THE LAST DAYS OF A TRAITOR—the 89-year-old ex-Marsh of France, Philippe Pétain—are spent in disfavour behind bars in the Pyrenean fortress-prison of Palsa. His death sentence pronounced on August 15, 1945, was commuted two days later. His cell is that in which he confined Georges Mandel, Minister of the Interior in the Reynaud Government in 1940 and later murdered. Pétain's only contact with the outside world is by letter to his wife. See also page 245.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 221 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY DECEMBER 7
SUCCOURING GERMANY'S STARVING HOMELESS: entering the British zone of occupation from the Rote, is the phenomenal staff facing our authorities at the transit camp of Uelzen, near Lüneburg in Hanover. Trains carrying German Displaced Persons, referred to also as (1) German, the massive train area, 200 cars; (2) German view of the area; (3) German the massive train area, 200 cars; (4) British Army trains and carts are employed at Ruhleilheads for transporting coal to France, Holland and Denmark, the German coal system being in chaos.
**Aftermath in Central Europe**

*By HENRY BAEREN*

If well-known contributor, who has extensive knowledge of the Central European lands which for years have been hot beds of political unrest, gives us here the results of his recent study of the problems that still await solution there although the whole of Russia has been withdrawn with the death of that evil thing.

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Rumania and Bulgaria, for the governments supported by the Soviet, do not consider themselves to Britain and the U.S. The democracies do not expect a democratic regime like their own in these countries, but a modification of those now in force appears to be necessary, both for their own well-being and for the sake of their relations with ourselves and America.

**Lebensraum for Teeming Refugees**

The problems which confront us in Germany are manifold. There is, for instance, the question of the Ruhr, which—in the opinion of France—should not at any rate be returned to German administration. It will be remembered that after the 1914-18 war a French attempt to set up an independent state in western Germany was unsuccessful. There is much to be said for an internationalized Ruhr, for Germany has for long been the most aggressive nation in the world—which without the Ruhr and Silesia she would cease to be. The loss of Silesia would also be a belated act of justice for its theft by Frederick the Great in 1745.

An urgent problem today is the reception in Germany of many thousands of her compatriots expelled from Poland and the Sudeten districts of Czechoslovakia. Their conduct was such that this expulsions became unavoidable, and since German soil is capable of more intensive cultivation, even in the diminished Fatherland, there will be Lebensraum for the refugees.

That is not the greatest of the international problems which have to be faced in Europe. Yugoslavia has a number of more or less unfriendly neighbours, but their animosity is probably less than that which agitates a good many Serbs and Croats. One had hoped, following the example of the English and the Scots after the Act of Union in 1707, they would indulge in some years of skimming and then settle down. But the skimming does not only continue but increases. nor does Marshal Tito's proposed disarmament of some 60 per cent of the population—all those who did not actively assist his Partisans—do anything to bring nearer an understanding.

S P A I N. Belgium and Greece are confronted with various problems which involve the principle of monarchy in those countries. Between the rival republican and monarchist claimants in Spain, Franco steers an uneasy course; and whenever the unsuccessful party will denounce it for the sins of its predecessors. In Belgium there is the unfortunate complication of the Flemings and Walloons being divided on the question of King Leopold at a time when national unity is more than ever desirable. In Greece the monarchy is causing the support of King George to abstain from the elections. A problem for the Dutch is whether to demand for a term of years a region of north-west Germany equivalent to the area of Holland devastated by the Nazis. It would seem that there is no end to these problems. One of the most important is that of such waterways as the Danube. Is that great river to be controlled by the various riparian states or by an international body assembled ad hoc? This matter will always be important, but is now particularly so in view of the state of European railways.

**Commercial problems will not be the least.**

That this is appreciated can be seen from the fact that the Soviet has not waited to arrange with Hungary that half the products of that country are to be earmarked for Russia. The multiplicity of frontiers where commerce was halted did not assist the commercial relations of Europe after the First World War; it is to be hoped that the recent example of Rumania and Hungary will be followed. Rumanian milk is being poured into the Budapest for the children, and for the first time in history relations between the two countries are quite good.

This happy condition of things, however, is exceptional. There has lately fallen into Allied hands a German secret document which states that the British plan to increase Leningrad from the face of the world. The world is not going to treat its problems today with any such criminal viciousness.

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**IN ONE OF DANZIG'S SHATTERED SQUARES**

German displaced persons—formerly residents in the Baltic republics—now ordered to evacuate by the Russian Military Government to make room for incoming Poles—try to gather in the fragments of their shattered homes. This represents but one of Europe's post-war problems.
A Retrospect by MAJ.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN K.C.B., D.S.O.

W hile a campaign is in progress, the interest of the average man tends to centre on day-to-day developments as to what will follow. Major generalship, on the other hand, is a matter of experience, keeping up to date with developments, and appraising the situation. The 21st Army Group, or even the 21st Army, has not come before, and he may have to wait long before he has an opportunity to form a picture of the campaign as a whole in correct perspective. We should therefore be grateful to Field-Marshal Montgomery for the clear and concise account he gave in a lecture to the Royal United Service Institution on Oct. 3, 1945, of the part played by the 21st Army Group in the great Western Front offensive of 1944-45. By a characteristic gesture he has decided to give us a complete picture of the battle of Normandy which ended with the crossing of the Seine, since he had been placed by General Eisenhower in overall charge of the combined Allied armies in the phase of the campaign. Thereafter, when General Eisenhower was given the direct command, Field-Marshal Montgomery confines himself to the operations of the 21st Army Group, composed of the 1st Canadian and 2nd British Armies, and to those in which American troops co-operated in order to secure the success of the 21st Army Group.

NORMANDY Objective Was Reached a Fortnight Ahead of Schedule

We can now be certain that the battle of Normandy, despite the length of the struggle and of the checks that occurred from time to time in its progress, was fought very closely on the lines of a preconceived plan. Actually the territorial objective set for the 21st Army Group was reached a fortnight ahead of schedule and a defeat most unexpected had not been expected at the outset of the campaign. The chief objective after securing a footing on the beaches had been to maintain the initiative in order to prevent the enemy delivering a mass counter-stroke, and to induce him to expend his reserves while he was still in the sector south of Caen. By the middle of July, 1944, the Allies had reached a position where, if the operation was to be safely attempted, a base was established at Antwerp—which meant clearing the Scheldt estuary—was to secure a bridge-head across the three rivers. In pursuance of that plan, while the Canadian Army was clearing the Channel Ports, the British 2nd Army continued its advance northwards and crossed the Albert Canal. But German resistance had begun to stiffen and the weather broke, with the result that in a terrain swarmed with water-obstacles the advance was held up.

There followed the great airborne landing which secured the passage of the Maas and Waal but failed at Arnhem; the great attrition of the Neder Rijn crossing; weather, lack of numbers and the rapidity of German recovery holding up the attempts of the 2nd Army to support the Arnhem troops. The enterprise also suffered from improvisation, for it had originally been intended to employ the airborne troops on other operations which the speed of the Allied advance rendered unnecessary. The clearance of the Antwerp approaches, a slow and difficult business, was then

undertaken. The full extent of the German recovery had been evident along the whole western front. New plans had to be made, and during the autumn there was much preparatory fighting in appalling weather before they could mature.

The plan for the 1st Army Group was to use the Maas and Waal bridge-head as a base for a thrust into the Rhineland between the Maas and the Rhine. While re-grouping with this object in view was in progress, Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive was launched in December 1944; and in the face of his threat the regrouping was suspended. Serious as the implications of Rundstedt's offensives were it is interesting to note that Field-Marshal Montgomery ranks it as the second fatal mistake made by the Allies, after the U.S. attack in the Western Desert for superiority nor possessing the necessary resources for what was in effect an all-out effort. The enterprise was doomed to failure. "A counter-attack, yes; a counter-offensive, no," says Montgomery. He summarizes his criticism of the Rundstedt plan.

HOW Germany Missed Last Chance of a Field-Marshal

The 21st Army Group took a notable, if subordinate part in frustrating the attempt, and the subsequent offensive of the Ninth Army towards the northern Rhineland and effected the main cross-Channel attack in the Anglo-American operation under Montgomery's command. It started with a thrust against the Ruhr, a probably ill-advised, but certainly planned attack from the Nijmegen area; but now owing to floods it had to be carried out almost as an amphibious operation, while the American attack across the Roer was held up by the release of the waters of the Roer reservoirs.

The Canadian Army—largely composed of British troops replacing the Canadian Corps—sent to Italy—had desperate fighting, but it drew all German reserves to the Roer defences and opened the way for the American Armies when the Roer ford obstacles were cleared. The combined offensive then developed as planned, and success was rapid and devastating. As Montgomery points out, the Germans had committed their third major error. They had thought the battle of the Seine was won, the British had not retired behind the Rhine which was their last chance of staying off for a time the final catastrophe, and they again fought with a bridgeless river behind them.

Before the battle of the Rhineland was won, a second threat for the crossing of the Rhine had been set up by American forces. The operation was carried through with characteristic speed. In the north when the base was established the end was inevitable, but the encirclement of the Ruhr and the swift drive to meet the Russians on the Baltic settled the issue decisively.

The operation planned on the Seine, and in fact, been carried through with few modifications or serious retrenchments. The initiative throughout was maintained as Marshal Montgomery claims, this was the result of careful planning and of resources which made it possible to react to the events as they took place, rather than prepare for an alternative situation. In this case the counter-stroke was held up by rapidly organized defence while Patton's
Seaforths and Japs Help to Quell Rebels in Java

Brigadier A. W. S. MALLABY, C.S.E., O.B.E., 60-year-old British Commander in Surakarta, Java, was shot dead by an Indone-
sian sniper on October 16, 1946, while touring the Javanese naval base to see that the terms of the truce were carried out. He commanded the 4th Indian Infantry Brigade which had just landed in Java.

Japanese officers helped to quell Batavian rioters in October 1946: a group (1), wearing armbands, is seen nailing out a street disturbance. Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip Christison, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (2), Allied Commander in the Netherlands East Indies, immediately after the killing of Brigadier Mallaby warned Indonesians that if they did not surrender he would bring the “full weight” of his forces against them. Seaforth Highlanders landing at Batavia (3) where on November 1 they went into action against snipers. PAGE 453
What of the Merchant Navy's Future?

