HOMeward-Bound AT SIngapore after three-and-a-half years of captivity, this British corporal was one of 40,000 Allied P.O.W. and internees evacuated from the Malay peninsula by the end of September 1945. On arrival at their destination—Liverpool for repatriation and discharge—he disembarked on leave after forty-eight hours, after a medical inspection and a zealous search for medals and military decoration. See also this, page 484.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 220 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23
Trouble Flares Up in Java and Indo-China

AT SAIGON, capital of French Indo-China, Communist prisoners areo and guards received reconciliation talks which began Saturday. Talks were opened after Allied occupiers of the prison on October 1, 1945, issued a ultimatum that they would fire on the captives if they disturbed Japanese guards. The guards were killed by the Gurkhas. The rebels surrendered rifles and ammunition to these Gurkha. To the city's consternation, the prisoners had helped to man barricaded armed barricades.

INDONESIAN NATIONALISTS checked up an assault on European quarters in Java in an armed attack on January 24, 1946. Two days after Japan's unconditional surrender on August 14, 1945, Indonesia declared its independence, declaring the "Indonesian Republic Government," and called on all weapons to strike against Dutch re-occupation forces in Java. See also story on page 46.
This Hollands Needs Our Help

By GODFREY WYNN

As a gesture of indemnity for our tried and tested allies, we gladly report—"The War Endures"—this beautiful article, skilfully delineated, which appeared in a recent number of the Hollands Daily Monitor, devoted to the help the Hollands Council. We have with some tremulous emotions sent to Mr. Godfrey Wynn's action—"Riddle.

Just over the border into Germany much of the domestic lamb is (a) cut, and (b) sold. It is still the same today. And the Dutch ask naturally: Where is it to be returned? That question and one other were constantly on their lips. But it is to pay—especially for Allen, who had been so generous, that farmer at Veres asked, not unreasonably, from whom would they get the money?—and all the Hollands were not quite sure. "First they said the Germans would pay; then it was the British; now no one seems to know."

Even Rusty Nails are Precious

In any case, economical sums in a vague future mean less—so much less—that a portion in your hand this very minute. The men are coming back from incarceration in Germany to find their families in districts near the Moldau living in chicken-coops. They want to start rebuilding at once, and they are helpless because in white villages the Ger- mans have not left a single hammer behind. (On the waterfront at Rotterdam I watched a poor official, with idle time on his hands, searching among the rusty rabbles for nails.) While the dearth of all agricultural instruments is so acute, "film galas" are held in all of the peasants. Admiration is with a novel coin. A toel. A Spencer. A pair of knives. A rake.

"In soup, then, rationed in your country?" Their own ration, I discovered—after three years of no soup at all—for two months one half of what we receive each month. I got tired of answering such questions, and exaggerated, too, until to the realization that in the whole of Holland is not to be found a single English newspaper, review, or recently published book on sale. This, in common Brabant and, where the kings are piled high with news from England. Ah, more ordinary people in Holland speak our tongue; and would like to think our way still, if they only knew what it was.

The new donor, recalling the old currency, was being received everywhere I went by all the friendly faces of the community with satisfaction, and, indeed, declaration. The honest will have nothing to fear, while those who sought guilefully to benefit by the scarcity of Occupations will be strung off the pay-roll at last. It is thought that there will be many prosecutions of such.

What will Pay for Allied Damage?

So one began to understand what Total Occupation has meant for a country whose sufferings have been too long unreported. And it is that right word to use. One began to understand that in between the tramlines in Amsterdam—last winter one did not know if one had to eat the bread, and the floors of their homes, both here and in Rotterdam, even the lavatory doors—why, when we went to pick up a guide for our tours, one both, grew old. Then, of course, the figures that the bread known belonged to the enemy, and one's father left with strangers, you never saw again. Then, of course, the figures I witnessed. I heard no whisper, no denunciations, or expressions of self pity. I saw no holding out of hands, even for cigarettes.

like dropsy' my companion said—holding up her two hands to the open window and the sun. One remembers young Johan Peperzak at No. 55, dressed in a cut-down Czarist uniform, completed with three false breasts. And this was not a children's fancy-dress party, this was his only part, and most of all, one remembers the two girls that lived on the ground floor at No. 64. Today their living space is one room, but none of the other floors are left. So what will help burn this woman? Every night she is forced to wear when it is really cold, I thought, and then, of course, the two little girls, in the corner, soliciting mending darts' clothes of every description, a pile of their own cotton thin, mismatched patches.

As though she could sense what was in one's mind, her mother, with a rough gesture, pulled them towards her, and showed us their bare chests. 'You see, no lace, no vestments,' she cried with passion and anger. 'But they cannot go to school because they are too poor to buy shoes, no coat. And my oldest daughter cannot take a place as a servant, for she is too young. She is only seven years old.' My eyes went past the group to the table, where, shoed and imperious, stood yet another vase of white gladis.

Outside in the street again, I reminded my companion of the stack of garments, collected by the Help Hollands Council, that I had seen an hour before being sorted in a warehouse down by the billeted docks. I had explained that first the victims of the Allied bombardments, the refugees from the far-off flooded areas must be fitted out with some--

Cabbage and Thin Soup a Luxury

Ten per cent. That is a fact, checked and crosschecked. Here are some more. Last winter a hundred acres in Hasselt and 2,500 tons of milk, a season for coffee, chowMotor and blankets for fodder, jellies and confectionery for the children, some soap, and even, and swed, and aren't bad if I find, if there is any left. "In Amsterdam last May 20th, at the "best" restaurant, our lunch consisted of cabbage and a little thin soup. I can't say I saw the committee, put the mutton, the milk, the soup and noodles, and my companion, and I, we had cousins, and I, in the community, was brought in for a piece of the class of the dish."

Mercifully the old city has been spared much bombing, and its serene autumn leaves are a shock to the stomach, then suddenly there came into view a sight that is all too frequent in the homes of the less fortunate. One hotel turned into an Allied lease centre, and there in the window, gazing away, was a frill of happy warriors, ticking the Sunday joint, piloting their planes, and spinning several pallets of butter on their table. I knew now why they were not allowed to take the crumbs left behind by the citizens long to throw a brick through the window. What must be the pass that way every day and always lunch on cabbage.

As you approached the Riks, you saw them as a quest a meter of a mile long in the shade, waiting in their shabby Best for their meal, and the space for another dish inside, and now, too bad to stand any more, they flop down on the coats of the fresh, and with all the Remembrants in Hollands—salvaged in a tank, line gathered together today for the first time since the war. It is good to have this as one's final memory.
THE GERMANS in the autumn of 1944 had attempted to put into operation their "Sea Lion" plan for the invasion of England, what prospects of success would it have had? There are, I think, two hypothetical situations worth considering if we are to judge our capacity at that time to have contained the German success in either case would have been. We easily forget that the two main forces were quite inadequate either to repel the invaders or to defeat the enemy successfully after he had made a landing—provided he could have maintained his sea communications. We have some idea how even the strongest coast defences have been rendered ineffective by air and sea power and how forces immensely more powerful than our own could have proved incapable of dealing with invading armies that had once successfully landed.

We now know that against the 39 well-equipped and well-trained divisions the enemy intended to land on our shores we could have opposed only one fully-trained and equipped Canadian division and another partially trained. There were, of course, also coast defence units, the Home Guard and British troops in process of training and re-equipping but, for lack of transport and equipment these would have been incapable of anything but limited scale manoeuvres. There was also a complete lack of air support. Armed to the teeth for a 3-weeks' war, therefore, little interest. The utmost the defenders would have been able to offer was to delay the invaders long enough for the Home Guard to be mustered and for the troops in distant areas to be called up, and for the industry to make essential parts of the armament and shell the factories in the path of the invaders. With such disparity of force it is evident that the result was not merely, as the Germans assumed, that they would be able to land without effective resistance at all. We knew they would have, therefore, little interest. The utmost the defenders would have been able to offer was to delay the invaders long enough for the Home Guard to be mustered and for the troops in distant areas to be called up, and for the industry to make essential parts of the armament and shell the factories in the path of the invaders. The whole situation was in favour of the attackers, but on the other hand the Home Guard and the troops in distant areas were not called up and the factories in the path of the invaders were not shell. The whole situation was in favour of the attackers, but on the other hand the Home Guard and the troops in distant areas were not called up and the factories in the path of the invaders were not shell.

GALE cr. GRANDPLAN 1944

BY MAJ.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN K.C.B., D.S.O.

GROUSEY'S Uncertainty of the

The Roses of the Gtiinernunpul

In view of the immense disparity between the land forces available on either side it is self-evident that the defence of Britain depended, in fact, upon preventing the enemy reaching our coast in force. That is to say, he had to be attacked at the ports of assembly, during the slow process of emerging from them, in passage and while attempting to disembark. It may be that there had already been a successful attack by the German infantry in force in the direction of Dunkirk. The whole situation was in favour of the attackers, but on the other hand the Home Guard and the troops in distant areas were not called up and the factories in the path of the invaders were not shell. The whole situation was in favour of the attackers, but on the other hand the Home Guard and the troops in distant areas were not called up and the factories in the path of the invaders were not shell.

