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SIXPENCE

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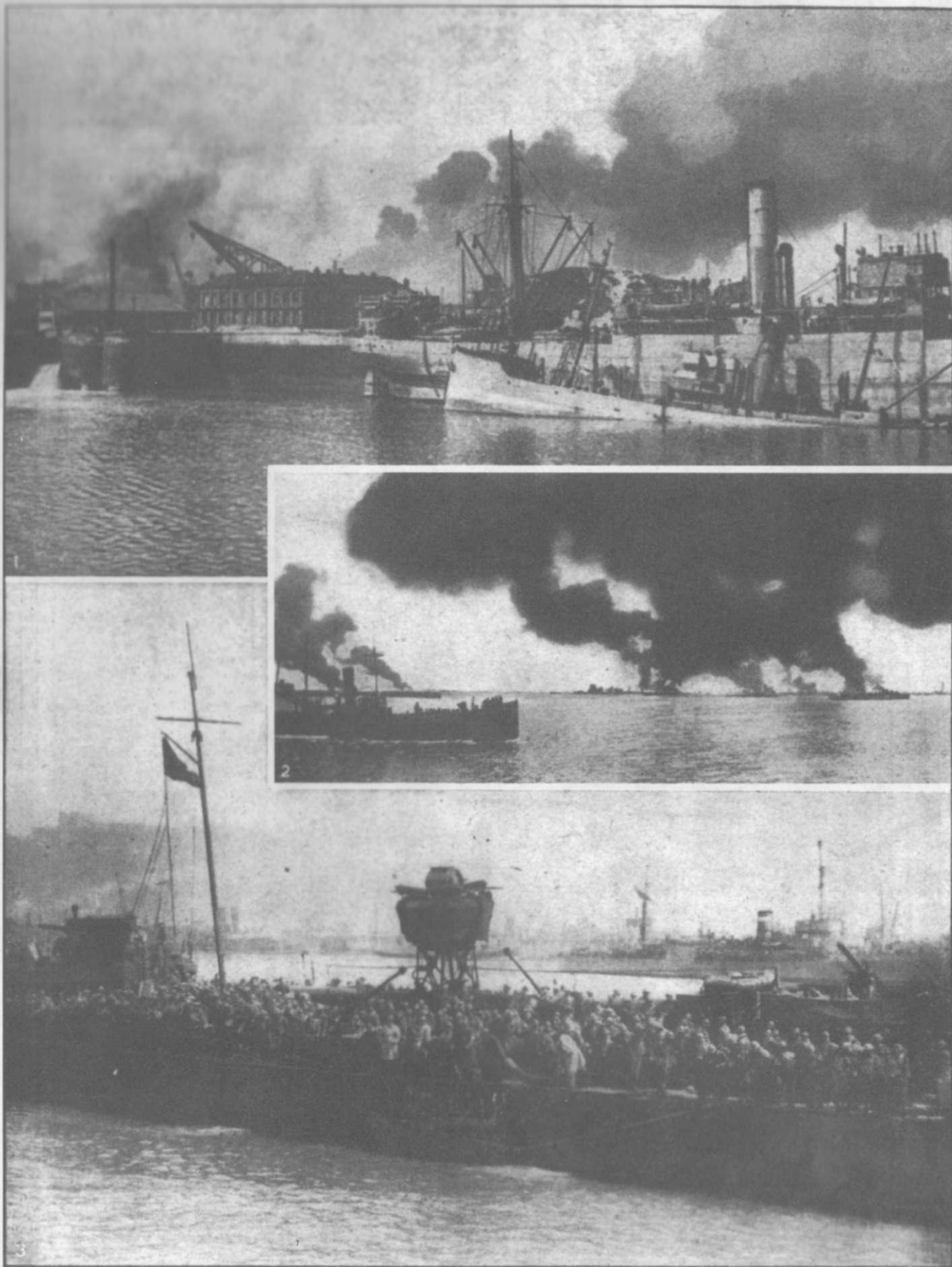
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE was celebrated in traditional style on March 25, 1946. A salute of twenty salvos from Greek warships in Piraeus harbour heralded the commemoration of the first raising of the Greek flag after centuries of Turkish rule. Headed by the Evzones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

Photo, Central Press

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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Seamen From Every Walk of Life Came Forward



FROM THE LIVING HELL OF DUNKIRK the salvation of the B.E.F. in May-June 1940 was accomplished by nearly 1,000 craft and (in the Admiralty'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 pall of smoke from the blazing town after intense bombing and shelling by the Germans. A trawler (2) heads for England crammed with troops. British and French arriving at Dover in a destroyer (3). See also facing page.

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Photos, The News Chronicle, Topical, G.P.U.

Dunkirk Was a 'Planned' Miracle

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

Author of
'Dunkirk'; 'Destroyers' War'

OUT of Dunkirk a legend has grown. It is a legend that may be conveniently divided into four parts: the first that this, the greatest rescue of an army ever accomplished in history, was achieved by a mass of small boats spontaneously appearing on the narrow and dangerous seas off the beaches of Northern France; the second that it was achieved in an absolute calm; the third that fog shielded boats and men from the wrath of the Germans; and the fourth that the thousands of men rescued waded off the beaches to their salvation.

All these things are true—in part. Together they give a completely erroneous picture of the whole. Nothing can take from the men who manned the small boats the glory of their achievement; but this story of the small boats has robbed the men of the bigger ships—the destroyers, the Fleet minesweepers, the cross-Channel steamers—who did by far the greater part of the triumphant "lifting," of their due share in the honours of Dunkirk.

Why the Evacuation Was Necessary

It blinds the ordinary man to a proper appreciation of the amazing, often desperate, organization that lay behind the rescue; to the energy, the effort and the imagination of the staff at Dover; and, above all, to the genius of the late Sir Bertram Home Ramsay, then Vice-Admiral, Dover. Dunkirk has been called a miracle. It was—a miracle of clear thinking, incisive planning and the utilization of inadequate forces in circumstances which have no parallel in all the superb record of our history.

The evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force under the late Gen. Lord Gort became necessary the moment the German Army broke across the Meuse on May 14, 1940. That necessity was not appreciated at the time. None of us had then had time to measure the weakness of France, the corruption of her body politic and the incompetence of her army. But the crossing of the Meuse in itself constituted a threat to the lines of communication of the British Army, which lay across Belgium and Northern France to Le Havre.

On May 15 the War Office intimated to the Ministry of Shipping that it might be necessary almost at once to switch the main line of supply from Le Havre to the nearer Channel ports. Three days later the spearhead of the German advance was in Amiens. On May 19 another meeting was held at the War Office, under General Riddell-Webster, to settle the problems of the new supply. The swiftly changing situation had brought other matters to the fore.

As a secondary item on the agenda the question of evacuating superfluous personnel was considered. At the very bottom of the agenda was a tentative question—"the hazardous evacuation of very large forces." This was dismissed as unlikely. Yet the situation was deteriorating so rapidly that even now one remains almost breathless at the speed of events. Even while the meeting was sitting Dunkirk port was declared out of operation owing to bomb damage; the Belgian ports were compromised by the German thrust to the north, and from Amiens the German Army, coiled like a steel spring, was thrusting out ominously towards the Channel.

On May 20 another conference of all parties concerned was called at Dover and continued at the War Office the following day. The problem of "emergency evacua-

tion across the Channel of very large forces" had moved up from last place on the agenda to a place very near the top. At that meeting a skeleton plan was evolved which envisaged the use of Calais, Boulogne and Dunkirk simultaneously if the necessity should arise. "Allowing for moderate (enemy) interference" it was estimated that the capacity of the arrangements provided for in this plan would permit of the evacuation of 10,000 men from each port in each twenty-four hours, using cross-Channel steamers.

Partly as a result of this meeting, a special staff was created at Dover to deal with the immediate problems of the area. This staff was housed in what was known as the "Dynamo Room," a portion of the underground system below Dover Castle. From the name of its accommodation the plan was called "Operation Dynamo."

In connexion with the change of the supply line and the other obvious necessities of the situation which had arisen in Holland immediately after May 10 and had continued as the German plan developed, there were gathered in Dover or in the Downs at that time the cross-Channel steamers Biarritz,

Mona's Queen, Canterbury, Maid of Orleans, King George V, Queen of the Channel, King Orry, Mona's Isle and St. Helier, while at Southampton there were ready Normannia, Manxmaid, Royal Daffodil, Royal Scot, Archangel and Lorina. In addition to these there were another fourteen ships of similar type ready at call at Southampton, and the Navy had accumulated in the Downs twelve drifters and six small coasters.

At the War Office meeting Captain Fisher, Director of Coastwise and Short 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 barracks.

At the same time the Ministry of Shipping initiated 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 naval machine had come into operation. On the very day that the Germans had crossed the Meuse, Admiral Sir Lionel Preston, Director of the Small Vessels Pool, had promulgated an Order which was broadcast by the B.B.C.—remember this was an Order, not a request.

It required all owners of pleasure craft from 30 feet to 110 feet in length to send in at once particulars of their vessels. The great bases provided crews for ships suddenly earmarked for the purpose by the Dover Command. The responsible departments at the Admiralty made it possible for repair ships and salvage vessels to be moved towards the area. Stores, equipment and, above all, fuel of half a dozen different kinds were dispatched to Dover and the small ports of the area.

Increasingly Desperate Situation

And across, through and over all this work of preparation came the difficulties and disasters of that black week. Boulogne fell, and of the regular flotilla of destroyers that operated out of Dover there was one ship only left undamaged. Destroyers were put out of action off Dunkirk and off Calais. The French lost three in the area in this period. The precious cross-Channel ships suffered loss and damage. Calais was invested and by-passed, the Belgian Army was in parlous condition.

The 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 loading had actually begun. Yet through the chaos of circumstance, the terrible confusion of battered communications and inadequate news, the staff of the Dynamo Room continued its operations until at 6.57 p.m. on Sunday, May 26, Operation Dynamo was initiated by a signal from Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay.

The weather on this Sunday was good, but there was in the whole fantastic picture of Dunkirk on that day small ground for further



BOARDING A DESTROYER at Dunkirk—one of the 38 which, taking part in this great evacuation, brought away over 91,000 of the 337,000 men. PAGE 3 Photo, The Times

Great Stories of the War Retold

consolation. The perimeter was by no means secure. Dunkirk port, despite heroic repair measures, was finally out of operation. There was left the open beach from Gravelines to Nieuport and the single out-jutting finger of the Dunkirk Mole. The plan that had been outlined so optimistically on May 21 was already buried under the accumulations of disaster.

There could be no orderly evacuation of 10,000 men from each of three ports per day. There could only be a desperate improvised thing from the pitiful facilities that remained. On Friday evening, May 24, Mr. Churchill, coming from a meeting of the War Cabinet and the naval and military authorities, warned the House of Commons and the nation "to prepare for hard and heavy tidings." We know now that some of the best judges expected that those tidings would be nothing less than a report to the nation of the loss of the British Army. Twenty thousand was the figure which many experts believed to be the utmost that could be snatched off that naked coast. Yet 337,000 men came safe from Dunkirk. How?

Census of Small Craft Was Ready

They came because behind the rescue were five 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 Ramsay had brought the ships to Dover. But ships cannot operate without fuel; warships cannot operate without ammunition; small boats cannot operate without men, without ropes, without anchors, without repair facilities for delicate petrol engines, without food, without charts, without swept channels and buoys and sea marks. All these things were behind Dover—all these things as well as the courage, the spirit and the self-sacrifice of the men who took the ships across.

The first tentative movements showed that a multitude of small craft would be essential if men were to be lifted from the sand. Immediately the foresight of the Small Vessels Pool proved its value. The census of small craft was ready to hand. From the office of the Pool, borrowed from other departments, borrowed from the great bases, officers went out to select and dispatch small craft from the ports. From the Ministry of Shipping, from its representatives in the ports, information and energetic assistance came. The flow of boats that was to make the armada of deliverance was not spontaneous. It was part of a plan devised against a desperate necessity.

It grew beyond that plan as the self-same spirit that brought the small ships of the Channel out against the Spanish Armada woke anew in the yachting harbours of the little ports from Norfolk to Teddington, from Teddington to Devon and beyond. It sent to the narrow channel between the sandbanks and the shore that lines the coast from Calais to the Scheldt, motor-boats and barges, river ferries and fire floats, fishing craft and lighters and sludge boats and oyster dredgers.

The work these small craft did is beyond praise. I, who was with them, would be the very last to detract in any way from their achievement. But, tremendous though their work was, it is essential in making a picture of the Dunkirk operation as a whole to record it in conjunction with the work of the rest of the ships.

Let us consider figures for a moment. The destroyers—thirty-eight of them, almost five flotillas—were thrown in to Dunkirk as ship after ship, flotilla after flotilla, was wrecked, battered, sunk. These thirty-eight ships between them brought away 91,624 men, substantially more than a quarter of the total rescued. The Fleet minesweepers lifted 30,942, the paddle-minesweepers 18,838, the

British-manned Dutch skoots 20,284. No precise total exists for the seventy-nine smaller minesweeping craft and anti-submarine trawlers, for the three special service ships—the famous Eagles of the Thames—the nineteen flare-burning drifters, the eleven patrol yachts, the host of boom defence and harbour patrol and boarding vessels that were drawn from the ranks of the Royal Navy, but the figure is immense.

The figures which do exist credit the four main naval categories with 161,688, almost precisely half of the total lifted, and at a moderate estimate at least another 40,000 can be added to that for the miscellaneous naval craft. The cross-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 coasting steamers and similar craft that took part in the operation. It is sufficiently clear from this that the picture of an army coming back from the Continent in yachts and motor-boats is scarcely justifiable.

THE cold light of figures cannot be used to evaluate heroism. Nothing in this, as I have said, detracts in any way from the work of the "little ships." An enormous number of men were brought safe to Margate and Ramsgate and to Dover by yachts and barges and fishing craft. A very much greater work was accomplished off the beaches where probably something between 60,000 and 70,000 men were ferried off to destroyers, skoots and cross-Channel steamers lying in the deep water.

But it is none the less clear that the mainstay of the deliverance was the destroyers, the personnel ships, the trawlers, drifters and coasters that used the ruins of the harbour and of Dunkirk Mole. Though precise figures are not, and never can be, available, the generally accepted estimate is that over the Mole itself between 250,000 and 270,000 men embarked to safety.

There remains the question of the weather. There was fog, but it was a night fog only and lasted for short periods. There was also smoke from the burning oil storage areas and the haze of battle. These things brought relief occasionally to the hard-pressed ships and men, but the daily list of our losses alone is sufficient to dissipate the German story that the escape was made under cover of an impenetrable pall.

Field-Marshal Kesselring at the Nuremberg trials a short while ago said, "And I say now that it (the great catastrophe of Dunkirk) would have been much greater if bad weather had not kept us back two days." It is not easy to see what was in the Field-Marshal's mind. Nowhere during that week was the weather bad enough to delay land operations. The record of attacks shows that it was not sufficient to save us from the air. It would appear that the Field-Marshal was falling back on the weather legend as an excuse for the German failure.

A Breaking Sea on Vital Beaches

What of the wind? It is true that there was no heavy gale during the nine days of Dunkirk, such as was to blow four years later for three June days on the beaches of Normandy. But on Friday, May 31, there was a strong northerly breeze that set up on the vital beaches to the east of the Mole a breaking sea sufficient to beach almost every small boat that was ferrying. Had it not been for the brilliant working of the Small Vessels Pool and the Dover authorities on the other shore, the boat loading would that day have come to an end. As it was, reinforcements were found, prepared and manned in sufficient numbers to counterbalance the difficulties of the weather.

