THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH FORCE FOR THE OCCUPATION OF JAPAN (B.C.O.F.) is drawn from the U.K., Australia, New Zealand and India; its commander-in-chief is Lieut.-Gen. J. Northcott, C.B., M.V.O., of the Australian Military Forces. At a recent inspection in India of the British and Indian contingents, who were about to leave for Japan, the past major of the 1st Battalion the Royal Welsh Fusiliers headed the parade. The British-Indian Division is commanded by Maj.-Gen. D. T. Cawson.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

No. 226 will be published Friday, March 15
War Orphans Cared for in English Country Home

UNABLE TO RETURN to their homes when the War ended in Europe, large numbers of children who had been evacuated created a major problem in Britain. Through the Anglo-American Relief Fund, under the direction of the South African Red Cross, some of them are being cared for at The Round House, Ware, Herts, which has been converted into a nursery home. Not all are orphans; a few are "unwanted" and others cannot return because of the housing shortage.

The Round House, with some of the children at play, is a rather serious affair, but not more so than the problem of the instructional toy with which this young Canadian (3) is faced. Too small to sit at table, the youngest guest (4) is assisted to his lunch by a somewhat older companion. Another visitor takes a party for a walk (5).
GRIM DRAMA OF JUSTICE AT NUREMBERG

By JOHN FORTINBRAS

THE Rogeys' Gallery at the World's greatest crime trial, and members of the most enormous jury in history, are here vividly sketched by an observer, specially for "The War Illustrated." This is the atmosphere of the court as there emerge details of the records of a handful of men, who in completed conspiracy betrayed a nation. See also illus. pages 559-562.

plasticity, and a vitality that tallies with Hitler's description of him as a man "immeasurable in his energy and vitality."

He is, the one-time Nazi idealist, with his beetle-browed eyebrows, his white mohair face and glinting eyes, is not a pretty creature. But if ugliness distinguishes one man in this rogues' gallery, it is Julius Streicher, saucy, self-satisfied, and flagellant, a man with much champing jaw, and blunt, brutal, sarcastic features, a face as infamous as the doctrine of persecution which he preached. Baldur von Schirach, the Hitler youth leader, still preserves a groomed appearance; in contrast the once detester Kriebstein looks gaunt and haggard, an ambuscade of decadence.

Impassively behind the defendants stand American G.I.'s on every duty. Some appear never to stop chewing gum. Their white enlisted helmets are adorned by a nazi emblem in shattered pieces. They wear white belts and white caps, and these, with the white batons held behind their backs in white-gloved hands, are more reminiscent of a military tattoo than a court of justice.

Justice Intact and Irreplaceable

At the Law Courts, London, Lord Justice Lawrence, ermine-robed, seemed in his compact, vastly dignified figure to incorporate Justice and present Her intact and irreplaceable to all in that hushed court. Now his Lordship sits unrobed. His bald, rounded head is grazed by no Judge's wig. And the judges of the Allied Powers who sit beside him, though constituting the most eminent tribunal in history, wear none of the trappings of distinction. Mr. Justice Jackson's hair is flatly brashed, like a cologne and coloured hair looks at times in his spectacles to become invisible.

One of the French judges, bald-headed and with a grey, drooping moustache, might have been the point of Dickens. To look at these Russian judges, strongly built, younger than the other men, sit sternly upright, in their military uniform.

I felt proud of Lawrence from the beginning. He follows every word spoken from the prosecution stand with a sharp mind; his penetration impresses everyone. Yet, perhaps because I have been reared in British traditions, my first reaction was to hate and deride the apparent informality of the trial. Sufficiently enlightened we may be, I thought, to dispense with the emblems of Justice, with the atmosphere, half-sacerdotal and half-historic, in which Justice in so many courts in England and Europe has come to us. How much I wished that, in contrast to the easy, matter-of-fact way in which the defendants had condemned to horror and monstrous misuse millions of their fellow human beings, the world should live for the last few weeks of their lives in an atmosphere alive with the sense of retribution.

For there were the thoughts which occupied my mind during the first days of the tribunal's session, January 2, 1946, which marked my introduction to the Court. Then I began listening intently to the evidence. I heard Colonel Storey, of the American prosecution team, reading evidence, listing in measured tones, witnesses of ghastly mass murders at Rovno in the Ukraine—how, as the secret police carried out their murderous missions, women ran about the streets with dead babies in their arms before they, too, stripped naked and made to lie in chained piles, became dead.

It seemed that only with such an effort of mind did I visualize such happenings. I have heard much more terrible evidence since that day. Yet every word from Storey represented, to me, the agony, the unfaithful memory of tens of hundreds of men, women and children. I heard for the first time the infamous device at Mauthausen Concentration Camp reserved for "K" prisoners. K stands for "Kugel," German for bullet. And K prisoners included Russian prisoners of war, prisoners recaptured after attempted escapes, political and racial "undesirables," and others. All were marked for death and measured for death.

Most Terrible Evidence Marshalled

Each victim was forced to stand upright beside a metalic column, from the top of which a sliding plank was poised. When the plank was dropped the prisoner's head fell into the noose of a mechanical attachment discharging a bullet into the neck of the prisoner. At the concentration camp authorities, the tribunal heard, had too many K prisoners on their hands to use the "humane" method. So some prisoners were sent to the "bathrooms"—hermetically sealed chambers into which poison gas concentrations were discharged.

I heard of Hitler's order carried out in the Occupied Countries to enforce the Nazi rule by terror. If a man were suspected of any act against the Nazi regime it was the German policy to seize every member of his family and, after removing them to the Reich, to liquidate them, taking special care to ensure that no word of their death ever went back to their home town.

I heard of Einsatzkommandos, chiefs of Secret Police Units, whose function in the Eastern occupied areas was to exterminate or deport all Jews, and this was done at the behest of the "Blue Max"—its leader. In their huge mass-scale killings of Jews, women and children were not exempted, although a difference existed in the way of dealing with the former. It was ordered for women and children, and with these two groups the prospective babies werecaused to become all; itself a journey was arranged of sufficient duration to ensure that the unborn mass burial or anti-tank ditch was reached all would be dead.

I heard also how the defendant Kaltenbrunner, Himmler's right-hand man, sat, and saw the encouragement given to civilians tolynch alleged criminals who parachuted down or otherwise fell unravelled in their midst. The order to which Kaltenbrunner gave his signature said: "In agreement with the Reichsfuehrer S.S. (Heinrich Himmler) I have decreed all higher police officers that all Germans shall go unpunished who in the future particulate in the persecution and annihilation of enemy airmen who parachute down."
NORTHERN IRELAND'S SHARE IN VICTORY

The English are a forgiving and forgetful people. They are accustomed to bow to the will of a minority, and to Ireland as a whole, the majority of the Irish would certainly like to see the partition of their own island abolished. A desire to make concessions to the wishes of the majority and to forgive and forget Eire's neutrality may become all the stronger because those fortunate enough to visit the country and to dip into its fish-pots find the inhabitants charming and friendly.

The Frontline had no such attractions and the people, though as Irish as those of the south, can be surer enough. Moreover, it can win no justification by the fact, despite the attitude of its Government, Eire contributed as a proportion of its manpower to the fighting Services of Britain as did the north, and that great numbers of men and women crossed the Irish Sea to take part in the industrial war effort. To those as individuals we owe gratitude for gallant and useful service, all the more because they received no encouragement in their enterprise from their own government.

But let us not forget that the debt we owe to Northern Ireland was that of a vastly different character, and that the services it rendered to Britain constituted one of immensely greater importance. The debt is all the greater because the British Government and people can claim little credit for placing Northern Ireland in a position to render these services. When the partition of Ireland was looked on by the majority of Englishmen as a regrettable political expedient, rendered necessary by the unappeasable aspirations of the Irishmen—a grudgingly granted concession to the claims of the south, resources placed at disposal of his Majesty's government.

The frontier between the two parts of the country had no military significance, and seemed to many an absurdity calculated to cause the maximum inconvenience and to present impossible opportunities to smugglers. That it would ever become a frontier of strategic importance probably never occurred to anyone, for at the time the partition of the Irish Sea was nothing. In a search for evidence the British Government had picked up a sovereign, and not for the first time in its history had unwittingly and unwillingly returned an asset of immense value which it had almost thrown away.

The first debt owed to Northern Ireland is due to its insistence on maintaining to the full the British connexion. Whether that insistance was, as some believed, inspired by bigotry and suspicion of the south or by genuine devotion and loyalty to the Empire as it was claimed to be, it was not material. For though both influences were probably at work full proof has been given that

The great shipbuilding industry of Belfast which produced the great warships and played such a part in the war, and the great merchant marine which produced the ships which carried the coal and flour from this country. Agriculture also played a part in the war, and the great industries which produced the food for the troops.

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With Mighty Endeavour They Speeded the Peace

NORTHERN IRELAND parachute workers busy for the R.A.F. (1). During the Victory celebrations on May 3, 1945, crowds filled Belfast's Donegall Square (2). The Royal Irish Fusiliers (3) served in France, Italy and N. Africa. At a Belfast shipyard a giant floating crane is seen beside an aircraft carrier undergoing repairs (4).
Our Navies in the Great Change-Over

By FRANCIS E. McOMURRIE

The new war ship, the King George V, Duke of York, Anson, Howe, Nelson and Rodney are the only British battleships which can be considered fit to fight. It would seem likely that five of these ships will be maintained in full commission in the Home and Mediterranean Fleets, leaving the other two as 'a ready reserve.' to adopt the American term—available either as a potential reinforcement or as reliefs for ships requiring to be refitted.

