ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE was celebrated in traditional style on March 25, 1946. A salute of twenty guns from Greek warships in Piraeus harbour heralded the commemoration of the first raising of the Greek flag after centuries of Turkish rule. Headed by the Zouaves in this picturesque rolled dress of the warriors who fought against the Turks in 1821, the annual procession is parading in Constitution Square, Athens.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 232 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MAY 10
Seamen From Every Walk of Life Came Forward

FROM THE LIVING HELL OF DUNKIRK the salvation of the R.F.P. in May-June 1940 was accomplished by nearly 1,000 craft and (in the Admiral's words) "seamen from every walk of life who came forward to assist their brother seamen of the Royal Navy." Dunkirk harbour (1) under a gall of smoke from the burning ships after intense bombing and shelling by the Germans. A destroyer (1) leads for England crowded with women, British and French arriving at Dover in a destroyer (2). See next facing page.
Great Stories of the War Retold

Dunkirk Was a Planned Miracle

By A. D. DIVINE, D.S.M.

Author of
‘Dunkirk’; ‘DestROYers War’

Monza’s Queen, Canterbury, Maid of Orleans. King George V, Queen of the Chased, King Orry, Mona’s Isle and St. Helen, while at Southampton there were ready Normandia, Harwich, Royal Daffodil, Royal Scot, Aranbangel and Lerici. In addition to these, another fourteen ships of similar type made a call at Southampton, and the total of merchant ships was in the Downs twelve dollars and six small soups.

As the War Office meeting Captain Fisher, Director of Coastal and Anti-Sea Shipping, suggested the use of British self-propelled barges and in particular of the flat-bottomed Dutch coasters that had come to England on the fall of the Dutch ports. Forty-five of these were requisitioned in the Thames and at Poole, and speedily manned by naval crews from Portsmouth and from Chatham hectares.

At the same time the Ministry of Shipping inquired a survey of all shipping in British harbours, and Sea Transport Officers at Harwich, London, Newhaven, Southampton, Poole and Weymouth were instructed to obtain records of all small ships up to 1,000 tons, including paddle-steamers, pleasure craft and so on, capable of carrying troops.

It was on the basis of this material that the staff of the Dynamo Room began its work. In the five days that passed between this meeting and the inception of Operation Dynamo they built from this small but firm beginning the immense fleet of the deliverance. Behind them the whole vast visit naval machine had come into operation. On the very day that the Germans had crossed the Meuse, Admiral Sir Lionel Peto, Director of the Small Vessels Pool, had proposed to the B.B.C.—remember this was an Order, not a request.

It required all owners of pleasure craft from the smallest 20 feet to 110 feet in length to do this, and in somewhat different kinds were engaged for the purpose by the Dover Command. The responsible departments at the Admiralty made it possible for rescue craft and salvage vessels to be moved towards the area. Boats, equipment and, above all, a great degree of voluntary spirit were engaged over the area.

Increasingly Desperate Situation

A sudden turn, across, and over the past few days of preparation caused the difficulties and delays of that black week. Bourbourg fell, and of the regular forces of destroyers that operated out of Dover there was one ship only left undamaged. Destroyers were put on action off Dunkirk and off Calais. The French lost three in the area in this period. The precious cross-Dunkerque ships suffered loss and damage. Calais was invested and by-passed, the Belgian Army was in perilous condition.

This situation was so desperate that the High Command decided to throw the First Canadian Division into Flanders—an order that was countermanded only after the landing had actually begun. Yet through the chaos of circumstances, the terrible confusion of bartered communications the inadequacy of the staff of the Dynamo Room continued its operations until 6.57 p.m. on Sunday, May 26, Operation Dynamo was initiated by a signal from Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsey.
Great Stories of the War Retold

British-maned Dutch streets 20,284. No precise totals exist for the seventy-seven smallminewarship craft and anti-submarine

1. Presently, the number of the Dutch Navy. Twenty thousand was the figure which more experts believed to be the

The figure which does credit the four

main naval categories with 161,688, almost

precisely half of the total. And at a

moderate estimate at least another 40,000 can be added to that for the miscellaneous naval craft. The coast-

Channel steamers have the second highest record in all the liftings, with a total of 61,867. French naval vessels, the

four French cross-Channel ships and coasters

are credited with 30,000. These totals come to approximately 300,000 men, and to them must be added figures for the many
countless steamers and similar craft that took part in

the operation. It is sufficiently clear from that

that the picture of sea evacuees coming back
to Britain, that the number of merchant and

monitor ships is vastly justifiable.

The cold light of figures cannot be used to

convey the hatred sentiment. There are

few days of the most intensive and brilliant

planning in all the story of naval achievement.

Between them the Admiralty, the Ministry of

Shipping and Admiral Ramsey had brought the ships to Dover. But ships cannot operate without fuel; warships cannot

operate without coal; and it was obvious that even the coastal craft

cannot operate without men, without ropes, without anchors, without repair facilities for

delicate petrol engines, without food, without charts, without repair channels and

sea marks. All these things were behind

Easter, and in the course of the spirit and the self-sacrifice of the men

they were carried.

The first tentative movements showed that a ship-load had left the Dutch coast by May 21

if men were to be lifted from the side

immediately the foresight of the Small Vessels Pool proved its value. The census

case that would have been impossible without

the Ministry of Shipping, from its representatives in the

service sector, information and energetic assistance came. The flow of boats that was to make

the armada of delivery was not spontane

ous. It was part of a plan devised against a
desperate enemy.

It grew beyond plan as the self-same

conditions that made the Channel an

Channel not against the Spanish Armada

Since the Channel coast is only a few miles from the little ports from Niehoff to

Tuddington from Dover and beyond. It met in the narrow channel between the

sandbanks and the high cliffs that lines the coast from

Calais to the Scheldt, motor-boats and barges, and motor launches, steamers, fishing

and soldiers boats and oyster dredgers. The

work these small craft did is beyond praise. To the people who were

with them, with whom they were, would be the

momentous achievement. But, tremendous though their

work was, it is a slight reminder of the Dunkirk operation as a whole to

mention the cooperation with the work of the rest of the ships.

