MEN OF H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE were in jovial mood when the cruiser docked at Plymouth after one of her trooping voyages from Australia. She had also been employed in troop movements during the Pacific War, and earlier had been on escort and patrol duty in the South Atlantic. Her next and last trooping trip will be from Colombo; then the cruiser will proceed to Scotland, to be converted to a cadet training ship to replace H.M.S. Frobisher. (See pages 385, 391; also page 497, Vol. 6.)
Royal Navy Barracks in Roman Emperor's Castle

FORT CASTEL DEL' OVO, in the Bay of Naples (1) where Bonaparte Augustus died in 44 BC, is now a "stone frigate" home of British sailors, who are seen at the N.A.A.FI canteen (2), and waiting to go "ashore" (3). The ancient ceremony of striking the White Ensign takes place on the bastions (4), beneath which the entrances to apartments (5) are named after British warships. PAGE 328
World's Worst Journey is Ended

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

DRAMATIC and perilous daily flights from North-East India over the Himalayan spurs with war supplies needed by China ceased at the close of 1945. But the service will not soon be forgotten by those who blazed the trail and those who saw it through to the finish, for reasons outlined here. See also illus. pages 44-45. Vol. 8.

he could still fly the plane. He crossed the Hump alone, and five hours later landed at a Yunnan field without his crew but with his plane load intact. Another plane, India-bound from China, became ice-soaked as it attempted to travel back to the base by the jungle. It was not till some weeks later that a Chinese colonel—one of the passengers—discovered this was not the customary way of reaching India!

Then there was the exploit of five Americans who parachuted into Tibet and were royally entertained in Lhasa, before their 42-day journey home on foot and by mule. At best, a parachute jump into the precipitous

Not forgotten, and doctor parachutists were often dropped. As crashed crews tramped back to base, rescue planes (rarely able to land in this difficult terrain) circled over them daily, dropping supplies and guiding them on the long trek home.

The round trip to China and back was 1,100 miles. Many men flew it two or three times a week, and on one exceptional day 565 sorties were flown. At the War progressed, the pace made itself felt in the Hump run. The Allied victories in North Burma enabled aircraft to take a lower, southerly route, and 13,000 feet became the regular altitude for the mountain crossing on the newer, safer line. Over the Hump No. 52 squadrons of the R.A.F. operated daily for eighteen months, flying about 13,000 hours with the loss of only one aircraft.

The last mission on this worst air journey in the world was flown on New Year's Eve, 1945, by Dakotas of R.A.F. Transport Command, the American service having ended the previous September.

The end of the War made the southern route into China possible, and the saga of the Hump was closed.

ON AN ASIAM AIRFIELD a furry load of material in being transferred as a U.S. Transport Command plane, for carriage over the Himalayan peaks to distant China. Always the air-crews were faced with the possibilities of having to bale out suddenly over wild country, and of risk of destruction by violent storms prevalent along the route.

Photo, Sport & General

Page 739

not forgotten, and doctor parachutists were often dropped. As crashed crews tramped back to base, rescue planes (rarely able to land in this difficult terrain) circled over them daily, dropping supplies and guiding them on the long trek home.

The round trip to China and back was 1,100 miles. Many men flew it two or three times a week, and on one exceptional day 565 sorties were flown. At the War progressed, the pace made itself felt in the Hump run. The Allied victories in North Burma enabled aircraft to take a lower, southerly route, and 13,000 feet became the regular altitude for the mountain crossing on the newer, safer line. Over the Hump No. 52 squadrons of the R.A.F. operated daily for eighteen months, flying about 13,000 hours with the loss of only one aircraft.

The last mission on this worst air journey in the world was flown on New Year's Eve, 1945, by Dakotas of R.A.F. Transport Command, the American service having ended the previous September.

The end of the War made the southern route into China possible, and the saga of the Hump was closed. It had been no blind, unplanned battering at difficulties. Those

mountains and unexplored gorges meant hardship and grim exposure. At worst—the secret valleys and untrampled peaks have become scramble-heaps of lost planes and graveyards of dead men.

Such was the heavy price paid for the conquest of the roof of the world. At first it was certain death to go down in this inhospitable terrain, but after the inaugura-
tion of a Search and Rescue Squadron in October 1943 more than three-quarters of all the men who baled out over the Hump were saved. Each walk-out party brought added knowledge of the wasteland, and experience helped to develop a standard jungle kit to be dropped to stranded men with ration packs, medical supplies, fishing tackle and even a portable radio to help them keep in contact with the rescue planes.

Money with which to buy the good new of the hillsmen, and extra shoes and socks, were
operated on the Arakan front and advanced into the Kaladan Valley in order to draw off Japanese forces which might threaten the main force moving towards Akyab. Supplied entirely by air it took six weeks, cutting a track 150 miles long, to admit the passage of its guns and motor vehicles before emerging into flato round Kyauktaw.

There it took the dominating Pagoda Hill, but, ordered to demonstrate still farther south towards Akyab, only a small party of E.A. scouts attached to the Division was left to hold Pagoda Hill, and thus the Japanese by a characteristic outflanking counter-stroke overran without difficulty. The main army nearer the coast had also by this time been porters replacing motor vehicles which had proved entirely unsuitable to the conditions. The Division gained much in mobility by the change and manoeuvred the Japanese out of prepared positions by outflanking movements directed against their communications.

There was some hard fighting in January 1945 about Kyauktaw, and after some further successes the Division at the end of the month was relieved by the 82nd W.A. Division, which had arrived in India during 1944. This Division succeeded it in a southward, outflanking and harassing the rear of the Japanese by a serious amphibious attack by which new air bases along the Arakan coast were being secured.

In the amphibious operation which captured Ramree Island one of the two additional East African brigades which had arrived during 1944 took part, while the other helped to clear the area west of the Chindwin. By this time the African Forces in Burma numbered 120,000 men, one-tenth of the whole army employed there. It will be seen that they had taken an important share in the actual fighting, in addition they had rendered valuable service in the forward organizations of the army.

PROUD of their Service Awards and "Mentions"

To note the presentation of the original military forces of the African Colonies it had, of course, been necessary to extend the area of recruitment to sections of the population not available in the primitive, that had never before been tapped. For example, the tribes of southern Nigeria contributed their quota, though formerly the R.W.A.F.F. had been recruited from the reputedly martial and more advanced peoples of the northern districts; yet the new material to a surprising degree lent itself to training.

The difficulty of finding officers familiar with African methods was in the first instance met by drawing heavily on those employed in Government service and private enterprises the companies formed in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa which made valuable contributions, but it became necessary to employ officers and N.C.O.s who had never before encountered Africans. Consistently through the campaign they were in action the casualties among African troops were considerable, though not excessive: 1,544 were killed or died of wounds, 4,680 wounded and 328 missing—the last figure being surprisingly small. It may be thought that Africans would have been to some extent immune to malaria and would have stood the climate better than British or Indian troops; but it was found that they had no advantage in this respect and, as in the case of other troops, they owed much to the medical service.

Africans may well be proud of the list (not yet complete) of the Service awards they received. To date they have received the 8 M.C., 15 D.C.M., 133 M.M., and 407 mentioned in dispatches, as well as a few still higher distinctions. On the whole, it is evident that the experiment of employing Africans in Asia justified itself. But perhaps the experiment cannot be considered complete until it is seen how the returning troops will be able to readapt themselves to their African surroundings.
Turbulent Factions in India Call for Restraint

MOB VIOLENCE IN BOMBAY resulted in casualties among supporters of munitions of the Royal Indian Navy on February 19-25, 1944, when they clashed with British troops called out to restore order. Army trucks (1) were met by a crowd of students (2) during the birthday celebrations of Chandra Bose, former head of the "Government of Free India," on January 23. Troops (3), preparing to meet rioters, and later (4) deployed across a street.
TURKEY'S WARTIME ODE TO THE ALLIES

By

FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

in the war which has lately concluded. There were building in British yards in 1939 four destroyers, four submarines and two small mine layers, all of which might have been requisitioned perfectly legally had the Admiralty followed the precedent of 1914. Instead, the question was opened through diplomatic channels, as a result of which the Turkish naval authorities proved willing to take a reasonable view of the matter. It being clear that Turkish need for ships was fully as great as in the previous war, there was no difficulty in arriving at a compromise which proved satisfactory to both countries. Naturally, the enemy could only guess at the arrangement ultimately reached.