DUNKIRK, as I have said, was a miracle, a miracle of many facets—no one of them greater than the courage, the devotion, and the desperate unwearied exertion of the men who manned the ships from open boats to destroyers. But bright among these facets must always be reckoned the work of organization, the initiative, the drive and energy of the staffs, the genius of Admiral Ramsay and the brilliant assistance of Admiral Somerville. It was a miracle because out of these things and under a pressure such as perhaps has never been put on men so placed before, there was welded out of divergent interests, unprepared matériel, amateur seamen and inadequate equipment, a force sufficient to the greatest individual task of the War.



Motto: "First in All Things."

No. 1 (FIGHTER) SQUADRON

ONE of the oldest R.A.F. regular squadrons, No. 1 has a proud record in two wars. Its history can be traced back to 1894. It is a direct descendant of the balloon factory formed in that year, and No. 1 (Airship) Company, Air Battalion, Royal Engineers, formed on April 1, 1911. When the airships were handed over to the Navy, No. 1 Squadron was reorganized into an aeroplane squadron, in May 1914, under the command of Capt. C. A. H. Longcroft. During its service in France in the 1914-18 war the Squadron destroyed a total of 200 enemy aircraft.

Following the invasion of France and the Low Countries in May 1940, No. 1 Squadron destroyed 100 German aircraft. Later, in the Battle of Britain, its record was outstanding, culminating in the Luftwaffe's heavy night attack on London on May 10-11, 1941, when a total of 33 enemy aircraft was brought down. No. 1 Squadron played a great part in that battle in the night skies. Flying Hurricanes, with only visual aid, it destroyed seven bombers and damaged another two, thus setting the seal on its great efforts during the Battle of Britain.

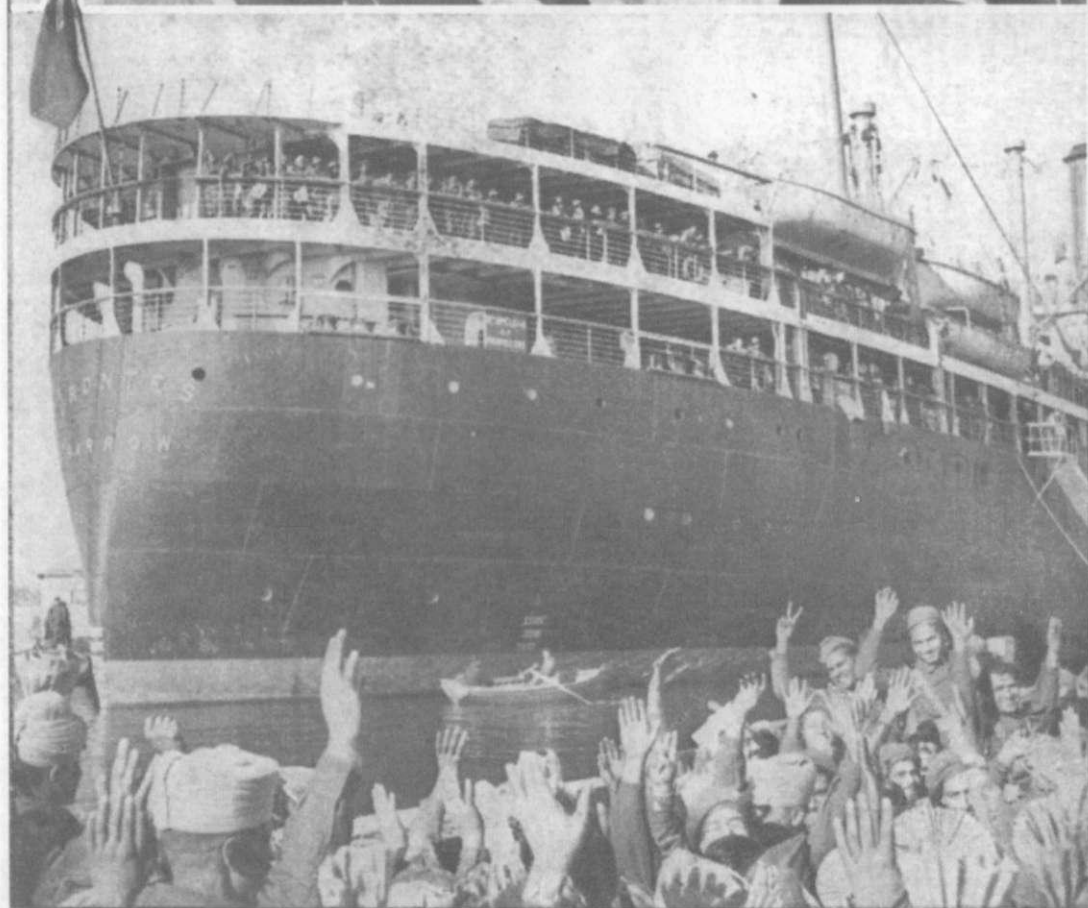
APART from activities in France and the Battle of Britain it was engaged against the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Prinz Eugen and their escorts, when its pilots opened fire at a range of 100 yards. It was in action against the flying bomb when, equipped with Spitfire IXs, it was credited with the destruction of 47½ of these missiles. It attacked enemy lines of communication, transport, ships, rolling stock, and escorted heavy bombers in attacks on targets in the Ruhr, Holland and Belgium. Equipped with Tempests the Squadron also defended Southern England during the "little blitz," bringing its total bag of enemy aircraft to over 250. Three years ago it was presented with the King's Standard in commemoration of twenty-five years' R.A.F. service.

Many distinguished officers have served with it, including the late Air Marshal Sir W. G. H. Salmond, its first Commander in France; Air Chief Marshal Sir E. R. Ludlow Hewitt (as a Captain); and Wing-Commander T. A. F. MacLachlan, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, Fighter Command's one-armed "ace" night-fighter pilot.

Still flying with Fighter Command, the history and traditions of No. 1 Squadron are an inspiration to all future fighter pilots of the Royal Air Force.



India's Famed Red Eagles Homing from Salonika



4th INDIAN DIVISION veterans embarked on the Orontes at Salonika, Greece, in February 1946. Their happy frame of mind is expressed on all faces (top). Amidst handwaving one gives the "V" sign (left). The passing from the Mediterranean scene of this Division recalls how much is owed to those who carried the striking headgear and the red eagle flash (above) 50,000 miles, from the Western Desert to Abyssinia, back again to Tunisia, Italy and Greece. First of India's Expeditionary Force to leave India in the summer of 1939, and the last to return, in six years of campaigning it accounted for 100,000 prisoners, including General von Arnim, Commander of the Axis forces in N. Africa, suffered 25,000 casualties and had its gallantry rewarded 1,000 times. V.C.s were awarded to Subadar Lalahadur Thapa (see page 123 Vol. 7); Coy. Havildar-Major Chhelu Ram (see page 599, Vol. 8); Naik Yeshwant Ghadge (see page 599, Vol. 9); and Sher Bahadur Thapa, the last three posthumously.

Photos, British Official

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HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Renown

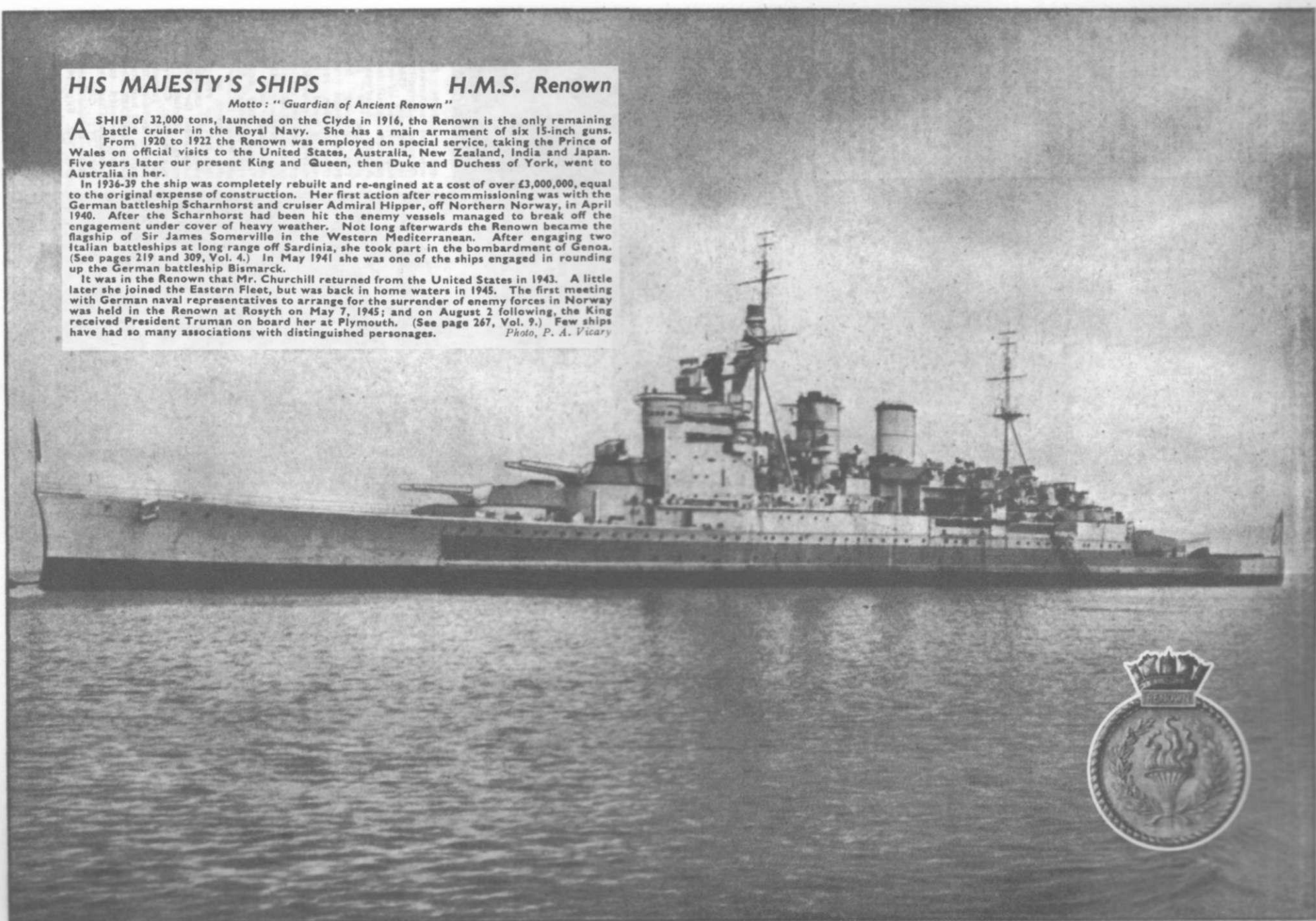
Motto: "Guardian of Ancient Renown"

A SHIP of 32,000 tons, launched on the Clyde in 1916, the Renown is the only remaining battle cruiser in the Royal Navy. She has a main armament of six 15-inch guns. From 1920 to 1922 the Renown was employed on special service, taking the Prince of Wales on official visits to the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India and Japan. Five years later our present King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, went to Australia in her.

In 1936-39 the ship was completely rebuilt and re-engined at a cost of over £3,000,000, equal to the original expense of construction. Her first action after recommissioning was with the German battleship Scharnhorst and cruiser Admiral Hipper, off Northern Norway, in April 1940. After the Scharnhorst had been hit the enemy vessels managed to break off the engagement under cover of heavy weather. Not long afterwards the Renown became the flagship of Sir James Somerville in the Western Mediterranean. After engaging two Italian battleships at long range off Sardinia, she took part in the bombardment of Genoa. (See pages 219 and 309, Vol. 4.) In May 1941 she was one of the ships engaged in rounding up the German battleship Bismarck.

It was in the Renown that Mr. Churchill returned from the United States in 1943. A little later she joined the Eastern Fleet, but was back in home waters in 1945. The first meeting with German naval representatives to arrange for the surrender of enemy forces in Norway was held in the Renown at Rosyth on May 7, 1945; and on August 2 following, the King received President Truman on board her at Plymouth. (See page 267, Vol. 9.) Few ships have had so many associations with distinguished personages.

Photo, P. A. Vicary



Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

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 mount public duties and also provide drafts for the service battalions, was formed in London.

The three service battalions went over to the Continent with the British Expeditionary Force in September—the 1st and 2nd Battalions in the 3rd Division, commanded by General Montgomery, and the 3rd Battalion in the 1st Division, commanded by General Alexander.



And, save for a few weeks patrolling by the 3rd Battalion in the Maginot Line, they spent the next seven months peacefully on the Belgian frontier constructing a defensive line, known as the Gort 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 motored 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 on the south, and the British fell back to avoid being outflanked.

Three Battalions Fought Side by Side

So the retreat began, and the battalions of the Regiment marched back through Belgium, halting every few days to fight a rearguard action. They held the enemy at the River Dendre, 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 Scheldt, where in a counter-attack a corporal of the 3rd Battalion, L-Cpl. H. Nicholls, alone, and 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. 9.)

At last, on May 20, the 1st and 2nd Battalions marched into Furnes, seven miles from the sea, and prepared to hold the canal south of the town until all the British troops had been evacuated from Dunkirk. All that night the retreating 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 rearguard action of the B.E.F. On the same day they were embarked for home from Dunkirk.

WITH the fall of France began a period of reconstruction. The whole of North-Western Europe was overrun, 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 one 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 Flanders in 1656 under Lord Wentworth as a bodyguard to King Charles II, a refugee on the Continent since his defeat at Worcester in 1650. On his restoration ten years later the King raised a regiment under Colonel John Russell which, together with Wentworth's, became known as the "Royal Regiment of Guards." This, in 1685, became the "First Regiment of Foot Guards." In 1815, to commemorate achievements at Waterloo, it was given the present proud title of "First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards."

In the wars against the Dutch in the latter half of the 17th century, the companies which later 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 Rule Britannia is played to this day by the drums of the battalion at Tattoo. In 1941, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, Rule 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 doubtful speculation as to the possible adaptability of guardsmen to tank warfare the idea of a Guards Armoured Division became a reality. Two battalions were chosen to be converted to armour, and two were motorized; two remained to perpetuate the infantry tradition of the Regiment. Early 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 201st Guards Brigade in Syria. And early in the next year they motored over 2,000 miles to Tunisia 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 Horseshoe, overlooking Mareth.

The attack was pushed home, and the companies gained the heights. But in the morning it was found that on account of the formidable and unexpected minefields no support could be brought up to them; stranded 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 aims unsuccessful, but it opened the way to the final breach of the Mareth Line.

How "The Plumbers" Got Their Name

After all the months of combined training, the 3rd Battalion landed peacefully behind the 1st Army at Algiers, in the 1st Guards Brigade, and during the early months of 1943 were in action on so many occasions and in so many different gaps in the 1st Army line where German thrusts might have broken through that this Brigade earned the local nickname of "The Plumbers." At the beginning of May came the last offensive, which cleared the Germans from North Africa. 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 24th Guards Brigade and, after bitter fighting, captured Jebel Bou Aoukaz, the hill feature which was the keystone to the defences of Tunis. On May 3 the 201st Guards Brigade crossed over to the 1st Army front, and in the push which carried them past Tunis and across the base of the Cape Bon Peninsula to the sea the 3rd and 6th Battalions fought in the same division and led the Army's advance until the final German surrender.

