearly 2 million miles and cleared 12 square miles from Holyhead to Cumberland.

Throughout the Liverpool air raids the sweeping continued, enabling the docks to deal with a near-normal flow of traffic circumstances would permit. "We were at it day and night," said Lieut.-Cmdr. Matthews, D.S.C., M.M., R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. Hornbeam, "not only clearing and destroying mines but firing at the enemy aircraft and the mines as they came down by parachute. We used to be out five days at a time, dash back to harbour to rest, and then get out again. We came in one night just to tie up at Walsall, and got a frantic message to get out again as quickly as possible so we were sitting on two bombs."

This mine-laying business was by no means one-sided, of course. We guarded ourselves with mine minesweepers and with the merchant ships and with the merchant coasting shipping, and we hit back with effective mining in enemy waters. It is revealed now that some 250,000 sea-mines were laid by the Royal Navy, the Naval Air Arm and the R.A.F. during the War; and it is estimated that more than 1,000 enemy vessels were sunk or damaged by them. The number of mines laid by Britain alone exceeds by 14,000 the total number laid by all nations in the last war.
OUR "MET" MEN FOUGHT GERMANS IN THE ARCTIC

The Arctic wastes of Spitsbergen were in 1942 the scene of a great Allied adventure—it was disclosed on June 9, 1945—when a small meteorological party, established there to obtain vital weather information for the North Russian convoy system, waged a five-months' “war” against Nazi meteorologists carrying out a similar task in a neighbouring fjord. For months they carried on, using a disused coalmine as shelter against ceaseless enemy air attack; while R.A.F. Coastal Command flying-boats kept them alive by dropping frequent supplies and evacuating wounded, as well as themselves carrying out valuable meteorological flights. Eventually, the enemy left the area, and the Allied scientists secured the all-important data.

The "Met" force arrives at Rærentsberg, in Ice Fjord, on May 13, 1942—under the enemy’s zone. The following day, while they were breaking the ice in Green Harbour, their ships were viciously attacked by four Focke-Wulf money. Only two of the 40 men sheltering behind tiny huts on the ice were hit; however, although nineteen casualties were sustained on the ships. Food, arms and clothing were lost, but the party managed to make do with aid packed trains left behind by former Russian mineralogists, with dentists’ white coats and bed-linen from the same source as camouflage.

ON RESCUE MISSION to a secret Allied "Met" station on the Arctic archipelago of Spitsbergen, 368 miles north of Norway, in 1942—details of which have just been released—the crew of a R.A.F. Coastal Command flying-boat (1) fended off drift-ice as they lay at anchor. The wireless station in Advent Bay (2) under the shadow of towering snow-clad mountains was close to a similar "Met" organisation operated by the Nazis. Allied scientists’ H.Q. (3) at Sveagruva, showing buildings and radio masts.
New Zealand’s Fighting Ships at War

A recent official message expressing appreciation of the very valuable services rendered by the R.N.Z.N. contained the passage: "The Board of Admiralty and the officers and men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines look forward to the continued co-operation of the Royal New Zealand Navy in bringing about the early defeat of Japan." Outstanding actions of the R.N.Z.N. are here recalled by FRANCIS E. McFARLANE.

In June 1941 the Leander was one of a squadron operating against French naval forces under the orders of the Vichy Government off the Syrian coast. Later she returned to the Pacific, and in company with the Achilles and certain ships of the Royal Australian Navy, was attached to the task force of the United States Navy operating in the Solomon Islands area. More than once she was in action with Japanese cruisers and destroyers, and is understood to have sustained some damage.

Amongst the first war-built ships of the R.N.Z.N. to come into service were three corvettes Kiwi, Moa and Tui. All three were built in Leith, the keel of the construction having been placed before the war. On the night of January 29-30, 1943, the Kiwi and Moa, while on patrol to the northward of the island of Guadalcanal, in the Solomons, detected the presence of a Japanese submarine of 1,600 tons. Depth charges were at once dropped, and the enemy was forced to the surface. A brisk gun duel ensued between the submarine, which mounted a 10-in. gun in a conning tower on the top of the conning tower, and the Kiwi. The latter carried a single 4-in., whose projectile weight only 31 lb. Several hits were scored on the enemy, which was also rammed three times by the Kiwi. In attempting to escape the submarine ultimately ran into shallow water and struck a reef, on which she was completely wrecked.

On April 7, 1943, the gallant little Moa was lost. She fell a victim to a cluster of bombs dropped by Japanese aircraft during an attack on the U.S. positions at Tulagi. H.M.N.Z.S. Tui, the third of the trio of corvettes, was in action with another Japanese submarine in the Solomons area. She was supported by aircraft of the United States Navy, and the submarine was ultimately destroyed. It is believed to have been one of the largest type, with a displacement of 2,563 tons, and was probably carrying supplies to some isolated Japanese garrison.

These are merely the outstanding incidents in a series of some patrols carried out by these ships in hostile waters. When the full story of their achievements is written, it will be possible to fill in the gaps in this narrative. Many officers and men of the Royal New Zealand Navy are serving in ships of the Royal Navy and with the Naval Air Arm.

They have specially distinguished themselves in Coastal Forces, both in Home waters and in the Mediterranean. In the official report of a small action in the North Sea on the night of March 21-22 last, when German motor torpedo boats were intercepted with loss in an attempt to strike at a convoy, it was mentioned that H.M. corvette Kiwi (below) saw gallant service in the Solomons.

In the Battle of the River Plate (see pages 303-306, Vol. 2), one of the three cruisers which drove the Admiral Graf Spee into Montevideo, a beaten ship, was the Achilles. She was largely manned by New Zealanders, who were highly commended by their commanding officer, Captain W. E. Parry, in his report after the action. Though no less hotly engaged than her consorts, the Achilles was more fortunate in that she received damage of a less severe nature. All eight of her 5-in. guns continued to fire throughout the action. In the final phase she was assigned the task of shadowing the Admiral Graf Spee right up the estuary of the Plate until it was certain she was entering the port of Montevideo. Of the other two ships, H.M.S. Ajax had taken a course to the southward of the large sandbank which lies in the mouth of the estuary, in case the enemy ship should try to double back around it; and H.M.S. Exeter, which had been badly knocked about early in the day, had been obliged to break off the action to repair damages.