I was Mr. Alfred Barnes, Minister of War Transport, who said of the Merchant Navy in the Battle of the Atlantic, "Had that lifetime been cut, nothing could have saved us. To the merchant seamen we owe our preservation and our very lives."

That the Royal Navy is in cordial agreement with this view may be judged from the following extract from a broadcast by Rear- Admiral Sir Oliver Lett, Chief of Naval Information at the Admiralty: "Neither the Navy nor the Coastal Command could have defeated the U-boats alone; both relied first and last on the fortitude of the Merchant Navy."

Such tributes could be easily multiplied, since no one can withhold his admiration for the magnificent record which the merchant sailor has had in the past six years. But something more enduring than mere praise is required. As the author of the latest book on the subject entitled The Merchant Service, by Lieut.-Commander L. M. Bates (published by Frederick Muller, Ltd.) observes:

"After the last war (1914-1918) we repaid similar devotion and sacrifice with callous indifference. A mere test case came in 1929. We had no earthly right to expect a second mass sacrifice from those who, in the Merchant Service stood by its traditions, as it always does, and we were given the incredible blessing of another chance. If we fail them again after this war there may be no more opportunity to play our part. Blood is still the price of admiralty, and our masters have only one now to pay, full on our account. Let us and us and all the peoples of this great allied empire insist upon that debt being redeemed when the world-after-the-war emerges from this war."

It is the aim of a new Merchant Shipping Bill, now being considered in detail by a special committee of the National Union of Seamen, to improve the general conditions of service in the Merchant Navy—described by its drafters, Mr. Hector Hughes, K.C., M.P., as "the Cinderella of the Services." He has further pointed out that the inferior accommodation still provided for the crew in some British ships.

CONTINUITY of Employment Sought by the National Maritime Board

Even more important is the need to avoid the long stoppage of employment which dogged the officers and men of the Merchant Navy at the end of the last two wars. During the worst slump cases were on record of master mariners going to sea "before the mast," i.e., as members of the crew, in default of any other sea employment. What was still more the plight of some of the more elderly officers holding masters' certificates, who failed to get to sea at all.

FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

and were driven to take casual jobs as scene painters or sandwich-board men.

A plan to secure continuity of employment has been drawn up by the National Maritime Board, the body which regulates pay and conditions of merchant service personnel. It is proposed to set up two pools, one Government-sponsored and the other for the owners, from which every ship would draw her officers and men. Every man going to sea under this scheme would be guaranteed employment for several years, subject to his proved efficiency and fitness. Articles would continue to be signed in the usual way; but when terminated, each man would pass up into one of the pools and be paid while waiting for his next ship.

REDUCTION in Payment of War Risk Money Would Have Been Involved

Until effective measures have been taken, with the approval of the organizations which guard interests of seafaring personnel, to implement such proposals no alteration is likely to be made in the conditions of employment at sea. In September the National Maritime Board rejected the ship- owners' proposal, put forward two months earlier, for post-war remuneration of officers and men. This would have involved reducing the amount of extra pay drawn on account of war peril, commonly known as War Risk Money, from £10 a week to £5 a week, as from October 1, 1945. Representatives of the masters and officers submitted counter-proposals for a complete revision of the basis and amount of remuneration.

REPRESENTATIVES of the men declined to make immediate counter-proposals; and a few days later the Secretary of the National Union of Seamen, Mr. Jarman, criticized the Minister of War Transport and the heads of other departments concerned for not giving seamen a chance to state the details of their case, and for not announcing clearly the Government policy in the matter. It was suggested that everything was being postponed until the wartime session of the International Labour Office was held in Denmark in November. As to War Risk Money, it was pointed out there were still unusual dangers to be faced at sea, notably from mines.

Some idea of the scale of risk attached to the merchant service may be gathered from the figures of Merchant Navy losses: 35,279 killed and wounded, 42,15 injured and 278 died, giving a far higher percentage of casualties than has been sustained by any of the fighting Services. Yet not only was there no sign of reluctance to continue to face such perils, but there was a notable absence of any desire to exploit the war situation by bargaining for better terms. That was left until the enemy had been defeated.

So far as conditions of officers' employment are concerned, remarkable improvement has been recorded over the past 25 years, very largely through the efforts of the Officers (Merchant Navy) Federation, under the direction of Captain W. H. Coombs, to whom his colleagues owe a great debt. Through his perseverance, all Merchant Navy officers are now united in a single body, enabling their views to be presented with greater weight than ever before. As a result, the youngster who goes to sea as an apprentice in these days has a much better prospect than in the past.

It is not only the personnel manning the Merchant Navy who await Government decisions on future policy with anxiety. Shipowners have a most complex problem to face. At the end of last year the ocean-going mercantile fleet of this country had been reduced to no more than 13,500,000 tons, as contrasted with 17,500,000 tons when war began. More serious than the actual reduction in British tonnage is the unbalanced quality of the world's existing fleets. There is a marked shortage of specialized tonnage, and a vast preponderance of tank vessels of standardized design.

HIGH Cost of Shipbuilding at this Time is a Further Complication

If, as has been hinted in some quarters, there is an intention to dispose of a large proportion of this surplus tonnage, at present under the United States flag, to countries which will employ it in undercutting freight rates, the future is a gloomy one. It would be a far sounder move to scrap the bulk of the surplus war-built tonnage and maintain shipyards in full employment, building new vessels of more suitable designs.

A further complication is the high cost of shipbuilding at the present time. Owners who are compensated for the loss of their ships by the Government are being paid for them find themselves required to pay about twice as much for new vessels.

Meanwhile, in some parts of the Empire there is gratifying evidence of practical appreciation by the people of the work of the Merchant Navy in the war. The people of South Africa have contributed a sum of £725,000 towards the foundation of a self-supporting village community for veteran and disabled seamen and their families. This plan is described in full in page 238.
Malta Once Again H.Q. of Mediterranean Fleet

TRANSFERENCE OF ADMIRAL SIR JOHN CUNNINGHAM'S STAFF from Caserta in Italy to the George Cross Island, announced on September 29, 1943, meant that Malta had again become our Mediterranean Fleet's headquarters for the first time since 1940. Among our ships to anchor in the port of Valletta, the capital, was the cruiser H.M.S. Norfolk (top). To mark the arrival of the C-in-C Mediterranean a band of Royal Marines from the Norfolk, Aurora and Ajax marched to Valletta's Palace Square (above).
How We Blew Up the U-Boat Pens at Hamburg

Luftwaffe bombs were used by the Royal Engineers on October 21, 1940, to demolish the Fliegerwerder u-boat pens at Hamburg. The gigantic pens, 112 ft. high, were the product of four years' toil by 1,700 slave labourers. Five docks, each measuring 72 ft. by 368 ft., had a capacity for ten ocean-going U-boats or 50 smaller boats. The demolition was personally performed by Major H. S. Donnelly, Royal Engineers, with the assistance of several hundred of his men. The u-boats were destroyed in a single explosion, leaving the roof sagging in the water.

Photo: Prewel News
Mighty Spans Our Sappers Flung Across the Rhine

One of the Largest Floating Bridges in the World, across the turbulent Rhine at Düsseldorf, had been almost completed by men of the Royal Engineers in early November 1916. Built at a semi-permanent structure, it is known locally as the "Freeman Bridge," after a mayor of the town who was largely responsible for its erection. This "Balken on Stilts" is half-a-mile long and can carry loads up to 48 tons. It is the work of three companies of sappers, some of whom learned their craft in Bermuda. See also pages 544-545, Vol. 8.

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Plate, British Official
Laurels for Dover: Chief of the Cinque Ports

Target for all forms of enemy attack, base for the final push into Germany, leaflet-port for our victorious troops, for over six years Dover was in the heart of our Navy and her Historic past made it clear that the harbour is beginning its civilian status. Capt. Frank H. Skira reviews scenes and outstanding personalities of its impetuous war history.

To town on our coast has taken and stood up to such serial punishment as Dover. For the best part of five years it was the target for every big gun the Germans could bring to bear on it. Distant only a score of miles from Occupied Europe, it was required to endure a daily hate from whatever the enemy could contrive against it—because the enemy knew its vital import to our strategy, defensive and offensive.

Many a M.T.B. night patrol, returning from adventures in the misted waters towards the Flemish sands, breathed sighs of relief when the white cliffs loomed into view through the morning haze: it would not have astonished them to know that the white ramparts had been flattened flat. But Dover stood as firmly against air attack, sea attack, land attack as the valiant town had stood against persistent assaults by French pirates of the thirteenth century.

The cliffs that had witnessed the first "combined operation" of Julius Caesar might have shed white trickles of ruddle as the high explosive missiles embedded themselves harmlessly in their serene bulk; but even the savagery of a world at war could not intimidate those who lived on and behind that rampart whose looming whiteness had caused the Romans to name the indomitable channel of winds and tides.

On September 17, 1945, the Navy and Army handed back the Dover Harbour to its rightful owners—the Southern Railway Company—after a period of six years and sixteen days, during which it had been exclusively under High Command control. What an amazing amount of vital history has been packed into that slice of our national life! It is something to be the outermost bastion of a prolonged, dogged defense that has won the world's admiration. Dover heard the rumble of gunfire quite early in the war, and saw the first explosions of the magmatic mines as this weapon was first brought into play (see story on page 124, Vol. 7) and ships were transformed into mangled scrap.

Just how many of the returning "mosquito-fra" which brought back the first Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk berthed in this harbour it is not possible to estimate; but if Dover had nothing else to be proud of she could eulogize in that magnificent spectacle on the pier when the remnants of the Guards Division—wounded, weary, at their last gasp—came to attention on the word of command and marched away to the trains as indomitably as ever in their chequered history.