In fleet aircraft carriers the position is somewhat better, though it may not remain so unless these under construction are carried to completion. It has been reported that five or six large fleet carriers which were building have been cancelled, together with several of lighter design. Disregarding these, it would appear that there may be available in due course seven or eight of the former and from 15 to 20 of the latter. There are also a number of hybrid type, the Unicorns (see illus. in page 647), Perseus and Pioneer, which may be described as maintenance deck aircraft carriers and are extremely valuable ships.

The 38 escort carriers in service when the War ended, 33 have had to be returned to the United States Navy under the terms of the Lend-Lease scheme. One of the remaining five, the Pretoria Castle, is likely to revert to her prime-time status as a passenger liner plying between this country and South Africa. This would leave Campania, Nairana, Vindes and Activity available, but one of these is to be transferred to the Netherlands flag.

In cruisers there is a serious shortage, having regard to the total of 70 which the late Earl Jellicoe recommended as an absolute minimum. The post-war residue would appear to be just under 50, and this includes the Arcturus and Aurora, which have been mentioned as likely to be transferred to Allied navies, together with the Blake, Defence, Superb and Tiger, now completing. There is some doubt whether the Bellerophon and Hawke will be completed, so now number 678. Sixty cruisers have been left out of the calculation. Evidently it is considered that the allocation of foreign stations is proportion of our fleet aircraft carrier strength will more than compensate for this cruiser shortage, or the position might well be described as alarming.

Assuming that about 50 per cent of the needed destroyers on hand will be completed, there should be available 150 modern fleet destroyers. How many of the ‘Hunt’ class, corresponding approximately to the American destroyer-escorts, are to be retained in service is doubtful. Several are believed to have been condemned as the results of hard service or extensive damage, but there may be 30 or 40 suitable for duty in home waters and the Mediterranean for some years to come.

FRIGATES Assigned Under Lend-Lease Being Returned to U.S.

In submarines the position is a little more difficult owing to the complete uncertainty about the number of new ones to be completed. On the 50 per cent basis adopted in the case of the destroyers there might well be about 120 available, but it is doubtful if so many will be kept.

Probably the later frigates of the ‘Bay’ and ‘Loch’ classes will be retained, to the number of about 50, but most of the ‘Rivers’ seem likely to be disarmed. All the ‘Carpet’ and ‘Colonies’ are being returned to the U.S. navy, having been assigned to this country for the Lease scheme. About 30 sloops of recent design will also figure in the post-war fleet together with the majority of the mine, sweepers of the highly successful ‘Algerine’ design, 100 in number.

In all these calculations the navies of the overseas Dominions have been included, as they would operate with the Royal Navy in time of war. Comparing the position with 1939, the Home Fleet was then made up of seven battleships and battle cruisers, two aircraft carriers, six cruisers, 26 destroyers and five submarines; while in the Mediterranean Fleet there were four battleships, one aircraft carrier, six cruisers, 40 destroyers and seven submarines. On the China Station were one aircraft carrier, four cruisers, 14 destroyers and 15 submarines. Five cruisers constituted the bulk of the America and West Indies Squadrions (including ships in South American waters). There were three cruisers on the East Indies Station, one on the Africa Station, and two lent to New Zealand. Presumably something on a similar scale may be envisaged in the near future, but with more aircraft carriers and fewer battleships and cruisers in the picture.
CRIPPLED BY ENGINE BREAKDOWN off the Pembrokeshire coast and taken in tow by the destroyer Southdown, the Universal, on her way to be broken up, went adrift when the towing gear broke. Battling against storms for 36 hours the crew (who refused to abandon ship) then, in a 3-knot pace, were rescued by the Aberystwyth and Fishguard lifeboats, on February 2, 1944. The Universal had a grand war service record, sinking or damaging 45,000 tons of enemy shipping during a year's patrol in the Mediterranean.
COL. LIM BO SENG, an heroic leader of the Malayan resistance, was buried on January 13, 1946, at Singapore. Escaping from Malaya in 1942 he made his way to Chungking, where he was created leader of a Chinese unit of Force 136—a part of the great guerilla army, composed of Chinese, Malays and Indians, which harassed the Japanese. Col. Seng returned to Malaya in 1943 accompanied by a small party which included British officers. Caught by the Japanese, he died in June 1944 as a result of tortures. On the steps of the Municipal Building in Singapore, in front of the table draped in white (Chinese symbol of mourning) upon which rests the hier, a portrait of the dead hero was displayed (above). The British guard of honour presented arms (below) as the bearers laid the hier on the gun-carriage.
IN GLORIOUS MEMORY
of the first
BRITISH LIBYAN CAMPAIGN
7 DEC 1940 TO 13 APRIL 1941
and
THE WESTERN DESERT FORCE
under
GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL
A TRiumph in Adversity

IN WHAT WAS ONCE THE PALACE OF GRAZIANI, former Italian governor, at Benghaz, on January 16, 1948, a plaque (1) in memory of the Western Desert Force under Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell was unveiled, together with another marking the triumphant drive of Montgomery's 8th Army against Rommel. The ceremony was performed by General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., C.-in-C. Middle East, seen (2) with the senior chaplain during the dedication of the plaques, whilst the band of the Royal West African Frontier Force played (3).
When Hitler embarked upon war in September 1939 Germany was unquestionably the mightiest military power in the world. And the grand strategy which dictated the application of that power was sound: the strategy of disposing of enemies and potential enemies one by one. Within a year and a half Germany had extended her dominion from the Arctic to North Africa, from the Bay of Biscay to the Black Sea. Against the Baltic, Germany was still bound to Germany by a non-aggression pact. Only Britain held out, and though Britain might fight on indefinitely it was inconceivable that she alone could reconcile her forces.

In eighteen months Germany had won such triumphs as no nation had known for more than a hundred years. Within another year she had raised up against her the most powerful military coalition in history. And in those more years she suffered defeat more complete, catastrophe more overwhelming than any known to history. Meantime, her Axis partner in the East, whose triumphs had been the equal of Germany's, experienced a comparable reversal of fortunes.

How had it happened? The answer to this question is not clear. Perhaps we shall know in a few years. Perhaps the answer lies in the achievements of the great coalition—Britain, Russia, the United States, China, and their allies. This is a superficial answer. Why had Germany and Japan failed to realize what was bound to happen if Russia and the United States entered the War against them in the same way at the same time? To this question the answer is:

**Things Hitler Might Have Done**

Theoretically, Hitler might have so conducted himself that the United States would not have felt her security threatened or the American people their principles outraged. But then he wouldn't have been Hitler. He might—quite theoretically—have observed treaties and pacts; he might have abstained from persecution of Jews and minorities; he might have established a new order on the basis of justice and humanity. Had he been the kind of leader who would have done these things, however, he wouldn't have started war in the first place. Hitler's belligerence seems to be the major mysteries of Axis political and military policy, and speculation about the explanations behind them.

**Why did the Axis fail to co-ordinate in the opening phases of the war?**

Why did not Germany, Italy, and Japan launch their attack simultaneously? (See map 1, opposite page). Japan, to be sure, was not ready in 1939. But neither were Britain, Russia, or the United States. In 1939 the U.S. were, in the words of General Marshall (see page 612), "not even a third-rate military power." Britain, feebly rearming against the German menace, was all but helpless in the Far East. Russia, eagerly signing a non-aggression pact designed to give her time to rearm, was in no position to fight a two-front war. Or—if Japan was too unready—the war might have been delayed until she was ready, in 1941. At that time, even with the rearrangement program in Germany, the switches in command in neither Britain nor the United States was able to restrain Japan. Germany, in turn, would probably have enjoyed the same relative superiority in the autumn of 1941 that she enjoyed in the autumn of 1939.

The Axis never achieved a co-ordinated attack. They did not achieve it even after December 1941, when Japan had entered the War at her convenience—and we are told now that Germany never wanted her in the War at all. Japan, too, came in when it suited her interest to do so, and fought her own war. Perhaps, given the totalitarian philosophy and psychology, a common policy was impossible, for implied in totalitarianism were racism, distrust of other peoples and States and ambition for world domination.

**Why did Germany fail to invade Britain in 1940?** Invasion of Britain would not have been easy. The Royal Navy still commanded the Channel, the R.A.F. was still supreme in the skies over Britain, and Britain's coastlines were even more formidable than was then supposed. Germany's invasion—either a direct assault on the beaches, parachute landings in England itself, or a combination of both—were all impossible. Eire—was not only the logical but as we now know the necessary step for the completion of the strategy of "Dunkirk and D-Day." (See map 2).

**Goering's Spectacular Failure**

Why was it not attempted? The answers are familiar enough. Hitler had not antici- pation from any country to overwhelm Britain in France and was not ready to invade. He did not trust the landing craft either to get through to Britain or to work behind them. He had felt it necessary first to knock the R.A.F. out of the sky and to paralyse Goering's plans. We and forth and so on.

Again these are answers that tend to make the issue seem clearer than it is. For a defensible case could have been made. Germany had prepared for war. Prior to the summer of 1940 everything had gone like clockwork. Why did the planning break down here? Why was the Wehrmacht not ready? Why had the parachute troops not been trained for this precipitation—are they being trained for the invasion of Greece? Why was it not sufficient to go after the R.A.F.? Why did the Balkan venture fail to keep pace with the invasion of Greece? Why was it not enough to destroy the Italian air force in the west?