In view of these considerations let us return to the chances of German success in the hypothetical situations suggested: (a) Would failure of the R.A.F. to win the air battle lead to invasion? I believe it would not; but, equally impossible that failure would not have entailed the complete collapse of our air defences, but rather the withdrawal of depleted squadrons to hồi to range of the enemy's fighters and fighter-destroyer bombers. From these bases they could still have attacked our shipping as it neared our coast, and during daylight have given some protection to our naval forces. Bombing of enemy embarkation points by night could still have continued, and the Navy might have been able to play havoc with the enemy's convoys.

(b) Once the Battle of Britain had been won and the Navy assured of air protection the abandonment or postponement of the German plan was inevitable. It is, however, interesting to learn from Field-Marshal von Rundstedt that it was clear of naval action that prompted the decision, presumably because it had been lost that the Luftwaffe would be able to prevent that most devastating form of attack from developing.
Passing the Time with Our Army of the Rhine

BERLIN'S "BLACK MARKET." In the famous Tiergarten was raided by German police and British military police on October 14, 1945, when since 12:00 a.m., including over 100 Russian officers and men, were made. A British tank (foreground) destroyed the partitions. A.L.A.D.

In the last days of the war, when the German Baader-movement announced that the city would be abandoned, some of our men (a) with the There is only one word for the German of a "Black Market." Official notice. In English, French, German, Polish. Save to be carefully

PAGE 291 Public, Berlin, Germany
How the Barham was Lost

By FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

Libya. In case the enemy fleet might come out, the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, deemed it wise to have his battleships at hand to support the cruisers and destroyers. Thus the Queen Elizabeth (flagship of the Commander-in-Chief), Barham (flagship of the Mediterranean
Command), Vice-Admiral Priddy-Wippell, and Valiant were processing at 11 a.m. on July 13 from Crete to Malta, with a few destroyers acting as a screen.

U-BOAT Forced to the Surface as a Result of Violent Explosions

Unfortunately, a skilled U-boat captain continued to dive beneath the screen unobserved and fired a salvo of torpedoes at the three battleships. According to some accounts, he believed to have hit the Barham simultaneously from both sides, with the result that the submarine momentarily lost its head. She passed quite close to the Valiant, which hoisted the signal "Submarine astern," but the smoke from the explosion prevented the flags being seen by any but a few.

Within four minutes the Barham took her second explosion, this of the after magazine. Many were on board her at the time it is not precisely stated, but 89 lost their lives. Others were picked up by the destroyers nearest to the scene of the disaster. A graphic account of the rescue work is given by Lieutenant-Commander Hug Hodgkinson, D.S.O., R.N., in his book, "Before the Tide Turned," published by Messrs. Harmsworth (and quoted here by kind permission of the publishers). His story, H.M.S. Horngate, the destroyers of which he was first lieutenant, was the closest, so was directed to rescued the ship as it survived; the crew were cutting the stay wires of the rescue men. All rafts were being man-handled to the side. The whaler was manned, and I went down the young midshipman to cox her. The Captain had slowed down, and we were nearing into what looked like a London fog, and smoked over. We were anchored in and through the thick fog, which hid all from sight. The smoke was reduced to a slow and sudden drizzle. Crews of hands bobbed in the water, far more than I had ever hoped for.

"The Captain steered for a large lump who were clinging to the Barham’s mainmast. I shouted musternot sink the ship. I fired a shot out of the smoke of her ship, but the smoke was all our
carried on. We were then seen and I fired a shot at a smoke-filled town. "As soon as we saw the little bubble bobs moved slowly in towards us and the men were hoisted on board. At the same time all our Carley rafts were lifted, and two men from our own crew were rescued on the Barham. Most of the rafts to paddle them out to more distant groups. Each raft had a man for a lifeboat; each a man, a woman, and a child. The Red Cross was seeing to it that we could have a large speed up from the scene to clean them. The whole upper deck became layered with oil, so that one could hardly stand. The sick bay was filling with oil-soaked wounded. The whaler came alongside with men too badly wounded to climb. Neil Robertson stretcher was lowered, and the men had been out, geysering, by tackles slung over the bar of the doorway.

A M I R A L Holding on the Raft too Thickly Oil-Covered to Recognise

"The Barham, meanwhile, moved the men slowly towards the group clinging to the mainmast. There were no more than 200 rafts, but the solid, and the men could hardly swing or even climb. The last man to be rescued was just by my forecastle net, and men started climbing. "There was a Carley raft there, too, from which men were climbing. One seemed to be in charge, and was exhorted each to make his ascent effect. He was too thickly covered with oil to recognize, and was swimming by the raft and holding on, to give the weak a chance to lie in the raft. When still were up he started too. He pulled an arm up before I could get to him, and was still struggling, but cold, of the 12th. I was the only man who was in the water. I never expected to receive an admiral on board in such circumstances."

I t was, in fact, the Second-in-Command of the Mediterranean Fleet, now Admiral Sir Henry Priddy-Wippell. He has recently been appointed Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, as from November 27, 1945—almost four years to the day since he was rescued in the same way as described.

Within a fortnight of the loss of the Barham, the battleship Prince of Wales and the battle cruiser Repulse were both sunk by Japanese torpedo planes in the South China Sea; and a little later the Queen Elizabeth and Valiant were disabled by a daring Italian penetration of Alexandria Harbour in a tiny craft carrying two machine-guns. slender margin of naval strength was left to Britain, and with the Italians showing no disposition to send their main fleet out to take control of that sea. Instead, they redoubled their efforts to bomb and strafe Malta into submission; and Rommel’s armies threatened to invade the Nile valley. Tobruk fell in June 1942, but the tide turned at El Alamein in October.

PAGE 632
Four Minutes in the Life—and Death—of Barham

Our only battleship to be sunk at sea by a U-boat during the war was the 11,000-ton H.M.S. Barham, intercepted by the U-331 while operating with the Mediterranean Fleet some 350 miles W.N.W. of Alexandria on November 23, 1941. Hit by a salvo of torpedoes, she took a deep dive in seven minutes. Within a few minutes of being scored, between the forecastle and after barbette, the after magazines blew up (below) in a third part of the ship, making the deaths of 319 officers and men. See also facing page.
The Navy's Midget Submarines at Close Quarters

AUSTRALIA'S SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE is the background for a surfaced midget submarine (1), on the occasion of a visit there by her depot ship, HMAS Benllech (2). On the lower right, inside the two-man compartment, the typical submarine crew (3) are either filling the open front hatch, or exiting. In the next photo, the Midget, mined the 3,000-ton Jap cruiser Takao in Johore Strait, near Singapore, on July 24, 1944. See full story on page 307 and film, page 446, Vol. II.
Life Guards Again at the Old Familiar Archway

FAMOUS PRE-WAR SPECTACLE of the Life Guards at Whitehall was enjoyed again by Londoners, for the first time in six years, on October 5, 1946. In the long interval the regiment had been fighting in Italy, and through the battle-scarred lands and in Germany. On their reappearance the men wore Service dress to mingle dengan with previous generation of redcoats. The first contingent of remounts being driven from the Horse Guards. M. A. L. CARTER.
UNSUITABLE AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F. being scrapped for salvage at No. 1 Metal and Producce Recovery Depot (1) set up by the Ministry of Aircraft Production at Oxford. Here, besides heavy bombers which bombed Berlin and the Ruhr, Hurricane and Spitfire remains of the Battle of Britain are broken up for aluminium, which will later be transformed into cooking vessels for British housewives, many of whom we willingly gave up their old ones to build aircraft in the early days of the war. A "jumbled corner" of "Bomber" scrapyard (2) with aircraft waiting to be reduced to 395,000 tons of steel which are seen (3) being stacked. Between 90,000 and 90,000 tons of scrap is at the depot, and the store is being added to at the rate of 7,000 tons a week. See also facing page.
The Greatest Mopping-Up Operation in History

Swords into ploughshares, Mosquitoes into sweatpans: these transformations and many others are now taking place hand-to-hand with the slogging of equipment and wounded of war. The scale of operations is vast and millions of pounds of ammo are being saved. Organisation and results are explained by Capt. BASIL THORNBROOK. See also facing page, and see page 42.

For the most part have returned to their owners; an intricate and laborious task. The 1914-18 war ended with about a million tons of ammunition in hand. The removing of hundreds of dummys to a central disposal point proved so costly that break-up plants had to be built on the sites. In the end, converted into scrap metal, the mountains of shells and bombs brought Government less than £1,000,000. That was better than nothing, but the industry being able to think of any use for the explosives and propellants which had been extracted, there was appointed to the task. For the Director of Salvage, Brigadier Charles Vere Beresford, O.B.E., R.A.S.C., was the one-time high official of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, was, between the wars, an instructor and administrative officer in Army technical schools. At the beginning of this war he was Assistant Director of Supply and Transport. By the basis of Army salvage is that everything which passes out of effective use by the country is translated into something useful. This is the result of a drive by the British Indian Engineer Division for recovery of "junk," dapped all over the countryside, during battle operations, fifty units in the British Second Army salvaged 11,000 tons in one week, thus saving nearly £500,000 of taxpayers' money. One man alone collected 1,457. "One man" is page 532, Vol. 8.