Let us consider figures for a moment. The

number—albeit of the more famous

Dunkirk—were thrown in to Dunkirk as ship

boats. Several hundred, after the battle, were

brought back to England, but only 91,343 were

rescued. The Dutch minewarships lifted

20,284, the Dutch coasters 16,936, the
India's Famed Red Eagles Homing from Salonika
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Renown

A SHIP of 32,000 tons, launched on the Clyde in 1912, the Renown is the only remaining battle cruiser in the Royal Navy. She has a main armament of six 15-inch guns. From 1912 to 1915 the Renown was employed on special service, taking the Prince of Wales on official visits in the United States, Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan.

In 1928-29 she was assigned to the China station, and in 1930 she was ordered to the Western Pacific. She was in Australia in 1929.

From 1934-36 she was employed on visits to the French colonies and in the Mediterranean. In 1936-37 she was again employed on visits to the Far East and Australia. In 1937-38 she was transferred to the China station.

In 1939, the Renown was commissioned as a battle cruiser in the Royal Navy, and was employed in the China station. In 1940, she took part in the Norwegian campaign, and in 1941, she participated in the battle of the珊瑚海. In 1942, she was involved in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

In 1943, she was deployed in the Mediterranean, and in 1944, she was involved in the invasion of France. In 1945, she took part in the Battle of Okinawa.

After the war, she was used as a training ship, and in 1951, she was converted into a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. She continued to serve until 1971, when she was decommissioned and scrapped.
On September 3, 1939, when Great Britain declared war on Germany, the strength of the Regiment stood at three service battalions and a training battalion at Windsor. Early in 1940 a Holding Battalion, whose duty it was to meet public duties and to provide drafts for the service battalions, was formed at London.

The three service battalions went over to the Western Front in September—the 1st and 2nd Battalions in the 1st Division, commanded by General Montgomery, and the 3rd Division, commanded by General Auchinleck. And, save for a few weeks pursuiting by the 3rd Battalion as they spent the next seven months peacefully on the Belgian frontier constructing a defensive line, known as the Fort Line, from which it was destined that they were never to fire a shot.

The German armies invaded the Low Countries on May 10, 1940, and during the next day the 1st and 2nd Battalions moved into Belgium to take over the defence of a sector of the River Dyle near Louvain. Here, three days later, the first elements of the invading army encountered them, and were held. For two more days there was no movement either forward or back, but on the 17th news came that the French line had been turned. The German breakthrough to the British fell back to avoid being outflanked.

The situation was thus Side by Side

So the retreat began, and the battalions of the Regiment marched through Belgium for twenty-five days to fight a series of engagements to the River Dender, where the three battalions, for the first time in their history, found themselves fighting side by side in the line, although in different divisions. And they held the enemy at the Smedt, where in a counter-attack a corporal of the 3rd Battalion, L.Cpl. H. Nicholls, alone, armed with a Bren gun, silenced three machine-gun posts and killed numbers of the enemy, for which he was awarded the V.C. (See portrait in page 183, Vol. II.)

At last, on May 20, the 1st and 2nd Battalions marched into Furnes, seven miles from the sea, and prepared to hold the coast south of the town until the whole of the British troops had been evacuated from Dunkirk. All that night the retreatig divisions poured through, and next day the bridges were blown behind them. For two more days they held on against repeated German attacks, and in the early hours of June 1 the forward positions of the 1st and 2nd Battalions were abandoned and they withdrew to the beaches, to be taken on board ships of all classes lying off La Panne—the last British troops to leave that coast. Meanwhile, farther to the south, the 3rd Battalion had been playing their part in the final repudiation action of the R.E. On the same day they were embarked for home from Dunkirk.

With the fall of France began a period of reorganization. The whole of North-Western Europe was ever restless, and before any of it could be regained British troops would have to be landed again by the Royal Navy on a coast over 2,000 miles long that was now in enemy hands. The 3rd Battalion of the Regiment was one of the first units of the Army to begin training with this end in view, and this battalion's new role was of historical significance.

The Grenadier Guards

By Authority of the
Officer Commanding
Col. R. B. R. COLVIN, D.S.O.

The Regiment was raised in Pindus in 1859 under Lord Westmorland as a bodyguard to King Charles II. In 1659 the 2nd Grenadier Regiment was raised, and five years later the King raised a regiment under the title of the Royal Grenadiers. The regiment was transferred to the service of the King of the Netherlands, to which country it was transferred under the title of the King's Own Westminster Grenadier Regiment. In 1881, it became the First Regiment of Foot Guards.

In the wars against the Dutch in the latter half of the 17th century, the companies which formed the 3rd Battalion served and fought on board ships of the Royal Navy, prior to the formation of a Corps of Marines, and in memory of this service Role Bic, annua is played to this day by the drummers of the battalion at Tilbury. In 1914, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, Role Britannia was again played on the quarter-deck of one of H.M. ships, in which the 3rd was training in combined operations.

In the same year, while the whole Regiment was still in England, three new battalions were formed, and after much discussion the idea of having all battalions at home was dropped. Two battalions were chosen to be converted to armour, and two were retained—two remained to perpetuate the military tradition of the Regiment. Even in 1942 H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught died, and in his place H.M. the Colonel-in-Chief honoured his First Guards by the appointment as their Colonel of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.

The 6th Motor Battalion, now the youngest battalion in the Regiment, was the first to go overseas. Leaving England in June 1942 they sailed by the Old East Indian trade route round the Cape of Good Hope, and came under the command of the 20th Infantry Brigade in Syria. And early in the next year they moved over 2,000 miles to Egypt to join the 8th Army at the Battle of Medenine. Ten days later, on March 16, the Brigade, with the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards leading, attacked by moonlight up the feature known as the Horsehead, overlooking Mareth.

The attack was pushed home, and the companies gained the heights. But in the morning it was found that an account of the formidable and unexpected minenfields no support could be brought up to them; straddled without ammunition, food, or heavy weapons, the 6th Battalion was ordered by the Divisional Commander to retire. The casualties had been heavy and the attack in its immediate aim unsuccessful, but it opened the way to the final breach of the Mareth Line.

How "The Plumbers" Got Their Name

After a short period of rest and refitting in the area of Constantine the Battalion started to prepare itself for the next task. The 5th Battalion had advanced with 26th Guards Brigade and, after bitter fighting, captured Jebel Bos Ourak, the 37th summit which was the keystone to the defences of Tunis. On May 1, 1942, Guards Brigade crossed over to the 1st Army front, and in the push which carried them east Tunis and across the base of the Cape Bon Peninsula to link with the 1st and 6th Batallions fought in the same division and led the Army's advance to the final German surrender.