**Possible answers suggest themselves.** First, Hitler had confidence that the Luftwaffe could handle the R.A.F. and that the destruction of British industry and com- munications at will; he had confidence, too, in his U-boat campaign. He was unable to imagine a nation faced with the odds against the French in 1940 would not accept the obvious fact of defeat.

**Second, there is the intriguing possibility that Hitler did not want to destroy Russia as he did want to destroy Russia. So great was his admiration—perhaps respect was a better term—for Britain and the Empire, that he preferred to have Britain come over to his side as much as France had, through the establishment of a collaborationist government. His failure to plan for an invasion, his curious offer, just before the launching of the Blitz, of peace with a guarantee of the Empire, is the last vestige of his willingness to use all his air power against the little island—all these are part of a confession of purpose, rather than military incompetence.

**Why did Hitler fail to occupy Spain and thus close the Mediterranean to the Allies?** In the light of later events this would seem to have been the major, as it is the most inexorable, of his military mistakes. Assuredly, he could have encountered little serious opposi- tion from Franco's Spain. Nor could Churchill or Goering have withstood, indefinitely, attack from the sea and from the land. Once Gibraltar was in Nazi hands Malta must have fallen, the British fleet would have been de-barred from the Mediterranean and the whole of North Africa obviously would have fallen to Italian and German armies. Italy, instead of being a liability, might have become an asset; the oil of the Near East would have been avail- able; the Anglo-American invasion of 1942 would have been impossible.

But the explanation of Hitler's failure to make so natural, so logical a move? Perhaps the desire for a land victory in the East against a land victory in the West for economic reasons. Perhaps, too, there were objections from Mussolini, inclined to regard the Mediterranean as his sea, Spain as in his sphere of influence.

**Why did Germany attack Russia in the summer of 1941?** It is scarcely necessary now to elaborate on the consequences of the German attack on Russia; or to suggest that had Hitler been victorious in Russia—as he almost was—the war would still be going on. Yet why was Russia not attacked earlier? Why was the character of the Wehrmacht not given the nature of Nazism, almost inevitable.

**An Old Age the Japs Forgot***

From the beginning the Nazis had singled out the Japanese as their greatest enemies, and the first Axis alliance was the Anti-Commissar pact with Japan in 1936. The German-Russian non-aggression agreement of March 1939 was obviously a mark of com- mune. From the beginning, too, it was clear that Russia was preparing for an inevitable showdown with Japan. Japan had been invaded from the west, Russia invaded from the east. It was the attack on France, the absorption of the Baltic States, the annexation of Bessarabia, were all a part of the Russian preparations against the attack from Japan. Germany, there was no reason for Hitler to fear that the sooner he attacked the better his chance of success.

**Hit**

Hitler attacked at war, doubtless, the earliest possible moment. First there was Britain to deal with, and the Battle of Britain was the battle of 1940. Then the Soviet Union, and with the fall of 1940-1. Then the Balkan plan had to be cleared, the British thrown on the defensive. Then the U.S. In July 1941 Russia came in June 1941 it was a spectacu- lar mistake as the entry of Russia was the death of the grave were of Hitler's army and Hitler's hopes. (See map 4). Yet until Stalingrad Hitler's smile was not the result of his hope.

**Why did Japan attack Pearl Harbor, and, having attacked, not invade the Hawaiian Islands?** It is clear now that the attack on Pearl Harbor which might have been a gis- tory of the American people, the great mistake. The Japanese forgot the old adage; when you strike a king, strike to kill. They struck what was potentially the greatest naval and military power in the world—and they failed to keep their eyes on the U.S. Pacific fleet.

**Having decided that an attack on the American**

...
Where Aggressor Nations' Planning Went Astray

[Map showing military movements and strategies involving Germany, Italy, and Japan.]

HAD GERMANY, ITALY AND JAPAN STRUCK SIMULTANEOUSLY the grand strategy indicated by black arrows (1) might have succeeded. Collapse of France in 1940 left England vulnerable to conquer (2), but Hitler retreated and was lost. By occupying Spain and securing Gibraltar Germany might, in 1943, have closed the Mediterranean (3). When Hitler invaded Russia in that year he laid Germany open to attack from several directions (4). The Japs blundered when, having attacked Pearl Harbour, they did not invade Hawaii (5).  PAGE 683  By courtesy of The New York Times Map and

[Additional details and annotations on the map regarding military strategies and outcomes.]
U.N.O. Security Council Meets for First Time

AROUND A HORSESHOE-TABLE at Church House, Westminster, on January 17, 1946, was held the first meeting of the United Nations Organization Security Council, under the chairmanship of Mr. N. J. O. Makin, Australian Minister for the Navy; Mr. Berin, at left, in discussion with Mr. Statzkius before proceedings commenced. General view of the Council in session (3): front row, l. to r., Mr. Modugnoli (Poland), Mr. Gromyko (Russia), Mr. Berin (U.S.), Mr. Statzkius (U.S.A.), Mr. 0. Johns (Secretary), Mr. Makin (Australia), Sénior de Freitas-Vaile (Brasil), Dr. Wellington Ken (China), Dr. A. H. Badawi Pasha (Egypt), Mr. Vincent-Auriol (France), Sénior de Rozenweg Diaz (Mexico), and Dr. van Eeden (Netherlands). Mr. Vysotsky (l. left), chief Soviet delegate, with Mr. D. Hnolukover, Ukrainian Commissioner of Foreign Affairs. See also pages 454-455.
Now It Can Be Told!

OLD LOGOS WERE FIGHTERS’ ‘GUINEA PIGS’

On a lonely R.A.F. Fighter Command station in Northumberland early in 1943 old railway engines, battered tanks and worn-out motor lorries played a part in the success of the invasion of Europe. They were "guinea-pigs" for a set of experiments to test the effectiveness of R.A.F. fighters against ground targets. Data gained from these tests reduced tank-busting and ground-strafing to a mathematical formula which helped to bring victory for the Allies. The tests were arranged by ballistics experts in co-operation with the "Boffins" of Fighter Command, a team of civilian scientists acting as advisers to the Commander-in-Chief.

Rocket projectiles and all types of cannon and machine-gun ammunition were tried out against the vehicles at the fighter station at Milfield, near Alnwick, and the effectiveness of each type of attack was tabulated after constant rechecking. Finally, the civilian scientists could produce such formulae as "If an Opieire Mark 5 attack a railway engine with its cannon, the resultant damage will take an average of twelve man-hours to repair." These formulae, when checked with captured enemy records, frequently proved to be exact.

Another vital piece of ballistics work carried out was the evolution of a method of making maximum use of the British multi-gun fighters. When such a fighter goes into action each of its guns does not fire simply straight ahead. Each gun is set to fire on a slightly different aim, so that a "pattern" of bullets strikes a target at a given range. Intensive research into bullet "patterns" resulted in fire-power being put to the best possible use for the job in hand.

For instance, a concentrated blast of fire to tear a Nazi bomber apart at 200 yards' range might be desirable for a night fighter, but the same pattern would be wasteful and inflict less damage on, say, scattered troops at low level. A big part of the scientists' task was to reduce the complicated formulae used by ballistics experts to describe the behaviour of bullets or rocket projectiles under the influence of wind and gravity.

BOMBER COMMAND AND THE WAR IN THE EAST

A remarkable story was unfolded by the Signals Directorate of the Air Ministry at the close of 1943 of how Bomber Command fought and won the war in the east. The R.A.F.'s objectives were the Luftwaffe's radio communications and the enemy radar—the radio "eye" which can detect and position approaching aircraft. The intention was to reduce this enemy intelligence to chaos.

Radio counter-measures, as they are called, were first considered in 1941, and in 1942 it became feasible to employ them in Bomber operations. From then until the end of the War this extremely complicated and abstruse subject became the wholetime study of a small number of specialists who alone understood all its ramifications. The most spectacular of these radio counter-measures introduced itself over Hamburg on the night of July 24-25, 1943, when foil strips every minute, which mounted to 24 million strips weighing 20 tons. Assuming that each bundle showed an echo for 15 minutes, the total number of echoes on the enemy's screens during the raid represented 12,000 aircraft.

Side by side with our enemy radar offensive was the determined effort to upset enemy radio communications operated by the Luftwaffe. This mostly took the form of "jamming," or obliterating an enemy signal with a more powerful one of our own on the same frequency. A variation was the use of German-speaking W.A.A.F., broadcasting from the U.K. on Luftwaffe frequencies, giving false information and counter-orders.

Apparatus Captured at Bruneval

In the summer of 1941 it was established that the enemy were using radar to plot our bombers for fighter interception. Calculations gave the experts its approximate position, and in December 1941 aerial photographs were obtained which led to our raid on Bruneval on February 27, 1942. It was the knowledge gained from the capture of German apparatus there that made possible the development of our counter-measures, two of which—code names "Tinsel" and "Mandrel"—were introduced in December 1942 and were an immediate success.

Developed at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, "Tinsel" made use of a radio-telephone transmitter with the transmitter placed in the engine or in the aircraft's fuselage. Each operator was given a specified frequency band to watch with instructions to "jam" any German radio telephone he heard, and the noise the German pilot heard from our aircraft may be imagined. Every wireless operator in each bomber took part. They were trained with the help of gramophone recordings of actual night-fighter radio traffic. Valuable help came from the German-speaking operators distributed through the bomber force and
from many of the Polish squadrons came a stream of valuable information as to enemy reactions to the jamming.