"Sifting" the Western Desert

After sorting and classifying, any salvage still militarily useful is pressed against special demand. Such other material as is repairable, or otherwise salvageable, finds its way to the Ministry of Supply. There is a future even for "unsalvageable" material, such as rusted barbed wire. Priority in this is held by the occupier of the land where it is salvaged, the remaining being sold to local inhabitants or disposed of by public auction.

While salvage operations in different areas may vary to suit local conditions, the general scheme is the same everywhere, and the last chapter of British salvage in France and Germany will doubtless have a good deal in common with what is now on sale in the desert controlled price.

To cut a long story short, it is thought to most of us that if old metal, faying pens, railings and so on could be converted into bombs and Mosquitoes, then these items can, for a great part, be turned back into valuable tables, tools and steel. For months—perhaps years—now, there is a large proportion of factory machinery and accommodation will be engaged in grinding-down scrap metal to its original foundations of copper, lead, brass, aluminium, to form the basic constituents of motor-chains, machine tools, engine bearings, radio apparatus, electrical equipment, telephone cable, ships' propellers, pots, pans and a further diversity of peace-time products.

Lost Found in Nazi Rat-Rests

So much for the major instruments of war from which alone they came. Apart from our own matériel of war, there are hundreds of thousands of items accumulated by the Germans in the various battlefronts. They are now passing forward to a depot in Berlin known as "the watchman's storehouse." All too vast quantities of domestic materials stored by local homes by the German military commanders to furnish comforts for the personnel of large-scale Bocche defenses—furniture, cutlery, glassware, store, bed linen, etc., kitchen, electric, so on and so on, even window-frames and outbuildings. Factory materials—cotton and linen—take a toll of hundreds of hospitals and institutions by requisition, by order of Headquarters, by invitations, by guilty themselves, entrusted with local government. These things have now for the most part been returned to their owners; an intricate and laborious task. The 1914-18 war ended with about a million tons of ammunition in hand. The removing of hundreds of dummys to a central disposal point proved so costly that break-up plants had to be built on the sites. In the end, converted into scrap metal, the mountains of shells and bombs brought Government less than £1,000,000. That was better than nothing, but the industry being able to think of any use for the explosives and propellants which had been extracted, there was appointed to the task. For the Director of Salvage, Brigadier Charles Vere Beresford, O.B.E., R.A.S.C., was the one-time high official of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, was, between the wars, an instructor and administrative officer in Army technical schools. At the beginning of this war he was Assistant Director of Supply and Transport. By the basis of Army salvage is that everything which passes out of effective use by the country is translated into something useful. This is the result of a drive by the British Indian Engineer Division for recovery of "junk," dapped all over the countryside, during battle operations, fifty units in the British Second Army salvaged 11,000 tons in one week, thus saving nearly £500,000 of taxpayers' money. One man alone collected 1,457. "One man" is page 532, Vol. 8.

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While salvage operations in different areas may vary to suit local conditions, the general scheme is the same everywhere, and the last chapter of British salvage in France and Germany will doubtless have a good deal in common with what is now on sale in the desert controlled price. Nova has been wasted. Tires which could not be repaired locally were shipped to the United States for reclamation, and all such made new tasks and aircraft, for which hundreds of tons of magnesium alloy worth £1,000 a ton—were recovered from old castings. Earlier, from Western Desert salvaging, one smaller alone was turning out enough for a whole Brigade of tanks.
Now British Scientists Fire V2s From Germany

Rocket bombs were successfully fired from Cuxhaven, Germany, into the North Sea on October 19th, by British scientists who, during the war, had organized counter-measures against them. So satisfactory were the new guiding devices that the bombs fell within three miles of the target, 120 miles distant. The experiments, to test information supplied by the Germans after the surrender, were conducted by the Special Operations Executive, supervised by men of the Royal Engineers, where it is seen being elevated (4) to the vertical firing position (5). Up the goes (6), well into the sky (7).
At Biggin Hill ‘Where They Won the War’

On the Western Front. “Townfield” has a long history between Blenheim Courtney and the R.A.F. aerodrome at Biggin Hill on the Kentish downs. A hanging into Victorian memorials (right), endowed in grounds well wooded with pine and larch, it is in the present-day tourist season. To-day, from here during the war, was the most critical period in the Battle of Britain (September–October 1940) was largely directed—and largely won—when, in the words of Winston Churchill, “Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.”

Inside the building, is what was once a command centre, in the famous Fighter Command. “Ops” Room (below), nerve centre of the Battle of Britain in its most critical stage: from here the defence of London was brilliantly conducted. Earlier in the war the building had been used as an air-raid shelter and later during German occupation, Biggin Hill aerodrome was used as an airfield for German aircraft.

Here, in the same room, was erected the famous map. The map on the wall below shows the layout of south-eastern England and the Continental coast. The map on the wall above shows the positions of the enemy and those of our fighters opposing them. On the board around the table sat the Assistant Controller with representatives of the Royal Observer Corps, the Beachlight Service of the A.A. Balloons and the Army. The Controller was a realized man, a man of action, a man to work. As the war progressed, the day was marked by the Controller, then Group Captain R. G. Kinn, O.B.E, D.S.C., coordinating data flashed through by telephone and planning the campaign—under the Supreme Commander, approved by the Chiefs of Staff, Chief of the Air Staff of Fighter Command. As Richard Dimbleby, B.B.C. commentator, commentating from one, 15 September 1940, 50th anniversary of the Battle of Britain, observed: “It is one sees in what one could say: ‘This is where they won the war.’”

When London's Docks Visited the Clyde

One of our most satisfying and successful tours in the counting of the Navy when Britain had her back to the wall was the partial removal, in the autumn of 1940, of the naval dockyards from the Thames Estuary to the Clyde Estuary. Official disclaimers of details of this great enterprise of "the Port in the Sea" have only recently been made. The fullest account is reprinted below from the October issue of the Magazine of the Port of London Authority. See also illus. page 16.

AFTER the overthrow of the Low Countries and the fall of France in the early summer of 1940, the E-types were quickly becoming obsolete that shipping needed a new breed of port, and our south and east coast ports for very little trade. The Luftwaffe. There were the E-boats. There was an urgent need, and all consoling to cut us off from world supplies.

A major diversion of shipping to our west coast ports at once suggested itself to the Ministry of War Transport (now to be combined in the Ministry of War Transport) and it was soon discovered that even working at maximum pressure these ports would be totally unable to the vast demands imposed by our ever-growing war effort. The position indeed seemed grave. And as the weeks dragged on into late summer it worsened.

Where was the inspiration we may never know. But it was basic. At one stage plans were put into operation establishing the Clyde Anchorage Emergency Port, a brilliantly conceived scheme for a vast port at sea in the relatively enclosed waters of the Clyde where British and ocean-bound shipping could anchor, and, without touching land, load and discharge their cargoes outside, with protection afforded by the boom between Dunoon and the Clyde Lighthouse erected at the mouth of the river. Details were worked out with the help of the Port of London Authority's Assistant General Manager, Mr. (now Sir) Robert Letch.

The Clyde Anchorage scheme went into operation almost immediately after the Port of London received its first heavy air attack from the raider Hecht on 30th April. Within a few days the first stevedoring unit, consisting of London dockers, had proceeded afloat. The men were billeted in the Greenock and Gourock districts, and within a month totalled some six hundred. The administration was in the hands of Sir Robert Letch, as Executive, and a small staff headed by the Port of London Authority.

Exactly a week after that heavy Luftwaffe raid on London's docks, the first ship was charged by "the Port in the Sea". It was the S.S. Nardine, with a general cargo from India. She was the talk of the town. The date was September 14, 1940 - a memorable day in the history of this island.

Discharging cargo to various ultimate destinations involved a highly-skilled degree of planning, for there were no quays or wharves available for housing goods pending re-arrangements. Before each cargo came from the ship's hold it was necessary to decide its route of consequent. As often happened, cargoes were transhipped direct from ocean vessel into coasters awaiting to hurry them to one or more ports.

The scheme had many advantages, including the saving of precious time, and the risks to the cargoes were spread over a much larger number of vessels. Cargoes needed for delivery by rail or road were discharged into a special fleet of power barges, dumb barges and Dutch schooners, and sailed when ready. Here they were unloaded at emergency wharves some of them exclusively for passenger use in normal times - by means of small electric cranes and trucks brought all the way from London. The stevedoring was carried out by the London dockers.

In all, some 300 Thanes dumb (towed) vessels were dispatched to the Clyde, either towed round the coast or carried on the decks of freighters. A fleet of pumps was taken by road, as far as the port of Glasgow and then launched. Under the guidance of a photographer formally accredited by the Port of London, four local heroes from Greenock were trained in the task of handling these. And they did it thoroughly. Most of the powered barges were Thanes Engine Inland steamer sailing barges, which were moved to the Clyde in the absence of steamers and boats that could pass the Firth of Clyde. Because of weather conditions they did not always get over to the mainle for their auxiliary engines. Many of them had, earlier in the year, performed gallant service at Dunkirk. Almost every kind of cargo was landed at the Clyde Anchorage. Included among them were bicycles, B.B.C. crates, P.L.A. gun mechanisms, and even a portable bucket elevator, operated by the enemy P.L.A. gun crew, in order to supply provisions to the U.S. forces being stationed in the Firth of Clyde.