This was that Turkey should take delivery in due course of two of the destroyers, the Demirlihan and Sultanhashir, and the two little mine layers Sivrihisar and Yuzbasi Hakki. The remaining six vessels were all placed at the disposal of the Royal Navy for the duration of hostilities.

ESCORT Duties From Gibraltar to Malta Under Heavy Fire

The destructor Musvenet, when she was completed in January 1942, became H.M.S. Inconstant, and two months later her sister ship, the Gayret, was commissioned in H.M.S Ithibar. The submarines were the Oruc Reis, Murat Reis, Burak Reis and Uluc Ali Reis, all named after Turkish admirals. They became H.M. submarines P.611, 612, 614 and 615 respectively. All six units were built by Mässers, Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd, at Barrow-in-Furness.

Both the destroyers figured in Admiralty communiques in the course of the War. The Inconstant engaged a U-boat which attacked a convoy under her escort of Algiers in 1943, and succeeded in destroying the enemy submarine. And in August of the preceding year the Ithibar was one of the ships under Vice-Admiral Sir Neville Syfret that escorted a convoy from Gibraltar to Malta in the face of severe attacks from enemy submarines and aircraft. In the course of this operation the Ithibar rammed and sank the Italian submarine Caidola.

No particulars of the activities of the four submarines have so far been released. P.613 was unfortunately, being sunk by a U-boat off Freetown on April 18, 1943, but the other three survived the war and have since been handed over to the Turkish Navy. It is understood that a British submarine is to be given to Turkey in replacement of the P.613, and that she will be named the Uluc Ali Reis in memory of the lost vessel.

INVALUABLE Assistance Against the Germans in the Dodecanese

With due ceremony the Inconstant (now again the Musvenet) hoisted the Turkish colours at Istanbul on March 7; but the Ithibar had received extensive damage through striking a mine, and has therefore been sold for breaking up, and another destroyer, H.M.S. Orbis, has been assigned to the Turkish Navy in her stead. The latter is somewhat bigger than the Ithibar, having a displacement of 1,540 tons against the latter's 1,360 tons, but they are similarly armed, each mounting four 4.7-in. guns.

This, of course, by no means completes the story. Many small units were furnished by Turkey, some of them armed and some of them just set up to take supplies, but many were armed with light weapons.

As the war drew to its close, Turkey received a large number of American and British aircraft of all kinds, many of which were sold as scrap.

During the British advance into Syria the resistance of the Vichy forces was limited by the fact that they were unable to obtain supplies or sympathy from Turkey; and when a number of small craft and auxiliaries took refuge in Turkish waters after the collapse of armed resistance, these ships were promptly interned. Two were taken over by the Turkish Navy, but one of these, the older Advar, has now been passed to the Admiralty again. In the Turkish Navy especially, sympathies have always been strongly with this country, which in the past has repeatedly furnished it with its best ships and with the services of officers for training purposes.
Momentous Homecoming of H.M.S. Formidable

THIS 23,000-TON AIRCRAFT CARRIER arrived at Portsmouth on February 5, 1945, from the Far East, with the taping-off pennant flying from her main-top. The enthusiasm of those greeting her from the shore is matched by her homecoming company. The Formidable left England in September 1944, and the following May fought off a Japanese air attack but was hit and set on fire. It was from her flight-deck that the first British carrier-borne aircraft attacked the Jap mainland. See also illus. page 493.
Ex-German Warships Sail for Soviet Ports

UNDER RUSSIAN COMMAND, units of the German fleet concentrate at Kiel preparatory to leaving for ports in the U.S.S.R., in fulfillment of the Potsdam Agreement. They comprised three small destroyers, the cruiser Hesse, and the battleship Hessen, built in 1909 and now a Russian-controlled target ship. The signboard indicates the German members of the crew are seen leaving (3). The torpedo boat Bia, which operated as control vessel of the Hessen, built in 1910, was included.
France's Navy is Coming into Its Own Again

FROM BRITAIN'S SHARE OF THE GERMAN FLEET, eight destroyers of four different types were handed over to the French, in a gesture of friendship, at Cherbourg, on Feb. 3, 1946. The Tricolor flies from their mastsheads during the ceremony (1). At Toulon, scene of the snuffling of the French Fleet on Nov. 27, 1945, the Richelieu (2), returned from the Far East, was in Feb. 1946 awarded the Croix de Guerre by Admiral Léonard, who is seen (3) conducting the investiture on board, when he also decorated 50 officers and ratings. PAGE 745
U.S. 8th Army Air Force Says Goodbye to Us

"OLD GLORY" COMES DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME at Honington, Suffolk, only remaining airfield in Britain occupied by the famous U.S. 8th A.A.F. The airfield was handed back to the R.A.F. on Feb. 26, 1945, when a simple ceremony was attended by Air-Marshals Sir James Robb, C.B., C.M.G., P.A.F. Fighter Command, and General Emil Reis, last commander of the 8th A.A.F. in England, seen shaking hands (inset), and (above) saluting the American flag as it is hauled down to be replaced by that of the R.A.F.
Limbs Ex-Servicemen Now Walk—and Work

Miracles of artificial limb-fitting are being performed at the Roehampton, Leeds and other centres, so that even those who have lost both arms and both legs become not only thoroughly self-sufficient but skilled and employed again. Photographs in this issue show how this is being done.

A feeling of immense pity surges up when first you enter a "limb-repair" centre. How could it be otherwise when you see a young man with both arms, both legs and an eye gone, trying to play the piano with artificial limbs; an armless man learning to shave himself again; a legless one taking his first uncertain steps with a wheelbarrow?

I went into just two of the arms, full-conscious walking behind the day's quota of new arrivals—a boy of twelve who lost a leg to the Luftwaffe, a girl armaments worker who lost a hand when a faulty fuse exploded; and a scarred ex-Serviceman returning to the limb-centre for further fittings. But long before we leave Roehampton or the Leeds Limb-fitting Centre, or those at Glasgow and Cardiff and elsewhere, the point is reached where it is clear that these are maimed and that they have to face a future.

"Once they leave us they're able to fend for themselves," I was told at Roehampton. And after a day spent there, and around at Leeds among 400 men with half the requisites of limb movement in them, it is a pleasure to read of the keenness and alertness of those who have lost parts of the body. This is, without a chance, the main secret of the maimed.

By way of example, take the case of five armless men who left the Leeds centre together—all are in full employment. The quintet have earned three insurance policies, and one, Sergeant W. Edwards of Rochdale, is a super.

He Now Shaves Without Arms

It must be stressed that the limb-centres have no part in giving the maimed a trade. They only give them the key to their ability to work. It is the key to their ability, the key to the centre that a maimed man can make a living.

By way of example, take the case of five armless men who left the Leeds centre together—all are in full employment. The quintet have earned three insurance policies, and one, Sergeant W. Edwards of Rochdale, is a super.

He Now Shaves Without Arms

It must be stressed that the limb-centres have no part in giving the maimed a trade. They only give them the key to their ability to work. It is the key to their ability, the key to the centre that a maimed man can make a living.

Diffidently, I proffer help, and receive the reply: "No, thanks. I've got to learn to use these—or things." The lad from Tooting held a card in his hand resembling a large paperclip and a match that kept dropping from another metal grip. He found it difficult to pick up the match because he had yet to learn how to use his hinged knife. But he said: "I'm learning fast, thanks."

When possible, surgeons remove limbs at points suited to the wearing of artificial attachments, recovered, and fitted for a limb at the centre, the soldier or civilian awaits the arrival of his new arm and/or leg. Then it is that the testing time arrives. Manipulation of the new attachment raises the old recurring question: "Will I be able to earn a living?"