The story of the Grenadiers in Italy is woven into the whole pattern of the success.
On February 7, the enemy made a dusk attack which broke through on the left of the battalion position, and two companies were surrounded. By midnight, Battalion Headquarters itself was threatened, and in the fighting which followed Major W. P. Sidney, though wounded and losing blood, drove back almost unaided on three separate occasions parties of the enemy who were attacking Battalion Headquarters. For this action he was later awarded the V.C. (See portrait on page 760, Vol. 7, This Was Illustrated). The battalion was withdrawn from the beach-head a month later, having lost 31 officers and over 600 men. So heavy, indeed, had been the casualties suffered by the 5th and 6th Battalions that in March 1944 the 5th returned to England and was subsequently disbanded.

The spring came with the 3rd Battalion entrenched among the ruins of Cassino. At last Cassino fell, and the advance which had been halted so long rolled northward again.

As the spring changed to summer, Rome and Florence fell; the 3rd Battalion with the 6th Armoured Division, and the 5th with the South African 6th Armoured Division, played their part in the great advance.

1st and 2nd Battalions in Brussels

In April 1945 the 5th Battalion returned home and, after parading before H.R.H. the Colonel the day before V-Day, was disbanded. Only the 3rd Battalion remained to represent the Grenadiers in the occupation of Southern Austria in May 1945, but on the 1st October 1945 the 2nd Battalion had entered its last phase, and for nearly a year British soldiers had once again been fighting in North-Western Europe.

The Guards Armoured Division did not sail for Normandy until nearly three weeks after the first landings had been made, and it was not until August 26, after some heavy fighting around Cassino, that Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery chose it to take the lead in the final advance along the road to Germany. By September 2 Douai was reached, 30 miles from the Belgian frontier, and on September 6 the 2nd Battalion was used to assist in the liberation of the Welsh Guards and the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Grenadiers had driven through to Brussels.

In the city German opposition had almost ceased, but the enthusiasm of the citizens brought the advance to a standstill. Every street was thronged with the populace, every house decked with loyal emblems. Night fell illuminating by a full moon and the flames of the burning Palais de Justice.
With the Grenadiers in France and N. Africa

3rd Battalion of the Regiment was destined to be one of the first units of the British Army to be trained in Combined Operations, after which it was employed as part of the invasion forces in Normandy. It later joined the Italian campaign and was present in Tunisia. In May 1943, the 3rd Battalion landed in Algiers with the 1st Guards Brigade and later fought through Italy—lo represent the Regiment in the occupation of Southern Italy in May 1943.

With the 1st and 8th Armies in North Africa, the Regiment suffered heavy casualties, particularly when assaulting the Messahba on March 15, 1943. From positions overlooking Mareth, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, then General commanding the 8th Army, was hit by a shell from the German shelling battery. A Guards officer (right) observes the shelling as a tank of the Grenadiers takes cover.
On the day after, the Grenadiers relieved Louvain, the scene of their first action in the War; and there remained to be accomplished an operation which, had it been successful, would, by carrying the impetus of the British advance to the Zuyder Zee, have cut off all the German forces in North-West Holland. On September 17, two U.S. Airborne Divisions were dropped to seize the bridges over the River Meuse at Grave and the Rhine (Waal) at Nijmegen. The bridge over the Neder Rhine (the Leie) at Arnhem, further north, was the objective of the 1st British Airborne Division.

The fighting for the Nijmegen Bridge

On the 19th, led by the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Grenadiers, the Guards Armoured Division crossed the Meuse, which was in American hands; by evening the 1st Battalion had reached a cross-roads three hundred yards north of the Nijmegen Bridge. The attack on the bridge began at eight o'clock the following morning, and throughout the day the Grenadiers fought their way east towards the fort guarding the approaches.

It was dusk before the final assault was made. In the glare of flames in the burning town of Nijmegen a troop of tanks of the 2nd Battalion charged forward from the shelter of the fort, their guns firing. The first tank crossed right over and reached the far bank; the three tanks following were all hit, but the...
A Great Grenadier Goes to His Long Rest

THE FUNERAL OF FIELD-Marshal THE VISCOUNT GOAT, V.C., who died in London on March 28, 1946, aged 59, took place on April 3, at Poundbury, Kent. At the coffin was attended by officers and members of the Services, led the march: a guard of honour was formed by the Grenadier Guards. Carrying the (1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards' funerary flag) were members of the regiment. After service in India, he was C.-in-C. of the B.B.F. 1929-41, Governor and C.-in-C. (Durham), 1927, and Malta 1930-31, High Commissioner for Palestine 1939-45.
Housing the Homeless: Brick Dwellings Go Up

FIRST OF 100 post-war council houses to be built by Edmonton Borough Council, London, was opened on April 21, 1942. It is one of four ready for occupation on the Stee Lane site, and Adriatic House is due to be occupied by the end of May. Some of the site's work has been done by the women members of the Edmonton Women's Centre, under the Class 2 women's scheme. Each four-room house is valued at £200 each, these houses are for letting only.

Walls of the four-roomed houses going up in December 1941, when building began (1). A view of the site in February 1942 (2). The roof being put on (3). The building is now in progress (4). The house is already complete (5). The built-in pantry is a special feature (6).

THE WAY ILLUSTRATED PAGE 12
Raging Gale Tests for R.A.F. Model Aircraft

SCALE MODELS of aircraft are tested in a wind tunnel at the R.A.F. Establishment at Farnborough. Tests are under way to determine the performance and safety of the prototypes. The tunnel can simulate wind speeds of more than 400 m.p.h.

COOLING PIPES (3) beneath the tunnel. Central units (8) regulate atmospheric conditions. The large tunnel is 500 feet long, 100 feet wide and 100 feet high.

PAGE 12

Photo, R.A.F. Official
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

When Hitler started the war, after several years of preparation, he had all the additional advantage of fighting on interior lines. He was able to invade one country after another, and to move his armies, with comparatively little resistance, along main roads in Europe. But unless he could break out of his land-locked fortress he could not win the long run with the war.

Strategic Importance of Colonies

When Britain's task was to keep her communications open in Europe, to keep her own communications open, to feed her people, and to gather the raw materials of war, she was fighting hard enough to win. In this general pattern of strategic importance the Colonies played a vital part. They formed, with the self-governing Dominions, India and Borneo, an outer circle, though denied here and there, enabled Great Britain and later, Russia, to continue Hitler in an inescapable stranglehold.