Discharging Damaged Ships

Rarely was the work of a straightforward nature. And there were always vagaries of the weather to contend with. Frequently ships which had been severely damaged by enemy action while at sea had to be discharged from flooded holds so that repairs could be effected. Of these shattered craft some were too heavily waterlogged that they arrived with too deep a draught to enter any normal port, and thus had to be discharged in deep-water anchorages.

On one occasion men and gear from the Anchor Line's endover journey of some 250 miles to render assistance to the S.S. Scottish, which was wrecked near Loch Awe, 13 miles north west of the Clyde. Another ship carried a cargo of oranges, from Spain, among which Nazi agents had intended to explode on their arrival in the Clyde. The ship had to be hoth in the Clyde Anchorage, under the supervision of bomb disposal experts, and then the stripping of deck cargoes which had shifted during rough weather in the North Atlantic or on the Murmansk route to Russia.

Were the leeking of the Luftwaffe's attacks on southern and eastern ports, British shipping slowly returned to some thing like normal. But the work of the Clyde Anchorage went on, as a vast terminal for the large troopers. After America's entry into the war, five of the world's biggest passenger liners - Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Aquitania, L'Atlantique and Normandie - operated a regular ferry service between the U.S. and the Clyde Anchorage, transporting hundreds of thousands of American troops.
**Battle to Save War-Famous Dutch Island**

To flood the German gun-sites on the island of Walcheren, R.A.F. bombers on October 3, 1944, at high tide, tore great gaps in the dyke that prevented the sea from submerging the low-lying land. The water then surged over most of Walcheren to the North Sea. The Westkapelle was used by Royal Marines Commandos as the gateway for their attack on November 1. (See pages 453-466, Vol. II.)

Now, with the aid of British equipment, Dutch workers are rebuilding the blasted dykes. By October 1, 1945, the first of the gaps had been sealed. Filled sandbags and tarpaulins for the dyke on the left. Nearly closed (top right), with the sea on the left. Floodwater on the opposite side stretches away for many miles. Through the last few yards are the rising tide (right), but at next low-water the sealing barrier will be completed. When the dykes are restored, Mulberry Harbour sections will be joined together to form an outer sea-wall.

(See also Illus. page 386.)
Where Nazi Tank Crews Trained in Norway

August 1943 meant that the Germans were clearing tracts of some 500 acres of farmland around Trandum, south of the Hardangerfjord, to establish a tank training facility. The tanks were to be used for combat training and to prepare crews for further training in Norway.

The training was conducted in a specially constructed area with a training circuit that allowed both for the training of individual tank crews and for full-scale training of entire tank units. The facility was equipped with a range of facilities for training, including a simulated battlefield with obstacles, trenches, and other features.

Victims Were Tumbled into Nameless Graves

In several cases, prisoners of war who had committed suicide or who had been executed by the Germans were thrown into mass graves without being identified. The bodies were not buried properly, and many were left exposed or were later dug up by the German army for training purposes.

In one instance, the bodies of 100 Soviet prisoners of war were found in a mass grave in a field near Trandum. The cause of death was not determined, but it is believed that the prisoners were executed by the Germans.

The bodies were not treated with respect, and their remains were later used for training exercises. The German army used the facility to train its soldiers in anti-tank tactics and to test new weapons.

The remains of many of the prisoners were later discovered, but the exact number is unknown. The facility was eventually abandoned by the German army in 1945, after the liberation of Norway by the Allied forces.
First Home by Sea from Far East

October 7, 1945, will remain a red-letter date for 1,134 ex-prisoners of war, and their friends and relatives, for on that day the Empress of China left Southampton the P. & O. liner Gada bringing home the first seaborne batch of P.O.W. from captivity in the Far East. General Sir Ronald Adam, Adjutant-General, went on board and read to them a message of welcome from the King and Queen; and a copy, typed on Buckingham Palace notepaper and bearing the King's signature, was given to each. Living the rails (right), eager to step ashore, the men were met by representatives of the various reception committees and were not disappointed. The scene on the quayside as they disembarked (above). Each as he left the ship was presented with cigarettes, chocolate and other gifts, and a free telegram form on which to send a message home.
Our Lightships in the War

By HAMILTON FYFE

and rarely was I interrupted, though conversation was usually cut down to a minimum when we were "hauling." Actually he missed the "helmsman" (i.e. the weather cleared and there was no longer needed. He found the silence positively uncanny. For the first time he could not sleep, but "lay in my hammock, listening to the silence."!

in the first war-water the Nor'east lightship in which Mr. Carter then served was often in danger from mines that had broken loose. Some were British, some German. It was said that ours became harmless after they were adrift, but "how could one tell the difference? They all had hens pecking from them." One day a whaler was swept through biplanes at a long way ahead, rigging too. Master and crew managed to struggle into the lifeboat and lay a short distance astern. When the planes had gone and they saw their ship was still afloat, they pulled to her in a flurry of snow and climbed aboard. Scarcely had they done so when another attack developed. They jumped into the lifeboat again and fled for the shore.

It was not far distant and they knew the Nor'east lightship, but they were不多 of the icy wind and spray, and it was down before they reached it. The boat was overturned, they were flung into the water. Crawling slowly, painfully, in the last stages of exhaustion, they tried to reach the top of the beach. One by one they had fallen exhausted. As they reached safety, he called back from time to time, "You, me and the dog!" The answer, for the men were lying dead along the shore.

Unarmed and Prey to Any Attack

After this, the lightships knew what to expect. Lightships where conditions of life-saving had made them invulnerable through the years were being indiscriminately attacked. They were too important for their lights to be allowed to go out, if this could possibly be avoided. So there the men stopped, absolutely unarmed, prey to anything that cared to sink or board. Many of us had visions of an E-boat dropping alongside and the whole crew of us driven aboard under the threat of a sub-machine gun, and finally thrown into a concentration camp somewhere west of Germany. "They saw any number of E-boats, "bored of them," and hardly any of us (they were too busy elsewhere). The Stukas were used only as a warning, they were not used as a landing party. They turned their attention to the East Sand Head Light in the Thames, which was an old one and the crew had fortunately been taken out. Another, which had its crew on board, was very badly damaged—sides pierced by cannon shell and ammunition, her crew all killed except one who was wounded; they were picked up by a seaplane and hurried to hospital on shore.

With the Nor'east Lightship, to which Mr. Carter was transferred, had now become the only one left in the approach to the Thames. They had taken every precaution, but the Third Day of December proved fatal to all round the North Sand, but by what seemed a miracle he was not hit. The bombs fell only a few feet either side of us. In fact, the only chance of water they didn't strike was the water where we floated." The Master radioed cheerfully, "Heavily bombed, but not much undamaged. No casualties." He could have stood it, but the authorities felt it was time to withdraw the crews both of North Sand and South Sand. They had been "out" long enough.

In the worst weather lights went out. But, wrote Mr. Carter, ending his book, "They were good. The noise would start up once when once again they will sweep the darkness, pointing, guiding, warning; symbols of hope, deliverance and justiceto humanity." His predictions were right. That hour has come.
Now It Can Be Told!

'GHOST' PORTS SENT TO CRASH ON HELIGoland

When the flying-bombs and rockets were crashing on London we were busy on 15-in V-weapon against the Germans. And the Germans who survived this weapon never knew how it worked. I can now reveal how Sir D. Griffiths, in the London Evening News in "ghost" bombers, piloted by radio control and loaded with scores tons of bombs, were being aimed across the North Sea to crash on the heavily defended German island of Heligoland.

The Germans were mystified by the fact that they flew through the heaviest flak and crashed without anything baling out first. The planes were old Flying Fortresses. One of them caused a scare right across England from the Wash to Liverpool when it got off course and headed west instead of east. Because the Germans were "in the dark" about it when Flying Fortress Melun-baby Betty was the wrong way up September 1944 everybody in the know had to tell a story which would not give the secret away.

So the explanation was offered that "George," the same plot, had become awkward, that Greenside had taken over the control of the plane after the crew had baled out, and had piloted it safely if a little critically across England and Erie and out over the Atlantic. Because of the death it carried, stress was sounded in every town and village along the plane's course.

It was from the King's Lynn area, south of the Wash, in a north-westerly direction to Derby, over Standing and Malvern Wreay, then to Merseyside, passing over Congleton, Middlesbrough, Newcastle and Reading.

I gave Liverpool its first air raid warning for 18 months, and R.A.F. officials who knew the danger were appealed to see if the circle the city twice before setting off on a westerly direction again, causing an alert in Birmingham as it went.

Fighters were up to pursue "Baby," who was flying perfectly at more than 250 m.p.h., and they were ready to shoot it down into the sea. At one time it looked as if it would put up its pursuit, and a warning was flashed to America that the bomber was heading on a course which might carry it beyond range of these fighters caught it and shot it down into the Atlantic. Three "ghost" bombers were taken into the air and set on their course by two pilots who baled out while still over land.