The story of the Grenadiers in Italy is woven into the whole pattern of the succeed-



RECOVERING IN HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND early in 1940. The 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Grenadier Guards first encountered the invading Germans at the River Dyle, near Louvain, Belgium, in May of that year, more than seven months after their arrival on the Continent. Previously casualties had been sustained in training. PAGE 7 Photo, Associated Press

Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

ing offensives which carried the 5th and 8th Armies up the entire length of the Italian Peninsula and into Southern Austria. The 6th Battalion landed in Italy in divisional reserve at Salerno in September 1943, and in the months that followed continued to be engaged in hard fighting, culminating in the two strenuous assaults up the six-hour climb to the summit of Monte Camino and the final crossing of the Garigliano River.

In the New Year the 5th were on the Anzio beach-head. They landed on the first day—January 22—and for three days all was quiet. Thereafter followed a fortnight of the fiercest and most critical fighting of the whole War. The straggling village of Carroceto was the scene of one long continuous battle by night and by day, and on the flat and muddy downland, overlooked from the north by the German mounted observation posts, the casualties of the battalion in the beach-head were unbearably heavy.

On February 7, the enemy made at dusk a tank 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, *THE WAR 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 6th 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.



CARRYING THE ASSAULT ACROSS ITALY'S MOUNTAINS, Grenadier Guardsmen are making their way to forward positions on the 5th Army Front. Grenadiers served throughout the Italian campaign, taking part in some of the fiercest engagements with the 5th and 8th Armies, on the Garigliano, the Anzio beach-head and at Cassino.

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Photo, British Official



Major-General Sir ALLAN H. S. ADAIR, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., commanded the Guards Armoured Division in Normandy until it reverted to its traditional role of infantry on June 9, 1945.

Photo, British Official

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 meantime the War 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 till August 28, after some heavy fighting around Caen, 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, 20 miles from the Belgian frontier. And by the evening of the next day a battalion 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, illuminated 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 Dunkirk. Some of the troops are seen resting at G.H.Q., Ténies La Sorte, France, where during the B.E.F. assembly period in the early days of 1940 they prepared for the coming conflict. With the 1st and 2nd Battalions the 3rd assisted in building the Gort Line, and for a time patrolled the British sector of the Maginot Line. In 1942 the 3rd Battalion landed in Algeria with the 1st Guards Brigade, and later fought through Italy—to represent the Regiment in the occupation of Southern Austria in May 1945.

Photo, British Official



WITH THE 1st AND 8th ARMIES IN NORTH AFRICA, the Regiment suffered heavy casualties, particularly when assaulting the Horseshoe on March 16, 1943, from positions overlooking Mareth. Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, then General commanding the 8th Army, is seen (left) on his way to inspect Grenadier positions in this area. A Guards officer (right) observes shell-bursts in a wood to which the Germans had withdrawn near Medjex-el-Bab, on the 1st Army Front in Tunisia.

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Photos, British Official



TANK SQUADRON LEADER briefs his troop leaders before engaging the enemy in an attack near Eindhoven. Guards Armoured Division tanks led the assault on the Nijmegen Bridge, Holland, on September 19, 1944.
Photo, British Official

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 Zuider 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 Rhein (or Lek) at Arnhem, farther north, was the objective of the 1st British Airborne Division.

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 south 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 street by street 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

fifth came safely across. The superstructure continued to be defended most bitterly, the enemy firing even from the topmost girders. But in a short while a troop of Sappers were able to go down into the explosive chambers in the buttresses and neutralize the charges, and the great bridge over the Rhine was captured undamaged.

Great Ceremonial Parade in Berlin

With the arrival of winter the fighting became of a more static nature, and the final offensive which was utterly to crush Germany's military power did not commence until the end of March 1945. The 1st and 2nd Battalions with the Armoured Division fought their way north. The 4th Battalion, which had previously taken part at Caumont in the breakout from the Normandy bridgehead, was placed under command of the outstanding 6th Airborne Division and they struck due east through Minden. This was the formation with its Churchill tanks which led the advance of the British 2nd Army across Germany. By the cessation of hostilities on May 8 the 1st and 2nd Battalions had reached the neighbourhood of Cuxhaven on the North Sea, whilst the 4th Battalion was near Lübeck on the Baltic.

ON June 9, 1945, the Guards Armoured Division said goodbye to its armour in a farewell parade before Field-Marshal Montgomery, and its own Commander, General Allan Adair, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., himself a Grenadier, and reverted once more to its traditional role of infantry. With the occupation of Germany the 1st Battalion was sent to Berlin under command of the 7th Armoured Division, for a great ceremonial parade. The battalion marched past their G.O.C. carrying their Colours—for the first time since 1939 and for the first time in history in the capital city of the German people.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, wearing on her hat the regimental badge, inspecting a battalion of the Grenadier Guards during a tour of the Southern Command in 1943. On her 16th birthday, April 21, 1942, the Princess had been appointed as their Colonel, by H.M. the Colonel-in-Chief, in succession to her great-great-uncle, the Duke of Connaught, who died early in the same year.
Photo, British Official

A Great Grenadier Goes to His Long Rest



THE FUNERAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT GORT, V.C., who died in London on March 30, 1946, aged 59, took place on April 5, at Penshurst, Kent. As the coffin was unloaded villagers and members of the Services lined the road; a guard of honour was mounted by the Grenadier Guards. Commanding the 1st Battalion of this Regiment (see facing page) Lord Gort won the V.C. in 1918. He was C.-in-C. of the B.E.F. 1939-40; Governor and C.-in-C. Gibraltar, 1941, and Malta 1942-44; High Commissioner for Palestine 1944-45.

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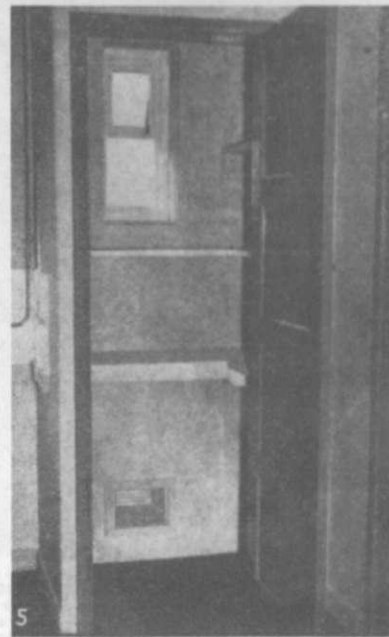
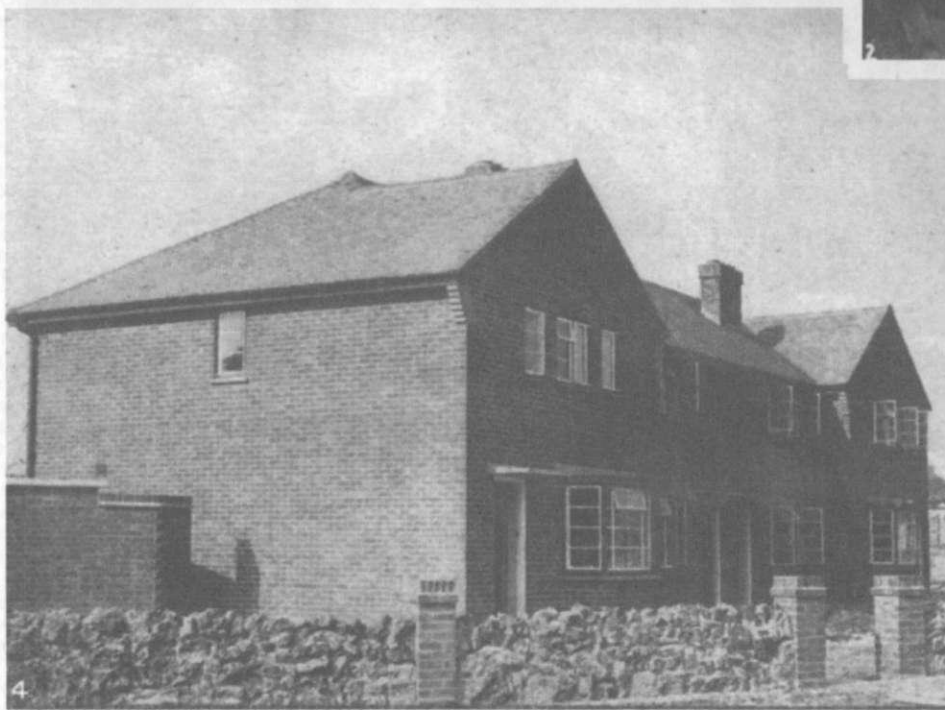
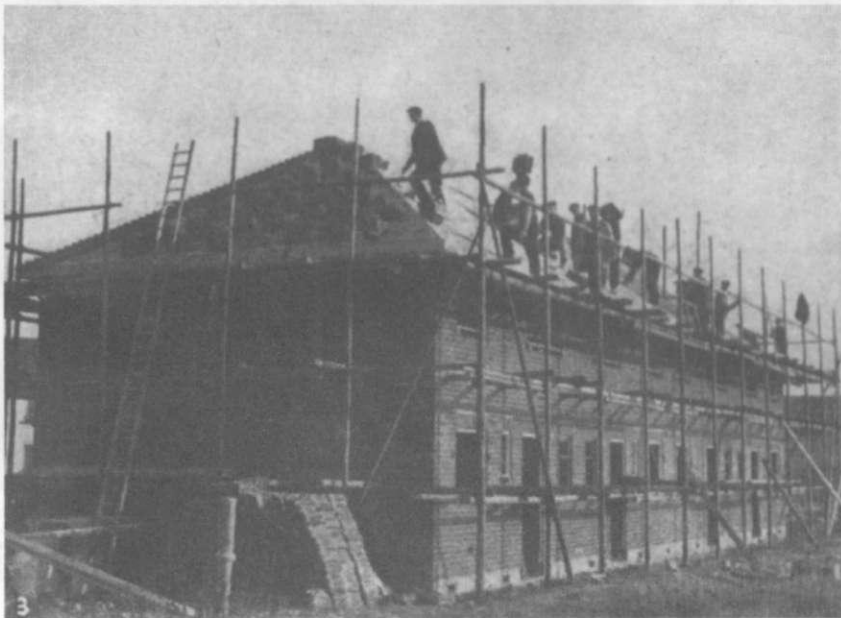
Photo, John Topham

Housing the Homeless: Brick Dwellings Go Up

FIRST OF 350 post-war permanent houses to be built by Edmonton Borough Council, London, was "opened" officially on April 6, 1946. It is one of four ready for occupation on the Hoe Lane site, and 64 are to be completed by August, local men being employed. Some of the 100 workers have been out of the Services only a few weeks, under the Class B release scheme. Costing the council about £1,000 each, these houses are for letting only.

Walls of the four completed houses going up in October 1945, when building began (1). A stage further—window-frames in position (2). The roof on—tiling in progress (3). The four-in-one block finished (4). The built-in pantry is a special feature (5).

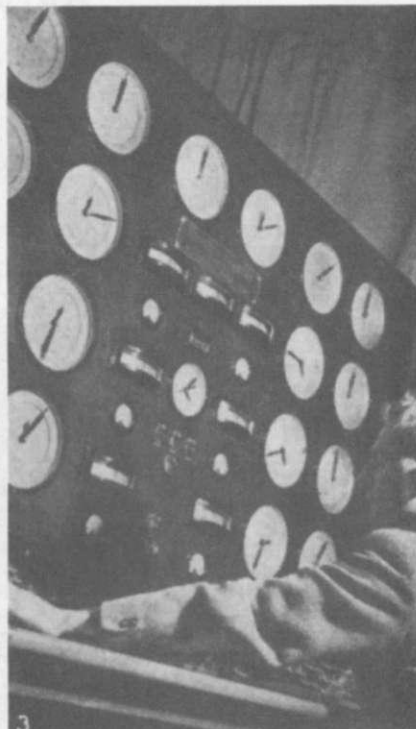
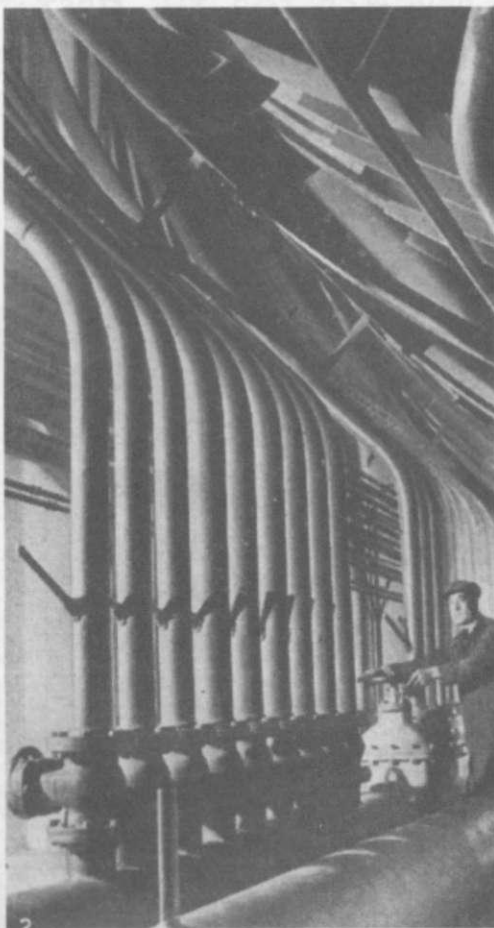
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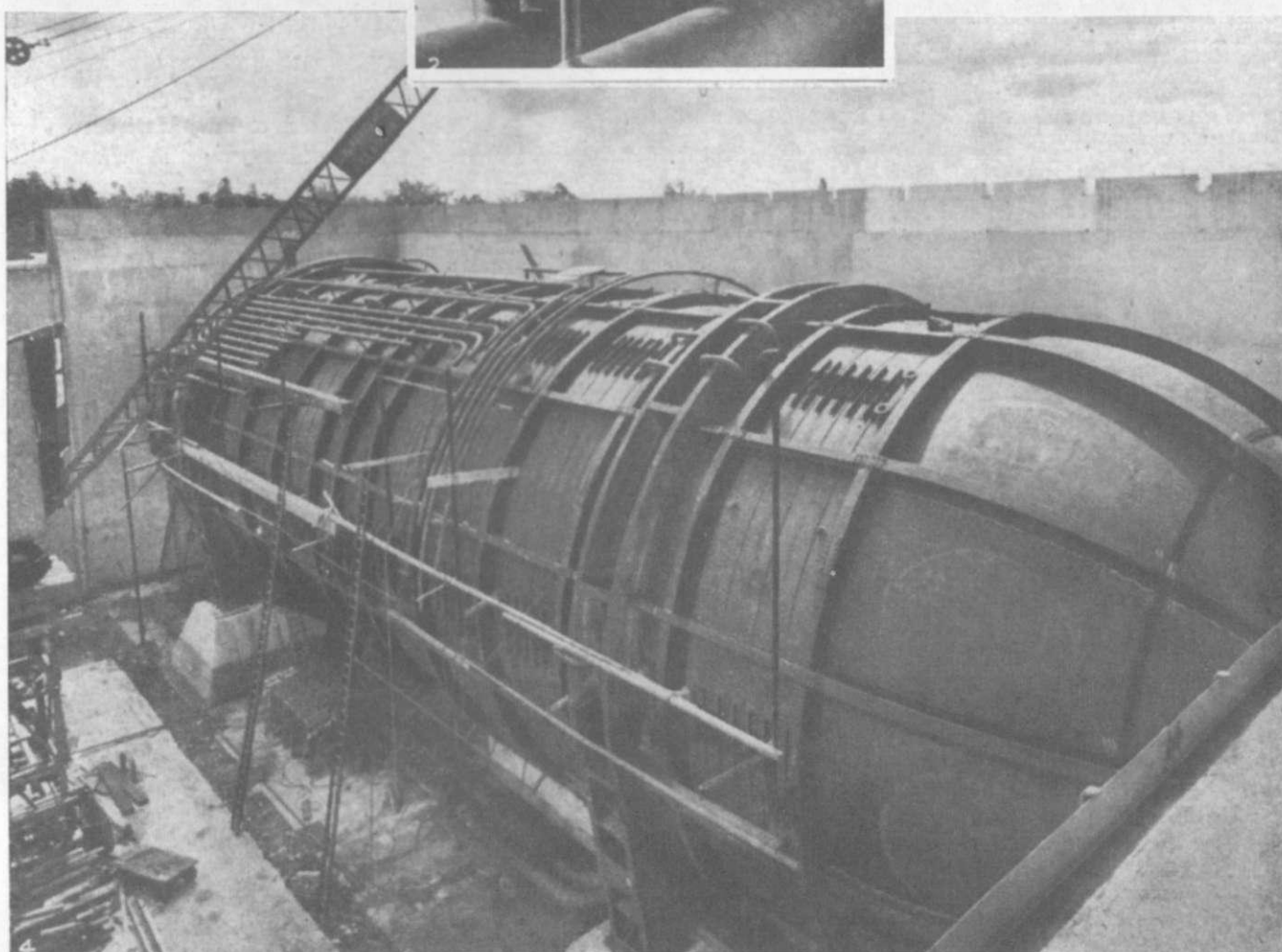
Raging Gale Tests for R.A.F. Model Aircraft



SCALE MODELS, of aircraft are tested in a scientifically constructed and equipped "tunnel" at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Hants; any atmospheric conditions can be reproduced. Performance is watched (1) through a window.