With war ended, Dover automatically became the arrival port for land forces returning from Occupied Europe on leave; just as it was in the 1914-18 war, when the leave-boats ran with the precision of a clock, except for rare occasions when U-boats were reported in the narrow seas. But not all the leave-boats of today are stereotyped cross-Channel "fliers," doing the 21-mile run in well under the hour. Landing craft are recruited into the service—queens, un dexterity matters with neither bow nor stern, awkward to handle in any sort of a seaway, but fairly fast in smooth open water, and a godsend to warriors who have flown from Italy, Greece, Germany and Austria.

Outstanding personalities seen about Dover include Capt. G. Johnson, D.S.C., who commands the Royal Daffodil—successor to the famous Menziesy ferry-boat that won distinction at Zeebrugge in 1917 when she did grand service in pushing the Vindicattività alongside the Zeebrugge mole, and took bitter punishment. Under Capt. Johnson's command the present Royal Daffodil has conveyed over 1,900,000 fighting men to and from Europe. She started this work in 1939, when she helped to transport the gallant few of the first Expeditionary Force to France in the early autumn of 1939. She still carries on, risking loose mines, as she risked destruction in the war.

Capt. Johnson has stirring stories to tell of his ship's adventures. While citizens of our premier Cinque Port dined the cannon-shell, bombs and doodle-bugs, refusing to abandon their homes, the Royal Daffodil and many ships like her, piled—swift shuttles of an Empire's boom—indomitably through fog and bitter storm alike. Naturally, most of her voyages were performed by night, but exigency often demanded that she should work in broad daylight—a far safer task for enemy hostility; for to sink the Daffodil would have meant the destruction of perhaps five thousand of the very cream of the nation's manhood.

In October 1944 the retributive sweep across Europe was in full swing. Our D-Day landings had burst Hitler's Atlantic Wall wide open; and the flower of the Allied manhood was pouring towards Berlin, fighting for each foot of the way. Until that fateful month, Dover had been under daily shellfire from Cape Gris Nez, where the long-range guns were stationed. The port was acting as untenable for men and material in bulk. Any moment might bring a salvo of H.E. projectiles. But by October the Gris Nez guns were out of action: our fighter-hawk swing had given us possession of the terrain where they were mounted. Apart from occasional tip and run air raids, Dover was more or less free from deliberate attack.

Wrecks Dynamited Out of the Way

It was Capt. H. L. Payne, O.B.E., a stern of the Merchant Navy, who undertook the reopening of Dover Harbour. He found plenty to do—the port was littered with sunken wrecks, bombed whilst the ships lay at anchor in fancied safety. The pier was crumbling. The harbour facilities were non-existent. Captain Payne took the task in hand, and in a very short while he had a whole fleet of ships hurrying hurried preparations and supplies to the sorely-tried legions across the water.

The wrecks were dynamited out of the way, shivered piers were patched into a semblance of utility, blocked channels, removed, guarding minefields were swept and, outwardly, Dover resumed the appearance of a busy commercial port. The liners were no longer pleasure-seeking trampers bound for Ostend or Calais, or the ports of the world cities of the Continent; now they were engineering of death and destruction, together with men who understood just how those engines might be best applied to fulfilling the great plan of Victory.

You will meet Capt. Tom Woods, indomitable Maxman, captain of the Lady of Mann love-boat, returning from a fast and dangerous voyage under cover of the moon. The Lady of the way has been haunted by perils. The Merchant Navy has adopted Dover, and, being well versed in the usages of a port, is using it now to the best advantage. Fog hinders smooth working, but Captain Woods well knows what leave means to a fighting man or woman who has not set foot on English soil for years; and he takes his ship through weather which would have left pre-war shipmasters aghast.

Two Dictators Looked and Longed

Accustomed to seeing the fLOTSAM of war washed up on its doorstep, Dover welcomes the returning heroes with open arms, and puts every facility into their way for quick communications with friends, and for needed refreshments. Minesweepers still use the port as they return from their labours, but the normally silent cars of the Royal Navy are now reduced; there is not the same need for that minute-by-minute vigilance that kept the seas open for our ships. Napoleon and his eyes at the white ramparts. Hitler probably did the same. That, of course, is as far as the story goes.

And so today, if a returning prisoner of war, long deprived of news, asks the question: "How stands the old Lord Warden? Are Dover cliffs still so wild?" Dover’s answer is: "It was, so it is today—Dover stands fast!"
Foremost Seaport of Kent in War and at Peace

AMONG THE SIGHTS OF DOVER (the "Soldiers' Own" Fort) at war with "Winnie" (1), gun of the Royal Marine Siege Regiment, which in 1918
fired the first cross-Channel shell from England to France. New leave-camps of the S.A.S.B. dash to the quayside kiosk (2) to telegraph home.
Embarking for Germany are A.T.S. and British Red Cross Society personnel (3). Channel packet Royal Daffodil (4), bearer of a famous name is serving
as troop-transport. See also facing page. PAGE 459
Ignotious Exit of the Traitor Pierre Laval

THIS WAS THE END OF FRANCE'S ARCH-TRAITOR at Fresnes Prison, Paris, on October 13, 1945, when Pierre Laval, former French Premier, was executed, after a vain attempt to cheat justice by taking poison. Facing his executioners (1) Laval refused to be blindfolded. Journalists interviewed the priest (2) who had been with him to the end. Unmourned, the hearse containing Laval in his coffin left the prison (3). A newspaper man (4) was ordered by police to descend from his vantage point on a ladder. PAGE 460
A new official book has recently been published, entitiled Air to Battle, recounting that part—and a very significant contribution it was, too—played by the British Airborne Division in the conquest of our enemies. Military strategists and historians of the future will find plenty of scope for discussion, and doubtless will form fresh divergent opinions, upon the method of employment of the "sky men." But whatever their verdict, there can be little doubt that in a war in which surprise, science and experiment played so large a part, the development of troop transport by air weighed heavily on the side of the Allies.

I have just returned from Arnhem, where—under the guidance of our Divisional Commander, Major-General R. E. Urquhart, C.B., D.S.O. and Bar, and a team of officers, each of whom described that portion of the battle in which he was immediately concerned—the pattern of events was pieced together as we moved from position to position. Space will not allow me to describe the battle with penetrating analysis, nor would it be of general interest; but I will attempt to explain the intention of the operation, the method, what actually happened, and lessons to be learned from so costly an enterprise.

Before the order was given to the Divisional Commander to prepare a plan for the capture of Arnhem crossing the Rhine at Arnhem no less than sixteen previous "Warning Orders" had been received for the 1st Airborne Division to go into action at a variety of points in France and Belgium. Some involved landing on the beaches in support of the Normandy "gateway"; some the capture of ports in Brittany; another, the raising of French patriots well behind enemy positions, and another the capture of bridges over the Seine. These plans, involving careful preparations, were for strategic or other reasons abandoned or for months the Division was in a state of "On your marks—Get set—As you were."

In September 1944, Field-Marshal Montgomery called for an airborne "carpet" to be laid for his advancing troops, by combined Allied landings at Eindhoven, at Nijmegen to capture the bridge over the Waal, at Arnhem and other bridges across the Rhine in enemy-held territory, the bridge at Arnhem was to be secured—a role given to the 1st British Airborne Division. The Commanders of the Airborne Divisions prepared their plans. Airborne landing or paratroop routes and drop zones had to go short. As there was

By Major KENNETH HARE-SCOTT

THIS vivid reconstruction is the result of a visit to that battleground in Holland where in September 1944 our men endeavored to force a gateway to North-West Germany. Our叙述, who was connected with airborne supplies during those memorable days, toured the area with Maj.-General Urquhart and other officers, each of whom contributed his recollections of phases of the battle. See also pages 459-460, no point in the landing at Arnhem being 100 per cent successful if the other two failed, priority in aircraft availability was given to the Eindhoven and Nijmegen forces; which meant that the British Division had, of necessity, to be transported in two lifts—the first of them on September 17, the other on the following day.

Not According to Expectations

The morning of September 17 was bright and clear, and many of you will remember the impressive armada of aircraft and gliders which preceded our coast for their all-day operation. All went well in the initial stages. Despite parachute battalions of the Parachute Brigade landed without untoward incident, as did also the glider-borne infantry. Quickly the paratroops interviewed and began to move in on their objective, whilst glider-borne troops of the Airlanding Brigade (battalions of the Border, K.O.S.B., and South Staffordshire Regiments) secured the landing and dropping zones for the arrival of the second lift.

Very soon, on approaching the village of Oosterbeek, the advancing troops began to meet strong German opposition, and it was then realized, with some foreboding, that all was not going quite according to expectations. The Germans had, in fact, a strong concentration, almost a corps, and much of it armoured, reposing in the neighbourhood of Arnhem. The 2nd Parachute Battalion, commanded by the legendary Lt.-Col. "Johnny" Frost, D.S.O., M.C., of Bruneval fame (see illus. page 629, vol. 6), managed by speed of advance and a certain amount of good luck (no through to the bridge, which they took and held, at front against quite light opposition. It was this battalion which dispatched the carrier pigeon "White Orange" to England with the news that the bridge had been captured (see illus. in page 249).

The 1st and 3rd Parachute Battalions, however, continued to be delayed in fierce fighting in and around Oosterbeek, where they suffered very heavy casualties, having against them tanks, guns and numerical strength which far outweighted their own light composition. They fought heroically, but could make no progress towards a link-up with the 2nd Battalion on the bridge.

Meanwhile, in the direction of Wolfheze and beyond, landing zones were held for the second lift. But alas the lift was delayed through adverse flying conditions, landing at 4 p.m. on September 18 instead of at 9 a.m. as originally intended. Precious time had been lost, and they were a long way from their battle areas, nor could they push into the tight with ease, for the enemy held the only main road on the axis of advance and alternative routes led to trouble at every turn.

The second lift consisted of the 4th Parachute Brigade (the 10th, 11th and 15th Parachute Battalions), half a battalion of infantry

HERO'S GRAVE in a garden in the Betuwe district, near Arnhem, being tended by a soldier of the 1st Parachute Battalion, the story of whose heroism the British will never forget.

and some elements of divisional troops. And suffice it to say that, hard as they fought, it was impossible to effect any concentration of sufficient strength, and within distance of the objective, to bring reinforcement to the men of the first lift who were still struggling to reach the 2nd Parachute Battalion on the bridge. The hours of delay in the arrival of the second lift had enabled enemy reinforcements to establish strong points.