HUMAN MINESWEEPERS AND DIVERS OF THE R.N.

That the 50,000-ton liner Europa was recently able to make safe passage out of Bremen was largely due to the efforts of the Royal Navy's "human minesweepers" or divers—trained men who lived and breathed mine warfare. A number of these teams of naval divers and mine clearance experts, known as "PAIRS," were working in appallingly dangerous conditions and submitted in great shock, had cleared every major port from Cherbourg to Bremen.

It was at Bremen that the greatest test of their courage and skill was made. Some 50 mines had been laid by the enemy to the surrender. Their location was unknown, and the opening of this vital port was entirely dependent on the mine clearance experts. The mine sweeping in this case was made when a "PAIR" officer, Lieut. George Cruse, made the first clear for a ship that had rested safe in a little-known enemy "oyster" mine underwater at Bremen.

"I had seen bits of one before, but this was quite different from the one I had seen," Lieut. Gorse said afterwards. "The mine was resting on a body—there was plenty of rubbish and bodies in the harbour—but I didn't worry about this. It was very dark and I had to work by the feel of my hand in about two feet of mud. It was quite cold, too, and a little lonely. I took the primer off and brought the mine up to the surface. It was like taking a spark out of a car. You can do it in the dark if you know what you are looking for!"

Pairs of the "PAIR" Parties come in the Mediterranean campaign, when charge ready for laying in deep-water bodies were discovered at Birka. It was found that the enemy could lay mines with a delayed action of up to 80 days—an unexpected threat to port facilities which had to be overcome. It was decided that divers trained as human minesweepers were the reply to this menace.

Accordingly, the Admiralty Experimental Diving Unit at Tolworth, Surrey, under Commander W. O. Shelling, R.N., of Ryde, Isle of Wight, working with the Unit's Senior Medical Officer, Surgeon-Lieut. Cmdr. A. K. W. Daniel, D.S.O., R.N., of London, designed a special shallow-water diving suit, based on the Unit's previous research on human torpedoes and gidget submarines. The suit embodied the first operational application of the revolutionary principle of mixture breathing in a closed circuit, a self-contained apparatus giving a mixture of enriched air supplied from portable bottles.

Two "PAIR" Parties, each of about 40 ratings and two officers, all volunteers, were recruited, and by D-Day were ready. Personnel were trained in mines and bombs recognition, in avoiding booby-traps, in the use of automatic weapons, in field work and in tying bends and hitches blindfold—a preparation for their hazardous underwater work.

A search technique was developed, using guiding ropes anchored in parallel patterns over the search area. By pulling along the ropes over the harbour bed divers could completely an intensive search, often fighting against deep water and some of touch. Rescue masks, P.T. and warming training masks were used, and the Parties went into action soon after D-Day, one party in Caen to clear the Caen Canal and the port, the other to open the port of Cherbourg.

Three more British parties and one Dutch party were specially trained and were soon

ROYAL NAVY "PAIR" PARTIES did much of their training in Brixham Harbour, where an "underwater" pool was specially built for the purpose of diving practice under sea conditions. Attached to a rope, two prisoners (above) were lowered under the water; (above) a 100-ft. g intelligently planned to train and test. (Photo, Min. of P. & N. M. S. & W.)
A repelling condition of ice and thick mud, often over the divers' heads, were encountered; but the work, vital to speed European liberation, never stopped. The clearance of Anzio was completed in record time, and by the end of December, Termeno, Zevragge, the south Beveland Canal and Flushing were free. By this time parties were completely mobile, with four 3-ton trucks and one 18-cwt. van. Despite the danger of having to breathe oxygen under pressure and the continued menace of underwater explosions, strict observance of standing orders enabled the gigantic task of "P." Parties to be completed with no lives lost through diving accidents during training, or during operations.

With the most up-to-date equipment, brought from Britain, divers started work in October 1945 on filling mines in Dunkirk harbour—which the Germans hastily defended against an invasion of the Continent after our evacuation from the beaches there in 1940.

All this in spite of the fact that German naval mine experts, questioned after the surrender, stated that some of their latest mines could neither be swept nor recovered without exploding when moved. But British naval divers, stretching the bottoms of the Bremen harbour in pitch darkness, working by sentry of light alone, had already removed the firing mechanisms from three of these mines and had hauled them on to the dockside.

When a diver locates a mine he comes to the surface and reports its type. Here is an actual report: "German C-type mine, sir, about 8 ft. 6 in. long, sealed in three places, parachute housing at one end. Underneath the mine a dead body. Civilian. Turn-ups to his trousers." Then it is the officer diver's turn. If the mine is clear of the dock wall he places an explosive charge against it and blows it up. If this would

\[ \text{PRESSURE MAGNETIC Mine, the first to be recovered at Brennon, has its clock removed by S/S George George, R.N.V.R., of a British mine-clearing boat.} \]

cause damage, he removes the firing mechanism, working underwater by means of large tongs. By the end of the operation the mine can be safely hauled out of the harbour.

MONTY'S D-DAY BLUFF FOXTED THE GERMANS

H. Tyle's High Command were deceived over the date of D-Day—June 6, 1944—by the appearance of Field-Marshal Montgomery in the Mediterranean a few days before the invasion went in. He was received by Field-Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson at Algiers with public ceremony. He visited other military headquarters. Fascist agents, by way of Spain, transmitted the news to Berlin that Monty was away from his invasion base.

But it was not Monty at all who flew from Britain to the Mediterranean. It was Lieutenant-Commander James of the Royal Navy Pay Corps, a peacetime actor, the Field-Marshal's perfect double. Martin Richards, who met the lieutenant in a London restaurant on Oct. 4, 1945, "the likeness was so startling that until I noticed the two pips on his hothands I was certain it was the Field-Marshal"—but told the story of the great deception, in The Daily Express.

Clifton James, son of a Western Australian Chief Justice, is not permitted to tell anything about the greatest part of his career. But it is possible to place together the story of one of the biggest bluffs of the war.

James was an entertainments officer at Leiston early last year. One night, he walked on to the stage in bulldress and was loudly cheered by the troops under the impression that Monty was visiting them. The incident was reported in the Press, and a picture of James was printed.

It gave Britain's Military Intelligence an idea. Immediately before the great attack in December 1944, by Field-Marshal Lord Wavell on the Italian Line in Greece, the Italian had been hoodwinked by the arrival by air of the British commander in Greece. If the Italians could be hoodwinked, why not the Germans?

James was sent for. He underwent special training for the part he was to play. Monty's voice, gestures, walk, and distinctive habits had to be studied. The two men met, sat beside one another in the cinema, on the train, or anywhere. James was told to be sure that the voice was perfect. He was to be given special handling at the table. No one was to be allowed to see him until the last moment. He was to be permitted to take one glass of wine, but not to smoke. Each precaution was to be taken, in fact, that he should be mistaken for the real thing. Either way, it would be a success.
Will Atomic Weapons Cancel Themselves Out?

Some military critics suggest that the scientific discoveries associated with the transfer of matter into energy, so dramatically illustrated in the use of the atom of uranium, have completely revolutionized all military thought.

It is even asserted—I think with some cynicism—that the defense force of the future will consist of scientists, graded as Field-Marshals, Admirals, and Air Marshals, working in a laboratory set in reinforced concrete deep in the earth; and that one airborne corporal, a pilot officer flying a jet-propelled plane, would control the combined force, will convey the laboratory and the scientific command of war while the superimposed superintend over the honours and the medals.

There is much discussion as to whether the secret of the atomic bomb should be shared among the Allies at once; and, indeed, whether the knowledge should be more widely revealed. Scientists assert that within three years, at any rate, these secrets will be the common property of the scientific world. It would seem, therefore, that all the secrets concerned with the use of atomic power should be available to the world. The results of the atomic hermitage of Hiroshima and Nagasaki (see pages 344-345) are as yet only faintly known; but they are altogether terrifying, not only affecting human life in the most, but also the soil over a wide area, producing changes in material at present beyond comprehension.

There has been grotesque speculation that man might blow up the world by means of his experiments. It is comforting to know that most of the substances of which the world is composed react as a snarling agency against atomic energy processes. It is true, also, that though an atomic energy blast heightens the radioactivity of every substance within the explosion area, the effect disappears very quickly. Nevertheless, unexplained phenomena are likely to be discovered when the bombed areas are subjected to a scientific inquiry.

Energy Unequilibrated Even in the Sun

The blasts which levelled Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and August 9, 1945, had never occurred on earth before; nor will they ever be repeated on earth. The first atomic bomb was equivalent to 20,000 tons of TNT. The energy released was beyond imagination. Producing a wind with a velocity of millions of miles an hour, vaporizing everything within a mile of the explosion, producing temperatures comparable with that of the sun, and light visible to spectacles 100 miles from Hiroshima is "brighter than the sun."

Let us come down to earth. The world must control this menace, and by mutual consent, or by sheer force. The purpose of war, as stated in our own Field Service Regulations, is "to force the enemy to abandon the purpose to which he is resolute in arms, and to conclude peace on satisfactory terms." War results only after all of the means of persuasion have been employed; and there are many, economic, influence applied in the form of financial or commercial sanctions on its opponents or of assistance to its allies.