COOLING PIPES (2) beneath the tunnel. Control panel (3) regulating atmospheric conditions. The huge tunnel in course of construction (4); it houses a 4,000 h.p. fan producing "gales" of more than 600 m.p.h. PAGE 13 Photos, R.A.F. Official, Fox



The huge tunnel in course of construction (4); it houses a 4,000 h.p. fan producing "gales" of more than 600 m.p.h. Photos, R.A.F. Official, Fox

Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

WHEN the last stroke of Big Ben sounded at 11 o'clock on Sunday, September 3, 1939, Great Britain and her Colonial Empire were at war with Germany. Each of the self-governing Dominions, with the sole exception of Eire which opted to remain neutral, made its own separate declaration of war, since by the Statute of Westminster they were no longer bound by an Act of the British Government.

The magnificent response of the Dominions to the call to defend a common way of life, however, does not fall within the scope of this series of articles; here we are concerned to record the great contribution to victory of more than 60,000,000 people of every race, colour and creed who comprise the British Colonial Empire and Mandates.

The mandated territories became British dependencies after the war of 1914-1918, and were surrendered, not to the League of Nations, as a number of people suppose, but to the "Principal Allied and Associated Powers." The Sovereignty of these territories was by that act transferred to those Powers jointly. The Powers then allocated to certain of their number the various ex-German Colonies. The question whether in so doing they transferred the Sovereignty over these territories to each Mandatory Power or whether the Sovereign Power is still vested in the Allied and Associated Powers as a whole could only be settled by international jurists, but for all practical purposes these territories are now part and parcel of the country to which they were allocated.

In a Colonial Empire thus spread all over the world it is not surprising to find striking differences between the forty odd territories of which it is composed, ranging from lands of ancient culture like Cyprus, once given by Antony to Cleopatra as a gift, to the hinterland of East Africa unknown to Western Europe until the last century. To these extremes must be added many differences in political systems and standards of life.

WHAT would be the reaction of these varying peoples to the decision to go to war to defend Poland, that had been taken many thousands of miles away in London; how would they respond to an appeal to join in a war against an enemy whose remoteness removed him from consideration as an immediate menace to the day-to-day affairs of village or town life? The loyal answer was not long in coming, but in assessing the motive for each response it is as well to avoid generalizations. Here, for instance, is one of the many messages of loyalty and offers of help which literally poured into Downing Street from the Colonial Empire within a few hours of the declaration of war. It is from Chitimukula, the Paramount Chief of the Bemba tribe in Northern Rhodesia, and reads:

"I, Chief Chitimukula, Paramount Chief of the Bemba tribe, on behalf of my Sub-Chiefs and people, send greetings to His Excellency the Governor and assure him of our loyalty, co-operation and wholehearted support in this time of war. We are sad to think that again there is the necessity of war but happy to think that Great Britain is fighting to save a smaller nation from persecution. On this account my people are willing and ready to offer their services in defence of this country and the Empire in whatever way may be required. Many of my people are now enrolled in the Northern Rhodesian Regiment as soldiers and porters. This is tangible evidence of our loyalty to our King."

This Chief was evidently quite clear in his own mind on one, at least, of the causes of the war. The following, however, is probably more typical of the attitude of the African "man-in-the-street." An East African askari (soldier), after listening to a lecture in which

FULLY REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME

By Harley V. Usill

FROM an educational point of view nothing that we have published, or could present to our readers, exceeds in interest or in importance this series of articles surveying the whole marvellous effort and value of the British Colonial Empire (as distinct from the self-governing Dominions) throughout the War. Written by an authority on Colonial affairs, the Editor hopes that his readers will follow the course of Mr. Usill's brilliant and immensely informative narrative of an aspect of the Empire's supreme effort in saving the world for Civilization, an effort little appreciated by the British themselves, largely unknown to their American allies, totally unknown to the entire population of Soviet Russia.—THE EDITOR.

the subject of the defence of democracy was mentioned as a primary war objective, enquired what this democracy was. He explained that he had joined the army to fight for "Kingie Georgie" as he understood that "Kingie Georgie" had gone to war and he suggested that if he was also expected to fight for democracy, he ought perhaps to have his pay increased! This personal loyalty to the King is a predominant motive throughout much of the Colonial Empire, and except among the more sophisticated there is, as yet, little appreciation of rival ideologies.



HARLEY V. USILL

WHATEVER the activating motive for loyalty may have been, response was staggering. In all, the Colonies voluntarily contributed in gifts and loans over £30,000,000. They subscribed to buy squadrons of aircraft, and it was a colony, Jamaica, that started the idea of Spitfire funds. They contributed generously to buy mobile canteens to serve people bombed out of their homes in Great Britain, and little Pitcairn Island, which has only 189 inhabitants, made and sent to the U.K. several hundred walking-sticks for wounded soldiers; finally there is the case of Tonga, a small island Kingdom in the Pacific, which wanted to make a war contribution, but was told that the sum offered was too generous. The reply was to increase the sum and to insist upon its acceptance.

This unstinted generosity extended throughout the whole period of the war, and it is significant to record that expressions of loyalty, support and confidence were most frequent during the dark days following Dunkirk. This brief statement of facts provided a clear answer to those critics (like Ribbentrop and some of our own intellectuals) who said that Colonial peoples were so dissatisfied with British rule that they would take the first opportunity to break away from it. At the same time, it constitutes an additional challenge to Great Britain to ensure that the Colonies receive the maximum help in the difficult tasks which lie ahead.

Apart from these spontaneous expressions of loyalty and generosity, which will be dealt with in greater detail when we come to consider individual Colonies, the contribution of the Colonial Empire to the total war effort can be considered under three main heads.

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 march his armies, with comparatively little resistance, almost where he wished on the Continent of Europe. But unless he could break out of his land-locked fortress he could not in the long run win the war.

Strategic Importance of Colonies

It was Britain's task to keep him contained in Europe, to keep her own communications open, to feed her people, and to gather and convert the raw materials of war until she and the Allies could summon enough strength to strike. In this general pattern of strategy the Colonies played a vital part. They formed, with the self-governing Dominions, India and Burma, an outer circle which, though dented here and there, enabled Great Britain and, later, Russia, to confine Hitler in an inescapable stranglehold.

The fortresses of Malta and Gibraltar, the ports of Freetown, Aden, Colombo and Mombasa fitted into the general plan, and as the war progressed and spread so the importance of the Colonies increased, e.g. the granting of bases in the West Indies to 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 North 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.

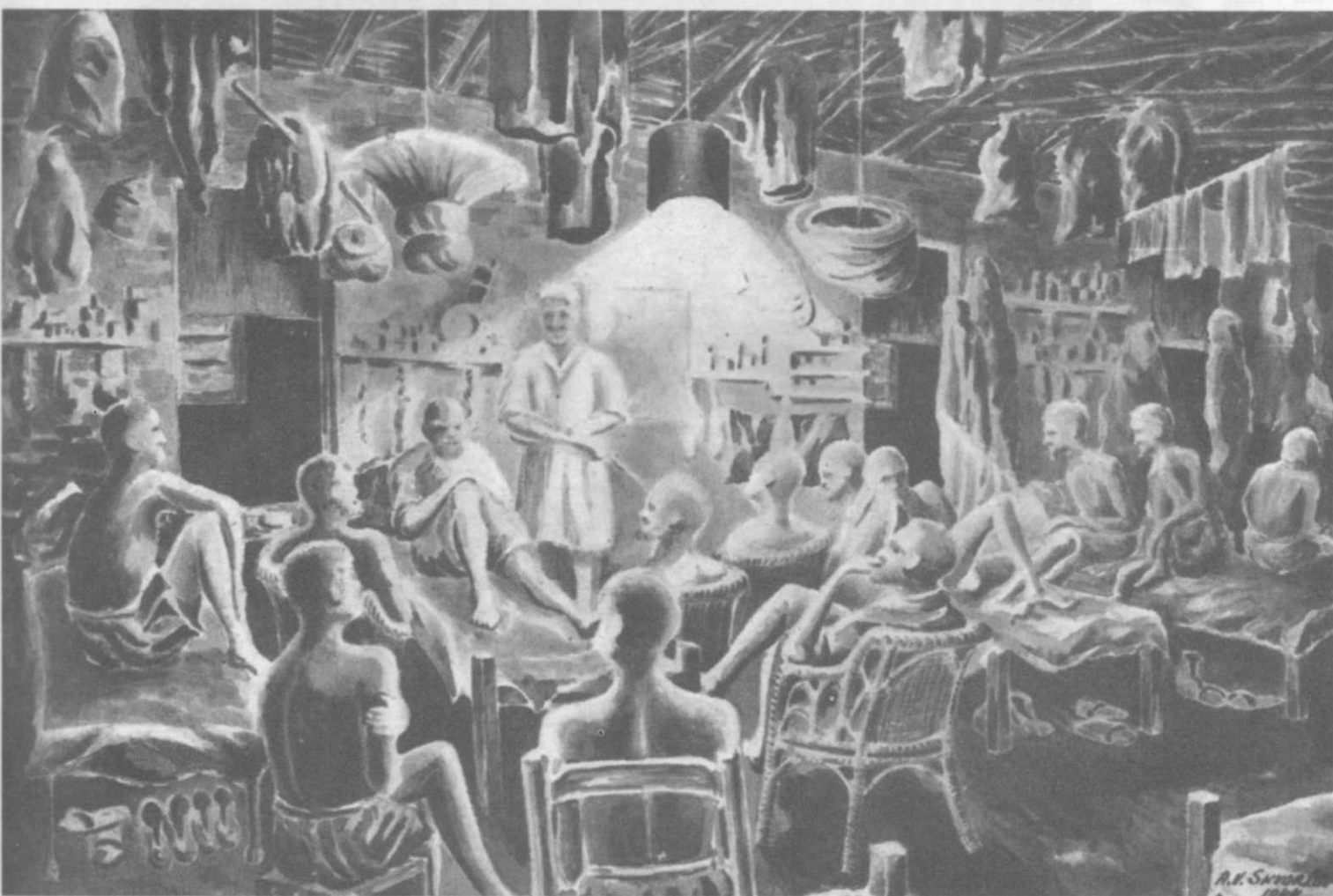
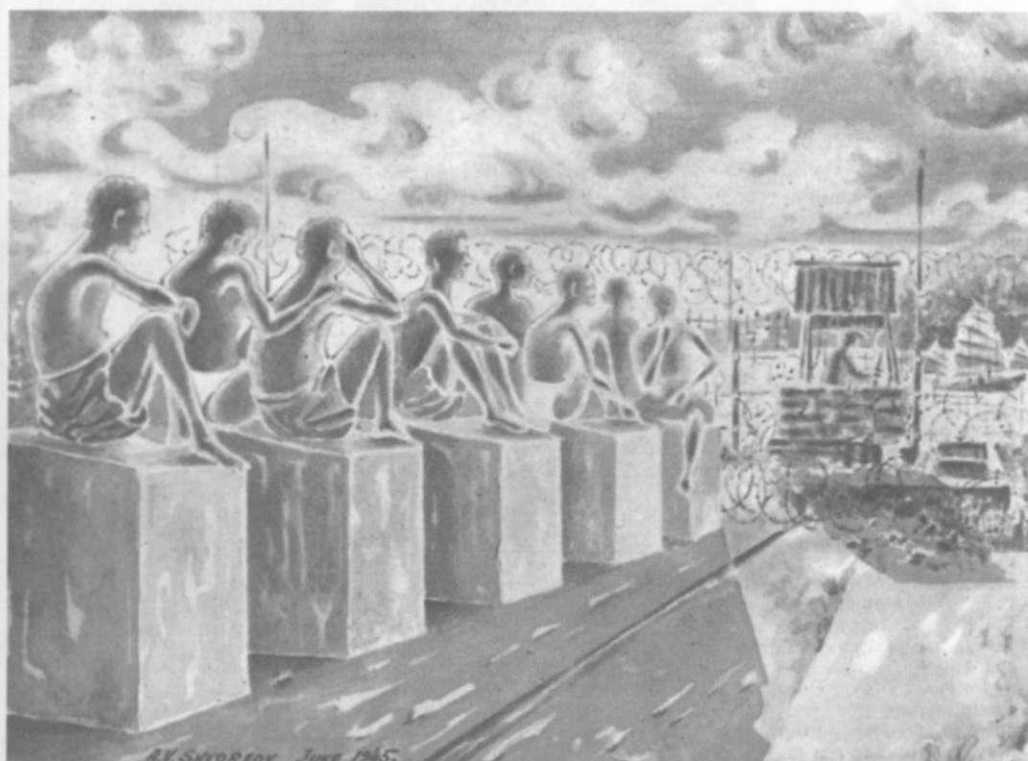
Sources of Raw Materials

Many products essential to the war effort came from the British Colonies. In addition to the setting-up of dehydration plants for the supply of rations for troops in the Middle East, East and Central Africa contributed sisal, pyrethrum, rubber, wheat, maize, tea, tobacco, sugar, cotton, oil seeds, quinine, hides and copper. West Africa was mainly responsible for maintaining our supply of the essential ingredients for margarine and soap in the form of palm oil, palm kernels and groundnuts, while iron ore from Sierra Leone, manganese and bauxite from the Gold Coast and tin from Nigeria added further valuable contributions to the limitless demands of the Allies for the sinews of war. From Ceylon came rubber, tea and copra. The West Indies island of Trinidad exploited to the full her rich deposits of petroleum.