The test breaks down under the test; and it needs constant encouragement on the instructor's part to build up the will to walk. A boy can hardly be blamed with both arms and legs and one eye missing illustrating this point. He learned to dress himself, use knife and fork, saw wood, wield a cricket bat, and type. When he faltered, the instructor laid his side: "If I can work a farm and run a pub in my spare time with one arm, you can work with both arms and no legs." He shaved himself. He learned to dig, play billiards, which he did well. He was going well, had confidence in his "attachments." He played the piano. Of course he could. His artificial legs controlled the pedals, the steel "fingers" of his right hand ran along the keys after a little practice, and those of his left hand were soon almost as good as his right.

But, blind on his left side, he could not see all the keys properly. Here was something he could not do; what else would be too much for him? This small defeat threatened his whole future, until the instructor made the suggestion that he should use six sideways at the keys. A few hours later he was playing jaz, and today he is in full employment.

While I listened to this tale my eyes followed a young man wearing an artificial arm for the first time. Like a child with a new toy he moved from one thing to another. He used a hammer, plunged another attachment into the wrist socket, and wheeled a barrow. The sink caught his eye and he washed a perfectly clean hand. With successive attachments he wielded a cricket bat, typed, placed a block of wood, slipped a few essential attachments into a suitcase, clipped his "dress" hand into the wrist-socket and went to his quarters.

Given careful selection of employment, the limbless can attain one hundred per cent efficiency. There is an instance where an employer refused the application of a legless arc-welder, with only one thumb and finger, for a change of employment—on the grounds that he was doing such highly skilled work that he could not be replaced. The armless are holding down jobs on their merits as precision instrument makers, captain operatives and machinists; they are found in stamping mills, aircraft factories and spinning mills.

Making 9,000 Limbs a Year

Artificial arms weigh only 3 lb, yet offer a wide range of movement and considerable strength. At the Leeds Limb Centre, the instructor crooked his arm and said: "This is yo' arm, nose, like that, too." It remained as rigid as a wall. The joint and elbow allowed movement in every plane, and there was no "give" in the elbow mechanism. The latter, fitted with a metal lever, is operated by a strap passing across the shoulder muscles. Flexed, they tauten the strap and raise the lever; relaxed, the lever locks the elbow in whatever position the wearer favours for the moment. A certain hand made of waxed linen for lightness for 'dress' purposes and a set of 'work': complete the arm. The latter are designed for specific purposes. The "hook" is the general purpose attachment, but a wrist guard of "grips" are at the wearer's disposal.

In 1939, some 300 employees (many of them limbless), at one of the Roehampton limb-factories, turned out 5,000 limbs annually and repaired 10,000 a year; the workshops might have been in a hospital, for the factories employ well over 500 trained men with an annual production of 9,000 limbs from adult to the number one child's size.

Limbless children offer perhaps the saddest aspect of total war. But when amputation does not impair physical health the legless or armless child need never be a charge on the State. At Roehampton I saw a cine-filter of limbless children riding bicycles, somersaulting, romping like any ordinary youngsters. Indeed, it would have been hard to believe that they were on- full,

Limbless offer perhaps the saddest aspect of total war. But when amputation does not impair physical health the legless or armless need never be a charge on the State. At Roehampton I saw a cine-filter of limbless children riding bicycles, somersaulting, romping like any ordinary youngsters. Indeed, it would have been hard to believe that they were onfull.

Hope in the Future is Reborn

Meanwhile, at the limb-centres new arrivals are being told: "You can do it, but it depends on you. We can give you limbs, but YOU have to win through with them." Determination is built up by alternately encouraging and shaming the faltering man to try again. And, with the help of the shoulder-arm and the wrist "grips" to the dressing-table, those with false hands to get on with false hands in value or tool-bag. All they want now, these men and women with man-made limbs, is for someone to help them with the chance of proving their worth.

This is made possible by advances in limb design. Following the First Great War, many an ex-soldier sold his artificial limb away in a drawer and went on with the job. Today, leather- and metal-encased knee movements return a flexed limb with every step, permitting ease of movement, even grace of movement.
In the gymnasium at the Roehampton hospital for servicemen who have been fitted with an artificial limb, or limbs (see page 747), walking rails (1) assist the patient in the early stages of recovery to acquire confidence and ease of leg movement. Progress in correct and comfortable manipulation of the artificial leg is ensured through exercises on a stationary cycle (2). To strengthen muscles weakened by operations and lengthy bedridden periods, medicine ball practice (3) is carried out.
USE OF A FREWORK MACHINE is possible to a trainee lacking both arms. (3) When patient instruction is combined with practice, the handicapped can often overcome the disability. The handling of a plane (4), demanding considerable dexterity, is well within the bounds of possibility, opening up prospects of carpentry as a trade when the trainee commences again to earn a living. A considerable range of special attachments (5) is available at the hospital. See also illus. pages 85-86.

HIGHLY INGENIOUS DEVICES easily slipped on artificial arms enable pleasures and pastimes to be indulged in with little restriction. Even the more strenuous forms of gardening (1) are successfully attended to, and smoking a cigarette in the hospital workshop (2) call for no assistance.
How It Can Be Told!

How Radar Helped Our Field Artillery

A considerable amount of publicity has been given to radar as used for anti-aircraft purposes. It is now possible to reveal how the Ministry of Supply Radar Research and Development Establishment (known as R.R.D.E.) at Malvern found even further uses for it.

In both Great Wars a vast number of the casualties suffered were inflicted by mortars: those highly mobile and very formidable weapons against which the trench, wall, or usual cover, affords inadequate protection. To beat the mortar a solution had to be found to the following problem: how can the mortars be spotted with sufficient accuracy and speed to enable fire to be brought to bear on them before they are moved? In considering the problem it must be borne in mind that mortar teams make a practice of constantly changing their position in order to confuse the other side.

It was only when the War was in its fourth year that the old methods of locating, based on sound-ranging or actual visual spotting, began to be superseded. Existing methods were successful only under very favourable conditions and did not, therefore, by a long way solve the problem; with the result that mortar casualties remained high. Then radar became a decisive factor in the fight, locating mortars with such accuracy and speed that gun-fire could be brought down on the target within a very short time of the first mortar bomb falling.

Difficulty Cleverly Solved

It had been found during research that some radar sets were able to "see" mortar batteries in the same way that aircraft could be "seen." Thus, when the bomb passed through the radar beam its trajectory could be plotted and its point of origin determined. Work was urgently undertaken at R.R.D.E. by the scientists, R. G. Friend, G. H. Beeching and C. G. Tilley, on the adaptation of existing anti-aircraft radar to this use.

There was, however, one especial difficulty: owing to the limitations to vision caused by hills, etc., it was not possible for a radar set to "see" the bomb during the early part of its flight, and therefore the plot excluded the vital portion. An ingenious way round this difficulty was found by R. J. B. Cooper and W. T. Stone, who produced a device for attachment to the radar which gave location to a high degree of accuracy. A gallant attempt was made by D. R. Chittick, of R.R.D.E., to produce a highly mobile equipment in time to watch certain road junctions during the liberation of France. Immediately the enemy began to move by night, a heavy and accurate concentration of fire would have descended upon them, making movement impossible.

When guns are bombarding small targets it is necessary for an observing officer, in a position well forward of the guns, to correct the fire by visually observing the fall of the shells on the ground. It is not difficult to realize that this method of controlling fire is impossible in darkness, fog and bad visibility, with the result that in these conditions shells cannot be corrected.

The Enemy Were Astonished

Dr. Kempton and F. J. M. Farley set to work on this problem, and radar equipment can now, in certain circumstances, take the place of the observer, inasmuch as it enables the radar operators to see on the cathode ray tube both the target and the position of the fall of the shell in relation to the target. From this information correction to range and line can be applied, until the target and the fall of the shell are seen on the tube to coincide—in other words, when the target is actually being hit.

A special case in the use of radar, equipment is not handicapped by darkness and fog. On occasions during the War the enemy were astonished to find themselves subjected to heavy gun-fire which had obviously been "corrected" on to the target, when it was impossible for any observer to see more than a few yards. They did not know that the correction was being made by the use of radar.

It is interesting to note that the major part of these developments arose from the use of radar in a role for which it had not been originally designed. Such is the flexibility of modern radar equipment that it has been possible, by close cooperation between the Research Establishment at Malvern and Army users, to adapt existing sets for new roles as an interim measure in the field, while special equipment is still under development.