The Parachute Brigade was, in two days' fighting, reduced to about 250 men—one officer and a few men. The 6th Parachute Battalion, was awarded the V.C. for supreme courage in face of the impossible odds which beset his whole formation (see Illus. page 254). Later, on September 21, a third lift, consisting of the Polish Parachute Brigade, was dropped near Driel, on the south of the river; but despite continued efforts for four consecutive nights, it was only possible to ferry 250 men across to play their part in the perimeter defence phase of the battle.

To add to the difficult situation which was developing, the "Resupply by Air" plan went adrift. The S.O.P. (Supply Dropping Point) selected for the delivery of air of food and ammunition fell outside enemy hands. My company was engaged upon resupply, and to the great distress of all no message of an alternative S.O.P. could be got back to base, and much-needed ammunition and supplies continued to fall day after day into
The Epic Story of Arnhem Told Afters-the

enemy hands, and very many aircraft were shot down. Only later was it possible for a greatly limited "drop" to be made in the divisional perimeter, which comes into the story at this juncture.

For Divisional Commander, who had shared in the heaviest close-quarter fighting in the bridge (though, as we say in the Army, "an appreciation of the situation," was faced with this picture. One battalion on the bridge was being severely mauled, and enemy pressure was increasing. The other battalions, pressing to reach the bridge, had been fought to a standstill, and their strength reduced to mere handfuls of men, daunted in courage but facing insuperable odds, with most of their officers and N.C.O.s killed or wounded. The remaining force was scattered in a series of equally fierce engagements, with no prospect of ultimate junction with any coherent attempt to hold the bridge.

Also, his men were hungry and terribly short of ammunition. His decision, therefore, was to draw in as many men as possible "Boy" Wilson, D.S.O., M.C., over 50 years of age; the few survivors of the 1st and 3rd Battalions and Divisional Troops; the gunners,appers, signallers, R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C., and the Glider Pilots, who had fought gallantly with their comrades from the moment of landing. The R.A.M.C. had throughout the operations performed miracles. The care of the many wounded, widely dispersed, had been their concern day and night, without hope of evacuation except through enemy channels. Dressing stations and hospitals changed hands several times, and received little discrimination in the bombardment by mortar, tank and small-arms fire. The great majority—and they were great in heart and achievement—of the medical staff remained behind, to become prisoners with the wounded.

Words cannot describe the stubborn, offensive spirit which filled the thin line of "Red Devils" defending the perimeter—a hedgehog which bristled and inflicted hurt at every approach of the pack of wolves.

ONE FAMOUS DUTCH BEAUTY SPOT. Arnhem is today little more than ruins among which the steepled tower of the 13th-century Protestant Church, the Groote Kerk (above, in background), still stands. The tower, 1.91 ft. in height, formerly housed a 13th-century pile of Frenchman's litter. It now stands in the center of the battle zone. (Photo, D. F. Scott.)

and, on the old principle of Waterloo, to form a square or perimeter on the western edge of Oosterbeek, bounded on the south by the Rhine, and on the three sides by all available men. Thus a line of contact would remain open across the river with the spearhead of the advancing 2nd Army. The 2nd Battalion on the bridge had to go "into the bag," but only after resistance had reduced their number to barely a man alive and unwounded, and supplies and ammunition were exhausted. In this closing action Lieut. J. H. Grayburn earned a V.C., which he did not live to receive (see illus. in page 24).

By skilful night movement the remainder of the Division was drawn in to form the perimeter. These comprised the remnants of the infantry battalions of the Airlanding Brigade; the 4th Parachute Brigade; the Independent Parachute Company (the Path-finder Company, which lands first and lays out the paratroop path) and the N.C.O.s, who is led by a remarkable wartime soldier—peace-time business man—Major

Their casualties from snipes concealed in the thick woods, and in buildings around the perimeter, and from mortar fire, never ceased; no respite by air of food or ammunition, except the odd pannier or container, to cheer them; very little water and, worst of all, no news of the approach of the 2nd Army.

Then a miracle happened. A gunman officer made wireless contact with a battery of the Medium Regiment, R.A., attached to the 43rd Division near Nijmegen. Soon afterwards the senior gunner officer of the Airborne Division attempted, and accomplished, an unprecedented feat. To gunners, 21,000 yards away he was able, with remarkable precision, to indicate targets around the perimeter, and at times within it, where German infiltration had occurred. This artillery support, which inspired the tired, hungry defenders with new spirit, dwindled many of the enemy's more menacing positions. Very careful control of food and ammunition had to be maintained within the perimeter. The enemy, in the words of Major Wilson, "usually drew stumps at 7 p.m.," and after which, when night fell, was not possible to make any necessary changes in disposition. The gallant force could not hold out indefi nitely, and the General sent two officers, Lieut.-Cols. Mackenzie and Myers, across the river to inform General Browning, Deputy Commander of the Allied Airborne Army, of the situation. These officers, after many adventures, fulfilled their mission, and returned with concerted plans for the withdrawal, which was now inevitable. The evacuation took place on the night of September 25-26, beginning at 10 p.m. Silently, with feet wrapped in bits of blanket to muffle any noise, the troops filed down to the river bank, leaving behind strategically placed rearguards, to await the inevitable in the enemy mind that nothing unusual was afoot. The 2nd Army Artillery kept up a heavy bombardment, which the Germans believed was intended to cover a crossing of the river in strength by reinforcements. Sappers, in advance of the approaching 2nd Army, were waiting with assault craft to ferry the men across, and when daylight came over the horizon all but a few had found their way to the south bank; and so the division, which started 10,000 strong, including the Glider Pilots, reformed in a school at Nijmegen, having lost 7,605 officers and men in killed, wounded and missing.

Braced Them for Renewed Attacks

Two more V.C.s were awarded in the perimeter fighting—to Major Robert Cain (see illus. page 478, Vol. V) and Sqn. Ldr. Edward D. Bakseyield (see illus. page 664, Vol. V), both of the South Staffordshire Regiment. But every man was a hero, whilst the help given by the brave Dutch people must not be forgotten, for it included fresh water, stretcher-bearing, nursing the wounded and maintaining the civil telephone system, which meant so much in the earlier days when wireless communication broke down. There was Major Lonsdale's "sermon" from the pulpit of a partially demolished church, when reforming the remnants of the 1st and 3rd Parachute Battalions, in unprintable language he braced them for renewed attack against odds which had already killed or wounded 75 per cent of their comrades.

There were two telephone lines divided between Divisional H.Q., and a point 100 yards away, no less than 17 times, because the lines were as many times broken by shell and mortar fire. There was Major Cain's "sermon" to the Dutch, a Dutch top-hat, and within 150 yards of the enemy, ran a repair shop for weapons, "cannibalising" different parts to make one whole gun. And there was the pilot of the 8th scoop aircraft, his plane shot down by the S.D.P. several times to ensure that his precious load reached the beleaguered force, before crashing to certain death.

In conclusion, this glorious operation was not failure. It was 85 per cent successful; for, by pinning down powerful enemy forces, it accelerated the main advance of the Allied armies across difficult country south of the Rhine. The lessons which might be learned from the operation include the importance of accurate Intelligence; the necessity for at least divisional strength in the initial punch; the importance of the landings being made in the immediate neighbourhood of the objective, and, finally, the need of mental toughness and the offensive spirit in the make-up of the trained soldier.

The people of Arnhem and Oosterbeek today are proud of their fame. Their houses are in ruins, but their welcome for the friends of September 1944 will survive in warmth and sincerity until the battle is beyond the range of human memory.
Roofs for the Roofless in Holland

Returning citizens of Arnhem (see pages 464-465) found dwellings completely destroyed or stripped to the bricks and mortar (top) by the Germans, and no gas, electricity, telephones, lorries or building material available. The Arnhem Council and the Netherlands Military Administration have assumed joint responsibility for restoring the town, and volunteers from all over Holland were engaged. Lacking tile, roofs are mended or repaired with thatch (bottom).
Where Our Airborne Divisions Battled a Year Ago—

In the Betuwe ("good land") district of Holland, between the Waal and the Lower Rhine, the once prosperous towns of Amerongen and Nieuwerkerk present tragic problems. With her husband and five children this mother (1) lives in the cellar of a shuttered farmhouse, and in the open prepares makeshift meals: when the rains come, and the snow—what then? Rebuilding is hindered by extreme scarcity of tools: men who must share a hammer arrange a timetable for its use (2).

With Their Spirit Undaunted the Dutch Strive On

In a war-shattered church an emergency "house" is built (3) for one of the sadly dwindled congregation. They count themselves lucky who have shelter at all—"a mother's gratitude for a home of sorts" (4) squeals her pride in the youngsters. The school has been spared (5), though bullet holes scar the walls and daylight is pried through the roof. First the Germans occupied the schools, then came evacuation, so diligence in lessons to offset long idleness is imperative for Dutch children.
The Waterloo Bridge that Went to Holland!

The British Army took possession of London's temporary Waterloo Bridge when this was dismantled in 1943 (see also, in page 314, Vol. 7). Now the spans have gone to Holland to be utilized in repairing bridges destroyed by the Germans. At Oosterbeek, near Arnhem (top), the work is already begun. "Waterloo" sections are seen in the left background. A closer view shows one span on piles ready to be erected (left), and (above) the painters at work on another section in its new setting.

Photographs exclusive to The War Illustrated
The Men in the Red Barretts

people stared after them when they
were leaving the streets! "What are
they doing? They're airborne troops," was the answer.

Exactly what they did few could tell, but it
was the day the word was passed around the
nervous and courageous at a high degree. Gradu-
ally the red berets became more numerous and
more familiar. The nature of the duties required of their wearers was more fully
known. They were parachutists who dropped from aircraft in flight or
were dropped by gliders that flooted down after
being released by their "tugs," these duties evidently exposed them to dangers and
difficulties of an alarming and harassing
kind. Allarming, at any rate, to the civilian
divisions who could not know how parachuting
became after a short time as much a matter of
routine as sloping arms or forming threes.