The Contribution of Manpower

The utilization of Colonial manpower took three main forms. First there was the recruitment of workers for the many increased production drives, a service which became particularly important in those Colonies which were called upon to make good some of the losses resulting from the Japanese invasions. Then there was the raising of local Defence Forces which had the valuable effect of freeing a large number of British troops for service elsewhere. And, finally, the recruitment and training of those Regiments and Pioneer Corps which served with such distinction on various battlefronts.

This brief survey will serve to indicate the importance of the British Colonial war effort, and in succeeding articles we will develop certain themes and cover, as far as practicable, the efforts of individual, or groups of, Colonies.



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, white 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 Lieut. A. V. Skvortsov, of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps; exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Top-Speed Battle for Medicina

THE incident depicted in this spirited drawing by Bryan de Gineau commemorates the great gallantry, initiative and fine leadership shown by Major P. W. Browne, D.S.O., C., 14/20 King's Hussars, Commanding "C" Squadron of that Regt., the culmination of a four-day's fighting, which is described for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED by Lieut. J. H. A. R. Tilney, B.E., commanding 14/20 King's Hussars.

14/20 Hussar Regimental Group, comprising 14/20 "A" Squadron, 2 T.R., and 2/6 Gurkha Rifles, was advanced to 43 Gurkha Lord Infantry Bde. Group during the final offensive in Italy, and the town of Medicina was its first main objective. From the crossing of the River Sillaro on the morning of April 16, 1945, 14/20 H. Group fought its way slowly forward.

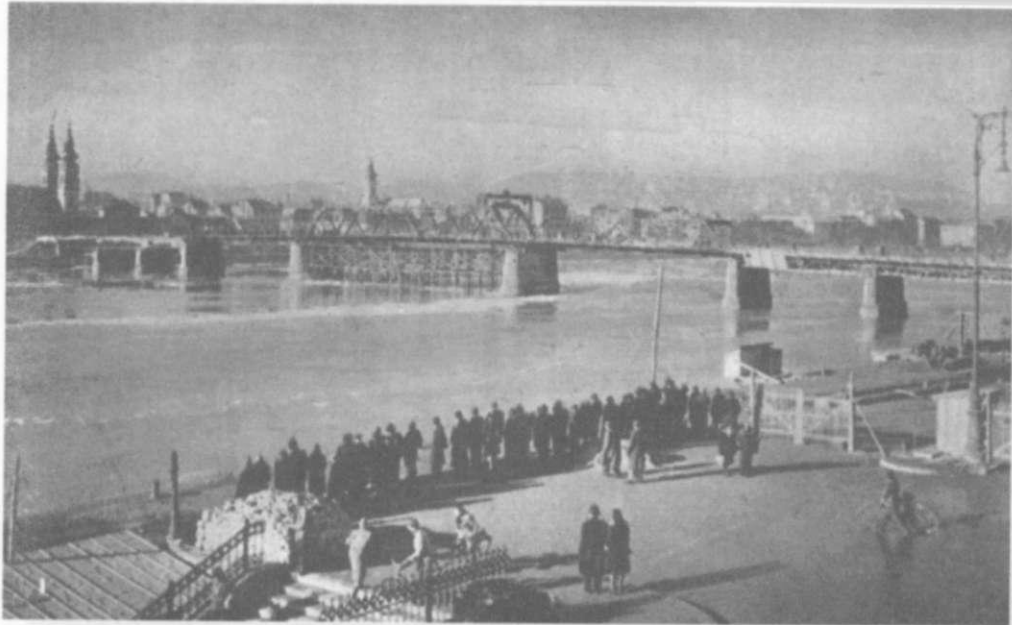
By the evening "C" Squadron, supported by "B" Company 2/6 Gurkha Rifles, carried "Kangaroos" of a type of "A" Squadron and who were advanced to 14/20 H. Group, had neared the town. Though more than a third of its effective German Tanks had been put out of action, Major Browne led "C" Squadron and his supporting "Kangaroos" at top speed for Medicina.

Browne charged his own tank down the main street, and in doing so stripped those supporting him when this street became blocked by the blazing remains of a self-propelled German gun and a collapsed house. Major Browne's tank succeeded in reaching the railway station at the eastern end, and there was locked out by one of several Bazooka teams. "B" Company, closely supported by remaining tanks of "C" Squadron, quickly started cleaning up, and with the entry of other companies in "Kangaroos" closely supported by "B" Squadron, the complete capture of Medicina was effected with extremely small loss.

Exclusive to
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



BRYAN DE GINEAU 1945



Budapest's Beautiful Bridges are Broken Down

Photos, Associated Press

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 garrison 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 1845. Remains of the Francis Joseph Bridge, with Mount Gellert on the Buda bank (3), and the Elizabeth Bridge (4) claimed to be the most beautiful in Europe. See also facing page.

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

BUDAPEST

By PAUL TABORI

THE siege of Budapest in December 1944-February 1945 lasted almost seven weeks and left it a shattered city. It had been already plundered by the retreating Germans, and it was looted again by the desperate Hungarian Nazis and the 30,000 criminals whom the Germans had set free, after burning the police archives. Budapest today, fifteen months after the siege, is the ruined capital of a ruined country which has a long and arduous path to climb before it can return even to a shadow of its former beauty and gaiety.

Eighty per cent of hilly Buda, on the western bank of the Danube, has been destroyed. The Royal Castle is an empty shell. About 50 per cent of Pest, on the opposite (eastern) bank, has been devastated. Raw materials, machinery, labour are all woefully lacking. There is a Russian occupation army of 1,000,000, which mainly lives off the land. And while the free and democratic elections have brought an overwhelming victory of the moderate Smallholders' Party and the coalition government has united the best brains of the country, the physical obstacles are too great for a quick recovery.



PAUL TABORI

When I arrived in Budapest the pound stood at 250,000 pengoes, exactly 10,000 times its pre-war rate. When I left, inflation had worsened and the pound was about 2,000,000 pengoes. Today, I believe, it is 20,000,000. Torn thousand-pengoe notes—40 pounds at the pre-war rate—are swept in the gutter. A newspaper cost 1,000 pengoes, a tram ticket 500. Food was scarce, and fuel almost unobtainable. By a special effort electricity was maintained, as darkness would have immensely strengthened the crime wave which already caused about a dozen murders and two or three hundred armed robberies every night. Gas supplies were cut to one hour in the morning and one in the evening. Trams ran from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., but there were no buses, and the few cars you saw in the streets belonged to the members of the Allied missions and to high state officials. Hansom cabs and growlers had returned after 30 years; there was no set fare: you had to bargain, and the charges changed from hour to hour.

THE lovely bridges of Budapest—the oldest of them designed by the Clark brothers, two Scotsmen—had been blown up wantonly by the Germans. (When they destroyed them, the Russians were already on both sides of the Danube and it served no military purpose at all.) The Russians built two pontoon bridges which, however, had to be opened every time shipping was passing up and down the river. "Maggie" and "Elsie," as the indestructible Budapest wit baptized them, were near the original Margaret and Elizabeth bridges. Both of them were swept away in the first rush of the ice floes. Luckily by that time, working day and night, the Hungarians had finished their first permanent bridge, ugly but serviceable, named after Kossuth, the great hero of their war of independence in the 19th century. Otherwise Buda and Pest would have been completely cut off from one another for the rest of the winter.

PAUL TABORI is an old contributor to "The War Illustrated," having written an important series of articles in Volume Six. An eminent Budapest journalist, as his father had been; a master of many languages, his "Epitaph for Europe" made a name for him in England and he has since become one of our best-selling novelists, while his serious studies of international affairs have firmly established him in both British and American journalism.

Russian soldiers were much in evidence everywhere. They travelled on the yellow trams, 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 boulevards. They were well dressed and well fed. As few Hungarians could speak their language, there was not much intercourse 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 spirit lamp. Many patients died because of the cold. Infant mortality was up to 40 per cent. Yet in spite of all, Budapest was making tremendous efforts to recover. The rubble had been 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 three to five people.

Problems of Coal, Light and Food

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 devastated by the Germans who held out there for weeks. The famous rose trees were uprooted, the buildings burned to the ground. Now an entirely new health resort is being planned which would be able to accommodate 10,000 people in first-class hotels. New streets are to be opened in Pest, and the two principal railway stations, both of which have suffered heavily, are to be replanned and enlarged.

What makes Budapest perhaps unique among the post-war capitals of the Balkans is her brilliantly active intellectual life. With the exception of two, all the theatres have escaped serious damage and all of them are open. There is no coal to heat them; but people flock to the performances dressed in various layers of clothing, carrying rugs and comforters. Performances start early, so that they can get home before darkness falls. The playwrights whose works are produced include J. B. Priestley, Aldous Huxley, Charles Morgan; there are revivals of Shakespeare and Molière, and for the first time several Soviet dramatists receive a hearing. The actors and actresses often go on provincial tours because in that way they can pick up a little food; they measure their success not by the applause but by the bacon or flour they can bring back.

There are more daily papers in Budapest than in London, though newsprint is still

short and they are restricted to four pages, with six for their Sunday editions. Weeklies are also appearing in great numbers and sell very well. Reuters news service is distributed by the Official News Agency and there is no visible censorship. Budapest Radio is still handicapped by the weakness of its transmitter—the two strong transmitters of Lakihegy were blown up by the Germans—but Gyula Ortutay, President of the Hungarian Radio, told me that they hoped to have their equipment rebuilt. Broadcasts go out for 20 hours every day, and there is no interference from the Allied or Russian side with the programmes. I gave an improvised radio interview myself, without a script.

Music, too, is flourishing in the ruined capital. The Opera House has daily performances and there is a concert almost every day. The cabarets of Budapest, which are really small theatres presenting sketches and solo artists, are also open. But the largest concert hall of all is occupied with more serious business; in the main hall of the Academy of Music the Hungarians are staging their war criminal trials, which are regularly broadcast. People fight for seats to see the Hungarian quislings, the murderers of forced labour and concentration camps, face their judges. This is the finest and most rewarding spectacle for them: to watch their tormentors writhe and wilt under the relentless questioning of the prosecutors. Once or twice policemen had difficulty in saving the accused from being lynched.

LIFE is Spartan and hard in the former "Queen of the Danube." Most people have to walk long distances, as the trams are overcrowded. There is much queuing, especially at bakers' shops, for few people have enough gas to bake their bread at home as was their wont before the war and the bakers do it for them, not having bread of their own to sell.

There is a black market, of course, in which everything from cigarettes to motor cars can be bought. Opposite the National Theatre dozens of young boys and elderly men sell cigarettes, saccharine and cakes made of maize and sweetened with molasses. Almost everybody is in the black market, for it is the only way of making a living. But considering the devastation and the uncertain future, the people of Budapest are cheerful and optimistic. "We have our soil and we have our brains," as President Tildy told me. "That is enough!"



STARVING HUNGARIANS in Budapest besiege a train to take them to the country districts in desperate search of food. See also facing page. Photo. Planet News

'Crosskeys' Well Occupied in Malaya



Colours: White Keys on Black

BRITISH 2ND DIVISION

ONE of the original formations of the Regular Army, the British 2nd Division—the Crosskeys—under the command of Major-General H. C. Lloyd, landed with the first contingent of the B.E.F. in France in September 1939. In May and June 1940 it was heavily engaged until Dunkirk, when it was evacuated to Britain. The Division then became part of the Home Forces until 1942, when it was transferred to India, and underwent training in amphibious warfare.

Of its subsequent brilliant achievements, none deserves record more than the relief of Kohima and the liberation of Mandalay. Rushed from its training area in India, in April 1944, the Division, commanded by Major-General J. M. L. Grover, M.C., fought its way through the Japanese besieging Kohima and sustained the remnants of the garrison. In one of the bloodiest battles ever fought it hurled back the enemy's last desperate attempt to take the town, and finally cleared it on May 14, 1944, thus removing the direct threat to India.

FROM June 2, 1944, in a southward advance from Kohima, the Division routed the enemy along the Imphal-Kohima road and linked up with IV Corps on June 22. It chased the Japanese to the Chindwin River, taking over the bridge-head from the East Africans at Kalewa, and expanding it in preparation for the British all-out offensive to liberate Burma.

The Chindwin was crossed on December 16, 1944, and within 20 days the Division (since July under the command of Major-General C. G. G. Nicholson, C.B.E., D.S.O.) advanced 130 miles to take the airfields at Shwebo on January 6, 1945, and the town of Shwebo the following day. This remarkable feat of endurance under adverse conditions laid the foundations for the capture of Mandalay. The Division held the Japanese 10 miles west of the city, around Sagaing, their crossing of the Irrawaddy on February 25 being bitterly opposed. Having forced the enemy to pull troops from other sectors it fell to the Division not to capture Mandalay but, together with the 20th Indian Division, to seal the enemy's escape routes in the west and south while the 19th Indian Division advanced from the north to take the city on March 12, 1945.

FOR the 2nd Division this was a fitting climax to a year's hard fighting. It had halted the Jap on the threshold of India, thrown him into the jungle, hunted and chased him to the Chindwin and then to the Irrawaddy. After the surrender of Japan, August 15, 1945, the 2nd Division combined with the British 36th Division.



SINCE ITS DEPLOYMENT in the Bahr-Johore area, following the surrender of Japan, the British 2nd Division has performed military and civil tasks aimed at the rehabilitation of Malaya. Guarding the Government rice store at Muar (1), where Malaysians load rice for the civilian population, thousands of whom are being saved from starvation by the British Military Administration. The ignominy of defeat is brought home to this Japanese prisoner (2), under the watchful eye of a lance-corporal, painting the stone-carved badge of the West Yorkshire Regiment at their H.Q. at Muar. Signallers rest from their labours at their lonely station at Minyat, Baku (3). The Divisional H.Q. at Johore was the scene of a ceremonial parade on Feb. 21, 1946, when Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten presented awards to nine officers and eight men of the Division.

Our War Leaders in Peacetime

FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER

HAROLD Rupert Leofric George Alexander—Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis—as Governor-General is the King's representative in Canada, and as he has the simplicity and directness of manner appreciated by Canadians he is likely to be "accepted" everywhere there very readily. He sailed to the Dominion with his wife and family, to take up his appointment (in succession to the Earl of Athlone), on April 5, 1946.