A Great Ovation for the Achilles

Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood in his recent despatches has paid the highest honour and praise to the ability of the ship's company of the Achilles, and declared that "New Zealand has every reason to be proud of her seamen during their baptism of fire." As may be imagined, the Achilles and her officers and men received a great ovation on their return to New Zealand waters a few months later.

Her sister ship, the Leander, saw a good deal of service in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. In March 1941 she intercepted the Italian armed merchant cruiser Ramb I, an ex-banana carrier, in the latter area, and sank her by gunfire. Two months later, while cruising in company with H.M.S. Canberra, she was responsible for rounding up the German merchant vessel Coburg, which had been acting as a supply ship to enemy raiders, as well as a Norwegian tanker which had been captured.

In the Battle of the River Plate (see pages 303-306, Vol. 2), one of the three cruisers which drove the Admiral Graf Spee

IN SERVICE WITH THE R.N.Z.N., whose history is recalled in this page, is the 5,000-ton cruiser Gambia (top), which, completed in 1942 for the Royal Navy, has recently been in action with Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser’s British Pacific fleet. Another corvette Kiwi (below) saw gallant service in the Solomons. PAGE 206 Photos, British Official
Our King & Queen Through the War Years

SEPTEMBER 3, 1939. On the day Britain declared war on Germany, King George broadcasts to the Empire.


FEBRUARY 1940. Viewing the assembly line at an aircraft factory during a tour of military and civil defence centres in the West Country.

DECEMBER 1939. Visit to units of the Royal Navy at Plymouth.

JUNE 1940. Queen Elizabeth converses with wounded evacuated from Dunkirk.

MARCH 1940. Inspecting the first magnetic mine to be salvaged.

JUNE 1940. While visiting an arms factory, the King makes himself acquainted with the working of a Bren gun.

JULY 1940. Dockyard workers loudly cheer King George during a visit to a famous naval port in Britain, where he inspected personnel of the Royal Navy and the Fleet Air Arm.
JUNE 1943. In Tunisia, cheering British troops line the route when the King inspects the 1st and 8th Armies at the victorious conclusion of the two-and-a-half years North African campaign.

JULY 1943. A warm handshake extended to Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, at Malta, G.C.

MAY 1944. During the Empires Conference in London; with Mr. Churchill and Dominion premiers.

JULY 1944. With Sir W. Alexander, in Italy, visiting the 8th Army.

JULY 1944. Confering accolade of knighthood on Gen. Sir Oliver Lennard the Italian battlefield.


I take a family interest in submarines. I have a brother, Herbert E. Fyle, who wrote the first book about them. That was just before the end of last century, when most people either guessed little of their possibilities or dismissed the idea of under-water boats as "ridiculous." Jules Verne stuffed it. Even now, says the writer of a Stationery Office brochure, let ministered by the Ministry of Information for the Board of Admiralty and called His Majesty’s Submarines (price 6d.), "to the layman even now the submarine is still a novelty, strange and little understood;" this branch of the Navy is still clung to in mystery." Well, if that is so, this account of its doings in the European and Far Eastern waters to date, dispels much of its former mystery. It will also spread more widely the admiration and gratitude felt by those who have been able to follow those doings closely, for the men who have shown such pluck and dogged endurance and, as the booklet puts it, "high-hearted determination," and contributed so mightily to the defeat of the German enemy.

While the crews of a submarine endurance can be fully realized only by those who have served in one under war conditions. To begin with, the boat is "strictly for short runs or even to sit or lie still. The ship is "closely packed with a bewildering mass of pipes, valves, gauges, instruments, electric cables." The air becomes thick and stuffy when the men are on the point of flowing through. There comes the welcome order: "Carry on smoking. Somebody begins a song. Breakfast will soon be ready. "Midday" dinner is at midnight, and supper just before dawn.

Soon after that the crew settle down with a sigh to another period of tedious, doing nothing for the most part, relieving their dry mouths with boiled sweets, which are served out to them as a new distraction, and longing for the dark hours again.

Complicated and Deadly Instrument

But most of those who serve in submarines all agree that life in them has its compensations.

In that small dim world below the sea there is a unique companionship. A submarine is a self-supporting unit and the members of her company have no one to dote upon in the world. There is discipline, but with it a democratic spirit which compensates for much of the hardship. It is a rare togetherness shared by all, from the commanding officer to the youngest member of the crew.

"The most complicated and deadly instrument of war," the submarine is styled. The description is exact so far as it goes. We might substitute the word "torture" for the most experienced. Not in itself only, but in the ammunition with which it does its deadly work. Each torpedo discharges costs £2,500, and is for its size as complicated a piece of mechanism as the submarine. Small submarines carry four, large ones eleven, ready to be fired; also some spares. The "human torpedo" (see illus. p. 775, Vol. 7) is for use against ships in harbour or at anchor which cannot be drawn into the open for a battle at sea. Two men wearing diving suits sit astride it. They drive it slowly by its electric batteries towards the target, under which they dive. A charge like that of a torpedo is then discharged and fixed to the hull of the enemy ship. A fuse is set and the "human torpedo" gets away as quickly as possible so as to be out of range when the explosion occurs.

His Majesty’s Submarines

There are also midget submarines for use in much the same conditions. They did a fine job when they entered the Norwegian fjord where the German battleship Tirpitz lay and damaged her badly. Of this exploit, the full story has not yet been released, but what they did was to navigate first of all a thousand miles of rough sea, then to pass through the enemy minefield and up the narrow fjord where every conceivable device could ensure their destruction. They lighted fuses and then were known to be in use. They did pass listening posts, nets, gun defences. They actually reached the nets only two days from the Tirpitz, designed to protect against such attacks as theirs. From there they launched their missiles. These caused an immense explosion. The battleship was lifted several feet into the air. One sub- marine was seen from the Tirpitz’s deck and fired at with rifles. Guns were trained on them only positions, depth-charges were dropped. They could not make their way back out of the nets. Two were scuttled by their crews, who were then taken prisoner. The third was never heard of again. (See illus. page 183; also page 649, Vol. 7.)

This operation “for daring and endurance is unique even in the annals of the Royal Navy.”

The effect of depth-charges bursting round a submarine is a severe test for the nerves. You hear faintly at first and then louder the “related-shuffle” of a deep bomb. If you are near it comes—a great metallic clang, the “boom” they call it. "The boat was dropped into a special form of paint used to prevent metal plates from sweating in falls in the white shower; depth gauges are put out of action; the brakes are thrown on; and you hear a special terrible crash, followed by another, and the boat lurches and shudders. There is a pause and you wait for the next blow.