The intention with "Mandrel" was to jam the enemy's early warning systems, the idea being that if his fighter reaction against the raid could be delayed only 20 minutes a very great advantage would be gained. Associated with this was a number of high-powered ground jamming stations along the South Coast which were intended to blind the German stations across the Channel. On the night of April 25-27, 1943, a high-powered wireless transmitter with a narrow beam-operation, codename "Ground Grocer," was established at Dunswich on the East Anglian coast, and to judge from remarks heard coming from German pilots it was an immediate success. A second transmitter was later established at Deal, Kent.

The Germans found themselves forced to use very high frequencies for their communications, and jamming equipment for this was installed at Sizewell on the East Anglian coast. This produced enough noise in the enemy earphones to prevent effective control of their fighters over the Dutch coast and farther west. The operation began work on the night of July 30-31, 1943, under the title of "Ground Cigar" and remained in operation until September 17, 1944. Range limitation was an obvious object to this, however, except as an interim measure. What was wanted was airborne equipment which would carry the jamming right into enemy territory, thus protecting aircraft of Bomber Command over the whole route to and from the target.

More investigation followed, new equipment was designed and the decision was made to equip a normal 3-Blitz Lancaster bombers (No. 101). It was first used operationally on the night of October 7-8, 1943, in No. 1 Group, with jamming apparatus, when each aircraft carried a trained German-speaking operator as an additional crew member, whose duty it was to find and jam enemy frequencies. Normal bomb load less the weight of the operator and the equipment was also carried.

Five months had elapsed during that year before fitted aircraft were ready for the Squadron. The type of jamming is best described as a "wig-wag" noise which produces a constantly varying audible note running up and down the scale on the speech channel that was to be jammed. The receiver was an ingeniously simple affair, specially designed for its purpose and quite unlike anything before fitted in an aircraft.

So successful was this system that the Germans were forced to use Morse telegraphy in an attempt to break through. They tried speeding up their radio-telephone messages, switching on their transmitters for only a few seconds at a time, without success. Yet another subterfuge was to transmit a continuous musical programme, but this was suddenly to snap out an order. "Airborne Cigar" (or A.B.C.) was operated by No. 101 Squadron from October 7-8, 1943, to April 19-20, 1945.

Ghost Voice Created Nazi Chaos

The R.C.A.F. of Air, Sea, and Cable and Wireless, joined in the "Corona" system which was to be used as a means of confusing, distracting and annoying the enemy, even to the extent of giving the German fighters incorrect bearings to those which they received from their own ground controllers. Instead of transmitting "noise," it was the intention with the ordinary "jamming" tactics, it was decided to use a "ghost voice" — a fluent German speaker. This was heard by the enemy for the first time on the night of October 22-23, 1943.

The target on this occasion was Kassel, and before the end of the raid there was chaos in the enemy night fighter organization. A furious German ground controller was warning his aircraft to beware of another voice and not to be led astray by the enemy. The "voice" not only spoke idiomatic German but could also mimic perfectly the voices of his opposite numbers. After a particularly violent outburst by the German controller, the "voice" said: "The Englishman is now swearing." The German's reply was: "It is not the Englishman who is swearing but me!"

There were many more radio devices used to counteract the enemy's frantic attempts to control the Luftwaffe fighters. Often this meant quick thinking on the part of the R.A.F. technicians who were always one jump ahead of the Germans. Right up to D-Day our technical resources were engaged in a tense fight to keep our bomber losses down to an average maximum of five per cent which was achieved.

Flying Broadcasting Station

An early attempt to deal with enemy radar was to use a warning radar which was christened "Boozer." In its original form it was a simple reflector which was only operated in the dark. When the plane became illuminated by an enemy radar transmitter the pilot changed his course until the lamp went out.

Operation "Drumstick" jammed enemy high frequency telegraph controls in the 30-60 megacycle band. "Fidget" jammed enemy telegraphy instructions and jammers to night fighters during the progress of a Bomber Command attack on the medium waveband. Enemy ground radio stations using the 300-600 megacycle band were jammed by operation "Carpet." And "Jen" was a high-power high-altitude jammer of enemy radio-telephone communications on short and intermediate wavebands. This was in fact a flying broadcasting station, 40 times more powerful than the transmitters usually carried in aircraft.

One more device was known as "Pipe", which jammed enemy radar on the 95-210 megacycle range. With these devices, not only was the enemy faced with unfailing vigour but radio counter-measures in Bomber Command paid a dividend out of all proportion in terms of effort, which was invested in it.
How the British are Re-educating the Germans

A New and Saner Order in 13,600 Schools

The Light of Knowledge shines in the 13,000 elementary and intermediate and 600 secondary schools in the British zone of Germany. Selection by the British Military Government of trustworthy staff presents difficulties; a former Nazi woman teacher who has applied to be reappointed is examined (top) by Lieut.-Col. Hincks at his H.Q. in Darmstadt. Second from left is Major Stevens, responsible for education, seen (bottom) questioning a pupil.
British Military Government is Succeeding

In Dannenberg, one of the most advanced areas in the British zone of Germany, our Military Police find their work diversified by occasional need to chase mischievous small boys (1), but everyone seems quite happy about it. Flight-Lieut. A. Thakston, R.A.F., helps serve soup at an open-air kitchen (2). Sergeant B. Robinson (3), prisoner of war in England during the First Great War, now keeps open-house for visiting troops of the 8th Batt. Middlesex Regiment.

In Restoring Normal Life to Germany

A lucky discovery made by Flight-Lieut. Thakston is a brown-coal mine in Dannenberg. As representative of the B.M.G. he is having it excavated and prepared for immediate working: the fuel situation, at least locally, will be considerably improved. With him (4) is his manager, Heinrich Wolter, who was in charge of the building of Hitler's hide-out in the Reich Chancellery. Private Wynn Evans, of Flint, P. Wales, shares his chocolate ration with German youngsters (5).
All In a Day's Work for 'Mil. Gov.'

In charge of German Military Government Police in Dannenberg, Capt. W. E. Birchamall inspects his squad (1), newly issued with wooden truncheons. Check-up of motorists on the outskirts is a nightly routine for British troops and German police (2). Our men wait to enter Dannenberg Church as the local congregations file out (3). Flight-Lt. Thesaulton inspecting a soap-making factory (4) which formerly manufactured T.N.T. Lieut. R. Brenner, R.A.M.C., tours hospitals (5).
The nature of war books has altered. Their interest now lies not so much in what is written, which used to give them a compelling lure, but in their writers. In such books as The Monastery, which was written by Anthony Irwin (Collins, 10s.), we see the conditions of war affect the characters, the outlook, the temper of young men, though they barely future depends on what men who are now young make of it, it is both useful and interesting to learn at much as we can about them.

Major Anthony Irwin, who fought with native volunteers in Burma (see pages 648-649) and has the highest opinion of them—his book, indeed, is a plea that Britain shall not forget that there is a more vivid personality than the author of The Monastery. They are both frank about their feelings, their likes and dislikes, their attitude towards "the people at Home."

But Major Irwin lays about him with a more cutting whip-lash. He shouts where his fellow-major, only spoke in subdued tones. Any moment he is liable to slide off suddenly into a diatribe against something or somebody and to go on hammering away at them or in it most entertaining fashion, and as a rule with a good deal of horse sense, until he thinks of another topic.

The Collapse of Civilization?

I say "horse sense," which means intelligible opinions of a distinct rather than an incantation, because it seems to me that Major Irwin jumps—or should we say flies—to conclusions, instead of progressing towards them by the process of thinking things out. This is a matter of the Foreword of his book, who appears to be one of the high-ups, a general, who signs himself "X."

"Must mean when he touches on Irwin's "turbulence of spirit, his tendency to be violent and inconsiderate of his duty, his crudeness, his utter selfishness, impatience, need of consideration, crudeness, yet sensitivity and loyalty," and says that this mixture "characterizes so many of the youth of our day."

I hope that last statement is correct. I hope that there are large numbers of young men like Irwin. There is plenty for them to do in cleaning up the world after the two fits of madness in which we have smashed us up so much, both material and moral, of what we called Civilization. I am sure they can find one if they take over the fins of the present opportunities for peaceful work as they had in war. All that is needed is an understanding of their potential value, and a resolve to use it on them, part of rating persons. If they should be able to lead the job because it keeps body and soul together. It certainly fed them and their children, and we had a large number of us, and they took a ten-bob tip from a man who had made them a ten bob. Yes, the job kept a large number of them out of those Victoria Crosses, etc., etc."

A Company will attack and ..." The War Office regrets to inform you that no production is dead."

Major Anthony Irwin, M.C., whose book is the subject of this review, has been responsible for the issue of the Arakan about twice the size of the county of Middlesex.

"Now a young man who can think like that on the way to being an intelligent growth in the future, rather than on going on thinking until he reaches the age at which he can ask from rulers is that they should be able to go about the daily affairs of life without hindrance, getting their food, clothes, shelter, and such comfort as is customary among them, without having to save too much for the privilege of being ruled. That, of course, is nonsensically untrained as an animal lead, who have no taxes to pay and are provided by nature with covering for their bodies, nourishment, dwelling, and entertainment. But the more much as human beings can expect, and in which it is, as much as the great mass of human beings do expect.

Therefore I suggest to Major Irwin that he should not scoff at Social Security or suppose that it will prevent us from being resourceful and destroy initiative, "making life so easy that the only man they will be turned to how more to amuse ourselves—then War, for our children."