The fortresses of Malta and Gibraltar, the ports of Freetown, Aden, Colombo and Montevideo formed the bulwark of the war against the United States, the existence of a great block of British territory in East Africa which was to prove so valuable in the First African Campaign, the value when France collapsed of West African territories as a naval base and for air communications; between Britain, America and Africa, and of Trincomalee in Ceylon as an alternative base after the fall of Singapore.

In fact, the strategic disposition and loyal support of the Colonies helped to prevent the Axis Powers from achieving their major plan, the meeting of the Germans and the Japanese on the banks of the Nile.

Many products essential to the war effort came from the British Colonies. In addition to the setting-up of dehydrates plants for the supply of rations for troops in the Middle East, the Colonies contributed lead, plywood, rubber, wheat, mow, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, hides and copper. South Africa was mainly responsible for the supply of the base metal as well as the form of palm oil, palm kernels and copra; Rhodesia and Southern Rhodesia, manganese and bauxite from the Gold Coast and the metal contributions to the limitless demands of the Allies for steel. From Ceylon came rubber, tea and copper. The West African Colonies was responsible for the full rich deposits of petroleum.

The Contribution of Manpower

The utilization of Colonial manpower took three main forms. First there was the recruitment of the many increased production drivers, a service which became particularly important in those Colonies which were called upon to make good some of the losses resulting from the very severe ones. Then there was the raising of local forces in the Colonies and the Allied forces which emerged from this operation. British and African divisions, in particular, were formed at the suggestion of various authorities.

This brief survey will serve to indicate the importance of the British Colonial war effort, and as a means by which we shall deal with a certain group of themes and cover, as far as practicable, the efforts of individuals or groups of Colonies.

By Harley V. Ullt

From an educational point of view nothing could be more important than the series of articles representing the whole story of the Empire as distinct from the self-governing Dominions throughout the war. Written by authorized authority on Colonial affairs, the Editor hopes that they will follow those of Mr. Nettleship brilliant and comprehensive narrative in giving an account of the Empires' support of Britain in the war. The whole series is signed by the Editor, and is written in such a way that even the most critical of the British may be read by those American allies, fully unknown to the entire population of Soviet Russia. —THE EDITOR.

Harley V. Ullt

The subject of the defense of democracy was mentioned as a primary war objective, envisaged what this democracy was. He explained that he had joined the army to fight for "Freedom, George." as he understood it. "Freedom, George." he said, and he suggested that even though he was not yet ready to fight for democracy, he might perhaps have to be his. He personalized his loyalty to the King as a prominent dominant towards the whole of British Empire, and amongst these the more simplified there is no yet, little appreciation of rival bonds. Whatever the activating motive for loyalty may have been, response was staggering.

In Africa the Colonists voluntarily contributed to the supply of rations for troops in the Middle East. In addition to the production of raw materials, such as lead, plywood, rubber, wheat, mow, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, hides and copper. South Africa was mainly responsible for the supply of the base metal as well as the form of palm oil, palm kernels and copra. Rhodesia and Southern Rhodesia, manganese and bauxite from the Gold Coast and the metal contributions to the limitless demands of the Allies for steel. From Ceylon came rubber, tea and copper. The West African Colonies was responsible for the full rich deposits of petroleum.
Life-near-Death in a Hongkong Prison Camp

From the time of the town’s capture by the Japanese, on December 25, 1941, until August 1945, while prisoners in Hongkong lived in appalling conditions. Of all the Red Cross food parcels sent, no one captive received more than seven throughout the whole period. Brutality was commonplace: an Allied officer (top left) is being beaten with a heavy stick. At Sham Shui Po camp, on the waterfront, almost without hope officers sat and watched the sunset every evening (top right), or gathered in a hut for lectures and mutual discussion (bottom) in an effort to dispel intolerable boredom.

Drawings by Liand. A. V. Liberman, of the Hongkong Volunteer Defense Corps; exclusive to This Week Illustrated
Top-Sped Battle for Medicina

An incident depicted in this spirited essay by Brian de Lencquesaizen commemorates: great gallantry, resource and fine leadership shown by Major J. W. Brown, G.S.O., Commanding "C" Squadron of the 4th Hussars, at the capture of the town of Medicina in Italy, which was described for War Illustrated by Lieut.-Colonel H. A. R. Tilton, B.E., Commanding 4th Hussars.

On June 30th, the 4th Hussars appeared on the scene after April 1st. The squadron was engaged in fierce fighting with the German army, and on that day sustained heavy losses. The 4th Hussars were ordered to advance to the town of Medicina, and they were supported by the 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

The town was under heavy German artillery fire, and the 4th Hussars advanced slowly, supported by the 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. The town was captured after a fierce battle, and the 4th Hussars were the first to enter Medicina.

In the evening, the 4th Hussars were ordered to advance to the town of Ville, but the way was blocked by heavy German artillery fire. The 4th Hussars were supported by the 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and they advanced slowly, supported by the 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

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Budapest’s Beautiful Bridges are Broken Down

The fight for Budapest, finally occupied by the Russians on February 13, 1945, was one of the bitterest on the Eastern Front, the German and Hungarian garrisons fiercely contesting every street. Of the bridges across the Danube, the only one now operating between Buda and Pest is the new Kossuth Bridge (1), named after the 19th-century Hungarian patriot. The Lanchid chain bridge (2) was built by British engineers in 1849, remains of the Francis Joseph Bridge, with Mount Gellert on the Buda bank (3), and the Elisabeth Bridge (4) claimed to be the most beautiful in Europe. See also facing page.
BUDAPEST

By PAUL TABORI

PAUL TABORI is an old contributor to "The Illustrated" having written an important article on Venice for it. A�rance
mastery of many languages, his "Europe for Europeans" made a name for him in England and he has since become one of our best-selling authors, while his innumerable series of international affairs have firmly established him in both British and American journalism.

Roman soldiers were much in evidence everywhere. They travelled on the yellow trains, bargained in the shops for the few articles left to sell, queued up in front of the cinemas and sat in the shabby parks. They drove fast and furiously along the main thoroughfares. They were well dressed and well fed. As few Hungarians could speak their language, there was much misunderstanding between them and the population.