Award of the Dickin medal to "Tommy" revealed how this pigeon was found exhausted in Holland, having gone off its course during a race in England. A Dutch patriot kept the carrier bird until he acquired military information: this he attached to its leg, and released it. The pigeon then carried a letter to the owner of the bird, who acted on the information to the authorities. Above, the owner of the bird, with its decoration, and the Dutch patriot with two pigeons presented to him by the R.A.F. See also illus. page 146, Vol. 9.

Page 750

Phil. New York Times Photo
**Decoys that Deceived the Enemy**

These British devices for tricking the enemy so impressed high-ranking U.S. officers that the Americans commenced manufacture of them on their own account. Pneumatic Sherman tanks and a lorry (1) designed to deceive the Germans at 500 yards; here they are seen at 120 yards. One could be packed into a holdall a little larger than a cricket-bag; inflated in five minutes to Sherman size it weighed only 75 lb., against the 35 tons of its metal counterpart. Special anchorages prevented displacement in high winds. Dummy 25-pounder gun, trailer and towing vehicle (2), rigid when erected, looked real at 500-1,000 yards. Fake L.C.T.A. (3), 160 feet long, erected and launched in six hours, were used as a decoy in a South-East coast harbour when we were preparing for the invasion of the Continent.

*Photos, British Official*
Our Merchant Navy Throngs With Every Tide—

Shackles and sounds of war not yet forgotten, men and ships serving under the old "Red Duster" are staging a magnificent performance. At the Port of London 90,000 cases of Valencia oranges are seen (1) being unloaded, and (2) in the warehouse ready for distribution. Carts in increasing numbers are being expected. In the King George V Dock, a lighter (3) loaded with motor vehicles in crates moves in between the Giant, bound for the Far East, and the Gascony.

Through London's Gateway to the Seven Seas

Hub of the world's shipping, the Thames docks were on February 22, 1944, busy with the greatest number of ships—120—gathered there on any day since the War began. Tea, sufficient for two thousand million cups, constituting a record shipment, was brought to the West India Dock by the Empire Albatross; lighters (4) were loading the 105,728 tons on February 20. The King George V Dock (5), with long lines of vessels berthed for loading or discharging.
War's Ravages are Vanishing from Greece

The United Kingdom agreed on January 25, 1946, to provide from military stocks material for the repair of Greek land communications and the rebuilding of houses. Other material and transport are being supplied by U.N.R.R.A., but largely the reconstruction of a village depends on its inhabitants. Children shovel sand (1) for making plaster needed for the new school. Two peasants relevel a cottage roof (2). The result of communal effort: a village completely restored (3).
Flew knew at the time how little our defensive strength had sunk after Dunkirk, but we have been told often enough since. Fewer still realized how weak the American Navy, Air Force, and Naval Air Forces were after Pearl Harbour, and not many here in Britain—perhaps not even in the United States—have yet come to a full realization of the immense effort that was required to overhaul those losses.

The most informing book on the subject that I have read appears lately in New York, published by Simon and Schuster at $2.50. It is called Carrier War, and the writer, Lieut. Oliver Jensen, U.S.N.R., though he is concerned mostly with the war in the air, manages to give a comprehensive picture of the Central Pacific campaign from the time when the U.S. fleet was able to take the offensive until nearly the end of 1944.

It is a stirring tale he has to tell and one that in its details will be new to most British readers. Not many had the patience to follow with a large-scale map the actions of which we received such scrappy accounts; the names were so "outlandish," the strategy so hard to follow. Lieut. Jensen makes the whole series of operations intelligible and gives us much to think about in order to remember each old-sounding place. Truk (pronounced "truek") in the western Carolines, and Tarawa and Kwajalein have memories attached to them which will long endure. We shall not forget the enormous difficulty of clearing the Japanese out of the huge ocean areas and the numerous islands over which they had swarmed like poisonous insects before measures could be taken to hold them in check. We shall think of the commanders, whose names have meant almost nothing to us until now, and of the crews they commanded as sea-rovers not a whit less daring and hard-bitten than those who made the Spanish Main famous for adventure and enterprise nearly four centuries ago.

A Thorn in the Flesh of the Japs

Here is a portrait of the admiral who led the "big roving pack of fast aircraft carriers," through all those momentous battles of 1944. His name is Mitscher. How it must have angered the Japanese to know that this thorn in their flesh was of German descent! He is a grim man, slight to the point of being skinny. His ruddy face is wrinkled to a well-lined leather; his eyes are as blue as the Pacific, though beneath husky eyebrows, which the sun has faded from reddish brown to yellow. Over them is usually perched a long-nosed baseball cap, the badge of his rank, and, as a concession to man's vanity, prettier than the heavily gilded headgear of his rank. He wears barnstorm dark round spectacles and an open-neck khaki shirt. . . . In other clothes he might be confused for a sailor although he once started all hands by appearing face his color during a night action in pyjamas the colour of pimentos (red) and green cheese.

We are not to imagine the Navy pilots under his command, says Lieut. Jensen, as "a grim, tight-lipped crowd with a stony heroic cast of feature and an inclination to talk spuriously in a clipped Journey's End or What Price Glory style. They are a pleasant, casual, nonchalant people, surface sailors affectionately as Aireadles or birdmen. . . . The men can't understand the good deal like college boys, and save for the business in hand a great many of them would be completing courses there now."

There is a French-Canadian among them, and a Mormon from Utah; there are farm boys and city boys, there is even a poet. They are inclined to indulge in other-worldliness just before the battle when the war is over, but not in the Pacific. The last attack was in prospect, "there was a great deal of religious activity, more than we have ever been on any Sunday up to that time." Some attended both Protestant and Catholic services "just to be sure that all fronts were covered."

All these pilots had been trained since the United States were brought into the War at the end of 1941, just as the planes in which they operated had been constructed and the carriers from which the planes took off had been built during that period. The Americans "had lost one navy and were waiting on the sweet and genius of their plants and shipyards to create a new one." Not till June 1943 was American sea power reformed. Meanwhile, writes Mr. Gates, Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Navy for Air, in his Foreword to the book:

"The enemy expanded and held extensive conquests in the Pacific which constituted a real threat to our national existence. We were for months hard-pressed to keep even one aircraft carrier in operation against Japan. The situation for a time seemed very dark after the heavy losses suffered in the first months."

The seven large aircraft carriers which the U.S. had in 1941 were not in Pearl Harbour. They were fortunately at sea. But they were soon reduced to one; the only hope for building new ones at fratic speed. There was some doubt as to the design of these. That had been studied for more than twenty years. At first the idea of launching aircraft from a deck and having them return to flight on it was met, as all new ideas are, with scepticism and even ridicule. "Even many of aviation's advocates foresaw. Use for the new gadget save as a sort of glorified look-out or gunnery observer." However, when Britain had led the way during the First Great War, the U.S. followed and built a number of aircraft carriers. By 1944 all of them were important to the Japs. It is not explained why, but they evidently set great store by it. All their precautions, however, were in vain. All these tactics were carried out in the Pacific War; the one which was the scene of another of that of meeting Japanese defences on islands and atolls which they believed impregnable.

Flame-Throwers Ignited the Petroleum

The Japanese had reason for that hope. On Betio atoll, for example, in the Gilbert Islands (see page 339), they had covered it with a layer of sand 30 feet deep, "one of the most intricate system of defences any island ever possessed." All round it, at intervals of twenty yards, were pill-boxed and sand-bagged machine gun nest positions, with their crew of five men manning them. The Japanese had a 300 man garrison on Betio, a 9000 man one at Tarawa, and another at Kwajalein. Their first line of defence was the appearance of the beach. "Several strong points were particularly noteworthy: block-houses built of reinforced concrete, over which were carried by 20-inch wooden ladders, with indescribable coconut logs (which are as dense and impermeable to water as the finest brick or steel), then heaped over with sand."

The only way to deal with these was to pour tons of water into the entrances to set it alight. Offshore there were concrete barriers to keep out ships and tanks, while all through the shallow water were barbed wire fences to hold boats up while the boarding parties were making their attack on the occupants.