What was lived with was where the imaginations was not so much the drop itself as the need for intense alertness and perhaps an instant plunge into the
unknown as ground was reached. One could
be sure that the thrill of leaving the plane, the
swift fall until the parachute opened, then the
waiting for the glider to stop and the alighting
on earth once more, with feet kept close
together so as to avoid shock as much as possible.
That would be an interesting, exciting
experience—if that were the end of it, and if
described as "Well, that's all right!" But to jump up and find
yourself under fire, to know that the drop
was only the prelude to hard fighting, to be
obliged after a bumpy landing to collect your
weight, to pitch away dealing with a caller
who has you at a disadvantage for the moment
—that is a very different sort of adventure and
one that takes a lot of getting used to.

A Tough and Variegated Crowd

Clearly, therefore, the training of para-
chutists was vastly more long and severe.
A good many who started it had to be re-
jected, not for any fault or foolishness but
because of the tormenting and harrowing
in the Official Account of the British Airborne
Divisions published under the title By Air to
Battle (H. M. Stationery Office, 15) this train-
ing is described. It was beyond question the
riskiest kind of job, but had the best possible
result. It was altered, developed and improved as
closest experience was gained and as the
"almost total lack of the equipment neces-
sary," as overcome. In the steep
hills of Africa, the dusty olive-yards of Sicily,
the green pastures of Normandy, the
trium phal and ordered world of Holland
"something new was learned, some theory proved or disproved." The men drifted into the
essence of victory and poured over the
Rhine.

What the training aimed at from the first
was to endow the parachute soldier with
"high quality both of mind and body." That
this was attained his achievements unmistak-
ably showed. He was enrolled "in that
splendid company to be found in all the
Services who may properly be described as the
delic of the nation." Much of the
credit for this must go to the experts who
belonged mostly to the Physical Training
Branch of the R.A.F., a tough and variegated
corps made up of the masters, professional footballers and boxers, a road cycle club named
"Wall of Death" rider, and a male dancer
from the ballet.

When not until the middle of 1940 that the formation of a parachute corps
became a matter of some urgency. The
War Office had done next to nothing in this
direction until Mr. Churchill, in June of that
year, wrote that "we ought to have at least
five thousand" and asked for a "note from the
War Office on the subject." There was no
excuse for the failure to take this matter
seriously. The Russians had a trained force
of parachutists in 1936. Lord Wavell saw
in that summer 1,200 men with 150 machine-
guns and 18 light field-guns drop from the
skies during manoeuvres. "They had not
witnessed the descent," he said, when he
returned to Britain, "I could not have believed such an operation possible." Yet
nothing was done, although it was known that
in Germany also airborne forces were
being organized and "great reliance placed
on them of decisive impact in the ranks of
the enemy."

The New Arm Prepares for Action

As a consequence of the delay all sorts of experiments had to be made at first, causing
many accidents. The warmest gratitude is
due to the officers who in a short time managed to
train and equip a fairly big force and work out
a technique for the best employment of its
abilities. How little the importance of the
was at first realized is shown by the fact that a
major was put in charge of the whole business.
He had not previously studied it and he said it
"was impossible to get any information from the War Office about it." Fortunately, Major (later Col.)
J. F. Rock (portrait in this page) was a man of
remarkable ability and vigour. By early
spring of 1941 the new arm of the
Service was ready for action on a
large scale. An attack was made on an aerodrome
in southern Italy. This carried the main
water supply to a population of some 20
miles wide, such as Brindisi, Taranto and
Foggia, where large numbers worked
in docks and munition factories. It was
decided to destroy a main pillar support-
ing the aqueduct and stop the flow of water.

This was actually done, but nevertheless
the operation was a jambattable disappoint-
ment. To begin with, the damage was soon
repaired. Further, one of the parties landed
to surrender because they lost their way
after they had blown the pillar, while the
other was dropped in the wrong place and
was also captured. After a few days
months before anything else
was attempted, the first
the Germans showed in Crete
for the first time when they
were attacked by parachutists and glider-borne troops could accomplish.
True, the cost was very high. The
Germans suffered enormous casualties,
and if the British troops on the island could
have been given air support, "there is little
doubt that the airborne invasion would have
failed. From its success, "many lessons of the
highest importance were learned by those
in command on our side."

Some of these were useful when in Feb-
ruary 1942, a village near Havre was
raided by the object of capturing a radio-location
installation. This was wanted for examination
by our experts, so that plans might be rapidly altered to suit
events and with a loss of one killed, seven
wounded and unainted, the result
was considered worth while.

When North Africa was invaded in 1942
parachute troops did not arrive until after a short time they were needed more in the
line than in the air, so they found themselves
fighting as infantry. Very well they fought and many were the tales told of individual
bravery and adorning with an English
lieutenant named Street, visiting his forward
posts on a scrub-covered hillside in the
half light of dawn, heard movements and voices.
He called out, "Be quiet! There may be
Germans near," and tossed back his helmet.
Next moment he had a tommy-gun pressed against
his stomach and was ordered to bring his
patrol to the headquarters of his battalion.
Instead, he guided them to a company strength-
point, from which he was at once overflown on
them. He luckily escaped being hit, and
took cover in a hollow, where he had for
companions the German officer in command of the
patrol. He lay still for a while, then he
said suddenly, "Look out, my chaps are throwing grenades at us!" The German
continued his sortie, and Street hit him, took away
his weapons, and reached the stronghold.

The Relief Which Never Arrived

The contribution made by airborne troops
to Allied victory in Sicily, Italy, Normandy
and Holland is recounted in detail here. Especially are figures and description of the Battle of Arrhenn and the
explanation of the reasons for our failure to hold that town with its bridge across the
Rhine. One was that the landings had to be
made at several miles distance from the
town so as to be beyond reach of the enemy's
guns. While the men dropped were
marching to Arrhenn the Germans had time to prepare
for them. The other reason was that German
guns commanded the only road along which
relief could be sent to the hard-pressed
1st British Airborne Division. The arrange-
ment was that this relief should arrive
within forty-eight hours; it never arrived at
all. No advance could be made along the
causeway, raised some feet above the sur-
rounding marshy flat country. "Large
stretches of it were under observation from
higher ground, and it could be shelled at will as long as that ground remained
under our control. Thus the division which
started 10,000 strong, lost three-quarters of its numbers before its
retreat to Nijmegen ended. "Someone had blundered." Even this official report admits that.
(See also pages 46 and 48.)
Gone is the Gaiety Now from Old Vienna

The Viennese walked to work during the autumn of 1944, as this morning rush-hour photograph (1) shows. St. Stephen’s Cathedral (2) is virtually undamaged. Freed by the Soviets in April, the citizens in October were still hungry for news (3). Outside the Opera House (4) was placed one of many poster-portraits of Stalin. Troops at right and centre are Soviet military police.

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The Mine is Still a Peril of Our Coasts

PERILOUS SEAS which swept Britain in late October lay this unexploded mine at the foot of Beachy Head, near Eastbourne in Sussex. It was one of hundreds which the sea flung up around our coasts, to be rendered harmless by special working-parties of the Royal Navy (see story in page 47). For a day and a night it had tossed heavily about in the wind-lashed water, endangering the famous lighthouse at the base of the rugged chalk cliffs which tower to the height of 988 feet.
TANKS THAT TURN NIGHT INTO LOCAL DAY

A bout three years before the war a new invention, consisting mainly of a special searchlight, was accepted by the War Office. It was later mounted into a tank turret and called, for security reasons, the Canal Defence Light. The inventors had succeeded in mounting inside the cramped confines of a tank turret a power unit capable of producing a light of several million candle-power. This was projected through a narrow slot and produced a flat beam of roughly fantail shape, which would cover a frontage of about 350 yards at a range of 1,000 yards.

The light could not be extinguished by small arms fire, although, of course, it was as vulnerable to anti-tank devices as any other tank turret. And it had bigger devices which, the inventors claimed, would dazzle onlookers and might induce temporary blindness by causing paralysis of the eye's retina. The War Office bought this invention and set up a research and training establishment in Cumber- land under the command of Col. R. S. Ollington, O.B.E., who was assisted by Mr. A. V. M. Mitchell (until recently Technical Adviser to the Ministry of Supply), and Mr. W. H. Hill, M.B.E., a specialist in searchlight construction.

Here was trained first the 11th Royal Tank Regiment and later the 35th Tank Brigade (Brig. H. T. de B. Lippeom, R.T.R.), which consisted of the 49th Royal Tank Regiment, 152nd and 155th Regiments Royal Armoured Corps. Later, in the Middle East, the 1st Tank Brigade (Brig. T. R. Price, D.S.O., M.C., R.T.R.), consisting of 11th and 42nd Royal Tank Regiments, was converted to C.D.L. and trained in the desert.

Crews Trained in Great Secrecy

Meanwhile, at home, the 35th Tank Brigade became part of 79th Armoured Division and in isolated parts of Cumberland, Northumberland and South Wales, the training of tank crews continued, first on specially converted Matildas and Churchill tanks, later on American Grants. The training took place under conditions of great secrecy, and it is to the credit of the School and regiments concerned and of the local inhabitants that no word of its existence reached German ears.

During the months of training before D-Day it was found that some of the earlier claims had been a little extravagant, but that C.D.L. had two definite advantages worth exploiting. When C.D.L. tanks were used to light up a wide front they could turn night into local day and thus enable the pursuit of a defeated enemy to continue throughout the 24 hours. The aimed fire-power of the tanks themselves, even if not augmented by infantry, ordinary tanks and artillery, was impressive; direction-keeping on a night advance of assault was greatly facilitated and might prove decisive against an enemy on the run. Also they provided by night an improvement on the age-old adage of warfare, namely, attack with the sun behind you and in the eyes of your opponent.

Production of these special tanks continued in America and the U.K. American units were likewise trained, and both they and the 1st Tank Brigade—now consisting of the 11th, 42nd and 49th Royal Tank Regiments—went to the Continent shortly before the break-out from the Normandy bridge-head. That operation went so fast that it was not found possible to use C.D.L.