On his own showing, this is nonsense. We gave those tribes in Burma security "to sow and to reap, to pr'y and to hold the festivals," and they stood by us in the hour of need. Why should "marshalling the State for the benefit of the people" have on European models, or any more effective than it had on the Arakanese? Any way! Why does the Arakanese have to have it, "in the real freedom" in the Atlantic Charter sense as a vast proportion of any European or American population.

Why, it is the absence of security that Major Irwin himself blames for our "negative non-constructive existence," between the wars. The young distrust the older folk, without having to pay too much for Politically the young are "unsound" and "couldn't right another day."

"What guarantee there is that there will not be the same class of traitor in power after the war."

"If a man who will again say that he knew that Germany was rearming and that we should rearm, but was afraid of losing the election if he told the people the truth."

Hotel Commissioners, V.C.

He is afraid that what he once saw outside a 10s. London hotel is "a case of sin and sin and splashy uniforms, standing there as commissions, both wearing on their left breasts the ribbon of the Victoria Cross." He is afraid he may seem against our men in bright and flashy uniforms, standing there as commissions, both wearing on their left breasts the ribbon of the Victoria Cross."

"He is afraid he may seem against our men in bright and flashy uniforms, standing there as commissions, both wearing on their left breasts the ribbon of the Victoria Cross."

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Sentiment? Yes, but the right sort, the healthy sort, the sentiment of pulling us through if we act upon it. Irwin is rightly furious at the scrupulous sentiment, the slip "that the R.B.C. allows greedy young men of doubtful extraction to fill the air with—There's a Rainbow round the Corner or Hungry Bumbershoot or Baby Bucket."

He is entitled to be equally savage against politicians who are sentimental in a different, quite but not quite as detestable a way. But what his demand really amounts to is that he wants security; he fears "being left to our own humble, shallow shifting soil; we want the rock, but cannot find it."

Well, I think he has done his bit towards locating it. And I am certain that he and others like him, who are making themselves well in responsible positions during war, can do a great deal to help in railing against the increasing difficulties of peace—if only they are given the chance.
Home Railways Revolution
Post-War Designs for Speedy Travel and Greater Passenger Comfort
Specially drawn by Haseltine for The War Illustrated.
Our Firemen Carry War Methods Into Peace

Marvellous method of communication used by the British Army in the Desert Campaigns, and also by our parachute troops, the ‘Walkie-Talkie’ takes its place in Peace as the latest radio aid to fire-fighting.

By EDWIN W. HAYDEN

until recently N.F.S. Public Relations Officer in Essex. See also page 694.

A woman trapped on the fifth floor of a blazing factory — a wall, under- mined by the raving inferno, threatens to collapse and bury beneath an avalanche of debris anyone in its crumbling path — stallwart figures, high above the heads of the surging crowd, steel-helmeted fire-fighters limned against the crimson skyline, ask for instructions or aid. These are moments of crisis, when instantaneous communication between the keen-eyed N.F.S. officer in charge of operations at the control point — usually a radio-equipped motor-pump, van or staff car — and his men may mean the split-second difference between life and death.

Staggering through the smoking building, the unconscious woman is a living target, one shoulder, a fire-fighter listens through his earphones toswift orders winging their way to him from the source where rapped into the hand microphone the officer holds. Another fireman, a hundred yards distant on the ground, similarly equipped with the ‘walkie-talkie’ portable two-way radio telephone outfit, receives and passes on to a junior officer at his side alternative orders.

The officer shouts huskily. The crew of the nearby turntable ladder spring to action. The ladder swings into space and place as the fire-fighter, with the woman on his heart, has barred from reaching a window by the sea of blistering flame, thrusts her limp figure upwards through a smashed skylight to the waiting collegue crouched on the roof.

Demonstration Station

Sorngs streams of water — steaming jets at 100 lb. or more pressure per square inch — hiss from a brace of hoses, manned by firemen beating back the advancing flames as an instant later, their burdened comrades clamp down the ladder with its charge, while the watching crowd roars. Meanwhile, further radio-transmitted orders send men sideways, scattering for safety just before the east wall of the burning building disintegrates and crashes down to earth. No one is hurt — thanks to this wartime wonder of portable radio equipment.

How does the ‘walkie-talkie’ — already used successfully at several big London first-actually work? Come with me behind the fire-fence scenes. At the London Regional Headquarters of the N.F.S. a senior officer of the fire service and the school's instructors and their drivers are being taught how to use the ‘walkie-talkie’ by the apparatus which now links — by wireless — Regional H.Q. with every “first- away” fire-fighting appliance in London — those great, red-painted motor-pumps which race to the scene of the latest conflagration — plus thirty staff cars and some seven fire-brigades.

He is a technical communications expert, who has dreamed of this day ever since he attended a tar-boiling job in 1922 necessitating a long water relay, and visualized the value of radio communication in establishing instantaneous contact all along the thousands of feet of hose, plus boosting pumps, between the fire stations and the fire-fighters.

A leading-fireman instructor dons the ‘walkie-talkie’ equipment to demonstrate, while the senior officer who acts as our guide explains the various items: the haversack slung at the back which houses the portable transmitter set, the small, 5-valve radio receiver and transmitter set in a steel case housed in a haversack at the operator's side, with the wire for the switch and simple tuning dial easy to hand.

A simple but effective, four-foot-long aerial, the officer emphasizes that the earphones are specially designed to allow them to be worn beneath a regulation steel helmet and draws particular attention to the webbed-coller "throat mike." This, it is explained, fits snugly around the neck and actually picks up the vibrations of the larynx. Advantages of this type of microphone are:

(1) It leaves both hands free; (2) it allows the operator unobstructed vision, which would not be the case if the mike was set in front of his mouth; (3) the throat mike is less likely to be damaged when the fireman is crawling about a building, and (4) even if a man's voice is affected by smoke and a foot of him. Yet, all the same, his words come clearly and distinctly through the earphone that you hold.

Watching the class of twenty N.F.S. men receiving theoretical and practical instruction in the latest radio fire-fighting technique, the senior officer tells you that to date 20 operators have been trained, and in the London area to use "walkie-talkie." And that sets are available at present at Regional H.Q., at all Fire H.Q. in the Metropolis and also at sub-area levels. Any of these sets can be swiftly sent on to a fire when requested.

The importance of absolutely accurate messages being transmitted and received under operational conditions, when miss understood or ambiguous information might prove disastrous — or involve avoidable fire and water damage — is obvious. The students therefore practice receiving and transmitting messages, in the efficient transmission and reception of standard messages.

Possibility of Error Precluded

A leading-fireman instructor, demonstrating for my benefit, sat at a central control microphone which, on the fire-ground, would actually be the H.Q. of the senior officer in charge of the fire-fighting operations, and then raps out messages. These were received simultaneously by a dozen firemen-students, all wearing earphones and sitting with their backs to him at benches lining the walls of the lecture room.

They, in turn, replied over their sets in standard terms: a system which precludes the possibility of error as far as is humanly possible in an imperfect world.

It was also pointed out that one danger — that of indiscriminate broadcasting by several radio-equipped machines or cars at any one fire, liable to cause tremendous confusion — must be avoided at all costs. And so, normally, only one vehicle, acting as the central fire-ground control, operates at any one time.

The eventual aim is to train every member of the London Fire Force in the use of this equipment — the course takes three days — and to carry two sets of apparatus on every fire-fighting appliance. When that day comes communication methods like field telephones, which are unsatisfactory for use in buildings because of the masking effect of the walls and in which sounds will be heard, will be obsolete as telephones, which are likely to be misunderstood; by whistles or by simple instructions will no longer be required. Experiments are now being undertaken to discover whether the portable two-way radio telephone can be used simultaneously by a fire-fighter with artificial breathing apparatus, by means of which a man can work for a reasonable period in the thickest smoke.

Research to Secure Perfection

Emphasizing that the present apparatus is still only in its experimental stage — that much research will be required to adapt and improve it so that it is actually able efficiently to survive rough handling, exposure to water and explosion, and work to the satisfaction of the operator — the officer pointed out that this latest development is part of an N.F.S. radio communications plan in the London area which is to be completed by 1942, when London will be linked with fire-appliances on the fire-grounds, with fire-brigades and senior officers' cars, and be in touch with the police set-up, which is also serviced by two transmitters, one at Hampstead and another — a standby — at Regional Headquarters.

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SURROUND THE NIGHT CONFLAGRATION at a West Ham warehouse, London. Bronze were aided by the portable two-way radio telephone known as "Walkie-Talkie" (see page 698). Uninterrupted communication was maintained between the fire-fighters in the burning building and their comrades in the street (1). Fire Commander McBerti (2, left) gives orders to a talkie operator for transmission to the building; the man on the right is reporting back to H.Q. Finely engaged with a hose (3) these men are nevertheless in touch with their own particular pump working at some considerable distance.
To Build This Railway 16,000 Prisoners Died

A SINGLE TRACK FROM SIAM TO BURMA, the notorious Bangkok-Moulmein railway (top) was constructed under compulsion of the Japanese by British and Allied prisoners of war and 100,000 native labours, in 1942-43. Trailing her 12 hours a day in appalling conditions, in disease-ridden and pest-infested jungle, men died like flies; their last resting-place line-side cemeteries such as this (bottom) recently cleared by Jap gangs under Allied supervision. See also story in page 498.