What comes out clearly all through is the inferior quality of Japanese naval command. They were out-witted, out-strapped, out-generalized by the U.S. admirals. It seems to me the best thing that could happen to the late enemies, and force them to see how insane it would be for them to try to repeat their folly, would be to circulate widely among them histories of the War written by Japanese and German authors, showing up the colossal blunders their leaders made and the appalling number of lives sacrificed to their incompetence and miscalculations. Books of this kind written by British or American authors would have no effect on them. But if the peoples of Germany and Japan were told by writers of their own nationality what their wretched leaders were making out by the men who planned the War, they would surely be on their guard against being bamboozled in the same way again.

As long as they had only unprepared enemies to overcome they were never afraid, though they blundered even then; but as soon as they had to deal with anything superior forces they lost their heads. They could not stand the strain.
Lawrence at Nuremberg: A Great Judge in Action

As President of the Tribunal at the Nuremberg trial of Nazi war criminals, the authority of Lord Justice Lawrence was absolute. He is considered by himself to have been the impartial umpire of the Tribunal. This incisive pre-text of remarkable personality is by JOHN FORTIMBRAS, now a Judge in the Court of Appeal of England.

A n impressive silence dominates the brilliantly arc-lit Court of the Palace of Justice, Nuremberg, this morning, when the new session of the tribunal. "Attention!" is the usher's one word of warning. Seconds later, from the judges' oak door opposite Press and Public galleries, a file of distinguished gentlemen emerge.

First is the small, clerical-looking, black-haired French judge with his bald-headed, grey-moustached colleague close at heel. The two American judges, both of senatorial aspect, are in full livery. In full livery, also, is the sandy-haired Mr. Justice Birkett and the two strongly-built, military-figured and uniformed Russian judges, there emerges a stocky, compact figure who comports himself with a certain unconscious dignity. Lord Justice Lawrence, the President of the Tribunal.

"Attention!" is a word his personality compels. In contrast to an English High Court judge's trappings, he wears no robes and no wig; over his dark-coloured civilian suit he wears a simple black gown which hangs loosely about him until, as he sits down, he gathers it in folds, coiling it about his sides. His bald dome of head appears to sit over an eminently judicial, high-collared face. His features, thus intense, convey the impression of being recessed behind his wide brows and spectacles. It is not, I think, due to his pre-eminent position alone that everyone in the Schwurgericht (the name inscribed over the Court's main entrance) senses Lord Justice Lawrence's presence. Each person of the Tribunal and of the Press equally designates to penetrate in any assembly.

The World's Finest Judicial Brains

The tribunal deals daily with an unwieldy array of cases, mostly English translations of German original, which are presented in evidence against the Nazi concentration camp defendants. The case against the chief political officer Ribbenroth, no fewer than several dozen documents were made available, although Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, who conducted the case for Britain, did not find it necessary to cite from all of them.

To sift the details of evidence thus marshalled, their experts, responsible for analysing the discrimination of a profoundly to exercise fully the world's finest judicial brains. That Lord Justice Lawrence is so gifted is questioned. His incisiveness stimulates, awes even the court's unpredictability, if falling to the uneasy minds of the two banks of Nazi criminals facing him, at least fears their attention by its authority. Sometimes there is a dry humour in his comments. American correspondents, especially, admire with a smile the wry precision that characterizes many of his observations.

A ll of us, sorting piles of documents in our crowded, red-plush, tip-up Press seats, know to our exasperation the difficulty of seizing quickly on the one document from which Prosecuting Counsel is quoting. Our feelings were exactly expressed by his Lordship one autumn when I joined the interested proceedings to say, "I haven't found 2136 PS yet," alluding to the document previously mentioned by counsel. He addedTaciturnly, "It is not the matter of chance whether one finds it or not."

He is proof against any incidents which deflect him from the mark. I sometimes see him so lightly, so lightly so. I remember how, with obvious well-meaning, German courted for Hans Frank's defence, which he ordered to be cross-examined. I remember the dramatic scene in the tribunal to hear questions, each, he claimed, of major importance to Frank. Lord Justice Lawrence nodded his agreement.

The first question was, "Is the Vatican a signatory to the Charter of the International Military Tribunal?" Second, "Did the Vatican deliver material presented to the Court as co-prosecutor?" Third, "Does the Vatican recognize the principles on which the trial is being conducted?" Upon the tribunal's replies, stated counsel, Frank's future membership of the Roman Catholic Church depended. That faith, incidentally,

Right at the outset, Hermann Goering and Co. were made to realize that Lord Justice Lawrence would put up with no nonsense, accept no departures from the charter of the tribunal, and admit no play-acting appeals or emotional interludes. Frank, Goering's first words when required to plead guilty or not guilty before the tribunal were: "Before I answer the question of the high court whether or not I am guilty..."

The President interrupted, saying very forcibly, "I informed the court that defending counsel..."

His voice is richly English. It is resonant, exceptionally disciplined, and clear. These qualities are enhanced as he hears it amplified through the language translator's pickup pieces which everyone in court wears. And its timbre, so delicate, aptly portray the alacrity of the mind controlling it. Council should pause for a moment or misquote a document, his Lordship will raise his eyes and inquire. "Mr. So-and-So, you said..." did you not? in my copy I read..." eviction?"

A Just and Proper Judgement

Few in court will forget how Mr. Albrecht, one of the American delegation, in his opening statement, began his country's indictment of Hermann Goering by enlarging on Goering's blindhindsight, as revealed in court, his ever-ready smile, his ingratiating manner, his every other manner of a man of style of a gentleman. "It is not, I think, due to his pre-eminent position alone that everyone in the Schwurgericht senses Lord Justice Lawrence's presence. Each person of the Tribunal and of the Press equally designates to penetrate in any assembly.

LORD JUSTICE LAWRENCE was called to the Bar in 1896, became R.C. in 1912, and since 1922 has been Judge in the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division. Photo, Federal Press

Frank (formerly notorious as Governor-General of Poland) had embraced only since his imprisonment as a Nazi war criminal.

Lord Justice Lawrence conferred quickly with his colleagues. Then, in crisp tones, he announced their decision. "The tribunal is of the opinion," he said, "that the observations made by counsel on behalf of the defendant Frank are entirely irrelevant, and any motion which they are intended to support is denied." An American radio technician, listening to his Lordship's comment, said to me afterwards: "Only an Englishman could have said that without cracking a smile. They say 'as sober as a judge'. I guess he's that fellow all right!"

Sometimes his Lordship smiles. A young American prosecutor became a little involved during one session because of his fear of producing evidence 'merely accumulative' and so wasting the tribunal's time. Whereupon, taken to task for being too detailed, he suggested that the witness in this case was unduly long-winded in his answers, a trait, moreover, observed in him during previous interrogations. His Lordship referred, then, with a quick revealing smile, he remarked, "You are examining him!"

When I first sat in Nuremberg as one of the world's 250 special correspondents assigned to report the trial, I receded to Lord Justice Lawrence by summarizing his presidency as conferring honour and distinction on the English judicial system. Today, I extend that assessment. I see him as a greater figure, beyond even the personification of Justice to which English law subscribes. I see him as the judge of history, devoid of emotion, devoid of false reasoning, relentless and unwavering in his analyses to arrive at truth.

Thereby in the name of humanity, as in the name of the law, I see him presenting his Lordship's Justice in action as the despairing victims of Nazi-controlled Germany's reign of terror, and bringing judgement, a just and proper judgement, whatever it be, to each of the wicked men grouped as conspirators before the tribunal. His Lordship may be a man of sufficient stature, able almost a superman's task, which this stocky, mild, formally dignified figure may well become a copula, in the edifice of peace-loving peoples. Just as it may assist materially to purify the world of evil. It is to be hoped that all nations, including the German nation, will honor one day the name of Lord Justice Lawrence.
Accused War Criminals Await Their Deserts

In the concentration camps and prisons in Germany where they are alleged to have committed atrocities are many. Next war criminals are collaborators. Political prisoners in the French zone (1). The mending of a cell is taking place. Baron von Neumann, chief of the espionage group, writes in his cell (2), while waiting to face a military tribunal (3), where a collaborator hears the death penalty demanded. Emile Bauer, the ill-treated foreign worker, is being used as a "dummy" (4) in training French police dogs.