This might go on for as long as the best part of an hour. One captain, recording an attack which lasted forty minutes, said he was much impressed by the bearing of all hands during this unpleasant time, "but particularly so with that of J. V. Crosby, Acting Leading Telegraphist, who, knowing full well when an attack was developing, calmly continued giving the informants on the records as though it was merely a peacetime exercise that was in progress."

The sea-pressure on a submerged submarine is an added anxiety to its commander when a depth-charge attack is in progress. It is in some 130 pounds to the square inch, and it has been known to bend a steel pillar four inches thick.

Diet is another worry. This is sometimes so bad that it makes the engines difficult to start. In this respect, the submarine can be imagined. In one engagement the number of men that were under water for 40 minutes. When she came to the surface her crew was surface her crew was in a state of exhaustion. The whole ship was in a state of exhaustion. The whole ship had a very faint and heavy smell from the atmosphere in which they breathe more quickly. So the men in submarines have to spend as much time as possible, while they are submerged, lying still or at any rate doing as little as possible. This is the time when the boiled sweets come in useful—may even be life-savers. A bag of them is a great comfort to a crew trying to revive a working party when they were literally gasping for breath.

Bomb Disposal Under Difficulties

This was during the long ordeal undertaken by the Spearfish when she was trapped in shallow water off Norway. The depth-charges exploded round her about every two minutes. Were the crew ratted? Listen: A seaman says: "A superannuated sweetheart started among them on the time of the next explosion, the state to be settled on the deck. No words were spoken. A seaman moved softly through the boat, locking the hatches, which were agreed to by signs. Depth-charges were bad enough. Bombs from the air were worse. They could be avoided by submerging, but this was, to say the least of it, inconvenient. Highly dangerous was the situation of the Thrasher which was discovered attacking an enemy aircraft bomber down on the forward casing. The discovery was made at night. The submarine lay on the surface, but the enemy patrols were not far off: at any moment she might have to submerge. Two of the crew, Lieut. Roberts and Petty-Officer Goddard, volunteered to remain above water if they were exposed to two risks. The bombs might explode, the ship might have to go under suddenly, in which case they would almost certainly be dragged down and drowned."

They was the least of it, inconvenient. Highly dangerous was the situation of the Thrasher which was discovered attacking a enemy aircraft bomber down on the forward casing. The discovery was made at night. The submarine lay on the surface, but the enemy patrols were not far off: at any moment they might have to submerge. Two of the crew, Lieut. Roberts and Petty-Officer Goddard, volunteered to remain above water if they were exposed to two risks. The bombs might explode, the ship might have to go under suddenly, in which case they would almost certainly be dragged down and drowned.

They went about the operation with quiet confidence. It took fifty minutes, and they had only faint tactual to work by. They had to lie on their stomachs, one pushing, one pulling, till they managed to get the bomb overboard. Their task was not made easier by the second of the two missiles giving off a loud twanging noise in the air. As it was moved, "which added nothing to our general comfort," the bomb actually detached itself and put it. They both received the award of the Victoria Cross, and well they deserved it.
Learning to Beat the Japanese—in Britain

IN A HOME-MADE "JUNGLE" IN DERBYSHIRE, at Ransley, between Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, our experts back from Burma and the Pacific, demonstrate the methods to be used in fighting the Japanese, and the equipment to be used. The operations are carried to a point where actual "killing" is practised on officers; and the "killing" itself is illustrated by photographs. The aims of the demonstration are to teach the British soldier how to beat the Japanese, and to show how to use the equipment which is to be issued to the troops in the Pacific. The demonstration is to be followed by a series of training exercises, which will be conducted by the experts back from Burma and the Pacific.

Demonstration of an enemy fox-hole (1) complete with sniper, and identification of enemy badges (2). The British Tommy in tropical war-kit carries a Mark V Scout gun and a short bayonet for jungle warfare. PAGE 212 Photo, G.P.O.
Lord Wavell Outlined His Plan at Simla

TALKS BETWEEN THE VICE-ROY AND INDIA'S LEADERS opened at Simla on June 25, 1945, only to break down on July 14. Before they began Lord Wavell [left, with Sir Maulvi Mudasir Khan, President of the Muslim League] and Mr. A. Jinnah, President of the Muslim League; and Imran Husain [centre], leader of the Muslim League Party in the Council of State. Mr. Gandhi arrived by rickshaw (Br). PAGE 9. Photos exclusive to India War Illustrated
**Non-Fighting Heroes at the Front in China**

Sharing the Quaker view on war, these conscientious objectors have chosen the relief of suffering as their alternative to military service. The World War II militia of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, comprising 60 British, 15 American, a Canadian, an East Indian and 38 Chinese, is described here by SERVING CHOW.

**ENGAGED in almost world-wide activity, the Friends' Ambulance Unit has done medical, relief, and transport work in England, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Greece, Albania, North Africa, the Dodecanese, Yugoslavia, Syria, Ethiopia, India and China. The origin of the society dates back to 1660, when a "Declaration of the Innocent and Harmless People of God, called Quakers" was made to King Charles II of England to "deny all outward wars and strife and fightings with outward weapons for any end, by virtue or power of wheat."**

However, the Unit as now constituted was not founded until the 1914-18 war, when a large number of British Quakers formed a group to do ambulance work with the Allied armies in France. In 1939, at the outbreak of the present war, the Unit was again brought into being. In China, it is supported financially by the American United China Relief, the British Government, and the Canadian War Relief Fund. A yearly contribution comes from the Chinese United "China Relief" and a subsidy from the British Government.

It is staffed with men and women from all walks of life and most of the foreigners speak good practical Chinese. There are Oxford and Harvard graduates driving trucks, school teachers supervising mechanical workshops, former college students cleaning charcoal filters and changing tires. The whole group ranges from civil servants and businessmen to lawyers, farmers, clerks and schoolboys, and the members are living on a level with the same financial basis. According to a voluntary rule, no personal money is allowed to be brought into China. Provided with board and lodging, each member draws from the Unit most of his daily expenses, amounting to about 12.60. That is his total income.