If the world is foolish enough again to go to war, we can reflect with some satisfaction that we were not forestalled.

This was 1914-18 produced a new and horrible weapon. It was gas. It was expected in 1939 that gas would again be used. Every army was possessed of its offensive and defensive gas weapons; and devices, produced some of the gas to several nations. But gas was never used during the war. The end? The element of surprise is that which is effective in both strategy and tactics. Setting high hopes on gas, the Germans lost the use of the weapon at Ypres; and the British Army was unprepared to meet it, but it was not sufficiently effective to accomplish its end. And the opposing sides were both using gas shells, cylinders for the discharge of gases in a favorable wind, with gas-masks and chemical screens to protect dugouts. Surprise had disappeared, and the novelty cancelled itself out by its use on both sides.

Source of An Immediate Reprisal

So gas was not used during the last war. Both sides feared to use it on account of the immediate reprisals to be expected, directed chiefly against the civil populations, though armies were undoubtedly also deterred by International Agreements. The war produced some surprising developments in weapons and devices. The only really revolutionary weapon, launched with such staggering surprise, was the atomic bomb which brought about the almost immediate capitulation of Japan. In any future war, it can be assumed that weapons based on the atomic bomb, combined with developments of the Y2 rocket, will be available to both sides. Held in readiness, secretly positioned in remote districts and islands.

Even should one side resort to the use of such a weapon and succeed in blotting out a vast territory with all its inhabitants, somewhere within the vast perimeter controlled by one of the Great Powers there will be positioned the source of an immediate reprisal, capable of producing in the first aggressor country results equivalent to the devastation it has already wrought. In war it is likely to use weapons which will bring a dreadful retribution, and for this reason I believe weapons based on atomic energy will cancel themselves out. Victory must be won, what is a victory when nearly all are dead and everything destroyed?

With all this said and done, the situation calls for the placing of scientific research under International control. The world has been given its lesson, and we may be thankful that it was in a land accustomed to mass slaughter and destruction through earthquakes, and where a fantastic religious belief ress obes death of many of its terrors.

Germany was only a short time behind our scientists; and if an atomic bomb had been the only change in V2 rockets, the effect of but one successful shot at London would have been annihilating. Scientific research must therefore be placed under International control, with an International Inspectorate with free access to every country, so that no national, or national group anywhere, can experiment with the effect of, or in the rest of, destruction.
Harnessing the Atom for Peacetime Purposes

Wonders of the Atomic Age in the peacetime future—atomic-powered locomotives, atomic-powered ships, and atomic power stations—are shown in these diagrams. The uranium isotope used is uranin, which splits the atomic nucleus to form two new nuclei, a process called fission. This reaction releases a tremendous amount of energy, which can be used to generate electricity or heat water. The diagram illustrates the design and operation of these new power sources, highlighting the potential for clean and efficient energy generation.
Reconstruction in Poland's Wrecked Capital

WARSAW, FIRST ALLIED METROPOLIS TO FALL TO THE NAZIS (September 17, 1939) and later devastated by the stiff-three days' internal struggle of August-October 1944, and at the fall of Russia in the autumn of 1944. Here shopkeepers were handing back (1), and soon (2) the restored building's windows called to the mixing of mortar (3) to solid stumps and bricks of the new city walls. Transport began to move to the east, mobile repair units waving trolley-bus standards (4), whilst the removal of debris proceeded at speed (5). PAGE 140.
I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

I Was in Java's Semi-Beleaguered Capital

Last week I was besieged in Saigon. This week I am besieged in Batavia.

It is a singular experience. Of course, neither city is besieged in the sense of being cut off from communication with the outside world. Contact by air has been sustained in each case, and lately by sea and river with Saigon, while Batavia has always been open by sea.

But I am in the sense that armed and hostile bands encompass each city, and those who attempt to travel beyond the city limits do so at their own not inconsiderable risk. Batavia, like Saigon, is a beleaguered city.

With the exception of the capital itself the Indonesians appear to be in almost total control of the island. The Japanese forces in Java have handed over their own arms to them with an alacrity that suggests a prior understanding. As a result a force of javanese of quite unknown dimensions but almost certainly running into tens of thousands and clamorous for national independence, is now in possession of a great number of infantry weapons and a few light tanks.

While British and Australian prisoners of war have all been safely evacuated, there remain about 60,000 Dutch civilians, including a large proportion of women and children, scattered about the island—tiny European enclaves among the 50,000,000 Indonesians of Java. It is a situation that gives adequate reason for dxigency. To the traveller arriving as I did this afternoon by air this state of tension is not immediately apparent.

A report widely current in Singapore yesterday afternoon stated that the Indonesians had taken possession of the airfield of Batavia—a bare two miles from the city—and it seemed unlikely that any planes would take off for Java today. I did in fact succeed in getting a lift with a Dutch plume, and the situation on our arrival at Batavia airfield seemed normal enough. R.A.F. and Dutch personnel were in complete control and promptly gave the lie to the reputed Indonesian coup. "Do you carry a revolver?" I was asked. "It is better not to show it in the streets of the town."

Grand Display of Mural Eloquence

We clambered into a truck and drove into the town towards the Dutch Army headquaters. Everywhere one saw the red and white flag of the native Indonesians prominent. The streets were painted with proclamations and slogans written for the most part in English—a significant point.

They expressed a profusion of sentiments which suggested that the works of Jean Jacques Maritain, Sir Henry Maine, Abraham Lincoln and Gladstone had been posthumously stolen by native propagandists. Not since Mussolini's Italy have I seen such a display of mural eloquence, though in this case, the sentiments are impeccably democratic.

My taxi driver, mistaking the turning, deposited me in front of a long, low building which I learned with some surprise was the headquarters of the Indonesian Nationalist movement. Half a dozen somewhat sombre men in European costume seated on a veranda reading newspapers, flarked an elaborate lack of interest in my taxi.

The walls were painted with slogans in Dutch and in the native vernacular. But
I Was There!

We are, in fact, on the eve of a showdown in the town. The Imoans are not content with the capital in the sense that they intend to make it their capital, and they will not be present even at Batavia without hindrance which they will bring.

They can and do post their propaganda notices all over the town and compel Asiatic notaries to sign them, but the Japs are not the conqueror's heel and no war has ever touched a thing.

There is a temporary deceleration of the war in the town today set up a rumour that the Japs had been guarding the reserves, but today suddenly on their own initiative they have discovered the statement of facts that Lt.-Gen. Nagumo Yoshibashi, commander of the Japanese forces in Java, has been playing a decidedly questionable part in facilitating the present state of near-crisis.

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We are, in fact, on the eve of a showdown in the town. The Imoans are not content with the capital in the sense that they intend to make it their capital, and they will not be present even at Batavia without hindrance which they will bring.

They can and do post their propaganda notices all over the town and compel Asiatic notaries to sign them, but the Japs are not the conqueror's heel and no war has ever touched a thing.

There is a temporary deceleration of the war in the town today set up a rumour that the Japs had been guarding the reserves, but today suddenly on their own initiative they have discovered the statement of facts that Lt.-Gen. Nagumo Yoshibashi, commander of the Japanese forces in Java, has been playing a decidedly questionable part in facilitating the present state of near-crisis.

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in the back alleys, along the main roads, or in the middle of set hours, wherever, in fact, there are pools of water caused by broken pipes, you will see little children standing or squating on their haunches washing khaki clothes, without the benefits of soup, because there just isn’t any in Japan.

One of the great mysteries of Tokyo is where its 3,000,000 people are living. The drinking water shortage is serious, and there are very few public lavatories and the scanty men’s and women’s restrooms in the temples and shrines are much patched out. They appear as if from anywhere out of the vast seas of ash and ruble, where at the train stops, travel a mile or two and get out in the midst of another waste of ashes. Then they disappear, clamping up the streets on the miniatures platforms they use for shoes.

‘Free to Lie Their Heads Off!’

It takes time for the eye to identify in the rubble the tiny, rusted, corrugated iron stack of a single room with earthy which represents home. Some of these broken hovels have walls of paper and thin boards. They are scarcely high enough for the white residents but that is the way Japan’s poor are living in the capital—like rabbits in a warren. However, I suppose it gives them the hope of anything better for a long, long time.

The double patience needed for train travel is beyond imagining. The Jap arrives at the station hours ahead of departure time and then, a few hours later, risks death to push a way into the foul-smelling, filth by carriage. There he goes on standing. A heavy presentice of farmer’s crops is regularly seized by the Government to make the food go round.

Certainly the farmers are paid, but they would rather have their crops. You can buy much more by barter than with money. In fact, the farmers, who are otherwise poor, just about own all of Japan’s clothing. They took it during the war in exchange for food—they wore nothing, nor monies, silk.

It is hard to tell what the Japanese really think of their occupation. Many make such outrageous statements, with polite suckings

R.A.F. Dinghies in Action on a Flooded Airfield

In plastic sheets feet deep and nearly a yard wide, swirling waters provided R.A.F. dinghies with their billets at the Aerodrome Airfield, India. They pitched themselves on upturned beds and sent distress signals to Aircraft Reconnaissance Unit. The signal read:

R.S.F.