At a later stage, however, one squadron joined the ranks of 79th Armoured Division, and under the command of Major P. Gardiner played a very useful role in the Rhine and Elbe crossings in protecting the bridge-heads and ferrying troops on floating rafts and pontoons.

In the former they accounted for three enemy "Frogmen" and a considerable quantity of floating objects, including what was probably a midget submarine and a number of mines, intended to destroy the bridges over the Rhine so vital for reinforcement of our troops.

That is the story of C.D.L. to date. It has never been used in a mobile role against the enemy, although, had the special tanks been available, definite opportunities for its use presented themselves during the break-out from the bridge-head south of Caen, during the pursuit through France, the canal crossings in Holland, the fighting in the Reichswald Forest and crossings of the Rhine and Elbe.

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE DEPT. IN ACTION

One of the big secrets of the war was the part played by specially produced newspapers under the direction of the Psychological Warfare division of S.H.A.E.F. News for the Troops, a German newspaper designed to provide a first-class news service direct to the enemy forces in France, came into being two months before D-Day. Delivery was carried out by Lancastrians, Mosquitoes, Flying Fortresses and Liberators, which took off daily from Cheddington airfield, Bucks, to fly over the German lines in France. They carried special bombs packed with newspapers which burst and scattered their contents at 1,000 feet. At first 200,000 copies came off the press daily. On D-Day a special edition of a million copies gave the German soldier his first authentic account of the biggest military event in history.

When the Allies crossed the Rhine nine months later, News for the Troops was supplemented by Shafe, a paper brought out to help in the control of Liberated prisoners, displaced persons and German civilians by giving them day-to-day information and just a little bit of English, French, German, Polish and Russian, and the circulation rose to the million mark.

Fitted with a British "canal defence light" turret a U.S. Army Grant tank (left) lightens the darkness with its million-candle-power beam. In the background across the valley can be seen the beams of other tanks similarly equipped. A front view (right) of a Grant with a C.D.L. turret; it means a dummy anti-tank gun, by the side of which is the vertical slit through which the light operates.

German soldiers have displayed their first authentic account of the biggest military event in history:

When the Allies crossed the Rhine nine months later, News for the Troops was supplemented by Shafe, a paper brought out to help in the control of Liberated prisoners, displaced persons and German civilians by giving them day-to-day information and just a little bit of English, French, German, Polish and Russian, and its circulation rose to the million mark.
SECRET OF THE CAMERA-WAR WERE REVEALED to journalists at Medmenham M.A.S. station, Bots, on September 5, 1945. A flight lieutenant demonstrated the photogrammetric equipment (left) which produces accurate maps from aerial photographs. Two photographs go inside, a handle is turned, and 20 tons—enough to support a M.A.S. photographing bridge from the air at the request of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. A D-Day force was "briefed" with synthetic rubber models of the Normandy coast—some 300 of them shown publicly (right) for the first time at Medmenham. (Photo: British Official)

In the Far Eastern theatre, too, the Psychological Warfare Dept. won the fight for native support by combining psychology with factual reports. The names of Fido and Pluto will be remembered for their part in the overthrow of the Nazis. Another set of initials—Felo (Far Eastern Liaison Office of Psychological Warfare)—will figure in records of the war against Japan. Felo's job was the composition and distribution of thousands of leaflets in pidgin-English for the natives of the Pacific Islands. Its propaganda, planned in conjunction with military operations, urged the natives not to work for the Japanese, to deny them food, and to assist Allied airmen shot down.

It had great success. Leaflets used in landing operations caused at least 1,000 Japanese soldiers to surrender. And during one campaign there was a refusal of native labour to the Japanese, which forced them to use 1,000 front-line troops as carriers.

Fought 780 actions

The Navy's contribution to the famous raid on St. Nazaire was exclusively from Coastal Forces, with the exception of H.M.S. Cambeltown, the destroyer which rammed and exploded at the dock gates. Of the 18 small craft that went into the attack only four came back. In the latter half of 1942, M.T.B. operations were carried for the first time into the fjords of Norway. Raids from the Shetlands entailed long sea passages in severe weather conditions and a stay of often several days hidden amongst the fjords.

In a "cat-and-mouse" campaign in the waters of the Adriatic and Aegean, M.T.B.s developed the technique of boarding enemy vessels and capturing them. During the invasion of France, a total of 28 M.T.B. boats were in operation at home.

In their most successful year, 1944, Coastal Forces averaged more than one action a day over the whole twelve months, actually having 378 engagements with the enemy. In one week working with destroyers during the evacuation of Le Havre by the Germans, Coastal Forces destroyed 39 ships without loss to themselves. In the final stages of the European War, Coastal Forces had to counter-mine U-boats, of 81 midgets sank or captured. Coastal Forces claimed 23.

Whalers That the Nazis Could Not Catch

Throughout the war in Europe the great whales of the Antarctic were used as the background for one of the greatest sea hunts on record. Scandinavian captains using their skill to save their ships' vital cargoes, outwitted Nazi raiders and warships in spite of the fact that the enemy used the latest scientific location devices.

This battle of wits was carried out across thousands of miles of the coldest seas in the world. It has ended reports an Evening Standard (correspondent) with the arrival in Norway of two Norwegian whaling factory ships after years of exile in the Antarctic. The British-built 14,000-ton whale factory, Sir James Clark Ross, has berthed at Sandefjord with a cargo of 17,000 tons of whale oil. She has been followed by the Torshammer, a 12,000-ton factory.

It was in 1939 that this vessel left Sandefjord. She has since made three expeditions to the Antarctic, and three to Peru. Both these giant whalers have eluded the Nazi warships on every run. So determined were the Nazis to stop this trade that they sent out a special expedition in 1941 and eventually reached the Antarctic.

Several whale ships were taken, but the Sir James Clark Ross and the Torshammer, assisted by British intelligence code messages, eluded capture. Now peace has come in the Antarctic, the scene is changing. Two German whaling factories operated by British firms will voyage south this season. There will also be two complete British expeditions working side by side with Norwegians.
Still Mounts the War-Roll of Incomparable V.C.s

Naik GIAN SINGH
In command of a leading section of the 15th Punjabis in early March 1944, Naik Gian Singh by “a set of supreme gallantry” enabled his platoon to capture two vital positions, saving many lives. Though wounded, he inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy.

Major ANDERS LASSEN
In Italy in early April 1944, Major Lassen, M.C. (right) was ordered to make a dangerous diversionary night raid on the shore of Lake Camerino. In face of overwhelming enemy superiority he achieved his object—the wiping out of the target—dashing out of the valley where he was killed by a hail of bullets.

Sergeant AUBREY COOKE
At Mouza, Italy, on February 22, 1945, this young N.C.O., of Lancer’s, the 3rd Hussars of Canada, was mortally wounded after killing at least twenty of the enemy and taking an equal number of prisoners, resulting in the capture of a vital position. He showed “outstanding gallantry” after his platoon commander had been killed.

Naik PARKASH SINGH
Attached to the 13th Frontier Force Rifles, Naik Parkash Singh was, in February 1945, in command of a company in Burma. Though so severely injured that he could move only by means of his hands, he continued to rally his men to victory till he died.

Srm. BHANBHAGTA GURUNG
Serving with the 5th Gurkhas, Rifleman Bhanbhagta Gurung, showing complete disregard for his own life, cleared up enemy positions single-handed, using grenades and his sabre.

Lt. WILLIAM B. WESTON
This young officer of the Green Howards, 5th India Army, was serving with the West Yorkshire Regiment in Burma in March 1944, when his battalion was leading the attack on Meiktila. He withdrew the pin from a pinfire grenade that was killing him himself and surrounding Japanese—an example seldom equalled.”

Sgt-Ldr. L. W. BAZALGETTE, D.F.C.
The third member of the R.A.F. Pathfinder Force to be decorated, Bazalgette met his end in a daring raid on Treport, St. Maximin, France, on August 4, 1944. Though his plane was wrapped in flames he pressed on gallantly to the target, marking and bombing it accurately.

W.O. NORMAN C. JACKSON
The 20th V.C. of the R.A.F., this London-born Eighth-airman in a Lancaster strafing Schweinfurt, Germany, on April 24, 1945, though badly burned on face and hands, attempted to extinguish the flames of his blazing aircraft by climbing out on to the wing when travelling at 200 m.p.h.

PAGE 472
I Saw the Army's 'Killing' Washed-Up Mines

The great autumn gales that sweep our shores provided dangerous work for the R.M.S. (Rescuing Mines Safe) squad at the Royal Navy. This story of the men in action was sent from Hastings, England, on October 28, 1945, by The Daily Mail reporter Murray Edwards.

"Got it!" when he withdrew his arm, and I saw that "it" was a 2-oz. gadget which works the mine.

They rolled the sinister casister nearer to the water's edge and left the steel shell for the local authorities to take away for salvage.

As he worked, the youthful Commandant told me about his job and assured me that T.N.T. has to be detonated to blow up. But it can play tricks," he said. "It may not actually explode, so we burn it; but just in case of accident, we do the job as far away from houses as possible.

I watched the yellow mound of blazing high-explosive throwing out sparks like a giant fire-cracker. It burned fiercely for 30 minutes, then spluttered out . . . another mine gone. The A.B.'s picked up the bag of tools and went away to the next "job." All the men of the R.M.S. are volunteers. They like danger. Lieut.-Commander Wadsley told me as I left, "I shall miss it all. I am to be demobbed in a month."

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A Commando’s Farewell to His Green Beret

The disembarkation of Army Commandos and the withdrawal of the famous green beret at an Army head-quartes was announced on October 25, 1945. The spirit which induced them during the five and a half years’ existence is the subject of this "farewell" (reprinted from The Evening Standard) by Lt-Col. A. L. Browning, V.C., hero of St Nazaire (see also page 18).