There is no limit of work, and in August 1944, with two doctors, the rate of work in one team averaged 12 operations a day, including Sundays. In September, in an additional doctor, it rose to 18. The main part of the medical work is done in the areas where Chinese troops are fighting. They are of two types: a mobile stationary office, with hospital equipment remaining a little behind the front to receive wounded soldiers, while a mobile one follows the action along the front line and treats cases on the spot.

**In Remote Villages in Yunnan**

In addition, those teams set up desultory stations, give inoculations to civilians and soldiers, fight epidemics and generally prevent disease. In some remote villages in Yunnan which have never before seen modern medical service, the teams are doing medical relief and rehabilitation work at the same time. When they move forward with the army, the medical personnel are left to the local government for the continuation of the work.

They have many medical achievements to their credit. In the Tengchung area one of the Unit's doctors was summoned by an emergency wireless message to investigate and prevent an outbreak of bubonic plague. He made two visits. On the first he found the only convalescent plague, but on the second he discovered twenty cases of P. Pestis from the dead rat's spleen. The epidemic was detected at its outset and contained, saving the area from outbreak of the disease.

Medical work in the rugged and waste terrain in south-west China taxes both the spiritual and physical stamina of Unit members to the extreme. When marching with the troops to have their equipment over mountain trails, travelling mostly on foot when no mules are available. The food usually consists of handfuls of fried rice and water, the same as for Chinese soldiers on the march. Night operations are performed with the aid of crude oil lamps hung from rafters or perched on the edge of the table. Despite these rough conditions, five English and six Chinese girl nurses have pulled their weight as thoroughly as the men.

drink and had his blanket tucked round him, fractures cleaned up and splinted and loose flesh cut away—all seemed to be done in such a matter-of-fact sort of way it was almost like London over again. There was no initial moaning that one finds often under conditions such as these. Towards dusk more and more wounded were brought over, and the mules and bearers that I had seen along the trail coming back in ones and twos, all night long, spent the night trying to sleep.

Being the only relief organization in China engaged in the transport of donated medical supplies, the service of the Friends' Ambulance Unit has proved very valuable to various Chinese and foreign relief organizations such as the National Health Administration, the International Relief Committee, the Emergency Purchasing Committee, the International Peace Hospitals, the Ministry of Education and the American Red Cross, and other bodies.

**"Cannibalizing" Supply Trucks**

Behind these great relief efforts lie stories of adventures, heroism, and triumph over odds. For the roads the trucks run on are mostly precipitous, narrow, full of hairpin turns and insecure edges. On one occasion a truck rolled over an almost sheer cliff, but the road made a sharp turn. The driver jumped out of the cab just in time, the truck bounded over the edge of the cliff and came to rest against a tree 25 yards below. The truck was finally taken apart and hauled back to the road by piece by piece to be reassembled. The bottom of the gorge into which the truck had plunged was over 1,500 feet deep. The road surfaces are made for survival in serviceable ones. By both experience and mechanical skill, the members have in the last three years learned to keep old engines running, to make new ones from scraps, and to get springs and bodies to rods and tools. Since December 1941 the Unit in China had been cut off from the supply of new trucks and replacements, so that all supply trucks must be "cannibalized" to convert worn-out trucks into serviceable ones. By both experience and mechanical skill, the members have in the last three years learned to keep old engines running, to make new ones from scraps, and to get springs and bodies to rods and tools. Despite these difficulties, the Unit has continued to operate. The size of the Unit was reduced to 50, but the Unit continued to operate. The size of the Unit was reduced to 50, but the Unit continued to operate.

With the supply of petrol dwindling after the closing down of the British Overland Unit, the Unit designed its own type of charcoal truck for the main haulage of medical supplies. This unit has proved to be more successful than similar charcoal models in operation in China.

Storing petrol for the charcoal trucks is handled by the manufacturers at one and a half tons now carry two and a half tons with the charcoal system. When technical experts from the American Foreign Economic Administration made a survey of transport in China, they found the Unit needed less than one-third the men required by other organizations to maintain its transport system. Its petrol can be stored on the back of the truck and is used as fuel for the charcoal trucks. It is also used in the manufacture of charcoal, which is used to power the charcoal trucks. The petrol can be converted into charcoal, which is then used to power the charcoal trucks.

**SURGERY ON WHEELS; A Chinese soldier being X-rayed in a mobile operating theatre of the Friends' Ambulance Unit. The eighth anniversary of the Sinon-Japanese war in July 1945 found the Chinese again on the offensive in Kwangsi and Fukien.**

Illustrative of the general conditions is this extract from the diary of Philip Ferguson, member of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, Mobile Medical and Surgical Teams on the Yunnan front:

Waked early by sound of distant gunfights over mountain ridges—the attack had begun. My mole and driver had dozed in night. Found two coolies to carry supplies and set off for ferry. The road was narrow all the way, so steep and muddy it was almost impossible to keep one's feet. As we came over the mountain ridge we heard the rattle of machine-guns, the explosion of shells and the "plump" of mortar fire.

This had been going on all afternoon along the pathway to the river boats carrying ammunition were laden under straws, stretcher-bearers with camouflaged hats were walking by the hundreds, heavy gun carriages, half-naked, were ramming off round about round to another side of the river. As I came nearer the river it was possible to see the explosions of mortar shells and groups of men about a mile away up river apparently doing nothing except walk about or dodge under brush. The ferry was apparently safe, so we walked over to the small shacks under some trees by the river, and here I found the girls and John sur-ounded by structures of wounded men. They fixed each case calmly and systematically as it was brought up. My man was given hot water to drink and had his blanket tucked round him, fractures cleaned up and splinted and loose flesh cut away—all seemed to be done in such a matter-of-fact sort of way it was almost like London over again. There was no initial moaning that one finds often under conditions such as these. Towards dusk more and more wounded were brought over, and the mules and bearers that I had seen along the trail coming back in ones and twos, all night long, spent the night trying to sleep.

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Battle for the Lives of Nippon's Victims

MEDICAL AND RELIEF SUPPLIES FOR WAR-STRIKEN CHINA administered by the Friends' Ambulance Unit (see facing page) were contained in these lorries (1) parked outside a many-storied pagoda in Kiangsu. Two members of the Unit kindle charcoal blocks (2) for the charcoal-driven trunks of a type specially designed by the Unit to carry medical supplies. A member assists a child with cholera vaccine (3). British and U.S. members prove their prowess with chopsticks at a wayside eating-house (4).
Sea, Land and Air Heroes Win the V.C.