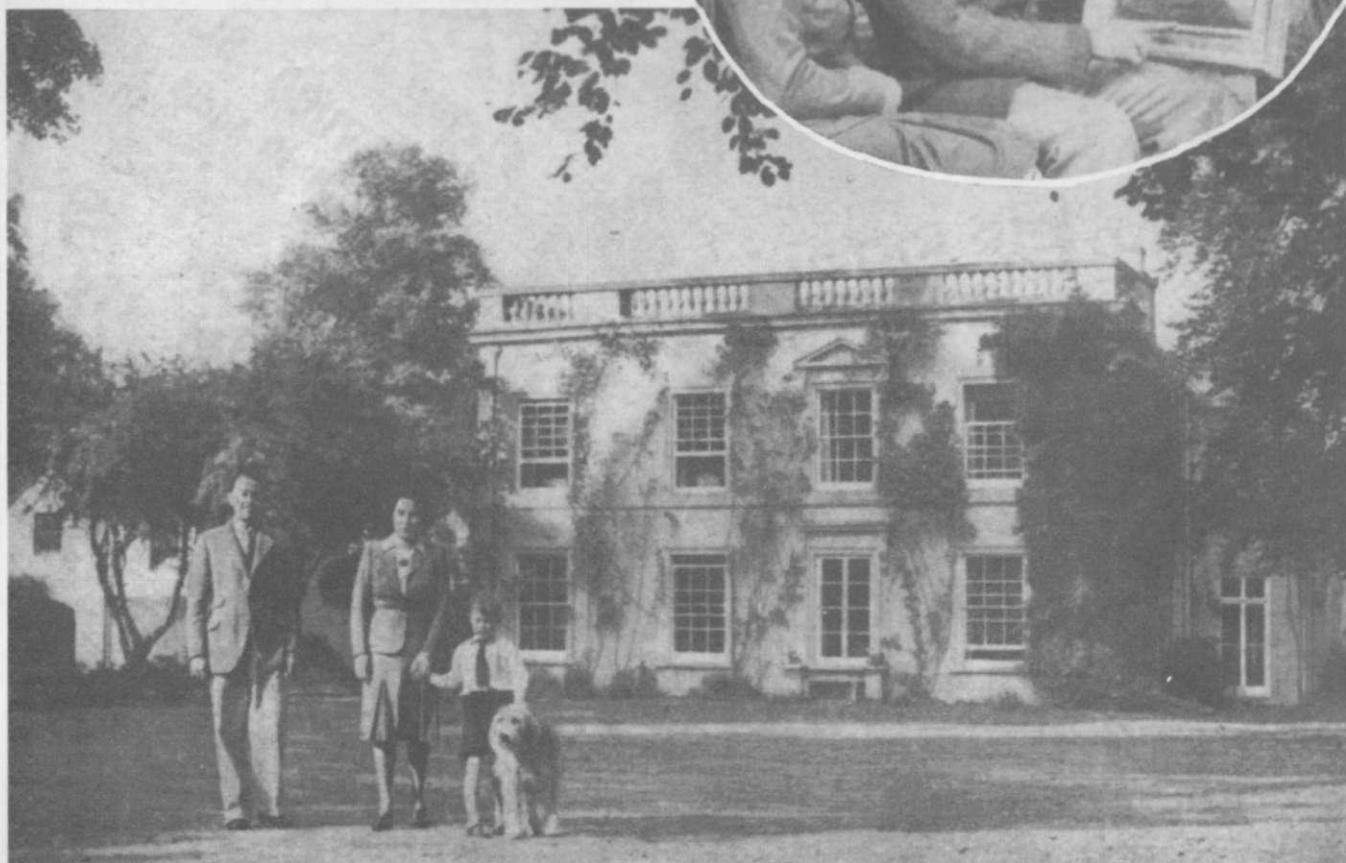
"I've always wanted to live in Canada," he said, "and no humbug about it. But I never thought I'd be Governor-General, and I hope they like me." There is certainly no humbug (one of his favourite expressions) about Alexander. Though his name was among the best-known of all during the years of war as 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 Windsor Forest. In the study there he spent hours reading about Canada, between helping to pack and answering batteries of questions from his children about their home-to-be.

Born in Ulster, in 1891, the third son of the Earl of Caledon, Alexander married in 1931 Lady Margaret Diana Bingham, daughter of the Earl of Lucan. Now he turns with half-derogatory remarks every reference to his success as a war leader; and although her eyes deny 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 strolling around in an old pair of grey flannel trousers with his two sons and one daughter or romping with ten-year-old Shane and his younger boy, Brian. An athlete, Alexander has enjoyed many a week-end walking in Windsor Forest or shooting over the stubble, often by himself. Water-colour painting and botany are among his hobbies, and he is a member of White's and the Guards' Clubs.

At Rideau Hall he spent much time answering shoals of letters from men who served under him in North Africa and Italy. "The War Office has put a room at my disposal," he said. "It's good of 'em, you know, for I'm not doing much for them these days and I couldn't run an office 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 happily married 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 Luger pistol—a souvenir from Italy. No mean exponent of the art of water-colours, he shows Lady Alexander his painting of Lake Como, Italy (oval), done in company with Mr. Churchill. Strolling in the grounds of his home on the edge of Windsor Forest, Berkshire (bottom), with his wife and son, Brian, just before the family sailed for Canada.

1939 — History in Headlines — 1942



ROOT STOCK

PLANTING

TWO MONTHS' GROWTH

ELEVEN MONTHS' GROWTH

CLEARING UNDERBRUSH

FULLY GROWN TREE AT FOURTEEN MONTHS SHOWING STEM OF NINE HANDS OF FRUIT

FOOD VALUE OF FULLY RIPE BANANA

NATURE'S BACTERIA-PROOF WRAPPER.

MOISTURE 75-80

SUGARS 20-4

PROTEIN 1-2

STARCH 1-2

FIBRE .5

FAT .2

MINERALS .8

1 GREEN FROM TREE

2 GREEN TIP

3 YELLOW RIPE

4 FULLY RIPE BEGINS PEELING

RIPENING ROOM

SUSPENDED DURING FIVE YEARS OF WAR, shipments of bananas have recently begun to arrive again in Britain. Though their distribution is at present restricted to those under 18 years of age they will eventually become available to all. This drawing, compiled with the co-operation of Messrs. Elders & Fyffes, Ltd., shows how this welcome addition to our frugal post-war diet reaches Britain.

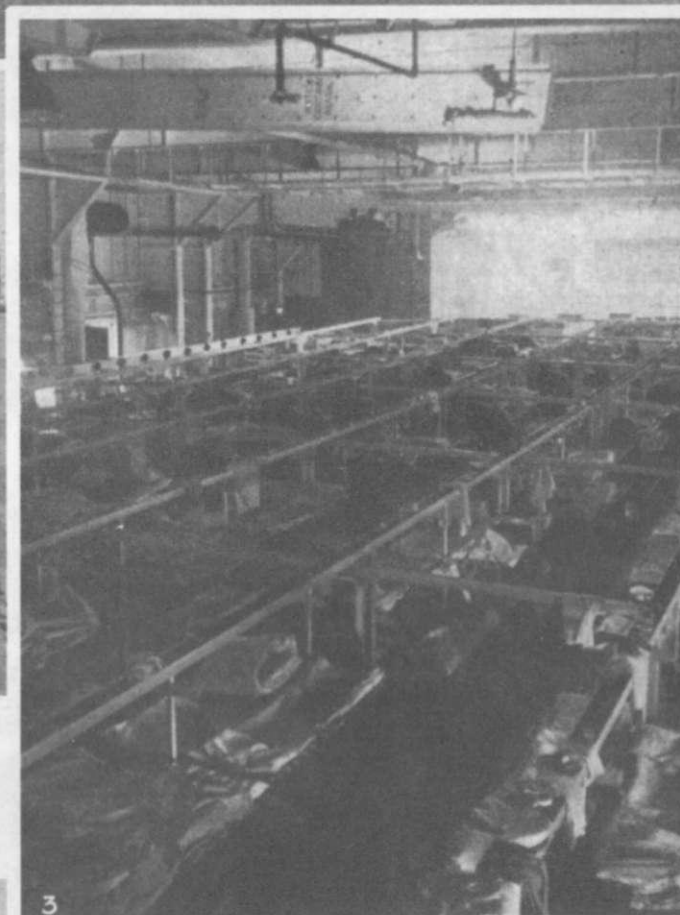
Bananas flourish in all moist tropical areas such as the Caribbean. In Jamaica 200 to 300 bunches per acre are produced. The plant attains a height of between 20 and 30 ft. in its 14 months of growth, and after the crop has been harvested the trees are cut down and left to rot on the ground, forming rich humus to feed the next crop.

In the background are shown early stages of planting and growth. The blossom (A) first appears when the tree is about 11 months old, and within three or four months the crop is ready. The banana at this stage is green—it is never allowed to ripen on the plant. Harvesting is carried out by teams of three men: the cutter, using a long-handled knife (B), nicks the trunk, and the fruit is caught on the shoulder of the "backer" (C). The third man (D) severs the stem—average weight 35 to 40 pounds—with his machete, and the load is carried on muleback (E) to one of the many light tramways (F), thence to the main railway (G) and the port. Overhead wires (H) are often used to bring crops over marshy ground or water.

A refrigerated and ventilated vessel (K) is used for carrying bananas; carefully packed to avoid bruising, they are kept at a temperature of around 53 degrees Fahrenheit during the voyage. On arrival at the British port the cargo is unloaded by means of a mechanical elevator (L) into specially conditioned railway vans. Still green, the bananas are placed in ripening-rooms (M) at a temperature of between 65 and 70 degrees; ripening from stage 1 to stage 3 takes five to seven days. Stage 4 is best for eating, the starch in the fruit having now become fruit sugar.

PAGE 23 *Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED by HAWORTH*

Aircraft Carrier Rajah Brings the Troops Home



SPEEDIER REPATRIATION OF BRITISH TROOPS resulted from the conversion of aircraft carriers of the Royal Navy to troopships. One of the first to assume this role was H.M.S. Rajah seen (1, left) passing another carrier while navigating the Suez Canal on the homeward journey. An accordion player (2) entertains on the flight deck, below which is the spacious hangar filled with bunks (3), ample ventilation being afforded by the lowered aircraft lift at the top end. The flight deck (4) lends itself admirably to exercise and sports.

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Photos, British Official



THE HUMAN STORY OF 1939-1946

I Was There!

I Was With the 51st Division at St. Valery

Private Peter Maisy, East Surrey Regiment, was captured when Rommel's Armoured Corps swept remnants of the 51st Division into the French town of St. Valery-en-Caux, in June 1940. He tells of a month-long forced march, a voyage in the black holds of coal barges, then by cattle-truck to the prison camp and, finally, repatriation.

EXPECTING opportunities of mass embarkation on that evening of June 9, 1940, troops lined up, ten deep, from the quay to the outskirts of the town. Chaos reigned throughout the night. Burning houses gave a fantastic appearance to the scene. Thousands of men—most of us had lost touch with our units—huddled in pouring rain, staring out to sea, wondering whether or not the Navy was there to take us off. Stray, half-crazed horses floundered about. Countermanded orders, rumours and false alarms added to the confusion.



Pte. PETER MAISEY

In the morning I joined a number of men carrying wounded along the beaches towards a solitary French cargo boat that lay off-shore about a mile from the town. High cliffs overshadowed us. Germans had control of the cliff top, and in spite of our errand they took pot-shots whenever we appeared in view dodging around land-slides and boulders.

When I was half-way to the boat and still with hope of escape, the Germans opened fire with a French field gun, blowing the boat out of the water with their second round. Then they systematically shelled every vessel in sight. Escape now was obviously out of the question. The town had already fallen. Some officers with us hoisted a white sheet and the whole column turned about, heading back to St. Valery and the prison camps.

The first German I saw was a small, cheerful individual who told us not to worry, as France had fallen, England would capitulate in a week, and we should then be sent home. I wonder what he is thinking now! The day was spent by the Germans in rounding up stray parties of men who had attempted to dodge through their lines to the south. Very few got away.

The Germans Withheld Even Water

We were roughly searched and collected in a field, hungry because there had been no organized food supplies for several days. I was lucky enough to have my water-bottle half full of rum. That evening we were marched two or three kilometres to the grounds of a large farm, where we were herded together and left for the night. The next day we started to march.

For weeks we marched through northern France, Belgium, and part of Holland, a period of intolerable physical exhaustion. The Germans gave us practically nothing to eat—we lived on what we could pick up from the gardens and fields that we passed. The few French civilians whom we saw during

the first two weeks were sympathetic but had nothing to give us except water, and on several occasions the Germans forbade even that.

Later, we passed through large towns; St. Pol was the first that I can remember. Here the civilians gave us everything they could—bread, wine, soup, soap, towels, and all manner of things they could lay hands on. France had just signed an armistice. The women were weeping. Things looked black.

During the whole of the march the weather was boiling hot by day and mistily cold by night. Through most of Holland we were transported on a local railway. The Dutch gave us a great ovation, throwing bottles of milk and pea soup and bread on to the trucks as we passed.

We Longed for a Breath of Air

Then came the coal barges. One hundred of us at a time were stuffed into the dirty black holds. The decks were filled with men, so that those unfortunate enough to be below could not get above for a breath of fresh air. We had just enough room to lie down together with our legs in an awful tangle. In this suffocating atmosphere, with a loaf apiece, we spent four days.

Getting off the barges, we set foot on German soil for the first time—nearly a month after capture. Trains of cattle-trucks were waiting to take us to various stalags. This journey lasted thirty-six hours. Stalag XIX, Bad Salza, was being built by Poles when we arrived. Long marquee tents with a miserable sprinkling of straw over the ground served to accommodate the whole party for three days, during which time we were deloused, bathed, given a number, photo-

graphed, searched, interrogated, and allocated to various working parties.

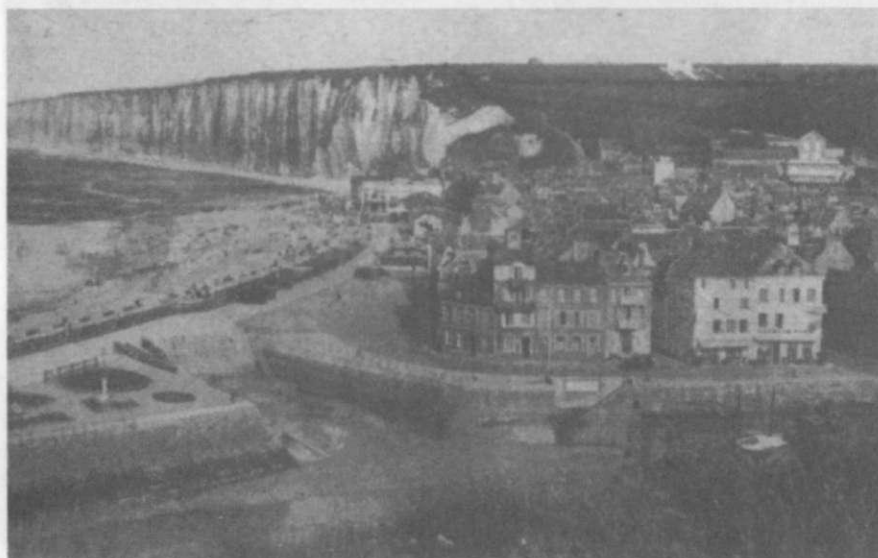
Again we boarded cattle-trucks, a form of transport we learned to hate. The doors were locked for the whole forty-eight-hour journey, and the slot-like windows were heavily wired. Sixty men were in each truck, many suffering with acute diarrhoea, all half-dead with fatigue and hunger.

The party to which I had been allocated, some two hundred strong, were bundled off the train at Eisenach, a small town in middle Germany, surrounded by wooded hills. We marched through the main station and along the high road; a remarkable crowd, lousy again, ragged, thin, yet with enough energy to sing and comment on the aloof crowd.

OUR camp was perched on the side of a hill. The red, wooden huts with green window-boxes and white window frames looked very pleasant from outside. Inside they were filthy. Two large huts provided sleeping accommodation for us, a smaller one for the guards. There was a cook-house, a hut for coal and potatoes, a bath-house and primitive lavatories.

The night we arrived we were given imitation coffee, and we found it to be as bad as its reputation—made, I believe, from acorns, and almost without taste unless cooked in the proportion of half coffee to half water, when it did develop a flavour, but so appalling that even the Germans winced. Each hut was partitioned into rooms that held thirty-five men. There were no separate beds; box-like shelves ran the length of each wall, containing straw palliasses on which we slept shoulder to shoulder.

Reveille that first morning was at six; for the rest of the summer it was at four-thirty. We were given one quarter of a civilian loaf, margarine and a small portion of sausage, which we thought a very handsome breakfast until later we found that it had to do also for lunch and tea. Plus a bowl of soup, this constituted a day's whole ration.