The greatest problem of Budapest was fuel. Even the hospitals and clinics had no coal, and doctors had to operate by dipping their fingers from time to time into a small bowl of hot water warmed over a gas lamp. Many patients died because of the cold. Food was also in short supply. Yet in spite of all, Budapest was a cheerful city. The snow had cleared away from the streets, though every day houses were still collapsing, often burying people who sought shelter in them. The housing shortage was acute; the average occupancy of rooms rose to five people.

Problems of Coal, Light and Water

Architects were preparing plans for rebuilding the whole city, for extending the underground railway—the first but still the shortest in Europe—and to clear away the slums which have, ironically, escaped destruction. Lovely St. Margaret's island which had four swimming pools, half-a-dozen hotels and restaurants, was completely destroyed by the Germans who held out there for weeks. The famous rope town was unroofed, the buildings burned to the ground. An entirely new health resort is being planned which would be able to accommodate 10,000 people in summer quarters. Two central railway stations, of which only 30 yards were left standing, have been completely rebuilt and are now overcrowded. There is much quarrelling, especially at bakers' shops, for few people have enough gas to bake their bread or enough coal to heat their rooms. When I left Budapest after being there for two weeks, the baker and the butcher were the only two occupations that still seemed to be in demand.

There is a black market, of course, in which everything from cigarettes to motor cars can be bought. Opposite the National Theatre young boys and elderly men sell cigarettes, matches and caskets, or anything else that can be bartered for. Almost everybody is in the black market, helping the population get along. But considering the devastations and the privations of Budapest, it is a remarkable achievement. It is both cheerful and optimistic. "We have our government, and we want to do our best," the President told me. "That is enough!"
BRITISH 2ND DIVISION

As the original supporters of the Indian Army, the British 2nd Division was formed under the command of Major-General D.C. Lord, tasked with the 3rd section of the R.A.F. in 1939. By May 1940, the division had been transferred to India and became part of the Home Forces until 1942, when it was transferred to the Middle East theatre.

Later in the war, the division was employed in various campaigns, including in the Middle East and North Africa, and was involved in the liberation of France in 1944. The division played a significant role in the liberation of Europe and was involved in the Battle of the Bulge.

Since its deployment in the Middle East area, the British 2nd Division has performed military action and is now part of the rehabilitation of the Middle East Security Forces. The division is under the command of Rear Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, who receives the grateful thanks of the nation for his services. The division is now being trained to take over the task of the division under the command of the Middle East Security Forces.
Our War Leaders in Peacetime

FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER

HAROLD Rupert Leofric George Alexander—Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis—was Governor-General in the King's representative in Canada, and as he has the simplicity and directness of manner appreciated by Cana-
dians he is likely to be "accepted" every-where there very readily. He sailed to the Dominion with his wife and family, to take up residence at Rideau Hall (the official residence of the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada), on April 3, 1946.

"I've always wanted to live in Canada," he said, "and no hurry about it. But I never thought I'd be Governor-General, and I hope they like me." There is certainly no hurry (one of his favourite expressions) about Alexander. Though his name was never mentioned for the high office of war as that of a brilliant military leader and planner, he is simple and retiring, and in leisure hours loved to look after the hens scratching among the leaves at Rideau Hall, his Georgian home on the edge of Windwo Forest. In the study there he spent hours reading about Canada, between helping to pack and answering questions of queries from his children about their home-to-be.

Born in Ulster in 1891, the third son of the Earl of Caledon, Alexander married in 1933, Lady Margaret, Diana Bingham, daughter of the Earl of Lucan. Now he turns with half-derisory remarks every reference to his success as a war leader, and although her eyes drop her words Lady Margaret backs him up by saying, "Alec is just an ordinary family man, you know."

Local people grew accustomed to see the general who helped to defeat the Axis stroll ing around in an old pair of grey flannel trousers with his two sons and one daughter or romping with ten-year-old Shaun and his younger boy, Brian. As such, Alexander has endured many a week-end walking in Windwo Forest or hunting over the moor, either by himself. Water-colour painting and golfing are also among his chief of "hobbies." He is a member of White's and the Guards' Club.

At Rideau Hall he spent much time answering letters from men who served under him in North Africa and Italy. "The War Office has put a room at my disposal," he said, "but it's good to see, you know, face to face. I'm not doing much for them. I haven't got to sleep now, I'm telling you. It's all on my own—not on my salary, when I have to buy such a lot of kit for Canada."

With the children growing up, he gives the impression of being satisfied with the family life normal to most people. He himself went to Harrow and Sandhurst, but his sons will not necessarily follow their father's example. The boys can go to Harrow, he says, but there's no reason why they should not be educated in Canada.

In his leisure hours, at home in England, Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis found time to interest Brian (top), one of his three children, in the action of his latest picture—a souvenir from Italy. No means of transport of the age of water-colours, he shows Lady Alexander his painting of Lake Como; later, shown in company with Sir Cyril Arthur Burt, extricating in the grounds of the home on the edge of Windwo Forest, Yorkshire, hunting, with his wife and son, Brian, just before the family sailed for Canada.
Aircraft Carrier Rajah Brings the Troops Home

2

SPEEDIER REPATRIATION OF BRITISH TROOPS resulted from the operation of aircraft carriers of the Royal Navy to transport. One of the first to assume this role was L.R.N. Rajah, seen (1) in action, with troops disembarking on board. The process is speeded up by the deck being specially arranged for the journey. An accordion-pleated (2) entrapment on the flight deck, below which is the passive (3) elevator filled with troops (4), ample ventilation being afforded by the lowered aircraft lift at the top end. The flight deck (5) home ideal admirably to exercise and crowd.
I Was With the 51st Division at St. Valery

Private Peter Nairny, East Surrey Regiment, was captured when Renown’s Armoured Corps swept remnants of the 51st Division into the French town of St. Valery on June 9, 1918. In June 1918 the 51st Division, under the command of General Haig, was committed in the north of France and attacked the German line, painting a vivid picture of the fighting that took place.

EXPERIENCES that I want to relate to you may seem extraordinary, but they are true enough. I was a member of a small group of men who were captured by the Germans in the early hours of June 9, 1918. We were part of the 51st Division, which was engaged in a fierce battle against the German forces. We were fighting on the Somme battlefield, and our任务 was to capture the village of St. Valery.

As we approached the village, we saw a German machine gun team firing on our positions. We returned fire and soon managed to silence the gun. We then moved closer to the village, and were able to capture it without much resistance. The Germans were routed and fled, leaving behind their equipment.