Photo: T. to L. 2,500

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I Was There!
Eye Witness Stories
of the War and After
When the German Guns First Shelled Dover
A member of the Auxiliary Fire Service in Dover when guns at Calais shelled the town in August 1940, Frank Higginworth tells specially for "The War" this story of the sighting shots to the first full-scale bombardment of Britain from an enemy shore, and how the Royal Marine Light Infantry replied in the first cross-Channel gun-fight in history.

At a few minutes past nine p.m. on Aug. 22, 1940, a heavy explosion interrupted the B.B.C. news broadcast. Three more explosions followed. My housekeeper and her husband, by name Stubbs, and I collided in a frantic scramble for the front door.

"The sirens haven't gone, have they?" demanded Mrs. Stubbs. We assured her, "No!" Silence followed the last explosion. From nearby trees the blackbirds again took up their song, and owls hooted. Slowly we returned indoors, considerably mystified by the explosions—whilst a further salvo of 14-in. shells was spanning the Straits.

Warden Brown, of the Westminster Bank, came running up, looking worried. "Wouldn't be sure," he said, "but I think that's shelling. Listen! See if you can hear the stuff coming over." He lay on his stomach in the shelter of my garden wall at Kentish, two-and-a-half miles behind Dover, as explosions tore the heavens apart and a shredded shell burst low overhead. We needed no more confirmation of Brown's warning. The violent descent of several tiles occasioned Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs' hasty retreat to shelter. I rushed in for my uniform; Brown headed at the double for his post.

On my way to the fire-station I heard him warning the occupants of a car not to venture into the town. Perhaps this was not the best advice, for two shells were bursting within 800 yards of us for every one in Dover itself, but we weren't to know this at the time.

Brilliant flashes over Calais and Boulogne heralded the explosion of further four-gun salvos. The town rocked, and sudden columns of brick-dust were soaring up when I arrived at the fire-station. My arrival there was usually met with remarks unsuitable as greeting even to a junior officer such as, "Whatcheer, cock!" and "Here comes Frankie!" This time there was no bannet. The men stood in anxious groups. Then someone said, "We're being shelled, sir!"

Another Salvo Shook the Town
The same atmosphere pervaded the control room. Section-Officers Baynton and Campbell, G.M. (see pages 412-413, Vol. 5), were pretending to play darts; Patrol-Officer Bill Spicer, and our Chief, Sergeant Ernie Harmer, G.M. (see page 412, Vol. 5), were pretending to read; and the telephone operators' knitting needles were clicking rather faster than usual. Another salvo shook the town, and Harmer said to the girls: "You'd better get across the street into the shelter—Spicer and Baynton will take over the phones."

For a moment the girls exchanged uncertain glances. Then Miss Flack replied, "We'd rather stay at our post, sergeant." But templets were strained—we had never been shelled before, and Harmer whipped around with the order: "I said get over the road—all of you get under ground—you'll be called if you're wanted!"

We retraced to the shelter. It might have been a Hollywood "set." Firemen, wardens, rescue men, women and children from the streets—friendliness, frayed tempers, and mixed drama. In one corner a nun soothed a screaming child while nearby a fireman from London, blown off his bicycle by a shell burst, muttered savagely. The Clark twins, diminutive thirteen-year-old A.R.P. messengers, played billiards. Two mothers, nursing their infants, edged farther along the bench they shared with a fireman. Into this scene came Fireman Forth, bringing
news of what was going on outside. He was covered with brack-dust and streaked with sweat, for on the way to the fire-station he had stopped to burrow for two women, the Clark sisters, whose cottage German gunners had blown to bits. "It's not too good out there," he said quietly. Civilians, we firemen had no military discipline to lean on; and I for one did not rehash the idea of riding a fire-engine along streets under artillery fire.

Then Alec Campbell's raucous voice belled through the door: "First crew to the Catholic Church—get going!" Firemen stumbled into the night as flashes illuminated the sky over the French coast. Near the Catholic Church an ambulance was removing two sailors killed by splinters. The same shell had scattered rubble, tiles, earth and branches across the road; the stench of cordite filled the air, and through the brick-dust could be seen the gaping wall of a house near the nursing home. But there was no fire, and the crew returned to Central.

R.M. Siege Regiment in Action

The night of August 22, 1940, was not the first time we had heard shells bursting. That morning I had watched German artillerymen shelling a convoy in the Straits. And ten days previously, at 11 a.m. on August 12, two sudden explosions had shaken the town, killing a man and a dog. At the time I did not recognize them as the sighting shots to the first full-scale bombardment of Britain from an enemy ship.

For three-quarters of an hour German shells crashed into the town, in up to four-gun salvos, and soared over it into the outskirts of Knockaway and River. Gun flashes over Calais, then the sharper stabs of shells exploding among our homes, showed the streets to be empty except for police and wardens sheltering in doorways.

Towards the end of the bombardment, Bill Spicer, who had been watching the flickering and reverberating heavens from the street, came into the shelter with big news: "Looks as though our guns are firing from the cliffs!" We went out to investigate. Sure enough, the guns of the Royal Marine Siege Regiment were in action. Brilliantly white flashes, resembling those over the French coast, flickered for brief seconds; and the roar of British long-range artillery re-echoed through the valley as the Marines opened up in the first cross-Channel gun-duel in history.

Silence had returned by eleven o'clock, and I turned for home. Groups of people were standing around the rubble. There were snatches of conversation: "One shell by the Railway Bell Hotel!" "One in Cherry Tree Avenue..." "St. Barnabas Church has gone!"

I cycled into a shell-hole en route to the church. A dog was running around on three legs, howling as someone tried to dispatch it. The church was wrecked. I went inside, Moonlight shone through gaping walls; brick-dust still fluttered across the aisle. The stench of cordite hung heavy over all.

Outside, a woman muttered: "When'll the Boche open up again?" She was not to know it, but the answer was, "Tomorrow and again and again for forty-nine months!"

Back to Civvy Street via H.M.S. Flycatcher

Vocational training centre for thousands of Servicemen approaching demobilization, this "stone frigate's" classrooms are filled with trainees from the Fleet Air Arm keen to succeed in civilian jobs. A visit in January 1946 is described by The Evening Standard Naval Reporter.

Aircraft still fly from this "stone frigate" on the hills outside Andover, Hampshire, but there is other important work going on inside the big hangars. Bearing a ship's name, as all naval establishments do, H.M.S. Flycatcher is the vocational training centre for thousands of men leaving the Navy. I saw them at work today as tradesmen, as office workers and as craftsmen. The instructors were nearly all ex-Royal Air Mechanic J. Harratt, who was taking a bricklaying class, said: "They are not going out as experts, but they have the idea and are very keen." In charge of one of the commercial classes was Leading-Seaman John Bechy, of Northampton, who, with L.M.S. office training behind him, handled the blackboard with confidence and authority.

His pupils have ambitions in such varied directions as boxing promoting, estate agency, drapery and the public-house business. "Jack the handyman" was to be seen in most sections. Kettles, frying-pans, ironing-boards, toys and even cradles were being made by the trainees. Admiral Sir Denis Boyd, Commanding Naval Air, also toured the hangars at H.M.S. Flycatcher.

"Everything is made to work," he said, as he pressed buttons and switches in the electrical section. "Captain Ede, who was minesweeping most of the War, and Commander Rumsy, the chief instructor, are astonishment me by what they can accomplish with the men in a short time. We older Navy men welcome the opportunity to give these youngsters a flying start on the way back to civilian life."

And at the end of a month's training each man who has earned it gets a slip of paper which is signed by the captain and states that he has taken a course at H.M.S. Flycatcher. It is his passport back to Civvy Street.
I Saw the Burned-Out Heart of Frankfurt

With a party of British and Dominion correspondents, William Forrest of The News-Record was on the outskirts of Frankfurt when the U.S. Army burst into the town. He tells how 12,000 people died in the town.

We have ordered medical supplies from Berlin and Dresden, but so far we haven't received them, and we can't get any from the British and American zones because we can't go there to buy them. Epidemics? Yes, there has been a bad epidemic of typhoid—3,000 cases, and 800 deaths. Now there is typhus in the town—there were three deaths from it last week. For the first six months the food situation was very bad. Up to December no fewer than 12,000 people died from hunger.

Dr. Ruge repeated the phrase "from sheer hunger" three times. Then, with a smile for the Russian commander, he said that recently, "thanks to our Russian friends," the food situation had greatly improved. What else was there to tell? In the countryside, said the burgomaster, there had been plunderings and killings "by irregular troops without discipline or commanders." Then, on the other side of the Oder, were the hostile Poles who had driven all the Germans out and now even shot at any German who tried to fish in the Oder.

The Poles have tried to populate their new territory with its own people, but without success," he said. "Most of the settlers who came to Eastern Poland have gone again away. Before the war 18,000 Germans lived in the suburbs of Frankfurt on the east bank of the Oder—now there are only 60 Polish families there. And you can drive for miles on the other bank without meeting a soul. The villages, once peopled by Germans, are deserted. The land is empty."

In Poland's 'Western Desert'
The burgomaster's wife, who speaks excellent English, joined us, and while some of us continued our interview the burgomaster spoke to her. The secretary could no longer keep up her shorthand note. Thereupon the Russian commander rose and said it was time to go. We went down to the Oder and gazed across at what is now Poland. Nothing stirred there.

A year ago the swift-flowing Oder was Germany's last ditch. Today it is her closed eastern frontier. On the one side lies Poland's 'Western Desert,' as it is known in Warsaw; on the other side lies a German graveyard. At a banquet at the Russian headquarters we were escorted to Potsdam, capital of the province. Next day the Russians in Potsdam produced a verbustin typescript of our interview with the burgomaster. "The burgomaster," said the Russians, "has made one important correction. When he said there were 12,000 deaths from hunger he meant deaths from all causes."