Lieut-Cmdr. G. B. ROOFER, R.N.

He was commanding officer of H.M. destroyer Glowworm which, under heavy attack of enemy bombers and submarines, sank the German pocket battleship Hipper in the North Sea on July 3, 1941. Fighting off a superior force of enemy destroyers, he engaged the cruiser "against overwhelming odds," finally ramming it. He was not among the survivors, all of whom were taken prisoners.

Havildar UMAO SINGH

In the Meiktila Valley, Burma, in December 1944 the havildar was in charge of a gun with his detachment in action against overwhelming odds. His detachment killed or wounded except two who engaged the enemy gun by hand; he himself killed ten fanatical Japanese and saving his gun.

Capt. EDWIN SWALES, D.F.C.

The only member of the South African Air Force to have flown with the Pathfinders, Capt. Swales was master-bomber during a raid on Pforzheim, Germany, on Feb. 21, 1942. His aircraft crippled, he remained above the target till the attack was over, being found dead on landing.

Lieut. G. A. KNOWLAND

On January 31, 1945, near Kangaw, Burma, this lieutenant of the Royal Norfolk Regiment attached himself to a group of Gurkhas who were under heavy and well-directed enemy fire, evacuating casualties and encouraging his men till after twelve hours—when he was mortally wounded. His heroism saved the position at a critical hour.

Pte. JAMES STOKES

During the attack on Kerenskam, Holland, on March 1, 1945, Pte. Stokes, of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, single-handedly captured two enemy snipers, with 17 prisoners in all, under fire and with no support. He later distinguished himself again single-handed—a third objective, he fell, mortally wounded. His self-sacrifice and determination saved his company many casualties.

Sapoy NAMDEO JADHAV

On the Saiyo River, Italy, on April 9, 1945, company runner JadHAV, of the 5th Maharatta Light Infantry, carrying wounded to safety under fire, determined to silence the enemy machine-gun post—which he did, though wounded and alone. His bravery enabled the battalion to deepen its bridge-head, spared many lives.

Lieut. I. O. LIDDELL

In almost full view of the enemy and under heavy fire, Lieut. Liddell, of the Coldstream Guards (right), captured intact a bridge over the River Erne, near Lingen, on April 3, 1945. Unprotected yet unmindful of danger, he neutralised the enemy's demolition charges. His subsequent diary recorded his wounded in action elsewhere.

Riflemen THOMAS GURUNG

This riflemen of the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles (left), helped materially in the capture of Monte Bari, Bari, N. Italy, on November 9, 1944. Attacking a massive enemy post alone, he bravely correlated the delays, throwing grenades and discharging his tommy-gun into slit-trenches, finally being killed.

Photos: British and Indian Official, G.P.U., Topical, N.G., Kindly, United Press.
I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War:

Cossacks Welcomed Us as We Entered Berlin

Prelude to Potsdam, the historic entry of the first advance units of British and U.S. occupation troops into Berlin on July 3, 1945, is indubitably recorded in this dispatch from Edwin Tewlow in the dispatch from The Daily Mail in German: "We greeted the Red Army."

Our way was leading through an area into which the Red Army is now moving fast. Very soon we saw it coming in. We passed small columns of infantrymen and gunners hauling their cannon behind them as they sped westwards along the autobahn. They looked across at us in bewilderment at first, and then, recognizing us, they waved and smiled a welcome.

And now we are in Berlin, where a bemused and hang-dog populace awaits the next moves of its conquerors. When I stopped in the KaDeWe, more than a score of people came out and eagerly asked how long we were staying, what areas we were to take over, and whether there would soon be more food. They even began asking for cigarettes.

Visit Lübeck—Germany's New "Capital"

All the carpenters in this part of Westphalia are hammering and sawing away to prepare Lübeck's gabled houses as offices and quarters for the British Control Commission. The first members of the Commission have already arrived, and so have the first trucks, causing an immediate traffic jam in the narrow cobblestoned streets.

You won't find Lübeck on any large-scale map, so I had better tell you where it is. It is near Minden, and Minden lies between Osnabrück and Hanover. We drove along a country lane through the pleasant rolling Westphalian farmland to reach it, and then we fell in love with its little rose gardens pouring blossoms on to the pavement, and its cool tree-shaded square, with the 500-year-old church in the leafy background.

As my Army driver said: "It's really quaint!" And as the capital of a third of Germany with 23 million population, it's quaint in more than one way. It is not on a main railway line; and the only railway which reaches it is a single track branch line. It is not a road junction of any importance and the roads that lead to it end in bottle-necks. Its communication facilities are poor; it has no telephone exchange.

When I mentioned these matters to the Colonel who was in charge of the Commission's advance party, he said: "The single track railway line doesn't worry us. We wish there was a telephone exchange, but the Army Signals will put one in for us. We chose this town because it is conveniently

GUARDIANS OF HONOR at the historic ceremony in Berlin on May 8, 1945, were the 2nd Battalion, the Royal Scots Greys, while the band of the 2nd Battalion, the Royal Dragoon Guards, played the National Anthem. The flag — which is to fly permanently — was struck at the base of the Siegessäule, where a city monument overlooking the Siegessäule — a full view of thousands of silent Berliners, the commander of the 2nd Division, Lt. Gen. Sir Ronald Wedder, Chief of Staff for the British Control Commission.

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Photo: L. P. W.
placed to run the British zone. We shall have to work in close co-operation with the Occupation Forces and we are only fifteen miles as the crow flies from the headquarters of 21st Army Group.'

Of course, Lübecke is only the temporary capital. The full Commission personnel of more than 8,000 would never fit into it. The displaced townsfolk are being quartered near by in an old Nazi labour camp which has been cleaned up to receive them. I am told they are quite happy about leaving their homes, because they have been promised that it will be for only three months.

The permanent headquarters of the British Commission and capital of our occupation zone will probably be in Bielefeld, a somewhat larger town on the main route between the Ruhr and Hamburg. Until the Commission moves into its permanent headquarters, a tax collector's office on the edge of Lübecke will become the nerve-centre of a large part of Germany, because that is where it is going to set up its main office for the time being.

Nothing like this has happened to this town in a long time since Charlemagne, when he installed Saxony and granted an obsolete little fortress along the Rhine while the right bank became a market town. Sir William Strang, Foreign Office advisor to the Commission, will have a house in the town.