We searched the village for any sign of the enemy, but found none. We then set up a temporary base in the center of the village, and began to plan our next move. We decided to move further into the region, and to search for any remaining German forces.

As we moved deeper into the region, we encountered more resistance. The Germans were determined to hold onto their territory, and we had to fight hard to advance. We encountered many unexpected obstacles, but we were able to overcome them with our courage and determination.

As we approached the outskirts of the region, we came across a small group of German prisoners. We captured them and took them back to our base, where we interrogated them. They told us that the German forces in the region were still strong, and that we should be prepared for a long and difficult battle.

We continued our advance, and were able to capture several more villages. We encountered many challenges, but we were able to overcome them with our determination and skill.

In the end, we were able to push the German forces back, and to secure the region for our forces. We were able to capture several hundred prisoners, and to gain valuable intelligence about the German forces in the region.

The experience of fighting in this region was a difficult one, but it was also very rewarding. We were able to gain important knowledge about the enemy, and to strengthen our position in the area. We were able to capture several hundred prisoners, and to gain valuable intelligence about the German forces in the region.

We were able to push the German forces back, and to secure the region for our forces. I am proud to have been a part of this important battle, and to have contributed to the victory of our forces.

I hope that my experiences will be of interest to you, and that they will help to give you a better understanding of the events of that time. Thank you for listening.
and our condition improved. Life became coloured with songs, much-needed music, and the cheerful spirit of resistance developed against German bullying. Improvised concerts were organised.

Winter came. Very suddenly the country was covered with dry snow, winds became vicious, temperatures fell to minus thirty degrees, and our great-coats did nothing to keep the cold out. In lieu of socks we wore bearskin pieces of rug to wrap round our feet. When the soles completely disappeared from our boots, wooden clogs appeared. The power of the commandant was absolute. We had no appeal, until Swiss and American Red Cross representatives visited the camp some nine months later.

Over Christmas for a month the weather made road-work impossible; instead, we cleared snow from paths and the main streets of Eisenach. At the beginning of February

LITTERED BEACHES at St. Valery still bore witness to the great naval disaster of which the 86th Division had heroically passed.

That morning civilian contractors arrived to claim bundles of palings for work on different sections of a road being constructed nearby. Work started at seven in the morning and continued until six in the evening, with two half-hour breaks. As some of the parties had four or five kilometres to walk there was not much leisure. The luckiest spent thirteen hours out of twenty-four away from camp. We were given Saturday afternoon and Sunday free, to begin with; but soon we were fighting hard for our accumulated one day's rest in seven.

The work was unskilled labouring; loading and unloading ferries of sand, rubble and broken stone, digging trenches, laying drain pipes, levelling land and handling cut stone for bridge building. For two months we scarcely knew each other's names; sheer exhaustion made conversation impossible. Then the aprons ripped in orchards adjacent to our work and we stole them in quantities; the soup thickened a little

IN STALAG XA to which some of the captured Division were sent, Private Peter Moevay, who tells his story here, is seated at the extreme left.

1941 rain and cold, damp winds replaced snow. We restarted our road work, often drenched to the skin, miserably cold and hungry. On April 18, unmistakable symptoms of tuberculosis forced the Germans to send me to a prisoner of war hospital at Wunsingen.

Red Cross Parcels Saved My Life

I did no more work in Germany. It is significant that in spite of my disease I was allowed by the other men, because of the inelastic rest I should be getting. Wunsingen Lazaret was a disused mill. It consisted of two large, barn-like buildings with various outlying structures, all on their last legs, surrounded with barbed wire and called a hospital. Inside, the wards were revolting; wooden floorsboards, age-old, caked with filth; crumbling plaster walls; wooden beds, in most cases double tiered and far too many in each ward. Food was worse in quality than at the working camp, for the Germans argue that non-workers need less nourishment. Luckily for the Red Cross food arrived regularly, sometimes with a few packets from home and the lives of thousands of other sick men.

As there was no form of treatment for my complaint they decided after three months to send me to another hospital. Winterthur Lazaret was a step up the social scale for prisoners. It was a dance hall, on top of a small hill with pine and birch trees that we could sit under. My ward used to be
I Was There!

I arrived at 10:42, and the Atlantic crowning was curiously peaceful. The convoy took a bomb aboard an American ship, and the ship's officers proceeded to Reykjavik in Iceland. From the Icelandic port we set sail on the long voyage to Archangel in the White Sea, in convoy with thirteen merchant ships, accompanied by an escort of twelve cruisers, destroyers and corvettes.

The season was midsummer by the time we were over the Arctic Circle steering on a non-stop cruise for the Bear Sea, and daylight had lengthened to about twenty hours. Three days out from Reykjavik the first German airplane came within sight of us, a Focke-Wulf 193 from one of the bases in enemy-occupied Norway. It flew round the convoy at a respectful distance and missed the American ships which were in the convoy. In less than a minute battle was raging over a wide area of the ice-covered sea.
all hell let loose in a holocaust of flame, thunder and smoke. A ship on the Empress Tid's port quarter erupted like a volcano and disappeared in the fragid depths. Two or three others began to lose way, then listed and settled deeply from the impacts of bombs and the deadly fire that was raining, in columns, of foam. Fragments of ice from the shattered sloop splintered out, every one of them doing its part to fill the sky with the fury of an atomic explosion, and the rain of snow made you thankful for a tin "battle bowler," inadequate protection though it was. The only notes of real music in this devil's concert were the whine of airplane propellers spiraling into the sea.

For handling and fighting his ship that day, Captain Frank Willis Harvey, master of the Empress Tid, was awarded the U.S.S. Our skipper was glad ; he was an inspiration to all. By courage and quick thinking he met each emergency as it arose, overwriting the heroisms of the past. The Empress Tid's long job was the introduction of a new friendship.

Throughout the whole attack Chief Engineer Hulbert and Second Engineer Griffin maintained in the engine-room, ensuring the utmost possible speed under conditions that were, to say the least, grave. They, too, earned decorations for their devotion to duty during this and subsequent ordeals.

A Shout in the Din of Gunfire

While the battle was in its height I stood on deck and thought to myself: "This is about as hot as the party we had on the Malta convoy." Then I heard an agonized shout sandwiched in the din of gunfire, and quickly looked up. It came from the gun position next to ours on the ship's forecastle. I was just in time to see a lad sag limply across the bullet-proof screen.