BENEATH THESE CLIFFS AT ST. VALERY men of the 51st Division made their perilous way towards rescue ships, in June 1940. In the Maginot Line on May 10, and ordered west, the Division was cut off by the Germans at this point near Dieppe and a large part of it was forced to surrender when ammunition gave out. PAGE 25 Photo, New York Times Photos

I Was There!



LITTERED BEACHES at St. Valery still bore witness months later to the grim ordeal through which the 51st Division had heroically passed.
Photo, Associated Press

That morning civilian contractors arrived to claim bunches of prisoners 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 unluckiest 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 stipulated one day's rest in seven.

THE work was unskilled labouring: loading and unloading lorries 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 apples ripened in orchards adjacent to our work and we stole them in quantities; the soup thickened a little



IN STALAG IVa to which some of the captured Division were sent. Private Peter Maisey, 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 10, unmistakable symptoms of tuberculosis forced the Germans to send me to a prisoner of war hospital at Wasungen.

Red Cross Parcels Saved My Life

I did no more work in Germany. It is significant that in spite of my disease I was envied by the other men, because of the indefinite rest I should be getting. Wasungen Lazarett 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 floorboards, ages-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 us Red Cross food parcels started to arrive, saving my life 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. Winterburg Lazarett 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



IN THE CEMETERY AT ST. VALERY, graves of those who fell in 1940 were visited by some of their comrades of the 51st Division who, returning to France as victors, liberated the town, on September 2, 1944, and thus avenged the tragedy that had befallen the Division four years earlier. See also illus. page 562, Vol. 8.
Photo, British Official

I Was There!

the skittle alley, dark but airy and not over-crowded. Most wonderful of all, we had spring beds. Here I received expert treatment from Dr. Blondeau, a Parisian T.B. specialist, who was responsible for the saving of dozens of British lives during his two years' imprisonment there.

This hospital being smaller and in pleasant surroundings had an atmosphere physically and spiritually conducive to convalescence. The guards were easily persuaded to buy us commodities such as paper, pen-knives, razor blades and matches, with bribes of cocoa or chocolate. One little Saxon became very fond of "housey-housey."

IN December 1941, after four months of comparative comfort, the whole hospital was moved to Konigswartha, a small village in Saxony. This hospital was already full, and we were accommodated in a new wooden barrack. This was bisected by a corridor with small rooms on either side containing twelve beds—four single, four two-tiered. There were beds for one hundred and twenty men, a wash-room with one small tap, and the usual flushless lavatories. This was our sanatorium—for patients who had chest trouble, mostly tuberculosis. We lived there for over a year.

During that time our interests expanded. We staged seven different shows. Book parcels arrived, and we soon had a library of nearly two thousand volumes. A choir was organized, sometimes a little breathless, but always willing. A magazine appeared at

odd intervals. A Toc-H group started. Gramophones and records came from the Red Cross. Bridge tournaments were taken very seriously. Our greatest achievement was a presentation of Macbeth. Three months' work rehearsing, making costumes from dyed-sacking, painting decorations on newspaper and cardboard: it was a triumph of improvisation.

Towards the end of 1942 the Germans' attitude began to change perceptibly. The swing-over began. Our food and cigarette parcels shook the German complacency. The war news worried them. For the first time our protests produced tangible results, and the sanatorium was again moved, this time to a better site.

Elsterhorst, the last hospital I was in, consisted of brick huts with excellent sanitary arrangements, a small football pitch and a large sandy enclosure. This move was negotiated in April 1943. Then the period of repatriation rumours commenced, stories too easily believed by nostalgic, weary men. At last, in October, we were told to pack our bags. One memorable Sunday morning we were paraded by the gate with our sealed luggage. The Swastika waved over our heads for the last time as lorries rushed us out of the gate and down to the station.

Nine days later we disembarked at Liverpool. It all happened as quickly as that. A three-day train journey through Germany, in comfortable carriages: the ferry boat to Sweden; a six-hour journey by rail through Sweden, then the hospital boat to England.

off, but other aircraft, like birds of ill-omen arrived to shadow our ships in turn.

The after-glow of the sun mellowed the sky even at midnight, and almost uninterrupted daylight and clear weather made reconnaissance easy for the Hun. Crews of the warships and cargo-carriers were on their toes continually in anticipation of attack, for all the indications were that the convoy taking vital munitions and stores for the Russkies was not likely to remain unmolested for long.

Bells Ringing "Action Stations"

Yet we managed to keep cheerful. At least, the threat from the Jerries did not prevent some of us, in Arctic seas for the first time, from being initiated in the Order of the Bluenose. The initiation was a bit

different from the ceremony of greeting King Neptune when crossing the Equator: a feature was that each new "Bluenose" was presented with a coloured certificate duly signed by "Neptunus Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main" and his consort "Aurora Borealis, Queen of His Majesty's Northern Provinces."

Our convoy altered course and steamed due east through a sea a-glitter with



Chief Steward
H. CARSWELL, D.S.M.

floe-ice. Not long afterwards we reached a position near Bear Island, which is roughly midway between the north coast of Norway and Spitzbergen. This was the zone of greatest danger, lying as it did within easy range of the German air-bases and, as everyone expected, the alarm bells were soon ringing for "Action Stations."

The enemy's assault was launched on the grand scale. Between forty and fifty Jerries came racing in from all directions—a combined force of bombers, fighter-bombers and torpedo-carrying planes that filled the Arctic sky with the thunder of high-powered engines. It was the Fourth of July. With unconscious irony, the winged squadrons of the Reich began a rip-snorting celebration of Independence Day in the tough Nazi manner by slamming bombs and cannon-shells at two American ships which were in the convoy. In less than a minute, battle was raging over a wide area of the ice-dappled sea, with

Our Fight Through Arctic Seas to Russia

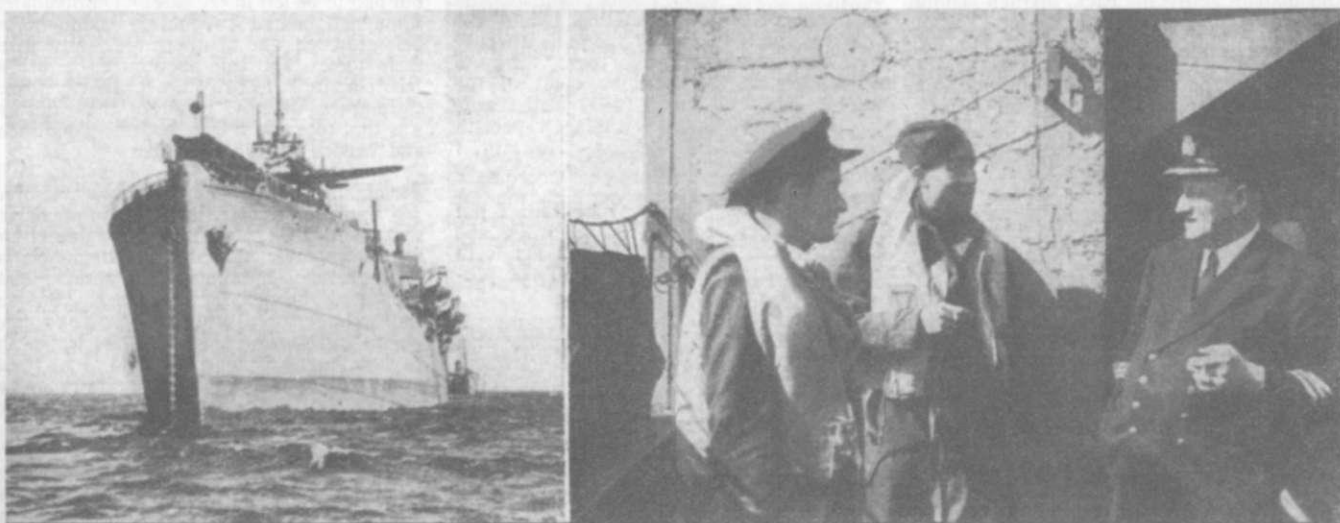
As Chief Steward of the Empire Tide of the Royal Mail Line, in convoy for Archangel in 1942, Horace Carswell mixed other excitements with the suddenly assumed role of surgeon—and gained the Lloyds War Medal for Bravery at Sea to add to his D.S.M., M.M. and B.E.M.

MY old floating home, S.S. Pampas of the Royal Mail Line, lay at Malta bombed into scrap-iron as I drew £42 for lost kit and went to spend my "survivor's leave" with relatives at Reading—where the biscuits used to come from. Before that leave had expired, the pavements began to pall and I got the hankering to feel a deck under my feet again. As I was not in the Reserve Pool of seafarers, I made my own arrangements and joined the S.S. Empire Tide of the Royal Mail Line as Chief Steward, and learnt that the ship was due to leave for America to load a general cargo for Russia.

We sailed on May 10, 1942, and the Atlantic crossing was curiously peaceful.

The cargo was taken aboard at an American port, and the ship then proceeded to Reykjavik in Iceland. From the Icelandic port we set out on the long voyage to Archangel in the White Sea, in convoy with thirty-seven 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 steaming on a nor'-easterly course for the Barents Sea, and daylight had lengthened to about twenty hours. Three days out from Reykjavik the first German air-scout came nosing along, a Focke-Wulf 190 from one of the bases in enemy-occupied Norway. It flew round the convoy at a respectful distance and made



S.S. EMPIRE TIDE (left), on which Chief Steward Horace Carswell served on the convoy-run to Russia in 1942, was fitted with a catapult launching device for fighter aircraft. Captain Frank Willis Harvey, master of the ship (extreme right), chatting to the two Hurricane pilots, Flt.-Lt. D. R. Turley-George and F. O. C. Fenwick, was awarded the D.S.O. for the superb manner in which he handled his vessel. PAGE 27 Photos, British Official

I Was There!

all hell let loose in a holocaust of flame, thunder and smoke. A ship on the Empire Tide's port quarter erupted like a volcano and disappeared in the frigid depths. Two or three others began to lose way, then listed and settled deeply from the impacts of bombs and the deadly "fish."

The sea spurted in columns of foam. Fragments of ice from the shattered floes spattered our decks. Warships and merchantmen combined to fill the sky with the fury of high-explosives, and the rain of steel made you thankful for a tin "battle bowler," inadequate protection though it was. The only notes of real music in this devil's concerto were the whine of stricken Jerry planes spiralling into the sea.

For handling and fighting his ship that day, Captain Frank Willis Harvey, master of the Empire Tide, was awarded the D.S.O. Our skipper was grand; he was an inspiration to us all. By cool courage and quick decision he met each emergency as it arose, outwitting the Huns time and again by superb seamanship and well-directed gunfire. Throughout the whole attack Chief Engineer Hughes and Second Engineer Griffith remained in the engine-room, ensuring the utmost possible speed under conditions of great stress. 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 at 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 on the ship's "monkey island," and 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 seemed to have a job on his hands just then except me. So, despite a bit too much weight for lively exertion, I managed to bounce up the bridge-ladder and the extension leading to the isolated platform to look after him. 'The victim belonged to the Royal Navy, one of the few R.N. ratings borne in the Empire Tide for gunnery duties, and he had caught "a proper fourpenny-one" in the thigh.

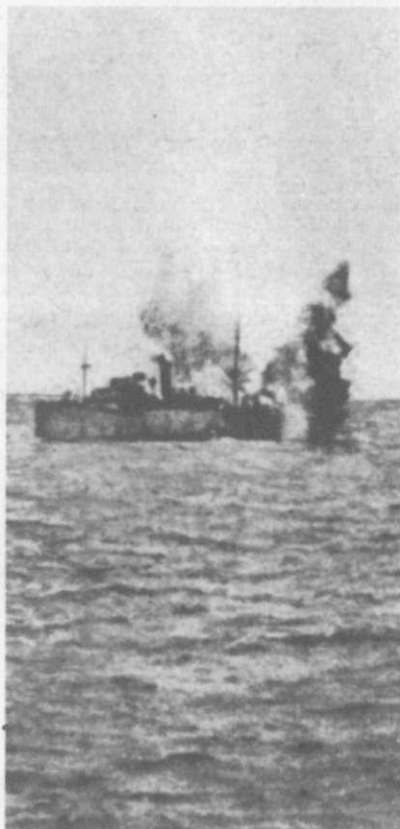
LUCKILY my shoulders are broad, and the old knees sound for all my fifty-odd years, though a Chief Steward doesn't get the healthful exercise of hauling on ropes and scrubbing decks enjoyed (more or less) by deckhands. However, I managed to hoist this matelot across my back, fireman-fashion, and carry him down the ladders without taking a nose-dive. It was with no little relief that I got him below, what with the scrap iron 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 smartly, or he would soon be slipping his cables. This wasn't a one-man job, though. I summoned the pantryman and a few others of the First Aid party, and made ready to do a spot of surgery which, as events proved, might well have daunted a Harley Street surgeon.

But ignorance is bliss—at least, I was happily unaware from my amateurish examination of what the emergency operation entailed. What knowledge I had of surgery and medicine was of the elementary order, but I had confidence in myself—although unwarranted in the circumstances—and, was not lacking in the "bedside manner."

"There's nothing to worry about, son," I assured the patient. "I'll soon fix you up all right." The bluejacket was not so easy of mind. His lurid remarks betokened pain

and resentment when I probed the gaping wound in his thigh and the ship lurched to the concussion of a bursting bomb close alongside. Amid the renewed din of gunfire, I remarked: "You've picked up a bit of metal in this leg of yours, that's all. I'll wrinkle it out in two shakes of a cod's tail."



HIT BY AN AERIAL TORPEDO this merchant ship in convoy to Russia sank near Bear Island in the Arctic. Photo, Associated Press

The haggard gunner squirmed in the grip of the orderlies. "Y-you 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 serenity was ruffled somewhat when I was able to diagnose the injury more thoroughly. It certainly shook me to find a small-calibre unexploded shell from an Oerlikon 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 anaesthetics in the medicine chest of the Empire Tide, 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 sixteen stitches in the wound while the luckless victim alternately gritted his teeth and bellowed pungent opinions of the proceedings. I gave a sigh of relief.

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

"Y-you ought to have been a something

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

PAGE 28

butcher!" he ground out. I passed him an enamel mug.

"Here, son—put this tot of rum down the hatch. You're the best patient I've had on this voyage." It did not seem necessary to add that he was also the first! And he was not the last. Several other casualties came to my hands, for it was over a week before the services of a qualified doctor could be obtained. Apart from rendering first aid, the after-care of cases included repeated dressing of wounds to prevent sepsis.

That aerial attack on July 4, 1942, began at 4.30 p.m., and continued for some time with unabated fury. The Huns suffered severely for initial successes, but further sorties were made and the surviving warships 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 "white hell" of the Arctic to take supplies to our Russian allies. A heavy price was paid with 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 can be judged by the fact that only nine merchant ships out of thirty-seven made the round trip unscathed.

With Toes and Fingers Gangrenous

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 scuppered, but if you took to the boats or went overboard in these icy seas your ordeal was a sight worse, and chance of survival considerably less.