Page 787

Photo, Kyvane
Our Troops See Monuments of Ancient Greece

Greeks History
Courses are now arranged by the British Commonwealth Educational Services for Service personnel in the Middle East, and students attend the British School of Archaeology, Athens, where classes are followed by visits to many of the ancient ruins.

A potential student studies the painter at the Acropolis (1), then the Theatre of Epidaurus (2), which held 15,000 people, the oldest sound is heard of. In the Acropolis, the class listen to the history of the city and the dancing floor of the Acropolis (3), the Treasury of Acre (4), a legendary tomb of the soldier-king Agamemnon, receives the students, and the standing of the huge monoliths of the Temple of Apollo (5).

Photo: British Official PAGE 758
A New and Nobler House of Commons Will Arise

THE DEBATING CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, destroyed in a bombing raid on May 10-11, 1941, is to be rebuilt; excavation for the foundations of the new building is seen in progress. Designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, in conjunction with his brother, Mr. A. Gilbert Scott, it will incorporate the latest developments in acoustics, air conditioning and heating, but the Chamber will retain its unique rectangular seating arrangement to which M.P.s have been accustomed for 400 years. See also illus. pages 539-541, Vol. 4. PAGE 759.
The young officer in command of the battery of R.A. attached to our 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards set up his observation post in the steeple of a church in the main square of Furnes, and from this precarious position directed the firing of the big guns under his control. Thanks to his accurate judgement the gun crews did magnificent work, sending salvos of shells into the teeming mass of German troops and transport facing our forward companies of infantry.

Detachments of the Middlesex machine-gun company were dug-in at the southern extremities of the town, firing on fixed lines: a deadly curtain of cross-fire which prevented the Germans from making a large-scale infantry attack. Enemy mortar bombs and shells, however, rained thick and fast upon the town itself. Several hits were registered on the conspicuous target presented by the steeple; but the young artillery officer, undaunted, and miraculously unscathed, calmly carried on with his directions and corrections of range, elevation, and so on.

Our Battalion's telephone exchange was interposed between the O.P. and the troops of guns in the battery. Occasionally, a shell burst cleared the connecting lines of cable, and members of our signal platoon promptly set off to repair the break. Fifty feet of cable vanished as the result of one direct hit. During these phases of forced inactivity, the observer descended from his steeple to compare notes with our officers. The firing was resumed on the return of the telephone and after the artillery officer's resurrection of his lofty perch.

Just before dusk fell, on the evening of May 30, 1940, we heard the throb of enemy planes. They came into full view—dive-bombers. As they swooped down at us, with engines shrieking, we dived into cellars below the street level. I had time to notice that the Hun's shelling and mortar fire had subsided, as if by arrangement with the bombers. Several waves of the latter swooped, dropped their bombs and made off back to their bases. The roof shook above our heads, the stone floor beneath our feet.

"Surrancer" Leaflets Dropped

Dust and pieces of whining shrapnel showered through the cellar gratings, which looked out on to the street. The flames and the sickening smell of cordite half-choked us. Thick smoke wreathed up from a petrol Tommy-cooker which we had been using, but a kick from someone's boot put an end to that. It was so still in the cellar that we were blinded with tears and had to don our respirators.

When the planes sheered off we emerged, to view the damage. The street was splintered with what appeared to be huge flakes of snow, but which on closer inspection (minus gloves) proved to be leaflets. They were written in three languages, English, French and Flemish, and read as follows: "Lay down your arms, brave soldiers, for you are hopelessly beaten. You must surrender." Jerry was optimist!

I walked along the street. It was a mass of wreckage. Telegraph poles had been uprooted, their wires strewn in all directions. Shop windows spilled their contents on to the shattered pavements. Bricks and street masonry were everywhere. Not a single building had escaped damage. Huge holes gaped in sagging walls, roofs were shattered, and many houses and shops destroyed.

Dusk fell as I made my way to the cellar that housed the telephone exchange. I was operator on duty, and throughout the night enemy shelling continued spasmodically, with flares illuminating the darkness at intervals until dawn. Jerry must have been considerably shaken when—at 2.15 a.m. on the morning of May 31—elements of one of our forward companies made a sharp incursion into his lines and, covered by machine-gun fire, routed several strong-points with the bayonet.

Our losses were light, but that raid had a demoralizing effect on the German infantry for it was discovered, later in the morning, that their forward troops had withdrawn some distance from their original front line. Their artillery opened again more vigorously than ever, and our lone battery replied, scoring direct hits on a number of wheeled vehicles and neutralizing some gun emplacements. With several men from the enemy shellings to aid the Middlesex machine-guns.

During the afternoon, under cover of a heavy smoke-screen laid down by their artillery and mortars, the enemy infantry advanced again to their original positions: they fact that they were numerically superior to the defenders of the town was beginning to dawn on them. If they had attempted one really big attack, with all of the resources at their disposal, our small garrison would have been overwhelmed. But they lacked the nerve to try it. And we held on. Meanwhile, the evacuation of Allied troops from the Dunkirk beaches was in full swing.

Suddenly, the firing of our guns became less frequent: only the chatter of machine-guns and the inter-
The Carrier Platoon included 20-year-old L.Sgt. Mitchell, later presented with the D.C.M. by H.M. the King at Buckingham Palace. His chief act of gallantry saved the Battalion from what might have developed into an unpleasant situation. He was reconnoitering the area on the western extremities of Furnes when the Battalion marched in from the eastern approaches in the early hours of May 30. He was a long string of male refugees on bicycles, heading toward the town, with blankets draped across the handlebars of their bikes. The N.C.O. hailed the column by swinging his carrier broadside across the road, intending to warn them that our men were in the town and that the enemy was thought to be in the vicinity. The man on the leading cyclist became panic-struck, drew a revolver from the folds of his blanket, and fired point-blank at Lance-Sgt. Mitchell. Fortunately the shot went wide. Others commented crack of rifles remained. I was off duty, and was sprawled in a corner of the exchange room—I had not slept a wink for over two days, and was now too weary to sleep—when the young R.A. officer staggered into the cellar, lurched into the adjoining room (our improvised Battalion H.Q.) and slumped on to an empty orange-box which the Adjutant used for a chair. He looked very, very old at that moment. His face was drawn and haggard; his shoulders drooped.

"That's that!" he said. "All our ammunition's gone. We blew them to hell with what we had. If only we had some more--" Suddenly he bowed his head, cupped his chin in his hands, and cried. Great, heart-rending sobs shook his slight body. It was not so surprising a reaction to us. Battle-hardened, we had grown accustomed to weird happenings.

A Direct Hit Shatters the Steeple

For five minutes the sobs continued. Wiseley, none of his fellow-officers made efforts to console him. Then he slumped backword, and began to snore—exhausted beyond measure. He had done his task well, and was one of the most conscientious officers I have known. I felt a great admiration for him in those desperate days, and I mentally salute him now.

The dive-bombers made another attack that night, striking the building which the bombing had destroyed. The church steeple collapsed under a direct hit. Enemy shelling was persistent throughout that night. They realized our artillery was out of action, yet they were still hesistant to make a large-scale attack. The lines of signal cable to our forward companies were shattered in places from time to time, and we set off to repair the breaks, with D3 telephones, reels of cable, earth pins, adhesive tape. At this crucial phase it was imperative that lines of communication be kept open, and we lost count of the repairing missions carried out from dusk to dawn.

As the first cold light of morning broke over the scorched German at last threw in what was intended to be a deciding attack. But our machine-guns stuttered continuously and waves of their infantry were mown down like corn. The hordes broke and went scurrying toward the north, from which they did not venture to stir for the rest of the day. Our Commanding Officer and two Company Commanders were killed whilst we were defending the town. An enemy machine-gun nest was responsible; it caught the three whilst they were making a personal reconnaissance on the outskirts. As soon as the news reached us the officer-in-charge of the German crew, recovered the three bodies, and brought them to Battalion H.Q. for as decent a burial as was possible in the circumstances. For this, and other feats of bravery, he was later awarded a well-earned Military Cross.

M y first trip to France was on a very difficult job. I was dropped by parachute on February 25, 1943, when we knew little about the French Resistance movement. We had a list of names, and the idea was to find out first just what really lay behind them. That was my particular task. I started getting busy...
I was there!