We all knew the day would have to come—the day of the end of the Green Beret—and come soon after the end of hostilities. To those of us in the Army who have worn the green beret it is a sad day, but a glorious one. For we all feel that, although disbanded, we leave something behind. To hear the announcement made in the House of Commons that the lessons we learnt are to be incorporated into Regular Army training is enough.

The Commando soldier will also look back over those years of war with a much deeper feeling. I cannot put into words the high regard I, and I am certain all other commanding officers of the Commandos, feel for those officers and men who gave us such loyalty, unfailing support and friendship. The Commandos meant so very much more to us than just the fighting aspect.

Far too much has been said about the Commando shoulder being a rough neck. From the very first day when Commandos were being organized, and the
trust, firm and unshakable in any conditions. Without such a bond of friendship it would have been impossible to carry through our ideals, and overcome the obstacles subsequently met in action.

This is not the time or place to set out the various and multitudinous details of training—sufficient to say that Commando training was a very great extent worked up by experiment and suggestions from all ranks, everyone thinking out for himself a possible way of overcoming any difficulty. Whatever the suggestion the Commando tried it out, and if it proved useful at once adopted it into the training programme.

One thing is certain; this day may be the official breaking up of Army Commandos, but the friendships gained, the mutual comradeships felt by all ranks towards each other, and the unstated but nevertheless firm resolve not to lose contact, will go on.

I would like to feel that—during these coming years when we, as a nation, are facing times as serious as those of five years ago—it must be possible to fuse into industry, business life, and all our civilian jobs, something akin to that spirit of service and determination, that closeness and mutual trust between officer and man in the Commandos. Already in industry appears that breakdown between employer and employee which is so undermining to progress. The times that we are passing through are far too grave to permit this to happen. If it is possible in war for a body of men to understand, respect and work together, then surely it is possible to achieve the same results in peace. It is just as necessary to the welfare and safety of the country.

We Brought Dido and Her Precious Gold to Egypt

With her gun-barrels red-hot from continuous firing, the British cruiser Dido evacuated thousands of pounds worth of gold envoys belonging to the Bank of Greece from Crete to Egypt in May 1941. The story has now been released for publication as told to Reuters correspondent by Commander G. Dickinson, R.N., now commander of an aircraft carrier.

We had just taken a convoy of reinforcements to Suda Bay. It was a pretty nasty and bombs were coming down all around. We received a signal—"Come inside the harbour and embark"

Commander H. C. DICKINSON, R.N., who here relates the story of how H.M.S. Dido (illus. in frontispiece) successfully transported gold to Egypt in 1941. Photo, British Official.

We decided to move the boxes in one of the magazines forward, but just as we were opening the hatch another airraid developed. As Stukas screamed over the harbour, the ship's company dropped the boxes and leapt to action stations. One box went hurling to the bottom of the magazine and burst open. The rest we stored when time and Stukas permitted. Then we forgot them.

We set sail for Egypt in company with some destroyers and a small merchant ship of some 8,000 tons carrying 400 wounded men. This little ship, captained by a Scots skipper, nearly proved our undoing. At dawn we entered the Kaso Straits, only about eight miles from the German's nearest airfield. The merchantman was having trouble with her engines and lagged behind. We signalled her and received no reply. Then the awful thing happened: she gave up the ghost and stopped dead. We went alongside and asked the skipper through the loud hailer what was the matter. A very dour Scots voice bellowed through a megaphone, "We've broken down. I cannot be getting any reply from my engine-room!"

The sun was getting up, and any moment we knew the Stukas would be back. Our Page 474

commanding officer, Capt. H. W. U. McCall, D.S.O. (now captain of H.M.S. Howe) sent a hurried signal to the merchantman: "Have all your wounded ready for disembarking immediately. If you are not away in ten minutes we propose to torpedo you."

This seemed too much for the dour Scot. Within an incredibly short time smoke was belching from the steamer's funnels and she was spinning ahead at about 16 knots—well above her normal speed. And she still sent us no signal.

Then the Stukas came over. Screaming out of the sun, they dived down on the convoy. Our guns barked into action. One stick of bombs fell right round the merchant ship and she disappeared from view, hidden by gigantic cascades of water. We thought she'd had it and waited breathlessly. But she came steaming through placidly.

It was then we received the only signal of the entire voyage from the Scot. We spelled out word—"Peace! All that day we were attacked, time and again, by high level Italian bombers and Stuka dive bombers. But we weren't hit. Dido's gun crews were at continuous action stations and her gun-barrels became red-hot with firing.

It was only when we arrived in Alexandria and found lorries waiting on the quayside,
and a regiment of battle-dressed soldiers tramping up the gangway that we remembered the valiant cargo we had been carrying. We had completely forgotten about the gold. The boxes were scattered all round the place—in the mess deck, in the canteen flat, in passages leading forward.

We checked up and found four missing. One was found in the stoker petty officers' mess, another under a side of beef in the butchers' shop, and another in the sick bay underneath an injured seaman. The fourth, I remembered, had been dropped hurriedly down a magazine hatch. I ordered a seaman to go down and sweep the contents up with a broom, and he poured the coins into an empty mailbag. We handed the whole lot over to the port accountant officer, who carefully counted the contents. There were only two pieces of gold missing!

Tricked by the Royal Navy's Invisible Ships

There were complaints during the war that the escort vessels guarding the North Atlantic convoys could not see one another. These were complaints against perfection! Secrets of this effective camouflage were revealed to The Daily Telegraph Naval Correspondent Cmdr. Kenneth Norton, R.N.

A Dmiralty scientists and sailors had spent months in evolving a camouflage scheme which would render the vessels virtually invisible under the conditions of moon and visibility which the U-boats chose for their mass attacks. It emanated from the Art Gallery at Leamington Spa, at one end of which there is a shallow tank where scale models of all types of ships are tested with varying forms of camouflage.

I met there, in the middle of England, an officer who could order, "Switch on the moon," or suggest "Let's have a three-quarter moon on the starboard quarter." The day remained dull and overcast, but the conditions produced in and over the tank were those which had been called for. It was possible at that time to reproduce the day and night light conditions most likely to be met with in the Western Approaches, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, or the Pacific.

There were also arrangements which reproduced with great accuracy the degree of haze to be expected near the horizon at any time of the day in any latitude under normal weather conditions. The accurate reproduction of these factors has enabled the ships of the Royal Navy to be painted in accordance with a scientific and very effective scheme of camouflage.

There are two main principles in the camouflage of a ship at sea: to make her as invisible as possible under conditions of weather and light in which she is most likely to be in action, or look like something entirely different, or at least to disguise her course and speed. The latter system was much used in the 1914-18 war, but this time the camouflage on ships invisible to the naked eye had considerable success, although the maximum of success can only be achieved after the enemy has shown the conditions under which he prefers to attack.

At Leamington I watched, as from an aircraft at about 1,700 ft., a battleship of the King George V class at a distance of 18 miles. The model was so painted that, under the usual conditions of light in the North Pacific, she was invisible through high-powered binoculars. Yet when the full and haze-free sunlight that prevails in the Mediterranean was shed on her she was obvious even at that long range.

White and Pale Blue Camouflage

Close study of the light conditions in various parts of the world, and during periods when enemy activity is mostly likely, led to the adoption of the almost pure white and pale blue camouflage of the convoy escorts in the Western Approaches. It was one of the most successful forms ever adopted.

Lt.- Cmdr. Peter Scott, the seabird artist and Light Coastal Forces leader, had much to do with its evolution. Although invisibility under the conditions most likely to be encountered in action in a particular part of the world is the main principle on which British naval camouflage has been developed during the war, the other principle of deceiving the enemy has been by no means neglected, of course.

For instance, I found myself looking through high-powered binoculars at a model of a big fleet aircraft carrier. Haze, distance and twilight could not disguise what she was. Yet when an identical model, painted for the conditions of light obtaining, was substituted, I was quite convinced that I was looking at a Tribal class destroyer about eight miles away, instead of a carrier at fifteen miles.

*=As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War=*
How R.A.F. Learn Radar Secrets

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

receiver and tuning in to broadcasting stations. These records had to be given an elementary training in electricity and wireless, and learn how batteries, condensers, resistances, chokes and valves are made and what they do. For this purpose an initial course was set up in 26 well-known technical colleges in England, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, and in 15 universities in Canada.

INSTRUCTORS Wrote Own Text-Books to Keep Pace with the Developments.
The school of the Command had to take over completely many of the new radar equipments after the first course had been given by the scientists of the Ministry of Aircraft Production's Tele-Communications Research Establishment at Malvern, Worcestershire. Development was so rapid that instructors had to write their own text-books, and were often only an instructional hour or so ahead of the pupils they taught.

Different schools developed different methods of demonstrating the circuits. At one, the basis systems were wired up on a "bread-boards"-flat panels which the pupils could handle. At another, large, colourless panels were placed in front of the classes, with key points lighting up at the touch of the instructor's switch. And there were "schematic" trainers, in which the green echoes of the cathode ray tubes that indicate moving aircraft were artificially simulated. With "false-fuselages" one was even being used for teaching pupils to handle airborne radar.

R.A.F., Dominion, and Allied Pupils (including many Americans before the United States entered the war) were trained at these schools. One great difficulty was the need for strict secrecy. The ground equipment of the Oboe set used for controlling Pathfinder aircraft when marking bomber targets was housed in a special hut called "Station Type 9000" at the Yatesbury School, and only those named on a printed list outside were admitted.

All documents used in the advanced schools were to be kept locked away. Pupils could not even take their notebooks away from the classrooms to study the complicated circuits and theoretical diagrams in their spare time. During urgent periods at Yatesbury, classes were held from early morning until late at night, and even right through the night.

Women played a great part in the R.A.F.'s radar service. In November 1939 airwomen to the number of 26 were selected for this work under the classification of "special duties. At the peak of the war over 4,000 W.A.A.F. officers and airwomen were classified as radar signals officers, supervisors, mechanics, and operators. In the last 18 months of the war, 22 W.A.A.F. officers became conspicuously successful interception controllers. When W.A.A.F. operators were found to have special aptitude for the task of "seeing" ships.