The soldiers and civilians on the Commission are going to like Lübecke. They are going to find it picturesque and they are going to be pleased about the fact that they can have more of the submarine than that for a bottle of gin for four marks, or 2s. a bottle. A brewery and distillery are working for us.

We Lay on the Sea-Bed—All Lights Out

After successfully torpedoing an escorted Japanese supply vessel, a submarine of the Royal Netherlands Navy, in Far Eastern waters, was heavily damaged and lay on the sea-bed with all lights shut out, deadly carbon dioxide leaking into its engine room. How the miraculously survived is described by her Dutch Commanding Officer.

After about an hour of those who had been shut in the control-room evacuated it for the compartment above, in the conning tower, and there conditions were more tolerable. The carbon dioxide, heavier than air, remained below us. But there was no communication with the rest of the crew in the forward torpedo compartment. Telephones were out of action and the compressed-air pressure phones for communicating from door being opened.

How the Avengers Saved Our Crippled Carrier

Off North Cape, Norway, on August 22, 1944, the Canadian-manned aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Nabo, was torpedoed. Just before dawn next day, two Avengers bumber-planes were sent up to keep an eye on the deck to chase off the U-boat that had trailed her all night, and so saved the crippled carrier. The story is here told by the Nabo's Commander: Flying Lieutenant-Commander R. J. H. Stephens, R.N.

W e had hoped we wouldn't hear any more of Nabo, as we had just crippled up, but I think most of us guessed we would. 'Yes,' said Chief Yeoman Jarvis. 'He's following us, sir. He'll have a look at us at dawn and then put us down.' The Chief Yeoman had spent all his life in submarines and he spoke with authority, and it seems, with pride for the branch of the service he belongs to. You could see he could picture himself on the deck of that U-boat, doing that follow-up himself.

But that didn't help us any; we had to get rid of the U-boat. But how? We must just put a couple of Avengers over him and shoot him. That's our job. But somehow it did not look just then as though old Nabo could put any Avengers anywhere that night except perhaps to the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. However, I thought, let's try it. You never know what you can do, and anything is better than foolishly waiting and getting knocked on the head. So about one o'clock I piped 'Flying Station 1!' This is what the picture looked like.

The ship was steaming about nine knots and somewhere near into the wind. That was good, as we could not have to turn her to get her into the wind to get the aircraft off, but there was plenty that was not so good. The flight deck was about thirty feet lower aft than it was forward. That does not sound very much in a ship more than four hundred feet long, but it seemed a lot. The normal runway of an airfield is allowed to slope one in eight or one in twelve, and we had sloped one in four.

Seven hours after our first sighting of the enemy we managed to surface slowly. It was a pitch dark night and I made out two black shapes, which I knew were close together about 1,500 yards away or the funnel and bridge of one vessel much nearer. It was probably the escort picking up survivors of the ship we attacked, but I took no chances. We dived again to the bottom. I then decided that we should make a determined effort to get to the engine-room without delay, and to try to get the engines ready to make a dash away at the first opportunity. Meanwhile, in case of further accidents, I made all secret books and papers ready for four hours lashing. After an effort three E.R.A.s opened the engine-room watertight door, and found the compartment full of dead bodies and flooded up to the deck plates. They worked feverishly to get the doors open and窄 them and they had to take off their safety apparatus to get at some of them. At last they got some engine rooms free and engaged. We then dragged out unconscious by the other two, and some of the crew collapsed in the stern. We found that the starboard hydroplane one of the horizontal rudders which determined the course of the ship after a submarine submerged—had disappeared. So far further diving was out of the question, but we got back all right.

One Avenger
I was There!

H.M.S. NAPOC, CANADIAN-MANNED ESCORT CARRIER, carried out a remarkable feat of seamanship (related in this and the facing page) after her refitting for service in August 1944 while operating with the British Pacific Fleet off the coast of Japan. The stern and carrying 50,000 gallons of high-test petrol, she was brought safely to port through 1,100 miles of rough seas, under her own steam, by the able piloting of Lt. Cdr. T. H. E. (Bob) Bradshaw of Oxford. After coming up to the flying control position with his helmet on. We stood together there and weighed up the chances. We had no figures, on how the catapult would take the load of hurling a plane over a slope like that, but I thought it might be all right, and so did he.

I'd almost forgotten to tell you about the bombs. We keep some on deck usually, ready for use, but all these had been thrown into the sea to lighten the ship's after end and the rest were in the magazine now twenty feet under water. For a time it looked as though even if we got an aircraft off it would not be armed and that wouldn't be much good with that U-boat closing us all the time. He might be fooled into diving, but he might not. However, about this time the air gunnery officer reported he had found some bombs in the hangar. It was all very wrong, of course. There is no greater sin you can commit in an aircraft carrier than to leave explosives around among the aircraft. But we certainly blamed the careless fool who had left them lying around.

All was ready then. It was just after half past two and the aircarrier manned the Avenger. The Arctic dawn was just breaking and it was a depressing-looking morning, low clouds, rain squalls and a visibility of about one mile. Lt. Cdr. Bradshaw tried his engine twice and didn't get a kick out of it. We hadn't many minutes to spare now, and still the engine wouldn't start. Bradshaw tried twice more and then, thank God, it picked up. He ran it right up from cold, which is a shocking thing to do to an engine. It would probably give Mr. Wright a fit, but it took it all right. The control officer circled his flag, dropped it and off she went. The launch was normal, perhaps the most normal thing that crazy morning, and the aircraft disappeared into the gloomy astern.

I think that that submarine captain coming in on the surface for his kill must have had the surprise of his life. Bradshaw put him down and he stayed down. To make sure, Sub-Lt. Don Jupp, R.N.V.R., of Gloucestershire, was catapulted off after Bradshaw. The two carried on a patrol, the ship's captain ordered an alteration of course, and when the submarine was nest heard from she was miles off on our original course.

The Avenger came back, first Jupp with his, and then Bradshaw. The fog was dense, and how they made the flight deck is amazing. They could scarcely see it, and it was rising and falling in a sickening fashion. Yet Jupp's landing was so perfect that for some reason we all laughed. Then Bradshaw came in. He fouled the barrier, crashed into a couple of aircraft huddled up forward, but neither he nor any of his crew was injured. We saw no more of his U-boat. Perhaps he was telling them in Germany that we had given him the slip—or perhaps he wasn't as honest as all that about it. Anyway, the German news came out next day with the information that they had sunk us!