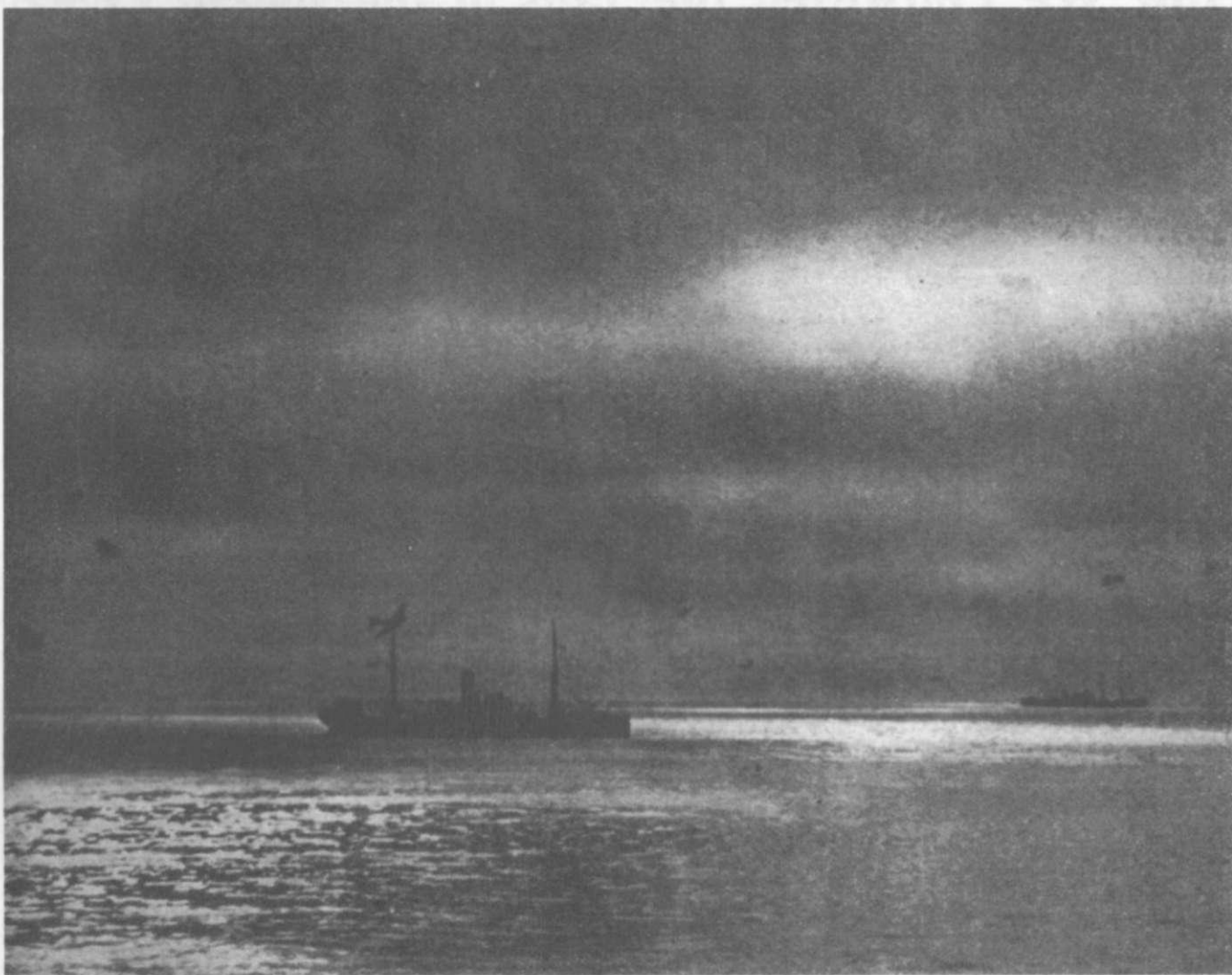
The going was so tough that our captain decided to make for temporary haven at Novaya Zemlya, the long island which, if you look at a map, rears up like a disturbed caterpillar from the north Russian coast. On the way, we picked up 148 survivors from lifeboats adrift—men suffering from exposure and frost-bitten 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 made. These brought a plane post-haste 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. Among these was my patient, the naval gunner, the chap who had gritted his teeth and sworn a little when I dug the live shell out of him.

Many of the others were in bad shape, but had to be left in my care. Unfortunately some had landed on another island before being rescued, and had built fires and toasted their toes. The safe method in a below-zero climate is to rub snow on partly frozen extremities, and the result of their mistake was that toes and fingers became gangrenous and needed drastic treatment.

IN making Moller Bay, where we anchored, the Empire Tide struck an uncharted 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 we set off unescorted on the last leg of the voyage to Archangel. Land had been dropped below the horizon far astern when the look-out in the crow's-nest aroused our interest by a report to the bridge:

"Object on the starboard bow, sir!" Captain Harvey altered course two points to bring the object ahead, and he and the First Officer focused their glasses while the distance was being closed. Without the aid of binoculars, I could see nothing more than what looked like a long stick and three



ATTACKING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, flying low to avoid A.A. gun-fire, enemy aircraft swoop on an Allied convoy sailing the Northern route to Russia. Two of the ships have been picked out as targets for bombs and aerial torpedoes. One of the aircraft (left foreground) coming out of its dive appears to be touching the tip of a mast, while high above floats the freighter's barrage balloon. U-boats intensified the ordeals of the convoys, as told in Chief Steward Horace Carswell's story.

Photo, Associated Press

chunks of wood floating nearby. On closer inspection they proved to be the foremast and stern of a sinking ship and three lifeboats manned by survivors.

Another "object" loomed into view, and drew near the boats. It was the green-grey conning-tower and hull of a U-boat. This neighbourhood was not so healthy! Our captain altered course and ordered "Full ahead" on the engines, and these turn-tail tactics must have been unspeakably galling to him. No one would have taken a crack at that U-boat with more zest than Captain Harvey, but all our ammo had been expended in the bitter fighting.

THE submarine hove-to within a few oars' 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 scurried 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 steel "fish." 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.

The crew of the torpedoed ship were got aboard, some of them suffering from frost-bite due to immersion in the icy water before being hauled into the boats. So I received more patients for my shipboard "hospital."

Some of the survivors told us that the Jerries had given them water and biscuits to add to the normal lifeboat rations, and the German commander, who spoke English fluently, had advised a course to a haven in Novaya Zemlya. "You are not Bolsheviks," he said. "Why do you come to the help of these 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 any reference to Hitler's savage invasion of Poland despite repeated warnings from the Allies. It appeared, too, that the German had boasted of his sinking of other merchant ships sailing independently for

CHIEF STEWARD CARSWELL behaved with outstanding courage in the face of great danger when a gunner was wounded during the action with enemy aircraft. He made his way to the gun position and carried the gunner down to the ship's hospital. There he inserted sixteen stitches in the man's leg while the attack on the vessel was proceeding. But for the prompt action and skill of Mr. Carswell the wounded man might have lost his life.—Extract from Lloyd's List and Shipping Gazette, No. 40310.

Archangel after the battle of the Barents Sea. On learning this, our captain decided to make a wide sweep of the area in case other hapless crews were adrift, and the search resulted in the rescue of survivors from two other torpedoed vessels. From this and other warnings, there appeared to be small hope of the *Empire Tide* making a lone voyage to Archangel in safety. So we ran back to Moller Bay where, by good fortune, we found four corvettes and an equal number of merchant ships that had arrived after various misadventures. A small convoy was formed, and without further interference we reached Archangel to deliver our cargoes.

AT the time, some 2,000 British and Allied seamen—survivors from aircraft and U-boat attack—were housed in the Intourist Club, a huge logwood building surmounted by the Union Jack and Soviet flag. Our arrival with munitions and supplies was greeted cordially by Russian officials, but there were no wild demonstrations of welcome by the people. After our ship had made a call at Molotov, 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 route, 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.

FIFTH LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD, with an area of 241,000 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. First steps to prevent its vital anchorages and airfields falling into enemy hands were taken by the British on May 5, as told in the facing page. Two of our assault landing craft are seen heaving for the shore (1) and, later, Commandos making their way around a hill-side (2) on a mopping-up expedition. A native woman fruit-vendor (3) is amused by a British soldier whose fingers are indicative of victory. PAGE 30
Photos, British Official

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Photos, British Official



I Was There!

My Commando Beach-Party at Madagascar

The naval base of Diego Suarez was captured in 48 hours, on May 5-7, 1942, in a combined attack by British Army and Naval forces. Joint Principal Beach Master in the assault landings was Lieut.-Commander A. H. Ballard, D.S.C. and Bar, R.N.R. The newspapers called him "The man who had five D-Days"—and here is his story of one of them. See also facing page.

By good fortune and what is called "the exigencies of the Service" I have had a variety of jobs with the Royal Navy, and consequently little boredom. The high spots were the landings. I suppose it was somewhat unusual for any one individual to take part successively in the amphibious invasions of Norway, Madagascar, North Africa, Normandy and Holland—and with nothing worse than leg wounds on two occasions. It was just my luck.



Lieut.-Commander
A. H. BALLARD, D.S.C.
and Bar, R.N.R.

Those of us aboard H.M.S. Keren, an assault ship in a southbound convoy from a British port in the spring of 1942, had no idea of what was brewing, and merely presumed we were bound for the Far East. I was in command of a beach party of Commandos, and shortly before the convoy reached Durban "hush-hush" lectures were given to me and other officers on an amphibious operation for the capture of Rangoon. Afterwards, charts of Trincomalee and the approaches to the Irrawaddy were issued, and we were told to take them to our cabins and look after them carefully. Needless to say, stewards and orderlies on board the Keren and other ships saw some of the charts and got wise to the operation. The "news" reached shore, as it was intended to do; and no doubt, in due course, the Japanese received warning to "Watch Rangoon!"

At Durban I was transferred to the Keren's sister-ship H.M.S. Karanja, and appointed J.P.B.M. (Joint Principal Beach Master). Then, after the judicious leakage of the false news, we were briefed in strictest secrecy for the real operation—that of seizing Madagascar by a surprise assault. This large island, off the east coast of Africa and on the ocean highway to Asia, was being administered by the Vichy French at the time and the Allies feared, with good reason, that the Japanese might seize this strategic base. Which was the reason the Allies decided to jump in first.

THE attacking force was divided into two convoys, the slow ships leaving early and the fast convoy with assault ships following, to rendezvous off the north-east coast of Madagascar on the evening of May 4. Formation was taken up outside a string of islets and reefs, which present a barrier pierced only by narrow and tricky channels. The Vichy French assumed an amphibious attack from the west was impracticable by craft larger than fishing-boats, and so concentrated most of their forces to the east where, at the psychological time, a feint attack was made by British warships and aircraft.

All appeared quiet on the island. For a time, the armada proceeded dead slow whilst a destroyer went in and dropped dan-buoys to indicate the passage through a deep-water channel in the reef. On each of these dan-buoys glowed a blue light, visible for two miles after dark in clear weather. The navigational dangers were considerable, despite the guiding lights, but the assault ships and a supporting cruiser went through

the channel and quietly dropped their hooks at an anchorage inside the reef.

Small assault landing craft, carried on the big ships, were lowered gently, and all was ready for the landings, timed for 4 a.m.—about two hours before dawn in the tropics—on selected parts of the Madagascar coast: known as Red, White and Green beaches for purposes of the operation. The sea was calm. A full moon enabled us to see the rugged coast of the island about eight miles from where we were assembled for the assault. Conditions, in short, were more or less ideal, for the ships could not be seen from the shore.

The naval Beach Master, my opposite number, was of equal rank but senior to me (Royal Naval Reserve) by reason of his being a regular R.N. officer. In his boat he had an assortment of military ranks—artillery, transport, signal and liaison officers—and my command consisted of an equal number in duplicate of his party. With typical British flair for apt description, his crowd was known officially as the First Eleven and mine as the Second Eleven. I rendezvoused with the assault craft conveying the Third Commandos (military) and two companies of the East Lancashire Regiment.

We Reached Shore at Zero Hour

Waiting for "the balloon to go up" is one of the nerve-trying ordeals of war; but previous to the period of suspense a sailing boat had come from the shore with two Englishmen who proved to be our "fifth column" from Madagascar. They gave us information about the dispositions of the Vichy French forces and other conditions ashore that proved not only useful but comforting. With a heart-felt sense of relief we got under way and sped toward the shore to arrive on the beaches at zero hour.

My own craft and several others headed northward and had to cover a distance of twelve miles to Red Beach, where the troops leaped ashore without encountering opposition and immediately dashed to the capture of the first objectives. Two French officers showed resistance in the Observation Post of a heavy battery and were killed by tommy-gun fire. Over 60 French troops then surrendered to the Commandos, 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 for 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—poor devils!—had nothing to do but lie low and assume that air of nonchalance becoming to British officers under fire. From my perch above the assault craft it was easy for me to locate some of the machine-gun nests ashore and direct the landing of other craft to the best advantage. There was hot fighting on this new beach before our troops moved inland.

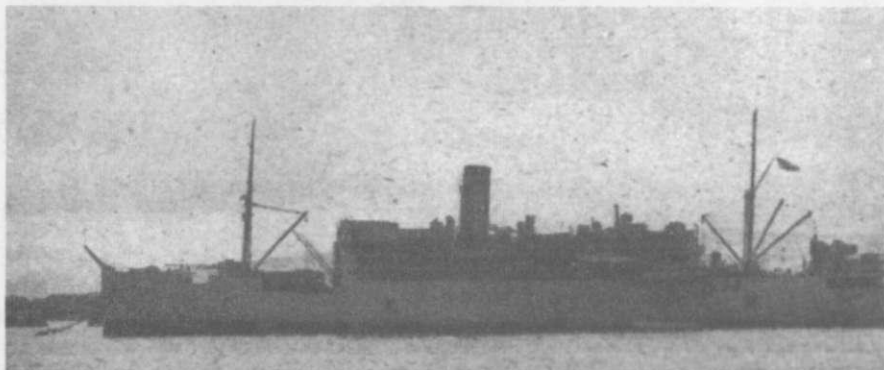
Having seen this attack well under way, I was able to proceed with my next job, which was to patrol inshore and find a suitable spot to beach H.M.S. Bachequera, loaded with artillery. On this survey along twelve miles of coast the wind freshened and the sea became so choppy that the Second Eleven heartily wished themselves "facing the bowling" ashore.

That assault craft behaved like a fractious mule; in the rougher weather it did almost everything except sit up and beg. Twice it bucked me into the sea, and on the second occasion I was hauled 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 destroyer raced into the harbour of Diego Suarez and landed 50 Royal Marines, who swept irresistibly through the town of Antsirane. H.M.S. Ramillies and other warships bombarded the east coast, and aircraft dropped dummy paratroops in boiler-suits.

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 Bachequera had to be beached, and after a close survey I went out to the anchorage to report to the Senior Naval Officer of Landings that I had found a suitable beach. "Good show!" he said. "There's your ship. Take her in."

I went aboard the Bachequera and managed to ram her aground without damage and get the artillery ashore, and I was switched almost immediately to the task of landing munitions and stores in the Red Beach area. For three weeks after the Vichy surrender I held an executive post ashore, flying the White Ensign over the bungalow requisitioned for my headquarters.



H.M.S. KARANJA, the assault ship to which Lieut.-Commander A. H. Ballard transferred at Durban, was later sunk, in 1942, while taking part in the North African landings. Before the war the Karanja was a passenger and cargo liner (9,891 tons) on the British India Steam Navigation Co. mail service between Bombay and Durban.

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Photo, British Official

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 Clydebank. Princess Elizabeth will attend the commissioning service and dedication of the ship's chapel at Greenock on May 12, 1946. Estimated displacement 42,500 tons, the Vanguard mounts eight 15-in. guns. Her first commander will be Captain W. G. Agnew, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O. and Bar, R.N., gunnery expert, whose exploits in command of the cruiser *Aurora* in the Mediterranean in 1941-42 made him famous. *Photo, G.P.U.*

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