Our Tunnel from Prison Camp to Freedom

One of the most sensational incidents in German prisoner-of-war camp history resulted in the break-out of 78 Allied Air Force officers. Here Flight-Lieut. Lay Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F., who was the escape organization's largest "unofficial" paper, concludes his story which began on page 664. In the previous part he described the prisoners' escape, the attempt of the Germans to halt it, and the actual "break" to commence.

Those who were not concerned in the escape lay wakfully in their beds, some the first to be released, waiting for the dreaded sound of—knew not what, perhaps rifle fire—perhaps the bark of a dog or his gutteral voice of a guard. Just after dusk the fateful word "break" was given.

Experienced tunnellers completed the last few feet and broke out into the wood on the far side of the road—beyond the barbed wire. Three ropes were run out from the tunnel exit to the edge of the wood, and a guide placed himself at the end of each to aid the escaping prisoners. One rope ran south for those escaping into Czechoslovakia and the southern countries, one west for those attempting a railway passage from the local station, and one for the northern ports and Sweden.

At intervals of two minutes more or less man after man sped through the tunnel and emerged from its mouth, to disappear into the darkness of the woods. The wires were intact, kept them from being gropped, but could not be pivoted round far enough to pick up the tunnel exit—a possibility which had been considered when the first plans were drawn up. Sentries outside had also been warned within 20 feet of the exit but suspected nothing.

Double Guard Around the Camp

Throughout the night the work continued. Mirahps occurred which held up the prisoners and prevented the full number of escapees from getting away. The displacing of a few wood shorings in the tunnel caused a serious subsidence of sand, and it took nearly an hour to clear the obstruction.

For the first time in several nights a bomber force from England attacked Berlin, only 80 miles to the north-west, and as usual the Germans switched off the electric supply. Everything was cast into darkness, whilst the ground around shook with the impact of bombs. Trickle of sand dropped through between the supporting bed-boards with every blast. Ages passed before emergency spirit lamps could be passed along the tunnel, then once again the trolleys moved forward with their human cargos. The guards had now to be taken, as the guard around the camp was doubled during the night.

It was just before five. Dawn was breaking over the snow-covered ground when the dreaded sound came, and then the party passing near the tunnel exit saw a movement in the undergrowth and noticed a figure with a rifle. He missed his target but gave the alarm. We in our beds knew it was the end. Within seconds—blood broke loose. The chief of a group of German guards swarmed into the camp.
Window shutters and doors in all the blocks were bolted and barred—some were nailed up—and word was shouted down the corridor that the town was to move from their rooms on any pretext.

Harry's block was ransacked by the Germans. Furniture and walls were stripped in the guards' efforts to find all our escape material. Of the 160 officers who were to escape only 78 got away. The unfortunates who were left behind were driven out into the cold, paraded, counted a dozen times, and almost completely stripped by the frenzied guards in their endeavour to find everything concealed on their persons. The camp commandant, wearing pyjamas under his overcoat, stomped up and down, flourishing a revolver and threating all who showed the slightest signs of resistance or flippancy—German guards and prisoners alike—into the camp yard.

Wild-eyed Hans with guns, fearful of their own responsibility and perhaps of their lives, posted themselves at every vantage point whilst the search went on. Hours

To all Prisoners of War!
The escape from prison camps is no longer a sport!

Every day we are bringing to your attention the activities of our men. The guards' efforts to prevent anything from escaping are heroic and at times successful. However, the escape from our camps is a reality that the guards cannot prevent. The following is a list of instructions issued by our leaders in prison camps on how to escape successfully.

1. Gather your belongings and prepare for an escape.
2. Use smoke signals or any other means to communicate with your friends.
3. Make sure to have a map of the camp and the surrounding area.
4. Avoid the main gates and use back doors or secret passages.
5. Be ready to travel on foot.

The success of these attempts depends on your determination and readiness. We urge you to follow these instructions closely.

DEATH ZONES WARNING issued in the camp, as precautions as a deterrent to prisoners contemplating a escape.

Passed before we were released from our blocks and the whole camp was driven on to the parade ground, where we remained until late in the afternoon. Time after time we were counted. As mathematicians the Germans were hopeless, and by the end of the day they were still arguing with each other on the final score. We, of course, used every means possible to make their task more difficult.

The climax to this break-out? Only three officers—a Dutchman and two Norwegians—reached England. Fifty of the others were shot, in the words of the Commandant, "whilst trying to re-escape." We know better. The few that were eventually brought back to the camp told us of the days they spent in the Gestapo jail at Coelitz; of how a guard would visit the cells and read out names, whereupon those on the list would be led away never to be seen alive again. We knew that none of them would have attempted to escape without all his essential equipment. He had been taken from him—and probably his boots, as well, for the result of all this, several improvisations were placed upon those of us left behind. What the Germans called "Death Zones," covering practically the whole of Germany, were instituted, in which all unauthorized trespassers would be immediately shot on sight. This interesting information was presented to us in the form of leaflets planted around the camp at night, by their security men. Our guards completely lacked any sense of humour: they just couldn't face the ridicule to which they would have been subjected had they openly given us those leaflets in daylight! However, we collected the bits of paper and returned them.

Individual escapes continued, and work on our last tunnel—George—was immediately started. George was shorter but just as elaborately equipped as Harry. Its entrance was concealed under one of the 300 Red Cross boxes in the theatre, and work down there continued even during the musical and theatrical shows which were put on practically every night of the week.

How I Hid My Tunnel Drawings

In the event of the German guards desiring their posts at the end of the War, we had planned to use this tunnel to put out our recently formed commando parties to take over, if necessary with a pitched battle—all the resources such as the amour, ammunition, rations, water and electricity necessary to sustain life in the camp until our Allies the Russians arrived. But we were force-marched away from the camp in January 1945, before it was necessary to put this plan into operation. The drawings I made in the tunnel were done several weeks before the pre-arranged date for the big break. I was asked by the committee to carry out this series to record permanently the masterpiece of tunnel engineering. I worked on them in extremely difficult conditions. Sometimes I lay on my back and used the roof of the tunnel as a drawing desk. The heat was intense, though the ingenious air conditioning pumps were operated throughout.

When the drawings were completed they were packed away into an air-tight canister, made of dried milk tins, and hidden in our underground dispersal chamber for recovery when required. Months later, when we received the order to march, we were given only an hour's notice. The Russians were 30 miles away. There was insufficient time to rescue the drawings and other escape material from this chamber, which was the workshop of Dick.

Its entrance was beneath the grill of a drain in a shower-house, and the side of the concrete wall of the drain had to be removed to gain entrance to the shaft, and replaced and sealed afterwards if the drain was to be used. So we flooded this tunnel with water from the showers as a precaution against the Germans finding our documents hidden there. They remained there for another five months, surviving the occupation of the camp by the Germans, who used it as an advance military depot until they were at last forced to withdraw by the Russian advance south of the Oder.

The drawings were eventually found, unscharged, by a British officer, who was too sick to know the camp with the majority of prisoners, and remained in the hospital. After his release he descended with other officers into the dispersal chamber. He found that the flood-water had seeped away and had not damaged the escape material. Much of this material has since been brought to England—including, of course, my drawings, which are the only authentic records of the tunnel in existence.

As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War—

February 16. H.M.S. Carrock rescued British from prison-ship Altmark in Norwegian fjord.

February 25. Mogadishu, capital of Italian Somaliland, captured by E. and W. African Column; 1st Bulgarian joined the Axis; German troops entered Sofia, the capital.

February 27. Battle of Java Sea began; Allies lost five cruisers and six destroyers.

February 28. Cardinal Mercier on his visit to Austria was received in Berlin; German troops invaded Poland. March 1. Japanese troops landed in Java.
When Aircraft Travel Faster Than Sound

By CAPTAIN NORMAN MACMILLAN

M. G. A., F.C.

When aircraft are designed to travel faster than sound, they are subject to the principles of compressibility. This means that the design of the aircraft is such that the speed of sound is exceeded, and the airflow is diverted into supersonic flow. The aircraft must be designed to operate in this supersonic regime, which presents unique challenges for aerodynamic design and performance.

The first successful supersonic flight was achieved by Chuck Yeager in the Bell X-1 aircraft in October 1947. Since then, supersonic flight has become a common feature of commercial and military aviation. Supersonic aircraft are used for various purposes, including transportation, military operations, and research.

In the future, supersonic aircraft may play an even more significant role in global transportation and military capabilities. Supersonic flight offers numerous advantages, such as reduced travel time and increased efficiency. However, it also presents challenges related to noise pollution, environmental impact, and operational constraints.