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JULY 4, Wednesday 1,30th day of War against Japan. British carrier HMS NABOC, a new boyd British occupation troops arrived in Berlin. Philippines.—Cen. Pacific Fleet. Magsaysay, President of Philippines, addressed the delegates of Philippine indians and native Americans in Greenland for prisoners.

JULY 5, Thursday 1,30th day of War against Japan. Japanese attacks allowed attacks on British positions in Sentosa.

JULY 6, Friday 1,30th day of War against Japan. Nukazaki and aircraft at Tokyo attacked by U.S. aircraft. Australia.—Death of Sir Hon. John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia.

JULY 7, Saturday 1,30th day of War against Japan. German submarines entered Porc. Florida, United States.

JULY 8, Sunday 1,30th day of War against Japan. German aircraft carriers had been damaged by bomb attacks.

JULY 9, Monday 1,30th day of War against Japan. More than 1,000 carrier-borne aircraft of U.S. 3rd Fleet sreel at Tokyo. Cambodia.—British aircraft carriers attacked by large force of Super-Fortresses.

JULY 10, Tuesday 1,30th day of War against Japan. German submarines entered Florida port, Germany. — Germany.—Mellow Montgomery in Berlin invested Marshal Zhukov and Bolsheviks with British decorations.

JULY 11, Wednesday 1,31st day of War against Japan. More than 500 Super-For- tresses attacked ships in Shikoku and Honshu with 1,000 tons of bombs.

JULY 12, Thursday 1,31st day of War against Japan. Germany.—March past by British Army. France.—Flash-backs.

JULY 13, Friday 1,31st day of War against Japan. Germany. — Germany.—March past by British Army. France.—Flash-backs.

JULY 14, Saturday 1,31st day of War against Japan. Germany.—President Trumser and his Government arrived in President in Big Three Conference.

JULY 15, Sunday 1,31st day of War against Japan. U.S. 3rd Fleet and aircraft bombard steel-centre of Murmansk on Noktuskada.

JULY 16, Monday 1,317th day of War against Japan. British fleet task force entered U.S. 3rd Fleet in air attacks against Tokyo area.

JULY 17, Tuesday 1,317th day of War against Japan. German.—First Big Three meeting in President preceded by Pres. Truman. Japan—U.S. and British battle ships shelled Helsinki area of Helsinki as—carrier aircraft continued to attack Tokyo area. Britain—Chinese troops occupied Kowloon; China. — Chinese troops occupied Kowloon.

JULY 18, Wednesday 1,317th day of War against Japan. Germany.—German army invaded India; China. — Chinese troops occupied Kowloon.

JULY 19, Thursday 1,317th day of War against Japan. Russia.—Main part of Caen captured by British and Canadians.

JULY 20, Friday 1,317th day of War against Japan. Russia.—Russians took Vina.

JULY 21, Saturday 1,317th day of War against Japan. Russia.—Russians entered Arzazz.
THE METEOR, BRITAIN’S JET-PROPELLED SINGLE-SEATER FIGHTER, seen in flight, was removed from the secret list on July 11, 1945, when it was revealed that its first flight in 1943 and was used against the Flying Fortresses during the following year. Powered with two gas jet turbojet engines, its dimensions include: span, 41 ft; length, 46 ft; height, 13 ft; and wing area, 256 square ft. It is a low-wing monoplane of metal construction, with tricycle landing gear and built-in explosive units. The high calibre, semi-automatic guns in the propeller nacelle, дела, of the Meteor, were the work of four British firms. It was developed by the Gloster Aircraft Company from the B 20 H, first jet-propelled aircraft in the country and prototype of the world.
With Our Airmen Today

By CAPTAIN NORMAN MACMILLAN M.C., A.F.C.

PAPER BALLOONS, 33 ft. in diameter, carrying Japanese secret agents, were reported over the U.S.S. and Canada in June (1943), causing casualties. They were said to have been sent up from the Grafenwoehr through the stratosphere. Photo by MODERN".

Mosquitoes against the "House in The Hague." At that time, there was quite a lot of misunderstanding about these low-level attacks, and de Brouwer Commissioner (who made the attacks against the Gestapo H.Q. in Oslo and against Berlin when Goering was due to broadcast) received credit in many minds for the pinpoint attack against the House in The Hague, simply because many persons did not realize that there were three Mosquito Wings in 2nd T.A.F.

I was Group Captain Bateson when he was commanding No. 140 Wing in France. In addition to British decorations he wore the ribbon of the Dutch Flight Cross with which Prince Bernhard had invested him after the Hague attack. His headquarters was on an aerodrome in the Somme Department, and it was a grand sensation to fly over the old battlefields of the First Great War where Camels and Fokkers had waged battle at 100 miles an hour in a Mosquito that swept through the skies at three-and-a-half times speed.

The Wing Mess was in the Chateau de Goyencourt, home of the Marquise de Montpensier, a pleasant place with ample stabling for the enjoyment of more peaceful sports. Among the officers of one of the jolliest R.A.F. wings I have happened across for many a long day was Squadron Leader E. B. Sinmore, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, of Kettering, who had been Wing Commander R. W. Raynolds’s observer. His D.F.C. was gained for the Goering speech attack, the Bar for the Aachen show, and the D.S.O. for an attack on the Zeiss factory at Jena, but Sinmore was far too modest to say a word about all these adventures.

GROUP-Capt. Bateson’s War Record

More Fascinating Than Any Film

Bateson had had an exciting time after Japan entered the war. His Blohm and Voss squadron flew to Singapore from the Middle East, then was directed to Palembang, where it used Dutch bombs, thence to Java, whence they had to take ship to Australia. The ship stranded and they finally got away in a river boat navigated by a Flying Officer who happened to be a Master Mariner. From Australia, Group Captain Bateson was posted to Ceylon. There, his brother, also in the R.A.F., whom he believed to be thousands of miles away, suddenly walked in to see him. And there too, he met the lady who is now his wife. His was a story more thrilling and fascinating than any film of adventure I have ever seen.