Something had to be done for the chap. Everyone had his job and there was no time to just then except me. So, despite a bit too much weight for a lively enlistee, I managed to bounce up the bridge-ladder and the extension leading to the tiny room to look after him. The victim belonged to the Royal Navy, one of the merchant vessels that had borne in the Empire Tid for gunnery duties, and he had carried it through the battle "a proper four-foot-four" one in the thigh.

Lucky my shoulders are broad, and the old knees were moving all my fifty odd years, though a Chief Steward doesn't get the healthy exercise of hauling on ropes and scrubbing decks enjoyed (more or less) by deckhands. However, I managed to hold this mastiff across my back, frenzied-fashion, and carry him down the ladder without taking a nose-dive. It was with little relief that I got him back to the ship out of the flying about, and the ship bucketing from bombs exploding uncomfortably close.

Our ship had no doctor on board. I cast a weather-eye over the victim and decided something else must be done, or he soon would be slipping his cables. This wasn't a one-man job, though. I summoned the purser, a yardley and a few others of the First Aid party, and made ready to do a spot of surgery, which, at event, proved we might well have haunted a Harley Street surgeon.

But ignorance is bliss—at least, I was happily unaware from my amateur examination of what the immediate danger was. The medical officer was not lacking in the "bedside manner." I was relieved to be assured the patient: "I'll see you fix yourself up all right."

Butcher! He ground out. I passed him an entangled rag. "Here, one—put this tuff of run down the hatch. You're the best patient I've had on this voyage." It did not seem necessary to add that he was ship's first! And he was not the last. Several other casualties came to my handy, for it was over a week before the damage had been repaired. Our men and the White ships and merchantmen had to fight grimly for their headway through the Barents Sea. It was just one of the many battles that convoys had to wage through that "hells of the" Arctic to take supplies to our Russia allies. A heavy price was paid for the lives of British, American and Norwegian seamen for the delivery of a large proportion of the vital cargoes. The sacrifice in our own convoy could be judged by the fact that only nine merchant ships out of thirty-seven made the round trip unscathed.

HIT BY AN AERIAL TORPEDO

The haggard stranger squirmed in the grip of the orderlies. "Yes—mind what you're playing at," he spluttered and emphasized his anxiety with a few seamanlike expletives. He had good reason for uneasiness. A skilled naval surgeon, as I came to realize, would not have relished the task; indeed, my own anxiety was ruffled somewhat when I was able to diagnose the injury more thoroughly. It certainly shook me to find a small-caliber unexploded shell from an Orlikon gun embedded in the chap's thigh! The thing had to be extracted and the wound properly dressed or the patient would pass out. Unfortunately, there were no anesthetics in the medicine chest of the Empire Tid, and our surgical instruments were the sort of things you might expect to find in a carpenter's tool-box. However, I took the necessary precautions according to the text-books, and got on with the job.

Then, having dug the live shell out, I put cotton stitches in the wound while he watched with a sickening look of horror and bellowed pangs of the prolapse. I gave a sigh of relief.

"Like taking a tooth out," I murmured. It did not surprise me that the patient was overflowing with scorn rather than gratitude.

"You ought to have been a something else..."

Will you please tell your newsagent, well in advance, when you are going away from home for your summer holiday that he can reserve your copies of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED until your return.

with Toes and Fingers Gageous

The white route to Russia was certainly no picnic in those days when the Luftwaffe was riding the skies in strength. Things were bad enough in 'the Med' when your ship was scupereed, but if you took to the boats or went overboard in these icy seas your order was a sight worse and chance of survival considerably less.

The going was so tough that our captain decided to make for temporary haven at Novaya Zemlya, the long island, which, if you look at a map, rears up like a distant and catatipater from the north Russian coast. On the way, we picked up 148 survivors from lifeboats—adults—men suffering from frostbite and frost-bitten hands and feet. This rescue work provided me with plenty to do. In fact, I was landed with a job occupying twenty-four hours a day looking after these "orphans of the storm."

Once we had gained shelter, radio signals were at once made. This brought a pleasant change. Our ship was safe at last. We steamed to the Barents and from the mainland, and a Russian lady doctor took charge of the casualties, and a few of the severely wounded were flown to Archangel for hospital treatment. Amongst our cases was a chap who had got his teeth and sworn a little when I dug the live shell out of him. However, I never could get over the fact, I was landed with a job occupying twenty-four hours a day looking after these "orphans of the storm."

In making Moller Bay, where we anchored, the Empress Tid struck an arctic rock, and the master, chief engineer and second engineer had another tough job on their hands, although all were greatly exhausted through lack of sleep. But the ship was repaired and refloated, and later set off unscathed—on the last leg of our voyage to Archangel. Land had been dropped below the horizon far a moment when we look-out in the crow's nest arounded our immediate environment to a respect to the bridge.

"Object on the starboard bow, sir!" Captain Harvey alerted course two hundred and fifty yards from the ship and bring the object aboard, and he and the First Officer focused their glasses while the distance was being closed. Without the aid of lens, ie, I could see nothing more than what looked like a lone stick and three
chunks of wood floating nearby. On closer inspection they proved to be the foremast and the after mast of some of the ships, and three lifeboats manned by survivors.

Another "object" loomed into view, and drew near the boats. It was the German submarine. This neighbourhood was not so healthy! Our captain ordered forward and ordered "Full ahead" on the engine, and these turn-table tactics must have been unpleasantly galling to him. No one would have taken a crack at a U-boat with more zest than Captain Harvey, but all our ammo had been expended in the lighter fighting.

The submarine had to within a few yard lengths of the lifeboats, and did not appear to take offensive action against the men, though it was difficult for us to see exactly what was happening. Meanwhile, the wreck sank slowly, and the U-boat made off.

"We're going to pick those blokes up!" I heard someone remark. None of us doubted that Captain Harvey would go back after he had led the U-boat commander to suppose he had scuttled to shelter. Every man aboard the Empire Tide appreciated that humane decision, though many an anxious eye scanned the sea for a periscope or the bubbling wake of a submarine. "That's it!"

There was a chance that the Jerry had come back stealthily to keep watch on those lifeboats, which he might regard as bait to attract further prey. But no attack was made.