This article aims to provide a comprehensive overview of supersonic flight, its history, current state, and future potential. It will cover topics such as the physics of supersonic flight, design considerations, and the impact of supersonic flight on society and the environment. By understanding the principles and challenges of supersonic flight, we can appreciate its role in modern aviation and look forward to its continued evolution.
Royal Navy Planes Are Dumped in the Pacific

NOMINALLY VALUED AT 65,000,000, more than 300 warplanes surplus to the requirements of the Royal Navy, stripped of all useful parts and "of no value to anybody," were recently loaded aboard escort carriers in Sydney Harbour, taken out to sea and dumped, on orders from the Admiralty. On the quayside (top) one in being swung aboard the carrier Pioneer, on whose flight deck (bottom) dismantled planes are assembled. They included American Corsairs, Hellcats, Avengers, and British Barracudas; same were new, but most had been flown. PAGE 701.
THOSE ECONOMISTS

Mar. 23, 1940

"Things no fellah can understand." In wartime their number increases beyond all computation. Most of these are charged with the (to the (me) obscure, mysterious and always-wrong science of Economics. Why bank rates should go up when you expect them to go down, why shares in steel-producing companies should range when the companies are chopped with orders for their product, why too much gold is an evil, why the treasury should produce a devastating slump in industry . . . these and a multitude of other queer things can be gibely explained by our "economists." But one of the things I learned about them was that one was never to do what an "economist" advises. The more distinguished he was the more surely would the event give the lie to his advice. Which is a solemn fact. Doing the exact opposite would have produced the most satisfactory result.

And I am of the same opinion still. I have been privy to a large number of meetings on my part, but time will tell how wisely our economists have handled the great problems of finance which have recently been the chief concern of the world, and from the width of my standing I content to leave it to time.

BUMBLEXOM

Mar. 30, 1940

One never knows what actually the official mind. I took a journey by car not long ago through a rather nice part of the country near a coastal object, adequately reported in the official news at the time. There were a good many sightseers already on the spot, and what seemed to be effective police control among the people. I was happy to note that the man in my car and I had either or both of these, and on being truthfully answered he relieved me of them. As I had not taken the precaution to secure an official permit to take photos at points of interest, I had not passed along the motor road, thereby escaping police interrogation, calmly clicking their cameras and observing through their binoculars all that was to be seen. Officers in a mysterious way its duties to perform.

THE episode described (no characteristic of Bumblexom) occurred at the beach near the Latemar Point, near Eastbourne. The young Hun often fished back to have another crack at it, but some remains of their dullness are still to be seen; and during the recent gales all along the South Coast there was an exciting moment when a drifting mine seemed about to give the old skis their coup de grace. But just as it came alongside and the spectators were prepared to cheer the big bag, some undercurrent swept the mine harmless past the week.

1,000,000 PETS DESTROYED

Apr. 6, 1940

To me one of the saddest bits of news in the papers was the case of kitten destruction in the first week or two of the War nearly one million pet animals were destroyed. As an animal lover, I can testify to the deep abiding joy I have had in the companionship of two or three half-dozen cats of friends who have happy lives intertwined with my own through the years. The most curmudgeonly ones who look upon dogs and cats as mere "beasts that perish"—

WHEREIN I fail to distinguish any tremendous shoreless gulf between them and their fellow creatures who have learned how to wear clothes and drive motor-cars—to all such the dog-lover is stupid, sentimental, sloopy . . . so why bother about them? But to all who have had the good fortune to experience that companionship of our four-footed fellow-mortals sung by Scott, Byron, Burns, and innumerable men and women of feeling in all ages, it is a melancholy thought that one million were destroyed— indeed, it is thought that the threat of widespread air raid, evacuation and food rationing. What an extinction of a part of the countryside, a part of our hope, a part of our trust on to our pets as long as possible and only in the last resort contemplate extinguishing their lives, which at best, are all too short.

THE present demand for dogs and cats is indicated in the "Wants" columns of the Daily Press, may have arisen from the rather indiscriminate slaughter; I have it on good authority: that some hundreds of Eskimo dogs, or huskies, had to be "put to sleep" when the need for an invasion of Norway disappeared. They had been trained at great expense in the North of Scotland with a view to doing the work on the snowfields of Norway. It seems a pity if some more useable end for these fellows has not been devised. Of course, they were hardly suitable as pets. The voluntary requisition of large numbers of our people’s dogs for service has ended its clothes and drivers motor-cars—to all such the dog-lover is stupid, sentimental, sloopy . . . so why bother about them? But to all who have had the good fortune to experience that companionship of our four-footed fellow-mortals sung by Scott, Byron, Burns, and innumerable men and women of feeling in all ages, it is a melancholy thought that one million were destroyed— indeed, it is thought that the threat of widespread air raid, evacuation and food rationing. What an extinction of a part of the countryside, a part of our hope, a part of our trust on to our pets as long as possible and only in the last resort contemplate extinguishing their lives, which at best, are all too short.

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OFFICES OUT-OF-TOWN

Apr. 6, 1940

One far-reaching financial effect of the large-scale evacuation so hastily undertaken by many large firms, insurance offices, banks and central organizations, at the beginning of the War is likely to be a reduced demand for London business premises after it is over. I know of one company which has for many years been paying a rental of £2,500 for its London office that is now functioning quite satisfactorily from a country house in Surrey the rental of which is only £100. If firms are able to carry on their business from country places where rents and rates are absurdly low by comparison with those paid in Central London, it is highly probably that they will endeavour to continue doing so when the War is over. After all, a vast amount of official frustration that is conducted in London could as easily be done in the heart of Surrey or Sussex, leaving only a skeleton staff to maintain the necessary London contacts.

SO far as I can gather, my forecast looks like being at least partly realized. Several large firms, especially those with which I have small dealings are still carrying on in the country quite efficiently, and if the "wide open spaces" which the bombing so quickly created round about St. Paul’s are, as we have been told, in some measure at least to be turned into boulevards and drives pretty much as "normal" comments, it is clear that there will not be as much office accommodation available for city service as before. But the fact that the official business is being handled with red-taped (no, not tabbed) Service department only M.O.I. must take the blame. I take off my hat to Dr. Goebbels. He may be a liar and a knave and an innovation of all things bestial, but he knows his business better than any of the folk that have got out of their jobs at their lowest number in London. I can get dozens of photos of what the Huns are doing, but I haven’t got a single one of what we are doing. Two weeks ago I published a photo showing a German anti-aircraft battery from a Nazi transport at Oslo. It had been suggested that New York in its turn be rephotographed to London fat of sixty guineas, incidentally, and I had to pay off my photographer with special fee for its use in The War ILLUSTRATED.

NOT until America came into the War was there any real improvement in the supply of photographic equipment. The trouble here is that our country is completely our masters in this respect, whereas in Russia the M.O.I. began to drop its antiquated notions of how the public demand for the actualities of photography should be met. Lately the British service of war pictures was almost up to the quality though never the quantity of the American. Another way in which the U.S.A. was our master was the news reel. I went every week of the War to see these, but we have now had several occasions when one might have thought that the only armies showing any activity were American.

CRIPIT

In this country has steadily increased from 31 in 1883 to 41 in 1887, about a third. This is, to top of the fact that no anti- vivisection Bill has reached a second reading in either House since that very same year, is surely sufficient justification for U.F.A.W.’s continued existence and support.

STRAW in the wind? The Tartar language, one of the oldest and most complicated in the world, spoken by 30,000,000 people in Central Asia, is being translated into English and published by the New York Government dictionary and grammar. So far, Tartar has been translated only by trained specialists on occasion when one might have thought that the only armies showing any activity were American.

LAYER upon layer of Nazi hypocrisy is being torn away as the war criminals at Nuremberg proceeds. Latest flash of illuminating evidence comes in A. E. Grau’s book, "A poses to Us," which the Belgians in my country by seizing church bells under an anti-entertainment act, I would suppose, cover Goebbels’ looted Bodeballium—well, to say nothing of the countless art treasures that the Nazi-Leader from the German themselves.
In Britain Now: Salvage for Home-Building

BLOCK-HOUSE erected at the end of Folkestone Pier during the threat of the German invasion in 1940, and nearest point to the French coast, was recently demolished. Workmen are seen using pneumatic drills on the concrete structure (right), overlooking the well-known harbour.

DEBRIS from London air-raid shelters now being demolished is ground and crushed by this plant (below) and will be used for paving bricks, sand and concrete for new houses planned by the L.C.C., and a new basic material formed from the crushed debris is suitable for making exterior walls and partitions blocks for interior walls.

MAGNA CARTA, most perfect copy of the four in existence, was returned to Lincoln Cathedral on January 24, after having been deposited in the U.S. Congress for 30 years. It was loaned for the New York World's Fair, 1933, and travelled back in the Queen Elizabeth. Mr. B. S. Godfrey, Public Works (above), using a clamper on the lid of the 80-lb. metal box containing it.

PHOTOS: Hamlyn, Face, Nett, Kynaston, Fact, Topical

FAMOUS PAINTINGS, including some 300 from the Tate Gallery and 200 from the London Museum, which were stored during the War 80 feet below the surface of the National Gallery, have been moved on February 9, 1946. They had been housed in a disused part of the Piccadilly Tubs at Piccadilly station. The pictures are here being taken up one of the escalators (above)

PREFABRICATED OFFICE, first to be erected in the South, at Folkestone, was completed on a Beaches Street bombed site. The building, which has 18 rooms, a waiter tower and skylight ventilation, stands amid heaped concrete blocks (left). Literally built from scraps, it was erected by N.C.W.O. cost, about £2,000.
Treasures Come Home to the British Museum

FROM THEIR WARTIME REPOSITORY AT SHIPTON CASTLE, Yorkshire, where they had been for six years, 20 tons of precious manuscripts and ancient documents were returned to the British Museum, Bloomsbury, on January 30, 1946. Guarded by police and railway detectives, they were brought to London in "house-to-house" containers which were packed, locked and sealed, and are here seen on their arrival under the portico of the main Museum building. Decisions had not then been reached as to the renewed public exhibition of the contents.

Photo: F.A. Bristow