The growing development of British radar indicated the necessity of blinding the enemy coastal radar chain to secure the greatest advantage from our own radar and to prevent German radar interception of the seaborne forces which were later to invade Normandy. The British group of radar scientists began to investigate this problem in July 1943, and their work was regarded as so secret that only four copies of their report were ever made, each marked "TOP SECRET."

WHY German Radar Failed on D-Day to Pinpoint the Main Allied Force.
The scientists built a dummy radar installation, and British fighter pilots used maps of actual radar fire to "aim" the tests. A German radar aerial system captured in North African operations was used to replicate coastal radar stations, which were well protected by sandbags. The scientists' final recommendations were to attack first with rocket-firing fighters to blast a breach through the protection, and second with cannon-firing fighters firing explosive shells through the breach to wreck the delicate apparatus within. For stations wholly or partially underground dive or low-level bombing was recommended. Their recommendations were put to immediate military use. German radar defences from Brest to Heligoland became the object of effective attack, and on D-Day German radar was totally unable to pinpoint the main Allied force. How important this was in achieving maximum tactical surprise can be seen in the aerial that sailed the Channel on June 5, 1944.

Air Commodore C. P. BROWN, C.B.E., D.F.C. and Bar, 47-year-old Director of Radar at the Air Ministry, was in control of one of Britain's largest secret training operations of the war.

More than half the radar mechanics who served the R.A.F. ground and airborne installations during the war were Canadian volunteers, and thousands of Canadian officers and men received their training at a secret radar school built at Clinton, Ontario, which was given the code-name "Problem." This school was built in a few months, with an electrically-wired compound to protect the apparatus. It began work late in 1941.

Before that time all Canadian volunteers crossed the Atlantic to receive training in the United Kingdom, and Air Commodore C. P. Brown, Air Ministry Director of Radar, said in August 1945, "It would not have been possible to meet the vital and increasing demands of radar in the latter part of 1940 and the following years without the knowledge that Canada was undertaking the recruiting and training of men in the United Kingdom to build and operate radar stations in Canada."

The control of this great and successful effort to train men and women in the application of a new and highly scientific branch of electronics was vested in the R.A.F. Technical Training Command, with wartime I.Q. in Wantage Hall, Reading University.

While recruits with a knowledge of wireless technique were most acceptable for enlistment for radar operation, it was necessary to accept those who had little or no knowledge of radio beyond switching on a "night fighter patrol flight."

"NIGHT FIGHTER PATROL FLIGHT" was the title of this lesson in flying tactics conducted in the model cockpit in the Trainer Room at the Tele-Communications Research Establishment, the R.A.F. training centre at Malvern, Worcestershire, where the training units have been in operation for some months. It is one of the training units of the Technical Training Command.
Britain Recaptures World’s Air Speed Record

Two jet-propelled Meteor IV aircraft were in October 1945 officially chosen for the British attack on the world’s air speed record which stood at 465 m.p.h. set up in April 1938 by a Messerschmitt 109. Produced by the Gloster Aircraft Co., these machines are each driven by two Rolls-Royce Derwent V gas turbine power units. After protracted test flights "Britannia" I (piloted by Group Captain H. J. Wilson, A.F.C. (3, right)) broke the record on November 7th by attaining an average speed of 686 m.p.h. flying at 268 ft. over the three-kilometre course at Manston Bay, Kent, which was marked out by balloons (5). In the hands of Mr. Eric Greenwood (4) the companion Meteor averaged 661 m.p.h.
I am glad I tucked this pamphlet away so securely that I never changed it during say, the autumn of 1940, or after the fall of Singapore and the end of the Dutch East Indies in 1942, when the Atlantic battle was at its stormiest stage. To have read then the jaunty claim of 1939 that the results of the Anglo-Turkish alliance were "equivalent to a first-class victory in the field," would have raised a very bitter laugh. By now, it scarcely matters. After all, we did achieve victory in the end—with the help of great allies undreamt of in 1939—so the anonymous author could plead justification. Indeed, once can now be charitable enough to assume that his generous affronts in the matter of soaking syrup, did contain a great deal of wise reasoning. Here is his final paragraph:

"The war will expose the fatal weakness of the Nazi structure: every acute crisis will bring the regime nearer to disaster. The immense staying power of democracy is the final guarantee of Allied triumph."

Well, was that true or was it not?

Dr. A. J. P. Taylor, a Fellow of Magdalen, has managed to give a neat twist to the to-and-fro arguments about the future of Trieste. Analysing the latest Italian propaganda, he commented, he makes this pointed comment: "If a similar development were to occur in Liverpool, it could be proved that Glasgow and Liverpool might be taken to be the Kiel of the next conflict, the doubt that Glasgow is Scottish and Liverpool English is easily dispelled.

There is much food for thought—some of it is too easy of assimilation—in Mr. Taylor’s pamphlet which the Yugoslav Information Office have just sent me, and which is published at a shilling.

The portrait of the traitor Laval, taken during his trial, which appears in page 446, recalls the brilliant and (I believe) hitherto unrecorded motto which Sir Max Beerbohm took to be the emblem of his Society: "A solemn thing". It is, perhaps, with such urbane cruelty.

One of the pleasanter aspects of post-war Leue-Nenn in reverse is the fact that the term Oxford was coined for a German of the type who, if his name may be made not just new but something of an achievement. I commend the notion to the delicate pencil of Sir Max Beerbohm.

In Robert Fedders’ Peace, Prosperity, the intensive, orderly (Dyer-Williams & Norgate, 10d. 6d.) I seem to detect this faint glint of hope for a sadly shattered world. In Nature’s eyes the rule of a despot is proved that something is wrong in the moral life of society sometimes it took centuries for a nation to get rid of despotisms, as was the case in Turkey. Russia, and China. The rise of fascism in Russia the reaction of the world against Hitler and Mussolini was justly rapid. Is that a reason for hope?

I am wondering what the etymologists of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of the Society for Pure English, will have to say of the newest word in our language—"Gnomeid." It occurs in Count D. of the United Nations’ indictment of the Nazi leiders due for trial at Nuremberg, and has been widely used, presumably to describe the "emotional, systematic and purposeful" extermination of which was committed by the Hitler regime. The etymologists, if they run true to form, will probably object to the word on the grounds of not understanding it, and very usually of not having a synonym, and as an unfortunate sin of combining both Greek (gno, a race of Gnome) and Latin (id) will make it more palatable. My own objection to it is that it sounds like the name of a patent mouthwash rather than the vilest crime in the whole of universal history. One has only to ask what the ancient Greeks would have found for it, or indeed the Germans themselves, to realise how far short of the mark "Genocide" falls.

LAURENCE OLIVER’S performance in the W. B. Yeats translation of Sophocles’ Oedipus has set the town talking. It reminded me of a witicism of the type which only the terrific charm possesses. When the news that Yeats (who knew no Greek) had made the translation was announced to a famous Dublin wit, he looked up from his glass and asked, "From what into what?"

Turning out some ageing papers the other day, I rescued an odd souvenir of that lamentable first winter of the war. It was the Ministry of Information’s three-penny pamphlet, its maiden essay in that line, called Assurance of Victory, which was published at the end of November 1939. To open it was to be carried back in a flash to the exasperations and follies of the "ghony" war" period; to the time when a Cabinet Minister, visiting our troops on the Belgian border, announced: "We are winning this war comfortably." In the light of subsequent events the final word in that consoling statement seems to have been a little too optimistic.

At one time we were all encouraged to feel far more comfortable than the right hon. gentleman and his colleagues, and any right to allow us to feel. On the one hand they put out a rallying cry on every hoarding: Freedom is in peril—defend it with all your might! Then, as though fearing such an appeal might have over-disturbed us, they offered us this opiate in pamphlet form. Could the following phrases be heave more magnetism induces?

"... we do not have to fear the Nazi’s war, but only to prevent them from defeating us. If we can succeed in doing that, we can rely on our strength in other directions to bring them to their knees."

As Touchstone observed, there is much virtue in it!
NOW CALLED "CANADA WALK," the north side of Lincoln’s Inn Fields, London, for over five years housed the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Air Force. On October 20, 1945, this stretch of an historic square, for 399 years known as Newman’s Row, was renamed to commemorate war-time ties between the Borough of Islington and the R.C.A.F. Unveiling one of the name plates are seen Sergeant Margaret Hills (Canadian W.A.A.F.) and Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, O.C.V.O. (above), to veterans of the Fusiliers who are now spending the evening of their days as pensioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

MEN OF THE ROYAL SIGNALS in October 1945 started work in London helping the C.F.O. to handle their mammoth task of installing 75,000 new telephones for would-be subscribers who have been on the waiting list for several years. Priority is being given to applicants connected with essential reconstruction trades, the health services, and journalism. A signal Corps sign (left) is fixed to a switch-board which the unit has installed in a London office. Photo: Central Press, Keystone.

COLOURS OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS—the regiment was disbanded in 1922, following the establishment of the Irish Free State—were placed in the keeping of the Royal United Services Museum, Whitehall, on October 22, 1945. Formerly in the possession of the late Duke of Wellington, the colours were presented by his son, Lord Byron, to the 32nd Black Watch. Also present were Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, O.C.V.O. (above), to veterans of the Fusiliers who are now spending the evening of their days as pensioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

WOMEN CADETS IN THE BRITISH ARMY assembled with instructors and male cadets on the lawns of the Army Staff College, Camberley, Surrey, for a map-reading lecture. Co-educational training was announced on October 11, 1945, when it was stated that women cadets would be selected from the Women’s Transport Service of East Africa, and ten from the A.T.S. Each of these girls cadets has signed on for a further twelve months’ service. PAGE 470.

Photo: Daily Express, Keystone.
WITH OVER 1,000 BRITISH AND AUSTRALIAN P.O.W. aboard, the 23,000-ton British aircraft carrier H.M.S. Formidable arrived at Sydney early in October 1944. These well enough lined up on the 712ft. long flight-deck with the ship's company as she prepared to meet the ship's short, from Australia, British-bound F.D.W. are transported across the Pacific to Vancouver, whence they travel across Canada by rail to embark in the Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth. Many carriers have been transformed to troopships.