I was in Fresnes Prison for four months, in solitary confinement, and was beaten up every morning by a German N.C.O. He used to open up proceedings by saying, "Ah! British officer! We kill you slowly!" And then I would punch me on the jaw, then kick me in the stomach, stand back and grin, and then walk out. He discovered after about two months that I was getting information from outside. For this I spent three weeks in the darkness of an underground cell, with about a quarter-pound of bread a day and nothing else at all, not even soup. I had no bed. My coat, gloves and handkerchief were taken away, I had nothing to wash with. Fungi grew in this damp cell. There were rats, and even knew what. It was the only time in the whole of my experience when I felt really downhearted.

Smuggled Into Europe’s Last Fascist Fortress

Two days after Franco closed his French frontier with a ring of armed men, I slipped across that bristle border. The Fascist Government which smiles on so few British journalists and politicians does not inconvenience certain other reporters entering Spain. It is necessary to travel underground. So with a false name and forged papers, I was smuggled into the last Fascist fortress in Europe. Today (March 4) I have returned to France after spending five days in Spain, four of them in the Catarolian capital of Barcelona. Every train in the frontier zone is under close police supervision.

There was an anxious moment for me, after getting over the border, when a Franco detective wanted to see my papers—and I could speak no Spanish. Happily my guide,
who calls himself Richards, although it is not his name, was the first to be interrogated. His papers were in order. And then I got by with papers which proved that my name was Jose Campos, that my mother's name was Pons, and that I was born in Barcelona.

That was the only obstacle on the road to Barcelona. And in that city I found a people waiting for news from London. The men and the women of the Resistance moved around me like a protective umbrella. I travelled in the trains and in the underground and in taxis; I visited many homes; interviewed the leaders and the rank and file of the Resistance. Everywhere I was at once asked the question, "What is the British Government going to do?"

After Long Despair and Apathy

The Franco papers have suppressed news of the Allied moves against the Spanish Government, but everybody knows that a crisis exists. Unfortunately, thousands of people have accepted the newspaper propaganda that dratins is reluctant to move against Franco, and that if she does it will be to support a monarchy in Spain.

It is impossible to overrate the trust the Spanish people have in the British public. For ten years the Spaniards have fought Fascism and they are the last to be liberated. They wanted an Allied victory; they saw with mounting hopes the rise of the Labour Party at the polls; now they suffer a reaction. On every side you hear the question: "When will Britain come to our rescue?"

Do not forget that these are a people weared by the long years of war. The best of their leaders are dead. Their successors sicken in France's gaols. (The number of political prisoners is unknown, but is estimated to be at least 15,000.) The workers, after years of despair and apathy, are once more on the march. And once again they look to England, the traditional home and the hope of liberty.

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

1941

March 24 - El Aghia occupied by Axis forces; first appearance of Axis Korps in Libya.
March 27 - King Peter and Yugoslav Army under Gen. Simovitch deposed pro-Axis Government.
March 28 - British naval victory over Italians in battle of Cape Matapan, Greece.

1942

March 27-28 - Combined Operations raid on St. Nazaire; destroyer H.M.S. Campbelltown used to ram the main dock gate of the port.

1943

March 20 - In Tunisia the Eighth Army launched an attack against the Mareth Line.

1944

March 19 - Germans began to occupy Hungary; parachute troops took over airports.
March 22 - Announced that Japanese troops had crossed the Burma-India frontier.
March 24 - Major-General Wingate of the "Chindits" killed in air crash in Burma.

1945

March 17 - U.S. 3rd Army entered Coblenz.
March 20 - Whole of Netherlands freed by British and Indian capture of Fort Deuffrin.
March 28 - Russians captured Cz operation.
March 29 - U.S. 7th Army occupied Heidelberg.
It was certainly appropriate that Mr. Winston Churchill's speech of grave warning (at Fulton on March 5, 1946) should have been delivered within the State of Missouri, for there is an American expression "I come from Missouri" which is the western equivalent of the British "No flies on me!" Just as his unique career was the perfect apprenticeship for his leadership of the British peoples from May 10, 1940, almost to VJ Day 1945, so the rejection of his party by the electorate last year has given him an unparalleled position to speak frankly as a private citizen.

Mr. Churchill was one of the few British politicians who tried to halt the race to European destruction in the years leading up to 1939. Today he is a world figure engraving on every major crisis. It is not strange that he should have been recorded, is the arts of mankind, to the same position as before 1939, save that this time his home faces the world and not, as then, the European cockpit alone? But his speech was not one of unrelieved gloom. It underlines the United Nations Organization that Mr. Churchill has been pressing to get out of the United Nations Organization might this time be able to bring the nations together to work in peace in the harmony of law instead of the discord of war. He made the following proposal:

"The United Nations organization must immediately begin to be equipped with an international armed force. In such a matter we can only go step by step, but we must begin now. I propose that each of the Powers and States should be invited to dedicate a certain number of air squadrons to the service of the world organization. These squadrons would be trained and prepared in their own countries, but would move around in rotation from one country to another. They would wear the uniform of their own countries, with different badges. They would not be required to act against their own nations, but in other respects they would be directed by the world organization.

Whatever support it receives from the member States of U.N.O. this is an interesting proposal, which has several important implications if carried into effect. First, and not least important, would be the change in what is called intelligence security. In this sense the word security is used to mean the prevention of leakage of military information from the country of its ownership and from the sole possession of its citizens it is secret.

The military aircraft force of the principal member States were to be moved about from one country to another to ensure there could be no secrecy about these machines or their equipment. This would mark a great improvement in the confidence of one nation with the other nations, and all with each, in the great aircraft-designing States and the most powerful military nations really allocated their latest types of aircraft to the service of the world organization.

PRINCIPLE Whose Acceptance Would Make the Air Armament of All Mankind

This is at once precisely where the fabric of U.N.O. has shown itself inclined to be shoddy, with the risk of wearing threadbare unless most delicately handled. Who would ensure that each State really placed its latest aircraft into this pool? If some withheld their latest aircraft for national defence and gave to the world organization their obsolescent types, the power of the world organization would be a protection of that of a third-rate Power, and U.N.O.

Second, if the aircraft so allocated to the world organization were to be moved around from one country to another, the bases that they used would no longer be secret from other nations, and the minds directing the military staff of the Security Council would be able to plan global strategy with the use of certain known bases. This would undoubtedly have the effect of reducing the national security of any given member State as a separate entity, and if it decided upon unilateral action it would first have to destroy the U.N.O. air detachment within its territory. This would at once disclose its intentions.

So, to prevent any such disclosure, it would be more likely to attempt to begin an act of aggression, either when its own detachment was temporarily withdrawn for re-equipment within its own territory in place of any foreign element, or when it was detached strategically well situated to assist in the first blow. There are, therefore, risks to be run in the execution of any such plan.

But before such a plan could be put into operation, each State would necessarily have to agree to the establishment of extra-territorial air bases within its own sovereign territory. Britain of course did this by leasing bases to the U.S.A. during the recent war. China has frequently hinted at the same past. It is a prerequisite of colonial ownership—one reason why the Third Reich wanted her colonies back, and why other nations did not want to return them.

But it is a new departure in international relationships to propose that a sovereign State should concede bases within its own territory for the occupational forces of a world organization. It remains to be seen what the world's reaction will be to this suggestion, which, under the present condition of the British Isles as one of strategic military isolation in the current political compass, Germany has to date no possibility of creating a linkage through the Middle East to the Far East. Russia does not. Her linkage is there in one country. Germany is reaching from the Baltic to the North Pacific.

In 1942, Field-Marshal Jan Smuts forecast Britain's position after the war as that of a little island lying off the western shore of Europe. He is uniquely correct in his broad forecasts. The truth is that in the existing situation Britain is fighting a political-military-strategic Battle of Britain almost single-handed; and Mr. Churchill, now as then, has the key to the future. This speech made Britain again the nation that holds aloft the torch to light the way for all the world. Let us hope that the suggestion for an international air force will be adopted despite all its difficulties, and that through the air the British, America and Britain may become a triumvirate of peace.