R.A.F.

I was going to bed on Sept. 22, 1945, I told the guard to look for flooding. In the early hours, a carrier called me—the telephone had failed—to say that the water was rising at the rate of 16 cm an hour. Some Japam’s billets, the equipment and the ration stores, were islands in a great lake which had appeared as if from under the billets, nearly 200 yards away, a light was flashing, and I recognized Morse signals. They told us the water was up to the feet and rising steadily.

I replied, with my trick, that we were coming to their rescue. The rain was torrential, and when one of my staff instructions, Flying Officer Wilson, tried to swim to the stranded men he had to turn back after going 100 yards because the current pulled him well off course.

Torv, probably for the first time in such circumstances, Air-Sea Rescue equipment was brought into use. Four R.A.F. aircraft dropped food and supplies, and although crossing was a failure owing to the inconsiderable strong current. Another crossing was tried, from a point well above the billets, and with a lifeline taken from the laundry, the dinghy was paddled to the billets. Two of the guards were drowned. A dinghy “ferry service” was established, and in time, some of these at least, were brought safely to the road, which was still above river level.

FOOD QUEUES IN TOKYO grew longer following General MacArthur’s order on September 28, 1945, that Japanese food rations be held in production and that storage of produce be increased to maintain a steady flow of food. This order is a direct consequence of the rationing system, which was instituted to prevent misuse of food supplies.

Food has been drastically rationed in the capital but Japanese food rations were increased to maintain a steady flow of food. This order is a direct consequence of the rationing system, which was instituted to prevent misuse of food supplies.

As the Years Went By—Notable Days in the War


October 1. Action captured by U.S. troops.

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By December 1935, when aircraft could be detected 40 miles from the coast and up to 13,000 feet, five radar stations were set up on the English east coast. These were the beginning of what was called the Chain Home. Training of R.A.F. personnel began in 1936. By 1937 radar reached out to 100 miles, and 15 more stations were authorized to cover the whole of the east and southeast coasts of Britain. By September 1938 range reached 200 miles, and 50 stations were in operation. Prague the Chain Home radar stretched from the line of Wight to Scotland, and a 24-hour radar watch began. At the outbreak of war the chain extended to the Pentland Firth, covering Scapa Flow.

Comparatively long wavelengths of up to ten metres were then employed. They illuminated the atmosphere as a lamp bulb illuminated a room, and the reflections, or the waves, and the system did not detect flying aircraft. Another radar set in 1938, and in January 1939 a series of Chain Home Low stations (see Illus page 320) gave continuous cover from the Orkneys to Weymouth, with local cover for the West Country, the Scilly Islands, Pembroke, Merseyside, and Clyde-side. The flow of information from these two radar intelligence chains passed into Fighter Command’s operations rooms, to be implemented in the information provided by the Royal Observer Corps when aircraft became visible to the eye or audible to the ear. By September 1941 the only long range gap was off the west Scottish coast covered by the naval convoy approach lane.

Radar stations observed the massing of enemy fighters behind Cap Gris Nez when the Luftwaffe formed up for assaults in the Pas de Calais, and this advance intelligence enabled commanders to place R.F. gunners and fighter stations to oppose the attacks. Means were devised to jam or break seeking radar waves, and thus distinguish between German fighter and friend.

DEPT-CHASE Carrying Aircraft over Ocean.

It was a logical step from ground radar to airborne radar, and when it was discovered that aircraft could carry radio-receivers and transmitters, Coastal Command received priority. By November 1939, the first airborne radar equipment was in the air, and this advance intelligence gave the Air Force the means of detecting, and to a limited extent of opposing, the attacks of enemy bombers. Fighter Command received second priority for airborne radar, and the first operational interception claim was made by an experimental unit on the night of July 23-24, 1940. Ground Control of Interception radar (GCI) was developed simultaneously, so that fighters could be controlled directly from ground radar stations by day and night, instead of through the group headquarters operations rooms. One GCI set used the situation—up an aircraft like that used on a pre-war wireless receiver; the trace from the transmitter showed as a line across this screen, and the distance of the ship from one end of the line indicated the distance of the aircraft.

BRIGHT Spot of Light Battered Aircraft’s Bearing and Distance.

Then came the Plan Position Indicator (PPI), with a horizontal screen whose trace ran from the centre radially outward. An aerial swept the whole sky on a turntable. Any aircraft’s location was shown as a dot on this screen, and the consequent gave both bearing and distance. A map used in combination with the PPI screen showed the complete position of a glimpse. By Christmas 1940 the first PPI set left for its site, mounted in a mobile lorry, and five more quickly followed. In conjunction with Beaconsight carrying airborne radar this new defense began to play havoc with German night bombers, and in May 1941 more than 100 were shut down by R.A.F. and other night fighters and 42 were sent down by ground defenses.

Early A.F. sets used the longer wave-lengths which received ground reflections, and this limited the range at which the sets could be used to a distance not exceeding the height of the aircraft. The ground wave reflected back to the aircraft-carrier observer when the night fighter was about 12,000 to 15,000 feet from the enemy bomber. The observer operating the airborne radar set in Coastal Command (called in R.A.F. slang the “box-buster”) then directed his plane by means of the intercept telephone until the aircraft came within visual range.

From this came Fighter Direction for the Bomber Offensive. The first offensive airborne radars station became operational in Kent on December 31, 1941. This and other stations provided Ground Airborne fighters operating over the Continent of enemy aircraft, and directed their fire. In July 1942, the Combined Bomber Offensive was forced back deeper into France as a result of the radar-directed offensive sweeps, and offensive ground stations had to be re-equipped with higher-powered transmitters and longer-range centimetric height finders. Radios, as from these stations protected aircraft engaged in bombing V1 and V2 sights, and assisted fighters to shoot down V1s launched from France. After D-Day more radar units went to the Continent.

Bomber Command was fast to have radar assistance, but it was perhaps the greatest use of airborne radar. About March 1942 the new called Gom was produced which enabled navigators to know their position accurately in all visibility, day or night, over an arc from Britain to the Elbe, Hanover, Kassel and Mannheim. This enabled the Staff to plan the first 1,000-bomber raids.

The need of accurate target marking then became apparent and the Pathfinder Force was formed. Their aircraft used another radar set named Oboe, which worked in conjunction with two ground stations, called the releasing and tracking stations, which formed the British base for a triangle whose apex was the meeting point on the Continent of the two radar beams. Through the selected target ran the segment of an imaginary circle whose arc was the releasing station. The two beams were arranged to sweep to and fro along the imaginary segment. When the pilot of the Oboe-equipped aircraft first picked up the point where the beams crossed he heard a beep, and signalled to his home station.

The pilot then followed the beam apex five to ten times, and each time he saw the beam disappear, he signalled to his home station. A few minutes later the Oboe appliance would indicate to its operator that the target was marked. With the aid of Oboe, night bombing was greatly improved. With increasing accuracy of within 50 yards could be checked at the target stations. Oboe-equipped bombers followed up to within three miles. Oboe signals could be jammed or interrupted by the enemy because they were not subject to ordinary radio interference, and the acquired radar reception equipment to convert them into intelligible signals, the beam could be directed to within about 250 miles, and the set could be used for interrogative signal.

ROUGH Map of Ground Forces

Was Shown Clearly on a Screen

This airborne aircraft radar unit had a receiver and transmitter to send signals to the airborne echelon on the ground and received the echoes within the aircraft. Water, ground, and terrain was visible as points of green light where intensity varied according to the reflecting properties of the object. The screen thus showed a two-dimensional view without 100 per cent accuracy but was unaffected by clouds, fog, smoke, camouflage, or any other factor, and it was possible to pick out targets and so to set their ranges.

From 20,000 feet Bomber Command Oboe-equipped aircraft shadowed the German positions, then determined the area they were pushing forward. From 12,000 feet the railway yards were identified against the Strasbourg, Nancy, and Toul foreshadowing the strategic blow. At 9,000 feet the assistance of the Normandy beach-heads. Attacks on oil targets and marshalling yards were made, and the German trained themselves to work out the moment for bomb release by using special charts in co-operation with ground signals.

Two more aids for aircraft were the identi- fication friend or foe (IFF) device which enabled friendly aircraft to pass untrammelled through the skies, and whose absence brought hostile aircraft within the sphere of action. The second aid was an instrument to enable air gunners to determine the presence of continuous fire near by, and by its tinging between hostile and friendly fire planes. Aircraft forces used a radar beacon called Rebecca-Eureka. At Arnhem the accurately the aircraft scrambles from their point of concentration, and Rebecca, the last radar beacon, aimed them on to the beacon by the coded radar signal which alone made the beacon respond.
Devices That Revolutionized R.A.F. Tactics

1. Radar Navigator: The radar navigator sits here, using the H/S scanner to locate targets.
3. H/S: The H/S system assists in target acquisition.

Directional Aerial System to Aid Our Fighters is seen (1) with built-in aerial housing both transmitter and receiver. The diagram (2) shows a radio transmitter and receiver, both essential for effective communication. "Weights and Measures" showing radar phenomena helps in target identification.