ATTACKING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, bringing low to avoid A.A. gunfire, enemy aircraft swoop on an Allied convoy sailing the Northern seas to Murmansk. Two of the ships have been struck but are able to keep pace for home and victory. Crews of this aircraft (full foreground) timings out of the forward cockpit of a Junkers 88 attached to a Goering crew. Photo shows British cruiser H.M.S. Cumberland, lauded as "high above floods the wretched'ss" battle-scarred. U-boat damaged the ship in a surprise attack.

The crew of the torpedoed ship were got aboard, some of them suffering from shock, congestion and injury, and the whole ship was being hauled into the boats. So I received more patients for my shipboard "hospital." Two of the survivors told us that the Jerrys had given them water and biscuits to add to the normal lifeline ration, and the German commander, who spoke English fluently, had advanced a course to a haven in Norwegian waters, which he said: "Why do you come to the help of those Russians?" To which a British officer answered: "Because they are our allies in this war you Germans started."

The U-boat commander glared coldly. "Britain and France declared war on the Fatherland," he snapped; but conveniently avoided the question of Hitler's savage incursions of Poland despite repeated warnings from the British ambassador to that effect. The truth was that the German had boasted of his sinking of other merchant ships sailing independently for the Allies, and the ships which had disappeared in the North Atlantic had been confirmed cordially by Russian officials, but there were no solid demonstrations of welcomes by the people. After our ship had made a call at Molde, a new port about forty miles from Archangel, a convoy of twelve ships was formed for the homeward voyage. Again we had to run the gauntlet of the Polar mists, and were frequently attacked by hostile aircraft and finally by a U-boat pack. Eight merchant ships and one corvette were lost, and of the whole convoy only one escort and two cargo-carriers—the Empire Tide and Ocean Freedom—reached the homeland in safety from that Arctic hell.
How We Outwitted the Japs in the Indian Ocean

FIFTH LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD, with an area of 321,000 square miles, Madagascar in 1942 was under Vichy French administration, and the Allies feared a Japanese move against this strategic base in the Indian Ocean, off the east coast of Africa. News that in growing set naval strength and increasing air power, the Allies prepared for the coming war, was all that was available at that time of the year. The island is shown from a plane, with its land mass and coastal defenses. Two of our assault landing craft are seen heading for the shore [1] and, later, Comeshae making their way around a island [2] on a reconnaissance. It was decided to knock out the island's defenses, but the American forces were not strong enough. Page 20

Photo: Royal Official
My Commando Beach-Party at Madagascar

The naval base of Diego Suarez was captured in 48 hours, on May 5, 1942, by a small commando of four vessels under the command of Lieutenant Commander A. H. Ballard M.B.E. and Lieutenants-Pilot Officers Sams and Shaw. The Second Eleven were in the assault craft, to wait aboard until I decided the right time and place to land them. On this second approach to the shore, the Vichy enemy displayed a "certain liveliness." Machine-gun bullets lashed the sea into feathers of foam, and several penetrated the hull of the assault craft. The Second Eleven proved it, had nothing to do but lie low and assume that of non-cooperation between British officers under fire. From my perch above a smoke screen, I had a good view of some of the machine-gun nests ashore and directed the firing of other craft to the best advantage. There was hot fighting on this new beach before our troops moved inland.

Having seen this attack well under way, I was able to proceed with my next job, which was to patrol south and find a suitable spot to land H.M.S. Breadcrumb, loaded with artillery. On this survey along twelve miles of coast the wind freshened and the sea became so choppy that the Second Eleven heavily weighted themselves and facing the bowing "ashore." That assault craft behaved like a frigid mute; in the rough weather it did almost everything except sit up and beg. Twice it backed me into the sea, and on the second occasion I was landed out the worse for a couple of cracked ribs sustained by striking against the hull on falling overboard. However, there was neither time nor opportunity to get treatment until two days later, when a naval surgeon applied a strapping.

Operations ashore were going well. A dozen land trains came from the beach with two thousand rounds a day. The town was swept irresistibly through the town of Antsiranana. H.M.S. Breadcrumb and other warships bombarded the east coast, and aircraft dropped demolition charges in oil-filled wells. The urgent need as I patrolled the coast in the assault craft was to get reinforcements ashore and the heavier stuff in the shape of artillery and half-track vehicles. To this end the Breadcrumb had to be beached, and after a careful survey I went out to an anchorage to report to the Senior Naval Officer. I was landed into a suitable beach. "Good show!" he said. "Take her in." I was aboard the Breadcrumb and managed the return gun fire. Over 60 French troops surrendered to the Commando, while other troops followed the telegraph wires over rugged country to the barracks, where 108 Vichy French soldiers were taken.

Having landed my party I went alongside H.M.S. Royal Ulsterman to collect other units, then led an attack on an additional beach that I located and which subsequently proved to be the best landing military supplies in quantity. My special party of transport and other officers comprising the Second Eleven were still in the assault craft, to wait aboard until I decided the right time and place to land them. On this second approach to the shore, the Vichy enemy displayed a "certain liveliness." Machine-gun bullets lashed the sea into feathers of foam, and several penetrated the hull of the assault craft. The Second Eleven proved it, had nothing to do but lie low and assume that of non-cooperation between British officers under fire. From my perch above a smoke screen, I had a good view of some of the machine-gun nests ashore and directed the firing of other craft to the best advantage. There was hot fighting on this new beach before our troops moved inland.

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Having seen this attack well under way, I was able to proceed with my next job, which was to patrol south and find a suitable spot to land H.M.S. Breadcrumb, loaded with artillery. On this survey along twelve miles of coast the wind freshened and the sea became so choppy that the Second Eleven heavily weighted themselves and facing the bowing "ashore." That assault craft behaved like a frigid mute; in the rough weather it did almost everything except sit up and beg. Twice it backed me into the sea, and on the second occasion I was landed out the worse for a couple of cracked ribs sustained by striding against the hull on falling overboard. However, there was neither time nor opportunity to get treatment until two days later, when a naval surgeon applied a strapping.

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H.M.S. Vanguard for Royal Visit to Africa

BRITAIN'S NEWEST BATTLESHIP, in which the Royal Family will sail to South Africa in February 1947, the Vanguard is seen at Chatham. Princess Elizabeth will attend the commissioning service and dedication of the ship's chapel on Christmas Eve. The ship's guns have been specially designed for the new vessel and are said to be the finest in the world. The Vanguard is under the command of Captain Sir James A. H. A. Bruce, who is on active service in the Mediterranean.