BALLOT PAPERS—fifty tons of them—for forces serving overseas were dispatched (and returned) by R.A.F. transport Command, so that our serving men and women abroad might vote in the General Election. See page 249, PAGE 250; Photo, below right.
barbed wire in an internment camp in Denmark and imprisoned at the age of fifteen. The outside world, which others of this age have had to assassinate to gradually, burst upon him all at once—streets, houses, shops, buses, cars, trains, boats, trees, fields, rivers, and the sea, with a thousand other wonders. He may well cry with the innocent Miranda: "Oh brave new world!" and mean it just as fervently.

An American journalist friend visiting London for the first time since 1941 tells me something about Londoners I hadn't, I must confess, noticed. Whereas in the days of the blitz he found us communicative almost to the point of garrulousness, expand- ing almost embarrassedly in railway carriages, pubs and places where they queued, today he observes, as he puts it, that we have resumed our "deep primval silence." The odd thing is that it likes him better that way. "When the Londoner opened up in those bad old days," he writes, "and let you into the secrets of his private life and maybe brought out a soap of the wife and kids, it made me uneasy—as if the actors in a play had changed parts in midact. It was out of character: somehow you didn't feel you were among Londoners at all and would catch yourself looking over your shoulder—just to make sure. Today, wherever you meet him, the Londoner has gone back to his clam-shell. He gives you a granite glint if you try to catch his eye and silently sits on the other end of the bar before you have had time to open up with a weather-gambit."

And he comments, "That's how it should be, how it always has been, and I don't suppose that, deep down, any honest American would have it otherwise. The English are always praised and blamed for many qualities, and not always with justice. Something that I expect I will hear is a visiting Frenchman praise the old-fashioned British Sunday.

Driving through the outer London suburbs the other day I found myself, as often before, speculating on the improbable names with which many householders burden their homes. There were, of course, the inevitable The Firs, The Pines, Mon Repos, and so forth, all with a faintly Edwardian flavour. There were the Viny Ridges, Malines, St. Quentin, and others dating from the last war and half-obiterated. Then I began to notice names which had made but recent history. There was Falaise, there was Coldar, there was Remagen. Not so far off I passed Duren, Malmeny, Venlo and, last but not least of all, Bratislava. About to explain to my companion "Quick work!" I danced on me that these names platers were at least pre-war as the others, and that far from being attempts to keep up with the march of time they were probably merely echoes of long-ago honeymoon tour and holidays abroad—of people most likely dead. There must be hundreds of thousands of such houses scattered over England, each with its impachable link with present-day tourists. One estate in South London, where the occupant of Remagen felt a superb thrill as he opened his gate for the first time only last morning last March and read the banner headlines "Remagen Bridge falls to U.S. Without a Shot" is not far from the neighbour of Falaise didn't feel just a little bit more right than the man from Remagen must be feeling now.

I strongly suspect that prices in the horticultural industry are running so high that they may curtail the charm of English gardens for some time to come. I write from personal experience, quoting two cases which may or may not be typical. Having decided to plant a few water lilies in a little pond, I ordered a dozen of a quite common variety, and was astounded when the bill arrived to find that they had cost me £9. I might have been prepared for this, as a week or two before I had ordered 200 dwarf lavender plants. They did not seem a very vigorous lot; indeed, some fifty of them were not rooted at all. I was not very pleased about this, except to point out that anyone who is thinking of laying out a small garden now is going to encounter costs which will greatly curb his choice of flowers and plants.

"Post-war reconstruction" is a high-sounding phrase which is supposed to cover a multitude of sins of commission. It is put forward as the reason for the coming demolition of a house on the fringe of Regent's Park that was for twelve years the home of Charles Dickens, the house in which David Copperfield was written. No doubt many ardent lovers of that great novelist and all that pertains to him will be grieved, but they have several other shrines at which to worship. The birthplace of Dickens in Portsmouth escaped the bombs; Gadshill Place, near Rochester, the house in which he died, still stands; the house in Doughty Street, where he wrote his first novel, is safe and kept up. The Dickens Fellowship is happy over the demise of the house, a safe keeping of the Dickens Fellowship. And, anyway, Dickens explicitly stated in his will that he desiderate no memorial other than his books. What is far more regrettable in this context is the one-handed demolition of buildings which is redolent of its period should come under the axe, whether it was the home of Charles Dickens or of Trollope. Full destruction should ever be permitted without some respect for the association that it is. It is not least as satisfactory a sample of present-day architecture as the demolished building war of the architecture of its own time.
In Britain Now: Choosing a New Government

AIR-RAID SHELTER was used as a polling station in East Sheenford, London, where first votes were cast by two crossing-sweepers (1). Polling Day for the first General Election for nearly ten years was on July 5, 1945, when over 1,100 candidates contested 640 seats—apart from 24 constituencies in the North-east and 25 in the Midlands and Wales—and July 19 and three returning their M.P.s unopposed. Familiar sight on polling-day at a Wiltshire airfield of Transport Command was the unloading of ballot papers completed by our forces overseas in a pre-election meeting at Laxton (2). Mr. Churchill raised the crowds in Pump Room Gardens on behalf of Mr. Anthony Eden.

SAPPERS at work in Oxford Street (left). In early July 1945 grew tired of being mistaken for enemy prisoners of war, and the construction of a Bailey bridge across a bomb-site for a forthcoming Service exhibition; they cleared up the announcement: "We are not Germans, or Italians, but British." (4) The Ministry of Health declared on June 14 that a big step-up was being taken in the employment of the 185,000 German prisoners held in this country; over 1,350 were already on clerical jobs.

HERO AT HOME. Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., enjoyed a quiet hour with his son John and his wife Barbara Alexander and small son in the garden of their Winder Forest home (right) during a brief visit to this country in early July 1945. Victor of the North African and Italian campaigns, the Field-Marshal was presented with the Freedom of the City of London on September 30, 1944, by the King on July 5, 1945.

Photo, British Official, Keystone, U.P.U., Final Test

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As Our Troops Took Over the Heart of Berlin

IN THE ALLIED-OCCUPIED CAPITAL OF THE REICH, a British war correspondent chatted with a Russian girl, Fedora Banderske, on guard-duty at the Brandenburg Gate. On July 4, 1945, the main body of the British occupational force, headed by a squadron of the 11th Hussars from the 7th Armoured Division and including troops of the Grenadier Guards, the Devonshire Regiment, and other famous British units besides a Canadian composite battalion, entered the German capital to take up their allotted zones.