Brides Bay

Linney Head

Page 443
WALKING down Fleet Street towards Ludgate Cross on The Daily Telegraph side the other day a young journailist noticed a small crowd of Londoners gesticulating in the direction of St Paul's. Being a journalist, with time on his hands—he stopped. One of the visitors was pointing at St Martin's, Ludgate, the exquisite Little Wen church half way up Ludgate Hill, which reaches the housetop of the City's spires. The journalist followed the pointing finger and saw, to his astonishment, that the spire was tilting backwards quite unmistakably to the Old Bailey. Here, indeed, was a story to put Canon Alexander's recent disclosure that St Paul's is advancing on Ludgate Hill at a speed reliably computed at one inch in a hundred years? He looked again, and then to see them so as to doubt it: the spire was most definitely on the move. Hurrying to the church, the journalist spoke with a number of senior vergers who have been looking after the spire since the war. She listed an apparently slightly amused silence, it seemed. Then she had him retrace his steps up Fleet Street and look at the spire again, from the other side of the road. Which, in a state of mild con- fusion, he did, only to discover that this time the spire seemed to be tilting towards the Thames! According to the 'verger,' hardly a month passes without someone rushing into the church with the announce- ment. Your spire's falling—have you heard it?". The whole thing, of course, is an optical illusion, enhanced by deformities of surrounding buildings damaged in the blitz.

In the train the other morning I came upon what must surely be first-rate news as I was reading the announcement of the latest announcement in my list of "official" expressions as an official on the Foreign Office of the War. The per- petrator of the "verger" is an official named I'm not entirely sure of the public and I've been looking at the "Who's Who?" I read, incidentally, that his distinguished post in the Foreign Office is a much coveted one. I've been told that his work is what? I'm still wondering. It occurs at a time a corner of a long list of proceedings taken by the police who had some- thing to do with the spire in three years ago. "Luckily," declared the High-Judged From Whitchurch, "I had weather, and was able to prove to the charge on the East Bench that it was actually not leaning before noon-lighting-up-time." I confess most vergers must have betrayed my error at this new mutilation of our mother tongue, for the sternness was repudiated by the U.W. who dealt with the case and approved of the making of use of science. The Handbook on "Material, Buildings, Tinted & Con Blown" will publish (I) gives technical instructions for keeping the various species at com- fortable and contended as possible, for preventing pests and fatigue, to say nothing of the murder of..."Peanuts". A Indians who lived and lectured in Japan towards the end of last century, who married a Japanese wife and whose books have been somewhat of a drug to the market for the past twenty years. Why this sudden interest in a defeated enemy of miles away I can't, for the life of me fathom, for if ever a nation had the gilt rubbered off its pseudo-romance it was the Japanese. On the other hand, I can well understand the new "verger". If Japanese prints reported from some of the safe rooms. It is, incidentally, an odd commentary on our Occidental taste that many of the most treasured Japanese prints to be found in our European collections were originally designed as travel posters—picture postcards to be offered to visitors to visit Japan—after Perry had opened up the country to Westerners round about a century ago. For all I (or most people) know the Japanese lettering accompany- ing many of them may read "Fugaku no yama" or "Vokukan no kaze". I imagine the greasing living authority on the question puts the 640,000 volumes in the British Museum, tells me that some of these prints are in the hands of children and to decorate the houses of the humblest of artisans.

And a chicken has its good reasons for crossing a road, however much the motorist may rage. The introduction of cross-country pedestrians crossing in built-up areas will deny to human beings the proverbial right of a chicken by finally robbing them of the freedom of the highway, which nowadays means in effect the freedom to risk their own lives. The arguments in favour of the pro- pose seem to me overwhelming, and we may yet see the day when a man who steps off the pavement is condemned as being as much of a trooper and as much of a fool as a man who jumps off a railway platform. Meanwhile, I shall miss the agreeable courtesy of the existing notice which says, "Please cross here," even though the ambiguous wording prevents me of one of Mr. Poole's ice-cold milk ladies to ask, "Need I cross if I don't want to?" On the other hand, the man who wants to organize a rule of the pavement for pedestrians is back up a quagmire of sentiment. As long as the autumn of 1926 an all-out attempt was made with the help of public notices and a minor press campaign to coax and cajole the pedestrians of London into walking on the left of every pavement. In him than a week the experiment was aban- doned not only in hopelessness but in pointless. The public blindly refused to co-operate, and nobody in authority could produce any sound reasons why they should. If two or three people do it, says the argument, the rest will happen, in spite of the comic papers!—so no one is likely to be killed at all. The worst that usually happens is momentary irritation and invitation, but the encounter may just as often evoke (with a certain amount of side-stepping) those mutual begrudgments and my-foils which express in their humble way a graciousness in public conduct we can all afford to spare.

Recently—, and for one day only—there was a sight in The Times the following advertisement, modestly tucked away in the Personal column:

FLORENCE—A BATH ROOM FOR PRIVATE SALE; Aluminium, chromed, reses, concealed, and no room in the bathroom used for storage; price £20. Mr. W. O. Smith, 24, Victoria St., London W. 1.

With which I can only comment: What—a no-coupon?

P.S. Over seventy years, long before Poole began his famous researches into the habits of animals and conditioned reflexes, there has been a controversial deadlock over the view of animals in scientific experiments. Neither the scientists nor the animal-lovers (for whom the bull, incidentally, is far from found in Britain) were prepared to give way. Much to my delight, I have just heard from Major C. W. Hurst, Chairman of the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare, that something rather better than a compromise has at last been reached. It consists—nothing more or less—in the publication of a handbook, compiled by the U.W. dealing with the care of laboratory animals, which is about to appear with the blessing and approval of leading men of science. The Handbook (Monter, Ballen, Timlin, & Cox) will publish (I) gives technical instructions for keeping the various species at com- fortable and contended as possible, for preventing pests and fatigue, to say nothing of the murder of..."Peanuts". A Indians who lived and lectured in Japan towards the end of last century, who married a Japanese wife and whose books have been somewhat of a drug to the market for the past twenty years. Why this sudden interest in a defeated enemy of miles away I can't, for the life of me fathom, for if ever a nation had the gilt rubbered off its pseudo-romance it was the Japanese. On the other hand, I can well understand the new "verger". If Japanese prints reported from some of the safe rooms. It is, incidentally, an odd commentary on our Occidental taste that many of the most treasured Japanese prints to be found in our European collections were originally designed as travel posters—picture postcards to be offered to visitors to visit Japan—after Perry had opened up the country to Westerners round about a century ago. For all I (or most people) know the Japanese lettering accompany- ing many of them may read "Fugaku no yama" or "Vokukan no kaze". I imagine the greasing living authority on the question puts the 640,000 volumes in the British Museum, tells me that some of these prints are in the hands of children and to decorate the houses of the humblest of artisans.

And a chicken has its good reasons for crossing a road, however much the motorist may rage. The introduction of cross-country pedestrians crossing in built-up areas will deny to human beings the proverbial right of a chicken by finally robbing them of the freedom of the highway, which nowadays means in effect the freedom to risk their own lives. The arguments in favour of the pro- propose seem to me overwhelming, and we may yet see the day when a man who steps off the pavement is condemned as being as much of a trooper and as much of a fool as a man who jumps off a railway platform. Meanwhile, I shall miss the agreeable courtesy of the existing notice which says, "Please cross here," even though the ambiguous wording prevents me of one of Mr. Poole's ice-cold milk ladies to ask, "Need I cross if I don't want to?" On the other hand, the man who wants to organize a rule of the pavement for pedestrians is back up a quagmire of sentiment. As long as the autumn of 1926 an all-out attempt was made with the help of public notices and a minor press campaign to coax and cajole the pedestrians of London into walking on the left of every pavement. In him than a week the experiment was aban- doned not only in hopelessness but in pointless. The public blindly refused to co-operate, and nobody in authority could produce any sound reasons why they should. If two or three people do it, says the argument, the rest will happen, in spite of the comic papers!—so no one is likely to be killed at all. The worst that usually happens is momentary irritation and invitation, but the encounter may just as often evoke (with a certain amount of side-stepping) those mutual begrudgments and my-foils which express in their humble way a graciousness in public conduct we can all afford to spare.

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In Britain Now: Planning the Army's Future


TROOPS AT THE DOCKS, many of them specially brought from Germany, helped to swell London's most impressive spectacle as a result of the German surrender. Some 1,000 soldiers were assisting in this gigantic task all over the country, so that foodships could be quickly turned round.

SALVAGED STEEL from the Norwegian whaling-ship Olaf Wegger, sunk off the Hebrides by German U-boats during the early war, will either be melted down or reconditioned. See also pages 40-41. PAGE 447
ONE OF MANY MANNED BY DANES, and operating under British registration, the L.O.66 lay at Lowestoft's famous port of Pleasure in mid-October 1966. Known as "clippers," the Danish fishing boats are larger than the southcoast British craft and they sail in deeper waters. Some have been known to fish as far as Iceland. In the foreground are two British prawners, with the lines and rigging of a racing yacht. Since early in 1964 Dutch and Danish owners have helped to operate R.M. motor mowiweepers.

Photo: B. W. J. Allen