NATION That Holds Aloft the Torch to Light the Way for the World

Meanwhile, it seems clear from Mr. Churchill's speech that the creation of the British Isles as one of strategic military isolation in the current political compass, Germany has to date no possibility of creating a linkage through the Middle East to the Far East. Russia does not. Her linkage is there in one country. Germany is reaching from the Baltic to the North Pacific.

In 1942, Field-Marshal Jan Smuts forecast Britain's position after the war as that of a little island lying off the western shore of Europe. He is uniquely correct in his broad forecasts. The truth is that in the existing situation Britain is fighting a political-military-strategic Battle of Britain almost single-handed; and Mr. Churchill, now as then, has the key to the future. This speech made Britain again the nation that holds aloft the torch to light the way for all the world. Let us hope that the suggestion for an international air force will be adopted despite all its difficulties, and that through the air the British, America and Britain may become a triumvirate of peace.

* My friend and contributor Captain Norman Macmillan has just written to say that a rumor was going round that the effect that he had taken his life is, happily, "exaggerated." The reader of course will have the same name as our Air Correspondent, was rather known not related to him—Ed.
ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS on Duty in the Austrian Alps

BRITISH OCCUPATION TROOPS not uncommonly have somewhat tedious tasks, but they carry them out with commendable cheerfulness. High up in the Austrian Alps, the Royal Irish Fusiliers guard the five-mile long railway tunnel through the Saviska Mountains to see that unauthorized persons do not travel between Austria and Yugoslavia either on foot or by the daily train from Rosenbach near the frontier. They make the best of the available transport and use a bivvy to convey them to and from their billets.
THE FAT BOY"

Aug 3, 1940

Long last I encountered a prominent West Country physician on a visit to London and found in him certain characteristics of the Fat Boy who loved to make one's flesh creep. Among other things, he told me of the terror in store for us when Hitler's muscular men can carry out his diabolic schemes (incidentally he couldn't tell me why they were not getting on with them) for the submerging of Britain with that deadliest of corrosive gases known as Lewisite. And as though that were not sufficient, the Hun is to be unleashed to spread anthrax germs over all our pasture lands. Presumably Lewisse would wipe out the inhabitants, while the anthrax germs would destroy all stock for generations to come. As a result, it looked as if we had made a most pictures of these British Isles transformed into so much barren and poisonous soil—the great graveyard, so to speak, of the British race. After which he suggested that I join him in a drink, but I declined, feeling more tempted to report him for giving excess to such defecative nonsense.

"THAT Fat Boy is beyond drinking now. He was a glum Scot, and waxed gloomier by the hour. The product of his native land now so much scarred by the war was in 1940. It used to have a different effect on others, whose hopes and visions of ultimate victory rose with every glass. All expert opinion which I obtained at the time scouted the glumy pictures that Jeremiah drew for us.

TEMPORARY TYRANTS Aug 10, 1940

A new一页 got to the War Office to say that the Hun was in 1940. The Hun was in 1940. It used to have a different effect on others, whose hopes and visions of ultimate victory rose with every glass. All expert opinion which I obtained at the time scouted the glumy pictures that Jeremiah drew for us.

THE DAY CAME! Oct 5, 1940

A day will come when our air power will go outstrip that of the braggart Hun that he will venture no more on his missions of murder against our towns and villages when we shall be able to repel him in kind with compound interest. Even now the doom of Nazi Germany is preparing on the great training grounds of Canada, whence vast aerial armadas will come to smother both Germany and Italy and all the enemies of Britain. That part at least of our Empirical plan for victory was certainly confirmed by men of vision and determination.

ELLA'S BIRTHPLACE Oct 19, 1940

A stonewall from a Whitehall office at Whitefriars the yellow leaves are falling in the Temple gardens—not to mention the lovely old masonry of the historic buildings there which, after weathering nearly four centuries of time, was no match for the H.E. bombs hurled by Hitler's young barbarians. I'm glad, however, that the gentle Ella's spirit is unspoiled, for in all the world no greater contrast to the Nazi doctrine of brute force could be found than in the serenity and friendliness of our beloved Charles Lamb, who was born in the Cock Lane Office, a room used by the flying fragments of the bombed Inner Temple Hall, who was falling so recently. (As I have written that word "serenity" another Alert spat it, "serenity"). "So perish the rest.

NOT long after, in passing among the ruins, I noted with sorrow that Lamb's birthplace had gone.

SECOND GREAT FIRE Dec 30, 1940

Though I have been a Londoner by residence for only forty years, I have known it an initial deposit, which you retrieve in the days of your youth it was my Baghdad. And today it is one with Baghdad in most things that made it romantic to my mind. Not that these were all extinguished in the Second Great Fire of Sunday, December 30, 1940. Far, far more of the old London that I loved has disappeared than twenty years ago. But the finishing touch came on that horrid Sunday night.

It was a great destroyer; worse than high explosives; and devastation has over- come the most famous of the world's publishing centres. Makers of books whose names are famous wherever the English language is spoken, and whose names for generations in Paternoster Row. And books, somewhat, are lost things from which and furs and frills, so that we feel something with the spirit of things that have been destroyed when book's feed the holocaust. The other things don't matter so much. But that's only a fancy, especially now that preparation has been mechanized to the same pitch as electric torches. There will be a Paternoster Row again, but it will merely be the name for a place that "ceased upon the midnight hour." I've seen enough of the new London buildings to make me love the old ones more. The modern stuff that will arise will be exactly like what I have seen in Berlin, Paris, Buenos Aires and New York. The spirit of old that haunted the pursuits of Paternoster Row and Square, Ivy and Warwyke has been torn to pieces back. And something is here for tears.

[END]

PHOTOGRAPHY;

A rocket-driven "space-ship" has been designed by a young Frenchman who claims it will reach the moon in eight hours. What I should be more interested to learn is: What does he intend doing on the Moon? Which—as my Chinese friends would doubtless point out— is a man not a completely English generalization, until one recalls that some of the greatest students of History were those who also made it. Witness Thucydides, Xenophon—and Churchill.

From all quarters I hear complaints that we are more active than at any time since 1939. All the old saws about the worn-out, the long suffering, and the last straw are entirely true in exaltation—and for once I agree with them. Yet for the majority of us there is virtually no way out, except grinning and bearing. That is at once the tragedy and glory of life today (such as it is), even though most of us expected a greater (however synthetic) with the fruits of victory.

I so frequently complain of the continued wastage of paper that it gives me double pleasure to record that seems to me a highly commendable exception to the contrary. At the Greek Exhibition at Burlington House, London, just now they are letting out the catalogues on hire. You pay a two-penny deposit (which is returned if you return the catalogue as you go out).

TRAVELING to town by train I have been both amused and amazed to observe one of our youngest Air Vice-Marshal shipping, marketing, and inwardly digesting—Mein Kampf! The real in question is not an act of acquisition of mine, otherwise I should have been able to see it in time for the Great War, or merely trying to catch up on the Second. The old theory that we Britons were always last to learn seems to be given a rest, especially in the Atomic age.
In Britain Now: Abolishing Traces of the Hun

DIVERS AT LOWESTOFT, Suffolk, search the dock-bed for unexploded German bombs and shells. One of the searchers is seen (left) coming up to report. It is for a few shells coming out, have naval mine-clearing parties.

WATER-JETS AT PERRANPORTH, Cornwall, are used on the beaches to expose mines which were there during the War. The jets below the surface of the water are used. The dabber is the powerful jet, its crew taking cover.

EXETER CATHEDRAL (left), damaged in the "Bomber" raids of 1942, is the centre around which the re-building has taken place. The plastered plans and models have been examined by the Minster for Towns and Country Planning and await approval.

IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, London, a bulldozer (above) assists in the clearance of air-raid shelters. It pushes these powerful shelters, which, once abandoned, have been pounded to pieces by a heavy rear weight swung by a mobile crane. (See page 20.)
The New Britain Must Be Built on Coal

During the winter, the nation's coal supplies were recorded as 6,000,000 tons. After a strenuous day in the pit, these sturdy underground workers still have in mind the warning issued on February 8, 1935, by Mr. Emanuil Shearwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, that 'the new Britain must be built on coal, or it can never be built at all.'

Photo: Topham Press